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The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., JANUARY 1, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 1

BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and earth below,
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet,
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do wrong,
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in the maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one;
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights on the face and it sparkles the eye
And the dogs with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals as they eddy around;
The town is alive,and its heart in a glow,
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.

How wild the crowd goes swaying along
Hailing each other with humor and song;
How the gay sleighs, like meteors, flash by,
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye;
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet,
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell—
Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell;
Fell to be trampled as filth of the street;
Fell to be scoffed, to be spit on and beat;
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread;
Hating the living and fearing the dead;
Merciful God, have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like the beautiful snow.

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charms of my face;
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God and myself, I have lost by my fall;
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will make a wide sweep lest I wander too nigh,
For all that is on or above me I know,
There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with no place to go;
How strange it should be when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain,
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone,
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan,
To be heard in the streets of a crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.

Helpless and foul as the trampled snow,
Sinner, despair not! Christ stoopeth low
To rescue the soul that is lost in its sin,
And raise it to life and enjoyment again.
Groaning,
Bleeding,
Dying for thee,
The Crucified hung on the cursed tree!
His accents of mercy fell soft on thine ear,
"Is there mercy for me? Will he heed my weak prayer?
Oh God! in the stream that for sinners did flow,
Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow!"

THE POET'S GRAVE.

One of Bayard Taylor's earliest poems.

'Twas in a sunny forest nook,
With flowers and moss o'er grown;
Where naught was heard save the bees low hum
Or wild wind's liquid tone—
They laid the gentle bard to rest,
When life's wild dream was o'er,
When the lyre he woke with magic power
Gave forth its notes no more.

They laid him there when sunset's beam
Yet lingered on the hill,
But the heart that leaped at that bright hour
In death's long sleep was still;
Sadly they heaped the mossy mold
Above his fair young form,
And wept that soon the grave should hide
The heart so free and warm.

The elm's long boughs droop o'er the turf,
Like mourners weeping by,
And there, in spring, the violet first
Looks up with mild blue eye;
And when the forest in the garb
Of summer proudly wave,
A thousand low, sweet melodies
Float mournful round his grave.

A holy calm breathes o'er the spot,
The trees dark shadows fling,
Save when through twining boughs quick gleams
The wild bird's flashing wing.
There, when the sunset's glow decays,
Bright forms with sunny hair
Glide slowly through the forest aisles,
And fade in twilight air.

THE CONVENING.

A Large Attendance—Harmonious Sessions.

FULL PROCEEDINGS—MURPHYISM IN ALL ITS PHASES.

INTERESTING STATISTICS—"CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE."

Politics at Par—Prohibition in the Lead—Interesting Home Matters Discussed.

As a Whole, the Most Profitable and Satisfactory Convention ever Held.

FORENOON SESSION.

The Cass county Temperance Union met as per call, at 10 o'clock a. m., Thursday December 26th, with President W. H. Leedy in the chair.

In the absence of Secretary Ivins, Rev. H. L. Stetson was appointed Secretary pro tempore.

"Coronation" was sung, after which Rev, M. Mahin read 23d chapter of Proverbs, and Rev. J. H. Roher invoked the divine blessing.

The Secretary reported, and Mr. Stetson surrendered to him.

The minutes of the previous meeting, held in October, read and received.

Reports of delegations were called for and made by each Union, showing a large representation.

The reports of committees were called for.

The Executive Committee had not organized, and had no report to offer.

The Committee on Constitution asked for further time, and was granted until the afternoon session to report.

The reports of Vice Presidents showed an increasing interest in the work throughout the county except in Eel township, which was reported "at a standstill but holding its own," by H. C. Cushman.

Clay township reported three organizations and three hundred members.

Bethlehem township reported two organizations and two hundred and fifty members.

Jefferson township reported the work in a very prosperous condition.

Jackson township reports the work in good order.

Noble township also has favorable mention of its progress.

The committee on programme was appointed, consisting of S. R. Mellinger, Clay township; C. F. Thomas, Galveston; W. H. Leedy, Logansport.

G. P. McKee was then called to the chair.

On motion of Mr. Leedy, a committee of five on finance was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Leedy, Mellinger, Thomas, Krider and Richey.

On motion of the same, a committee of five was appointed on resolutions, consisting of M. Mahin, Rohrer, Stetson, Metze and Mehaffie.

A committee of one on entertainment was appointed; and, on motion of Rev. Rohrer, —— Rohrer was appointed.

H. C. Cushman moved that during its sessions the convention use "Gems of Song." Carried.

"Hold the Fort" was sung.

Committee on Programme reported for afternoon meeting.

On motion, each delegation was authorized to fill out delegations from members present.

On motion of Mr. Mellinger, a marshal and two ushers were appointed to serve during the convention.

R. F. Johnston was appointed marshal and Messrs. West and Cushman appointed ushers.

Adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 2:15 the President called the convention to order, which was opened with singing and devotional exercises.

The minutes of the preceding session were read, corrected and approved.

On motion, a half hour was devoted to business.

Rev. H. L. Stetson was elected Assistant Secretary pro tem.

The report of delegations was again called for, and an increased attendance from the forenoon of nearly one hundred delegates was shown.

Mr. L. Shaw was elected Vice President from Jefferson township.

The election of other Vice Presidents was placed in the hands of the Executive Committee.

The Committee on Constitution, stated a readiness to report, which was received, and after amendment and correction, was adopted as a whole.

(Will publish constitution in next issue.—ED.)

The topic, "The Church and Temperance," was next on programme.

Rev. M. Mahin said:

The matter for discussion at this hour is the Church and Temperance. That the relation of the Church to temperance, and of temperance to the Church are of more than ordinary importance will not be questioned by any one interested in any way in the temperance movement, or in the other and greater work of saving men from sin of every kind and degree.

There ought to be, and there need to be, no antagonism between the Church and the temperance movement, for temperance is one of the virtues enjoined and insisted upon in the Bible, and intemperance one of the sins against which God's heaviest judgments are denounced. When Paul pleaded his cause before Felix, the Roman Governor, "he reasoned of temperance, righteousness, and judgment to come." And in his epistle to the Galatians he enumerates the fruit of the spirit as follows: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, fruit, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law." And St. Peter exhorts his brethren to give all diligence to add to their "faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance," etc. And temperance means total abstinence from everything that can produce intoxication. It is no use to talk about the moderate and temperate use of alcoholic beverages. Here and there one may be found who can drink occasionally, or even every day, and so control himself as never to become a drunkard, but the cases are very few; and no man has a right to presume that he is an exception to the general rule. The rule is, that the man who becomes a moderate drinker, will become a drunkard. It is only a question of time, and usually of a not very long time.

The Bible expressly declares that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. "Drunkenness is a crime expressly forbidden in the word of God, and sufficient to exclude a person from the kingdom of grace and glory."

What, then, ought to be the relation of the church to the temperance cause? As intemperance is a crime expressly forbidden in that book, which all christians of all creeds recognize as authority on all moral and religious questions, and as it is productive of more sin, and poverty, and suffering than any other practice in this, or any country, the church ought to throw the whole weight of its influence in favor of any measure, and of all measures, that will promote temperance, and lessen the evils of intemperance.

The question in which we are most vitally interested is—"What is the actual attitude of the church toward the temperance cause?" And to these vital questions I will now call your attention. It is somewhat common for temperace orators to expatiate upon the universality of the use of intoxicating liquors among all classes of people, including the members and ministers of the churches, up to a comparatively recent period. I have heard men, not as old as I am, tell how they remembered when it was common to set out the bottle when the preacher came to call on the family, and how it would have been deemed a want of hospitality to have neglected it. I have lived a little more than fifty-four years, and I have been a preacher longer than any other man in this country, or perhaps in any other, who is not older than I am, having been appointed to a circuit when I was not quite seventeen years old, and I have never seen anything of the kind. I was raised in the country, about forty miles from this place, and did a great deal of farm work in my early youth. I have worked in the harvest field, and helped to roll logs, and to put up log-houses and barns, and once I was in a harvest field where there was whisky, and once where there was lager beer. So either I lived in a specially favored locality, or those who claim to have seen the use of liquor so universally, have forgotten.

In my remarks upon the past and present, attitude of the church to the temperance reformation, I will confine myself principally to the denomination in which I have the honor to be a minister. And I hope to be able to show that the doctrine and practice of total abstinence are not quite so much things of yesterday, as many people suppose. And if I prove it to you, that John Wesley and to the Methodist church the world is indebted for the temperance reform, I hope you will not accuse me of an undue measure of vanity, for I did not make methodism—it made me. I call your attention to the article, (temperance) in Bishop Simpson's Cyclopedia of Methodism: He says, "On this great question, as on various other general questions, Mr. Wesley was in advance of his age. He saw with pain the prevalence of intoxication, and the evils which necessarily result from it. He saw further, that the occasional use of intoxicating drinks was one of the steps towards drunkenness. Hence, in preparing his general rules for the guidance of his societies, as early as 1743, he inserted one prohibiting 'buying or selling spirituous liquors, or drinking them, unless in cases of extreme necessity.'" So far as is known, this is the first rule of the kind ever published by any church organization. It was a number of years before the origin of a temperance society in Scotland, and more than ninety years before the rise of the Father Matthew societies, in Ireland. He not only prepared this rule, but he enforced it in his societies; for in one year he excluded from one of his societies, seventeen members for drinking, and two for retailing spirituous liquors. Personally he believed water to be "the wholesomest of all drinks;" quickens the body and strengthens the digestion; most strong, and more especially spirituous liquors, are slow but sure poisons. In 1760 he published a sermon on the use of money, in which he took occasion to refer to the traffic on ardent spirits. He used in that sermon the expression so common in the present day, comparing drams of spirituous liquors to "liquid fire." He speaks of all those engaged in the manufacture, and sale of these drinks as a beverage as a "poisonous general; that they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale." In 1773 he published a pamphlet on the scarcity of provisions in Great Britain, in which he says: "why is food so dear?" The grand cause is because such immense quantities of corn are continually consumed by distilling. Add all the distilleries thoughout England, and have we not reason to believe that little less than half the wheat produced in the kingdom is every year consumed, not by so harmless a way as throwing it into the sea, but by converting it into deadly poison, that naturally destroys not only the strength, but also the morals of our countrymen.

In America, the conference of 1780 disowned all persons who should engage in the practice of distilling grain into liquor. The conference of 1783 forbade the members of the church to manufacture, sell or drink any intoxicating liquors, and the preachers were instructed to teach the people, both by precept and example, to put away this evil from them. When the Methodist Episcopal church was organized in 1784, it adopted Mr. Wesley's rule on temperance. This was twenty years before the publication of Dr. Rush's tract on "The evil effects of ardens spirits on body and mind;" and about twenty years before any other religious body published a total abstinence provision among the rules of their church. In the minutes of 1790, the words "buying and selling" were omitted from this rule. In 1796, Dr. Coke and Bishop Asbury, in their notes on the discipline, say: "Far be it from us to wish or endeavor to intrude upon the proper religious or civil liberty of our people, but the retailing of spirituous liquors, and giving them in drams to customers when they call at the stores, are such prevalent customs at present, and are productive of so many evils, that we deem it our indispensable duty to form a declaration against them. The cause of God which we prefer to every other consideration under heaven requires us to speak forth with ample boldness in this respect."

Though the position of the Methodist Episcopal church was strongly in favor of temperance and opposed to that of drunkenness, yet as the stringency of Mr. Wesley's rule was relaxed in 1890, an effort was made as early as from 1830 to 1835 to restore it; and the annual conferences having passed a resolution on the subject, the general conference of 1844 passed a resolution to restore the original rule of Mr. Wesley, but it failed to receive quite a two-thirds vote of the whole number of delegates, and it was decided that the constitutional majority had not been obtained. In 1848, the annual conferences having spoken with great unanimity, Mr. Wesley's rule as originally written was restored. Since that time the general conferences have spoken with great clearness and force upon the subject. In 1872 they said: "From the very first our church has been bold and emphatic in her utterences and measures against the evils of intemperance. She has waged an uncompromising and vigorous war against the tyrant foe of humanity and civilization; she has as clearly defined her position, unqualifiedly condemning both the sale and use of intoxicating drinks as a beverage. Let not the church falter in view of the approaching crisis, but let her gird on he armor anew for the battle. Now is the time for action—action earnest, persistent, well directed." The general conference of 1876, declared that "we are unutterably opposed to the importation, manufacture and sale of all kinds of distilled, fermented and vinous liquors, designed to be used as a beverage, and that it is the duty of every member of the christian church to discountenance and oppose the evil at all times, by voice or vote; that we earnestly protest against the members of our church giving any countenance to the liquor traffic by voting to give license, or signing the petition of those who desire to sell either distilled, or fermented, or vinous liquors, or by becoming bondsmen for persons asking such license, or by renting property to be used as the place in or on which to manufacture or sell such liquors; that we are fully convinced of the wisdom of total legal prohibition." The same conference also recommended the use of the unfermented juice of the grape on sacramental occasions. It also gratefully recognized and commended the good work accomplished by the gifted and christian women in the temperance cause throughout the land. The Wesleyan Methodists in America are also exceedingly outspoken and decided in their utterances on this question. The other branches of Methodism are also strongly opposed to intemperance, but not so definite and bold in their utterances.

From the facts I have presented, it will be perceived that 135 years ago a rule was made for the government of a religious society as pronounced and comprehensive as any rule or pledge that has since been adopted. The pledge of the Murphy organization has not advanced, in any particular, beyond the obligation every one assumed who, after the year 1743, became a Methodist. And those of us who are acquainted with the literature of the Methodist church in early times in this country, or who were in our youth associated with those who knew the fathers, know that for a hundred years the Methodist ministry on this side of the Atlantic, have been true to the doctrine of the illustrious man who inaugurated the movement called Methodism, and the total abstinence reformation. Wherever the Methodist itinerants went they preached, as well as practiced, total abstinence; and the makers and vendors of intoxicating liquors came in for a large share of their vehement and scattering denunciations. And these itinerant preachers went everywhere. Their mode of working carried them not only to towns and cities, and the rural districts of the older portions of the country, but to all the frontier settlements; and who can tell how much their influence had to do in laying the foundation for all the temperance work that has been done during the last fifty years and more. I am glad to be able to say, that as far as my information reaches, there is not, in all this land, from New York to San Francisco, and from the northern lakes to the gulf of Mexico, a Methodist preacher whose position on the temperance question is at all equivocal. And if there were any such, the church would very soon be too hot to hold them, if it were known.

I am not able to give the history of other churches on the temperance question, because I have not access to adequate sources of information. I hope that some of the clergy of other denominations will inform us, now, or at some other time, of the relation of the bodies they represent to the cause of temperance.

I regard the present temperance movement as a movement of great importance. I believe that God is in it, and that his hand has been and is directing its movements. And I believe that it is the duty of every member of every church in the land to give it an earnest and hearty indorsement, and do all they can to increase its usefulness. And at the same time I think that those who have the management of the temperance organizations, should so arrange their work as not to interfere with the work of the church. Temperance is a *part* of the gospel, and of the work of the church, and the temperance societies are auxiliaries of the church, and should not interfere with the work and interests of their mother; and the church should have due regard for the welfare and success of her comely daughters.

Rev. J. H. Rohrer followed in an offhand speech of fifteen minutes, adding new ideas to the collection of the preceding speaker.

The question, "How best to inaugurate the work in the country where it has not been instituted," occupied the hour following.

Addresses of five minutes each, were made by nearly twenty of the delegates, and the matter was very thoroughly sifted and considered. Among those who in a part and able manner spoke upon the subject, were Messrs Campbell, Crevenger, Shaw, Julian, Barnes, Winegardner, Drake, G. P. McKee, Dr. Justice, Rev. Wright, Mellinger, Henderson, Leedy, Legg and Streeter.

The meeting was the best, without an exception, that has been held in the county for six months.

The greatest enthusiasm and deepest interest prevailed. Such discussions place a light on the question that cannot fail to prove of greatest benefit to temperance.

EVENING SESSION.

The exercise was opened by singing the hymn "Coronation."

The assemblage was then led in prayer by Bro. McKee, followed by the reading of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, by Rev. Snider, of Walton.

The convention then listened to the

[Continued on Second Page.]

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The Murphy Signal.
PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST.

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, IND., JANUARY, 1, 1879.

THE CONVENING.

[Continued from First Page.]

reading of the minutes of last session, which were adopted as read.

The discussion of the subject, "Hereditary Appetite," was then opened by Brother G. P. McKee, who believed that drunkenness in many instances is the result of inherent appetite handed down from parent to child. He argued from the principle that "Like begets like." This argument was well made and to the point.

He was replied to by Bro. Rhorer, who vigorously defended the negative. He thought the "hereditary appetite" so called, was the result of hereditary sentiment, a part of the home education that the child receives.

The next speaker on the affirmative was Bro. Campbell. He presented the matter from a national stand point. The founders of nations have transmitted their prominent traits to their decendants. This was a fine effort.

For the negative Bro. Graham now came to the front with one of his characteristic speeches so full of enthusiasm. He thought that God would not send children into the world cursed with such an appetite. He thinks the only thing necessary to cure the appetite is good, manly, self will, assisted by the good Father above.

Mr. McKee closed for the affirmative in a five minutes speech.

The judges then proceeded to render their verdict, which resulted in a vote of two for the negative and one for the affirmative.

After a song, the question "Shall we petition the Legislature," was then discussed in five minute speeches. The discussion was engaged in by many members present.

D. B. Graham offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That while prohibition in Indiana is the earnest desire of this convention, yet we feel that for the present it is premature on our part to ask for the enactment of such a law; and, therefore, we

Resolve, That we will circulate, sign and send to our Legislature a petition to enact the very best law which can be framed and enforced for the furtherance of the cause of temperance and the suppression of the traffic in intoxicating liquors throughout our State, and for the enactment of such a law as will contain therein the principles of local option.

The resolution was carried. The vote was then reconsidered, but on account of the smallness of the vote an amendment was offered by Mr. Leedy. This was again withdrawn, and a motion to postpone the vote until to-morrow afternoon was carried.

The convention was then addressed by Bro. Streeter. Subject: "Drinking for Fun." He was followed by Bro. Hight, who energetically warned the boys against drinking for fun. His speech abounded in good points, and was full of wit.

The committee then reported the programme for to-morrow.

After singing adjourned.

FRIDAY, DEC. 27.

FULL PROCEEDINGS.—FORENOON.

The Convention was called to order by the President at 10:30 a. m.

After singing, Rev. A. W. Hawkins read a scripture lesson, and Dr. Overholser offered prayer.

Minutes of last session were read, corrected and approved.

Reports of committees were called for.

Committee on Resolutions reported. [See resolutions.]

On motion, the action providing for a finance committee was reconsidered, and the business of that committee placed in the hands of the Executive Committee.

The Executive Committee made a report, which was received.

The Executive Committee recommended that the Logansport Sunday night meetings be suspended, and that churches be requested and urged to join the Union in two weekly meetings.

The Executive Committee reported Vice-Presidents as follows.

Adams township—
Boone township—
Bethlehem township—G P McKee.
Clay—S R Mellinger.
Clinton—
Deer Creek—
Eel—H C Cushman.
Harrison—W H Mehaffie.
Jackson—Mahlon Trush.
Jefferson—L Shaw.
Miami—Joseph Grimes.
Noble—C A Brandt.
Tipton—J B Drake.
Washington— — Condon.

The nominations were confirmed.

T. C. Barnes moved that the Union employ a person at reasonable remuneration to carry on the work where it has not been instituted.

The question was discussed at length, and finally carried without a dissenting voice.

The Committee on Programme, made report for afternoon session, which was adopted.

Convention adjourned.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Opened in usual way, with singing. Prayer by M. Swadener. Scripture lesson by Rev. McKaig.

Minutes were read and approved, after correction.

The programme was announced, and the convention proceeded to business.

W. J. Potter, in a ten minutes' speech, stated the object of the MURPHY SIGNAL and his method of securing subscribers.

S. R. Mellinger moved that a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Potter for the work he is engaged in.

D. B. Graham offered an amendment endorsing the SIGNAL as the ablest and best temperance paper published in America. He was followed by T. C. Barnes and G. P. McKee in most commendable terms of the paper in all respects, and the amendment passed amidst great enthusiasm.

The Executive Committee announced that each township in the county be assessed five dollars except Miami, which should be assessed three dollars, for defraying expenses of work during January.

On motion, a collection was taken up to defray the expenses of the convention. Amount collected, $7.39.

On motion, the matter of employing a speaker for county work was referred to the Executive Committee.

The topic, "Shall we petition the Legislature," was taken from the table and discussed at length.

The subject called forward warm debate, and was finally disposed of by the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, That we petition the Legislature to prohibit the sale and use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and that the constitution be so amended as not to conflict with such a law.

The report of the committee on resolutions was then adopted as follows:

Resolved, That we are grateful to God, the giver of all good gifts, for the measure of success which has attended the labors of the temperance workers in city and county during the last eighteen months.

2. That we will enter with renewed zeal and energy in this good work, and that we will never cease our efforts until intemperance shall be banished from our land.

3. That we believe it to be the right and duty of the State, for the protection of its citizens or their persons and property, to not only regulate and restrain the sale and use of intoxicating beverages but to prohibit them.

4 That we earnestly request the teachers in our public schools to use their influence with their pupils in favor of total abstinence, by instructing them in the evils and dangers of the use of intoxicating drinks.

5 That we request the ministers of the several churches in the country, to preach specially on the subject of temperance as frequently as their other duties will, in their judgment allow.

6 That we will especially labor for the restoration of those who have signed the pledge, and have fallen away, following them with our prayers and entreaties, and doing all we can in the spirit of kindness and love to win them back to sobriety.

7. That one great purpose of the Cass County Christian Union is the reformation of intemperate persons, and that we will continue to extend to all such the hand of sympathy and help.

Dr. Justice delivered a fifteen minutes speech on the effect of alcohol on the human system, and urged total abstinence in all cases. He said no well-read physician would perscribe alcohol.

Rev. J. H. Rohrer, on statistics, said:

Cass county has a population of 25,000, and maintains about 100 saloons. These saloons maintain 100 families, besides paying rents, licenses, clerks, and expenses.

We may safely estimate the average profits of these saloons at $1,000. Allowing that the profits of these represent one-third of the money spent in them, each saloon costs our people $3,000, or $300,000 for the county.

Now, our county contains about one-seventieth part of the population of the State. If, then, we are no worse than the people of other counties, the state of Indiana spends in saloons $21,000,000 annually!!

Again: Indiana has one-twenty-fifth of the population of the United States. Then the people of the United States spend for rum in one year the enormous sum of $525,000,000!

I present this little calculation to show that our staticians do not make unreasonable demands upon our credulity.

Attention is now called to some of the leading statements of the most reliable staticians.

The United States consumes—

Spiritous liquors,	70,000,000	gallons annually.
Beer, -	270,000,000	" "
Imported Wines,	11,000,000	" "

Great Britain consumes—

Spiritous liquors,	33,000,000	gallons annually.
Beer and ale, -	906,000,000	" "
Wine, - -	17,000,000	" "

Germany consumes—

Beer, - - -	146,000,000	gallons annually.
Wine, - -	121,000,000	" "

France consumes—

Spiritous liquors,	27,000,000	gallons annually.
Beer, - -	52,000,000	" "
Wine, -	600,000,000	" "

These four nations contain about one-half the world's population.

Then the world consumes—

Spiritous liquors,	314,000,000	gallons annually.
Beer, - -	2,800,000,000	" "
Wine, -	1,500,000,000	" "

These would cost not less than $6,500,000,000.

If the toiling millions of earth's people were barely able to clothe and feed themselves for one hundred and thirty years, the rum dealers would be the landlords of the entire world.

Yet rum dealers coolly tell the temperance people to mind their own business.

We have more minute statistics of the results of the traffic in the United States.

Direct outlay for drink	$750,000,000
Loss of wages	7,000,000
7 per ct. on capital invested in the manufacture	18,000,000
7 per ct. on capital in saloons	26,000,000
Charity	14,000,000
Loss by land and sea	50,000,000
Court, police, insurance, hospitals,	200,000,000
Aggregating,	$1,057,000,000.00

In all this we have no account of bankrupts, broken banks, unpaid debts, a large per centage of which is attributable to this business. Neither have we noted the interest on the billions of money squandered in this business in the last decade.

But we have enough for some mathematical reflections.

If it were spent in clothing every man, woman and child might have a suit of broad-cloth or silk.

It would purchase five barrels of flour for every man, woman and child in the nation.

It would put a comfortable church in every township in every state.

It would employ teachers in all the schools of the land during the entire year.

Indiana's portion would complete seven gravel roads from the Ohio river to Lake Michigan.

Indiana's portion in four years would give every county in the state a court house finer than the one recently completed at Indianapolis.

Instead of these we have as a return for our investment, 500 murders; 500 suicides; 100,000 criminals; 60,000 premature deaths; 600,000 drunken sots; 600,000 moderate drinkers, who will be sots sooner or later; 1,000,000 children in a condition compared with which orphanage is enviable.

Indiana has a brief but pointed lesson on the subject of prohibition:

Counties.	Voters.	Saloons.	Convicts.
18	34,361	1,179	475
65	154,342	968	238
9	22,366		31

In the 18 counties with 1,179 saloons one man in 73 goes to the penitentiary.

In the 9 counties without a saloon only one man in 722 finds his way to the penitentiary.

Either the saloonless nine counties have a population ten-fold better than the other, or the saloons produce nine tenths of our crime!

With such a lesson at our doors we have little use for far-off Maine, Massachusetts, or Vermont.

Yet we give them a brief notice.

The three prohibitory states, Maine, Massachusetts and Vermont, according to the official report of 1874, had a population of 2,250,000, and spent $43,000,000 for rum; while New Jersey, Rhode Island, Maryland and Wisconsin, with an aggregate population of 25,000 less, spent $137,000,000.

A population of 2,225,000 with a license system spend more than three times as much for liquor as 2,250,000 without saloons.

Finally, we have noticed that 60,000 go down to their graves drunkards every year. Their souls are lost.

"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

We have a Savior's estimate of the value of a soul in that searching appeal, "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

Here am I lost.

I dare not pass the threshold of a problem so vast.

I cannot approximate an estimate of the worlds upon worlds that are lost to humanity through the gigantic traffic in rum.

The question of "Politics and Temperance and their Relations" was taken up and handled ably by several of the delegates.

The following resolution was adopted as the voice of the convention:

Resolved, That the sentiment of this meeting be that while we will not sustain candidates who are not temperance men, we do not approve of putting a special temperance ticket in the field.

The convention then adjourned until 7:30 p. m.

EVENING SESSION.

In the evening, after opening exercises, the President announced the programme.

Five minute speeches were the order of the evening, and nearly twenty persons responded.

"Impressions made during the convention" was the theme upon which was based most of the remarks, and the response of the delegates were convincing evidence of the profitableness of the convention.

Rev. J. H. Rohrer offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted by the county delegates:

Resolved, That we extend congratulation and thanks to the citizens of Logansport for the generous spirit and practice of hospitality manifested during our sojourn in the city.

On motion of G. P. McKee, the statistics offered by Rev. Rohrer in the afternoon were ordered published in THE SIGNAL.

The convention then adjourned, subject to the call of the President, and the universal satisfaction expressed by every delegate showed this convention to have been one of the most interesting of the kind ever held in this part of the State.

Judge Black's Witness.

Louisville courier-Jounal.

Judge Black, of Pennsylvania tells a comical story of a trial in which a German doctor appeared for the defense in a case for damages brought against a client of his by the object of his assault. The emient jurist soon recognized in his witness, who was produced as a medical expert, a laboring man, who some years before and in another part of the country had been engaged by him as a builder of post-and-rail fences. With this cue he opened his examination. "You say, doctor," he began with great deference and suavity, "that you operated upon Mr.——'s head after was cut by Mr.——?"

"Oh, yaw," replied the ex-fence builder; "me do dat; yaw, yaw."

"Was the wound a very severe one, doctor?"

"Enough to kill him if I not save his life."

"Everything."

"Did you perform the Cæarean operation?"

"Oh, yaw, yaw; if me not do dat he die."

"Did you decapitate him?"

"Yaw, yaw; me do dat too."

"Did you hold a post mortem examination?"

"Oh, to be schure, Schudge; me always do dat."

Well, now, Doctor," and here the Judge bent over in a friendly, familiar way, "tell us whether you submitted your patient to the process known among medical men as the post-and-rail-fenciorum?"

The mock doctor drew himself up indignantly; "Scherry Plack," says he, "I always know'd you vas a tam jawhawk lawyer, an' know I now you for a tam mean man."

An Ohio Miser.

Last week, at his home on the Little Muskingum, near the small post town of Bloomfield, Washington County, there died one of the most noted characters of this part of Ohio, William Snively. He located on the Little Muskingum over fifty years ago, and took up 160 acres of land, all of which, with the exception of a small potato patch, is uncleared, and as wild as when he first located it. A man of great mechanical genius, he built a forge, and was noted among the honest class of people as a splendid blacksmith and gunmaker. But his talents were not entirely devoted to a legitimate avocation, for he in a few years acquired a reputation as one of the most skilful counterfeiters west of the mountains. He was too smart to attempt the passage of his spurious money, but his location was known to ever counterfeiter and horse thief in Ohio and West Virginia, who made his house and many secret hiding places he had scattered around through the woods a rendezvous to get counterfeit money and hide stolen goods. Of a very miserly and avaricious disposition, he was never know to spend a cent of money for the commonest necessaries of life. He has been known to eat a frugal meal of corn bread and milk in the morning, and walk to Marietta and back, a distance of twenty-two miles each way, and carry back with him fifty or a hundred pounds of iron, and without breaking his fast. For the last fifteen years he has added largely to his hoarded gains by the ellicit distilling of liquor. He died at the age of eighty-five years, after an illness of but a few days, and what is the most harrowing to his relatives and has aroused the curiosity of the community, is that he went into eternity without revealing where his hoarded wealth was stored, the lowest estimate of which is $100,000, and up as high as $250,000. For many years to come treasure hunters will be found at the dead hours of night digging into the bowels of what was once his land, in the remote hope of securing and enjoying the counterfeiter miser's ill gotten wealth.[—Noble County, (O) Republican.

A Texas Shark Story.

One day last week the lines aboard the Indus were more than ordinarily disturbed, and, after some considerable work, a monster female shark was brought to the deck. Being very large and powerful, some exertion was used in killing her, and, as she seemed slow to die, the first mate ran up and brought the heel of his shoe down upon the head of the fish with great force, accomplishing her death. The usual dissection of the parts followed, and within the fish were found seven young ones. This number was very large, but what so excited the interest of all was that each of the seven young ones bore upon the head the same wounds which could be seen upon the head of the mother. The impress of the first mate's heel was very distinct on every head.

Whew!—[Galveston News.

"James Jenkins," said a schoolmaster to his pupil, "what is an average?" "A thing, sir," answered the scholar, promptly, "that hens lay eggs on." "Why do you say that, you silly boy?" replied the pedagogue. "Because, sir," said the youth, "I heard a gentleman say the other day that a hen would lay on an average, 120 eggs a year."

PHUNNYISTICS.

Freshets come high, but we must have 'em.

He who goes through life continually asking questions, generally becomes a Why-sir man in the end.

Why is the fly one of the tallest of insects? Because he stands over six feet without shoes and stockings.

The fool seeketh to pluck a fly from a mule's hind leg; the wise man letteth the job out to the lowest bidder.

Nothing, perhaps, strikes the ear more pleasantly than a pretty woman's charming voice—except, perhaps, her charming hand.

"I think," said a gentleman to his footman, "I have been a moderate good master to you, John." "Very moderate, sir," said John.

A South Norwalk hatter has chewed tobacco a great number of years without any injury to himself, having begged the tobacco.

Better is it to sit on a barrel at the corner grocery with contentment than to repose in the most luxurious easy chair, adorned with a tidy, in the house of the order-loving woman.

He jumped on board the railroad train,
And cried: "Farewell, Lucinda Jane,
My precious, sweet Lucinda!"
Alas! how soon he changed his cry,
And, while the tear stood in his eye,
He said; "Confound loose cinder!"

A Georgia editor is "exceedingly anxious to make the acquaintance of the flabby-hearted, flop-eared plug who flung a brick through one of our office windows last Sunday night.

Our friend Smith objects to the waltz. It should be borne in mind, however, that Smith is almost as bow-legged as,—well, a photograph of Smith's legs would present the following appearance to-wit: ( ).

"Sir," said a weary tramp to the gentlemen who stands behind the counter at the Barrett House, "Sir, I am a social conundrum." "Then," exclaimed Bell, pointing sadly toward the door, "then nevermore be guessed of mine."

Soft-hearted grandma to (Tommy who has just been castigated by his mamma.) "And you know, Tommy, it really pains mamma more than it does you!" Tommy—"Oh, yes, I know it does! She says so! It hurts her hands!"

When a Hartford lady patted her friend's seven-year old youngster on the head, and said, "I should like to have such a little boy as you are," he looked up in her face and replied, "Well, I guess you can; I don't believe God's lost the pattern of me!"

Says Pat to his girl: "By the powers,
A canondhrum I hev fer ye, ear;
Why are ye like the goddess of flowers?
Sure ye niver will guess it, I fear.
The ansor I'll be afther givin;
Now, thin, d'ye mind me swate Nora?
It's two sthories high ye are livin';
That makes ye a rale second Flora?"

A good story is told of a prominent Troy clergyman. At the close of the morning service the other day the pastor read the record of marriages and deaths which had taken place in the parish during the past year, and, having finished the reading, expressed the hope that the record would be largely increased during the next twelve months.

Old B. was a hard drinking man for many years in an interior village of York State. He died, finally, and as the funeral cortege moved slowly along past the village tavern on its way to the churchyard, to the solemn tolling of the bell, one of the deceased's cronies, standing on the steps, remarked, sadly: "That's the first time old B. ever went by the tavern without stopping to take a drink!"

The Last Feather.—While the monkey of an organ-grinder was quietly sitting upon a barrel in full costume a terrier dog made a dash at him. The monkey awaited the onslaught with such immoveable tranquility that the dog was nonplussed and stopped short within a few feet to reconnoiter. Both animals stared steadily at each other, but the dog finally recovered from his surprise and was about to make a spring. At this juncture the monkey lifted his hat by way of salute. This mixture of the ways of monkey and man was too much for the dog. His tail dropped and he ran away.

A Magician's Bonanza.

A strolling sleight-of-hand man struck Silverton, Col., some months ago. The news spread that he was in town. The miners immediately "hired a hall" for him. Dozens of willing hands quickly stocked it with rude benches. An extempore stage was erected. Lights were arranged around the large room, and the bewildered necromancer was introduced to this hurriedly-constructed theater amid loud and prolonged cheering. An honest miner took the door, and announced that he had none of those new-fangled arrangements, called tickets, with cowponds on them, but all who wanted to see the fun must plank down a dollar and a half. Many handed him a $2 bill and some a five, and would take no change. The hall was crowded, and the wizzard of the west changed coin from one dish to another, drew untold wonders from a hat, and performed other stale tricks, amidst shouts and yell of applause. The easy and familiar manner with which he handled cards won their unbounded admiration, and when he allowed a miner to fire a revolver at him and then caught the ball in his teeth, the crowd unanimousiy voted him a "boss," and were with difficulty prevented from practicing on him with their pistols at once. They gave him the whole proceeds, wouldn't take a cent for the hall, and, besides, paid his board bill at the hotel.

Bayard Taylor, says the Boston Transcript, wrote two of the best lines in English poetry in his little newspaper ballad on the "Annie Laurie" incident in the Crimea—

"The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring."

THE KING'S KISS.

DORA PERRY IN APPLETON'S JOURNAL.

"How long," he asked, "will you remember this—
How long!" Then downward bent
His kingly head and on her lips a kiss
Fell like a flame—a flame that sent
Through each vein
Love's joy and pain;
"How long?" he asked, "will you remember this?"

"How long?" She lifted from his breast a cheek
Red with her sacred love.
Yet when her redder lips essayed to speak,
And when her heart did move
To answer grave and sweet,
Somehow a smile unmeet
Broke waywardly across her lips and cheek.

How long, how long will I remember this?
Say you," she murmured low—
"Say you," and while she trembled with her bliss,
That smile went to and fro
Across her flashing face,
And hid a graver grace—
Say you, how long will you remember this?"

He bent above her in that moment's bliss,
He held her close and fast,
"How long, how long will I remember this!
Until I cross at last,
With failing, dying breath,
That river that men call Death—
So long, so long, will I remember this!"

But when apart they stood, did he remember
His words that summer day?
Did he remember through the long December
The warmth and love of May,
The warmth and love, and bliss,
The meaning of that kiss,
When kingdoms stood between—did he remember?

BERTHA'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

"WELL, little wife," said John Parker, looking lovingly over the top of his evening paper at a sweet face just opposite of his own, "the holidays are coming fast upon us now, and I have been thinking what would please my darling the best for a little gift at that happy season. I know of many things which I would like to give you, Bertha, but, alas! the means are wanting, for, owing to some cause, I shall hardly be able to make both ends meet this year. So your wishes must be governed accordingly, dear."

The little woman thus addressed looked up, and her eyes glanced around the room complacently, as though every wish were already gratified; then they rested tenderly on the one being in the world for her, him who had taken her for his own but one short year ago.

It is no palatial home into which we are privileged to look on this bright winter's evening, for John Parker is not a rich man, only a thriving young carpenter, with but his strong and willing hands and honest heart to win his way into the world. It is only one of the pleasant, cozy little homes scattered all over our favored land, as bright and cheerful as Heaven's blessed sunbeams. The warm, crimson curtains are drawn closely to shut out the cold, the ruddy fire blazes up brightly, and the shaded lamp casts its soft light around the room on neat, pretty furniture, books, and pictures, and on little Dick, the canary, who, with his head under his wing, dreams perhaps of untried depths of melody with which to please his kind friends, and lastly on the two central objects in the room, John Parker and his wife, and they are well worthy a moment's observation.

She is a plump little body, with golden hair and soft blue eyes, and a sweet little mouth, with dimples that play around it like a baby's. John is not handsome—no one would ever call him that—but he has a good, true, honest face, which one feels instinctively can be trusted. Bertha had felt so the first time she had ever looked into his clear, dark eyes, and heard his deep voice, and it was the happiest moment of her life when he had asked her to be his wife.

There will be a show of opposition in the family when it was known that the young carpenter had declared his love for Bertha, for her father was a merchant, and thought a mechanic scarcely high enough in the social scale for his fair daughter to contract a marriage with; but Bertha was firm, and the point was soon yielded to her.

"I don't know what you see to admire in him," her sister, Mrs. Van Dyke, who had married a professional man, said to her one day.

"I only know, Louise, that I love him with all my heart," had been Bertha's unanswerable argument, and she had never regretted her choice.

They had gone immediately to housekeeping, and were as happy as two birds in their little nest. But a few months after marriage Bertha became aware of a very little worm eating into the heart of the rose of her love. At rare intervals, when John spent the evening away from her, as he came home and she gave him her greeting kiss, when his lips touched hers, a faint odor reached her resembling the fumes of liquor. It had been but a faint suspicion at first, but now had become a certainty, and of late, she had detected it more frequently than ever.

Bertha knew from sad experience the dread effects of intemperance, for her only brother, the darling of the family, had gone down to a drunkard's grave, and with this sad memory ever before her, was it not natural for her to feel the terrible dread and horror which she did at the bare possibility of such a fate in store for her darling husband? She had not broached the subject to him yet, hoping it would not be necessary—that he would see the folly of this habit and give it up; but of late she felt that she must make an effort to save him, and that soon.

"John, dear," she said, in answer to the remarks he made at the commencement of our story, at the same time coming around the little center-table, seating herself on his knee, and taking his face between her soft hands, "please don't worry this dear old head about getting any present for me this year. I know you cannot well spare the money, and I am quite contented with what I have. How could I be dissatisfied?" glancing around the cozy room, and then her eyes returning to their old resting place—his face—with a look more tenderly expressive than words.

"My self-sacrificing little darling," replied John, kissing the sweet lips so near his own, "do you think I would let the holidays pass without some little remembrance! I am expecting every day that Simons will pay me for that last job of work, then I shall have more funds on hand, and be able to gratify some little wishes I have formed."

"Well, 'a wilfu' man maun ha'e his way,'" returned Bertha, resignedly. "Pray, what is the news to-night?" she continued. "You havn't read me a word."

"Oh, nothing in particular," replied John, taking up the discarded paper. "The newspapers seem to contain more nonsense about these temperance movements than anything else just at present."

"Do you really think it nonsensical, John?" asked Bertha, earnestly.

"To a certain degree, yes. It is well enough to shut up these low grog-shops, and a good work is no doubt accomplished in trying to reclaim the drunkards who frequent them; but when it comes to closing the bars of our finest hotels, where these fellows never congregate, and even crying down the social glass between gentlemen whose self respect will never permit them to overstep the bounds of sobriety, then I think the temperance people are going too far, and will do more harm than good."

"And yet I think, John, that total abstinence is the only safeguard for any one. We are all so prone to yield to temptation, and when an honorable man has pledged his word he will keep it."

"Yes; but a man cannot have much strength of mind who requires such a safeguard. As for me, I think there is no harm in taking a social glass with my friends whenever I feel so inclined. I hope I have strength of character enough not to make a brute of myself."

"Then you would not sign a temperance pledge if it were offered you?" asked Bertha.

"Most certainly not," he said, decidedly.

"Not even if I wished it, John?" she persisted, anxiously.

"What nonsense you are talking, child! Have you no faith in me?"

Bertha saw that argument was useless, so retired from the field with a little disappointed sigh.

"Bertha," said John, on Christmas morning, "can you bear a disappointment? Simons has not settled that bill yet, therefore I was unable to get that little gift for you; but you shall certainly have it by New Year, for he has promised to pay me this week."

"Very well, dear," replied his wife, "I am not at all anxious about it, and can surely wait a week."

It was New Year's Eve. Bertha was again in the little parlor, but alone. John was spending the evening.

"I shall not be gone long," he said as he went out. "I have to get my money of Simons, and one or two other little matters to attend to, and will be home early."

Two hours had passed since then, yet he had not returned, but Bertha expected him momentarily, and finally became uneasy at his protracted absence.

"What can detain him?" she thought, as she tried in vain to fix her mind on her work, or on the interesting book which lay before her, with its leaves freshly cut. "It is certainly time he were home; he never remains out as late as this," she thought, anxiously, as 11 struck from the little time-piece on the mantel.

A few moments more of impatient waiting, then a step sounded on the walk. Bertha turned with a glad smile of welcome, which was quickly replaced by a look of surprise and alarm as John entered the room, and tottering to the nearest chair, sank down upon it. His face looked pale and ghastly in the ruddy fire-light, and his whole frame shook and trembled as with an ague chill.

"Oh, John! what is the matter? Are you sick, dear?" cried Bertha, hastening toward him. But he put up his arm feebly, as if to keep her away.

"Don't come near me, Bertha," he said, hoarsely; "I have that to tell you which will make you hate me, I know."

"John, John, are you mad? Don't talk in this way. Nothing can ever make me love you less, dear."

"Not when I tell you that I have disgraced my fair name—disgraced you, Bertha! But, my child, I am frightening you with all this rambling talk," he continued, noticing Bertha's pale, anxious face. "I will make my confession at once; then judge me as you will. After leaving home this evening I went direct to Simons' and collected my money, fifty dollars or more; then on my way down town, I met two or three old friends, who wished me a happy New Year, and asked me to take a social glass with them. I did so, and soon our party increased to five or six. Each new-comer had to be received with good wishes, and stand a treat of course. The night was cold, the room where we assembled warm and cheery, and the company lively, and—and, Bertha, you can guess the rest."

"I forgot the warm fireside at home, and the dear little wife who was waiting for me there. I forgot everything except the pleasure and excitement of the moment, and drank glass after glass of the fiery liquid, until I was on the verge of intoxication. I knew it the moment that I stepped out the door into the cool air. I staggered on but a short distance when I heard quick steps behind me. I turned, but not soon enough. I felt a queer, stinging sensation in the back of my head, and knew no more. When I came to myself I was lying by the roadside, I was dizzy and faint, but the blow which I had received had sobered me, and I knew even before I put my hand to my pocket that I had been robbed. I had carelessly displayed my money at the bar, and some one had followed and taken it from me. It was all gone, and of course the means of getting your little gift with it. I came straight home, determined to tell you all, even if it should make you hate me. I have disgraced you, Bertha——"

"John," interrupted his wife. "Don't talk so, dear. It is wrong for you to speak such words. I pity you, my poor darling, and honor you for acknowledging your error. It is a hard lesson, John, but I hope it will have its good effect. Now that you have come to me for sympathy and help, will you not accept the advice I have to offer, dear?"

"Gladly, Bertha," was the quick response.

Just then the little clock chimed out twelve silvery strokes.

"Listen, John," said Bertha. "The old year with all its cares and troubles—and they have been few, thank Heaven, compared with our joys, John—has vanished into the past. The New Year is upon us. Let us begin rightly. You have agreed to accept my advice, dear; then sign this pledge, ('the Murphy pledge,') which you have always scorned so. Bring it to-morrow for a New Year's gift, and I shall be the happiest little wife in the wide world. Will you, dear?"

"Indeed I will, darling, gladly, for I feel the need of it for a safeguard now alas! for my boasted honor and strength of character. We are none so strong but that we may fall, little wife."

John kept his promise, and Bertha has never had cause to regret her New Year's Gift.

Penalties.

THE penalty of popularity is envy.

The penalty of thin shoes is a cold.

The penalty of tight boots is corns.

The penalty of a baby is sleepless nights.

The penalty of marrying is a mother-in-law.

The penalty of a public dinner is bad wine.

The penalty of a pretty cook is an empty larder.

The penalty of a godfather is a silver knife, fork and spoon.

The penalty of kissing a baby is half a dollar (one dollar if you are liberal) to the nurse.

The penalty of having a haunch of venison sent to you is inviting a dozen friends to come and eat it.

The penalty of interferring between man and wife is abuse, frequently accompanied with blows from both.

The penalty of remaining single is having no one who cares a button for you, as is abundantly proved by the state of your shirts.

The penalty of buying cheap clothes is the same as that of going to law—the certainty of losing your suit, and having to pay for it.

The penalty of a legacy, or a fortune, is the sudden discovery of a host of poor relations you never thought of, and a number of debts you had quite forgotten.

The penalty of lending is—with a book or an umbrella, the certain loss o it; with you name to a bill, the sure payment of it; and with horse, the lamest chance of ever seeing it back again sound.—*N. Y, Star.*

Superstition Detecting a Thief.

Yesterday afternoon John Osbrook was arrested by Officer Splann and Case for stealing an overcoat from his employer, Knox, a South Illinois street barber. Connected with this arrest is a strange story vouched for by the officers: Knox is a firm believer in the bible as a means of detecting crime and criminals and put it in use in this instance. His mode of operation is this: Taking a long key he places it between the leaves of a bible, the ring extending over the edges of the leaves an inch or two. A string is then tied about the book so that it may be held by the key. Two persons each put a finger under the shoulder of the ring of the key; the words of Ruth to Naomi saying that she will not leave her, are repeated, and the name of some person is spoken. If it be that of a guilty party the bible will voluntarily turn about and fall to the floor; if he is innocent there will be no motion. Knox called in Capt. Campbell and officer Splann and went through the formula described, calling the names of half a dozen persons. There was no response by the book till Osbrook's name was given (Knox had suspected him) when it slowly turned and fell. Osbrook was conscience smitten, and at once confessed to the theft. With 50 cents he redeemed the coat, which had been pawned and was then arrested. This morning, he pleaded guilty and was sent to the grand jury.—[Indianapolis Journal.

Indianapolis schools will hereafter study the science and geometry of dress. It will be beautiful to hear these girls talking about the hypothenuse of a princess train or the acute angle of a tight-fitting boot. Geometry of dress! Ge whillikins! "Blue Jeans, put on your rightangle triangle overcoat, and go down to Silk & Button's, and get me a conic section of pale blue ribbon. Git!"

Williams: Hang out the lamp and scan the omens of duty; ply cheerfully the task in thine own special field; in thy work of sorrow and toil.

OUR MACHINE.

We assert and are prepared to substantiate the fact that we are offering Singer Sewing Machines, superior in every way to any that has ever been

BROUGHT TO THIS CITY.

There are no old ones among them worked over. The working parts are made of the best English steel, hence durability is guaranteed. Our new device for winding the bobbins is an

INVALUABLE IMPROVEMENT.

The bobbins are filled without unthreading needle or removing the work or attachments and without running the entire machine thus saving time and labor. We have jus received another large invoice of these

HANDSOME SINGERS,

Having disposed of all thatwe had purchased previously, which are now giving entire satisfaction to those who purchased them. Won't you come to our store room, North side of

BROADWAY, NO. 506,

and examine our machines, and buy a Christmas or New Year's present for yourself or friend. We have no agents canvassing, therefore solicit your patronage in this manner.

We will pay attention to repairs on all machines, and guarantee satisfaction in work and price. Needles, Oils and Parts constantly on hand. Respectfully,

dec18d6tw1t G. P. WASHBURN.

Eel River Railroad,

TIME TABLE

On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878,

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND.		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.23am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	..S Whitley..	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City...	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00 m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	..Auburn J..	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	....Auburn....	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 am	
	2.23 pm	...Reading...	1.24 pm	
	2.35 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.50 pm	..Jonesville..	12.55 pm	
	3.55 pm	...Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	....Detroit.....	7.00 am	
	5.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw...	7.15 am	

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Gen'l Ticket Agent.

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General Superintendent.

Harpers' Magazine.

1879.

ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

Harper's Magaizne is the American Magazine alike in literature and in art.—Boston Traveller.

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Sunday Afternoon,

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Presenting only original matter, equals in literary merit the leading secular monthlies, and sustains to the religious press a relation similar to theirs to the secular press. It aims to have in all its essays, serials, stories, poems, etc., a moral purpose, while in its Editor's Table are vigorous discussions of live religious themes and of secular topics from the religious standpoint. It is Preeminently readable, and fills a place occupied by no other publication.

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Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Greeneastle, Terre Haute, Vinncennes, Evansville, Cairo, Paris, Mattoon, Pana, Alton, Effingham, Altamont, Vandalia,

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[Sundays Excepted.]

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[Taking Effect November 11, 1878.]

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Leave Logansport	6:30 a. m.	3:25 p. m.
Arrive at Frankfort	8:25 a. m.	5:24 p. m.
" Colfax	8:55 a. m.	5:55 p. m.
" Indianapolis, via Colfax	10:50 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
" Cincinnati	4:00 p. m.	
" Crawfordsv'll	9:42 a. m.	6:57 p. m.
" TerreHaute	12:30 p. m.	9:45 p. m.
" Vincennes	5:22 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
" Evansvill	7:35 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
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Harper's Weekly.

1879.

ILLUSTRATED.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The Weekly remains easily at the head of illustrated papers by its fine literary quality, the beauty of its type and woodcuts.—Springfield Republican.

Its pictorial attractions are superb, and embrace every variety of subject and of artistic treatment.—Zion's Herald, Boston.

The Weekly is a potent agency for the dissemination of correct political principles, and a powerful opponent of shams, frauds, and false pretenses.—Evening Express, Rochester

The Volumes of the Weekly begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

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The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, IND., JANUARY, 1, 1879.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription price, Fifty cents per year.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

OUR MODEST BOW.

ON this New Year's Day, dear reader, we present to you a full-grown SIGNAL. If you are a subscriber, we trust you will appreciate our efforts to please you; if you are not, it would gratify us to have you become one.

To the friends who have an interest in our welfare, we would say that if a snfficient pecuniar aid is given us during the following two weeks, we will continue the present size; and as soon as justified will issue weekly.

Our growth has been gradual. From an infantile three-column folio to an elephantine five-column quarto is the best assurance we can give you that THE SIGNAL is and will be a success. We ask you to add your "mite" towards forwarding its circulation and place it beyond the possibility of becoming one of the "might have beens."

We wish you the returns of the NEW YEAR.

1879.
PROHIBIT.
WE bow again.
READ every line.
PROHIBITION won.
MEETING to-night.
HAPPY NEW YEAR.
ASK everybody to subscribe.
MERIT success by laboring for it.
SWEAR off, to-day, and stay swored.
WE give you a good paper this week.
HANG the banners on the outer wall.
THIS number of THE SIGNAL will do to show to your friends.

STAND up for the right as the Master gives you to see the right.

FORTY columns of reading matter for 50c. per year. Whew.

BRO. DAVIS, Burnettsville, paid our sanctum sanctorum a visit last week.

IF you want THE SIGNAL to remain at its present size, send us subscribers.

W. A. BARNES, Delphi, called on us last Saturday. Glad to see you; call again.

A PROHIBITORY law would decrease taxation thirty-three per cent. Can we afford it?!!!

WE call your attention to the advertisement of the Singer Sewing Machine on third page.

THE "Immortal J. N." must have "lifted the pressure" from Sheriff Louthain. Perhaps from "the books," also.

THE teachings of parents are never forgotten. It is important that the instruction they impart be of a proper character.

No better season than this to hold meetings. Make your announcements and gather a crowd. Help will be sent you at any time.

The temperance *Reformer* Oakalooska Iowa, will hereafter be published weekly. It is a splendid paper and deserves the support of its people!

PROHIBITION will sustain itself when given the opportunity. If the Legislature would act wisely let it place whisky at the disposal of the people.

WE gratefully acknowledge the gift of an elegant painting, bouquet, the work of that worthy temperance brother and eminent artist, Thomas Newport.

BOYS! If you want a library of ten beautiful books, get your parents to help you secure twenty yearly subscribers to THE SIGNAL, and you will soon obtain it.

OUR readers are asked to pardon the deficiencies of this issue. Convention matters occupied so much of our time that the paper lacks the attention it usually receives.

AGAIN we say, while we fully endorse the action of the county convenregarding prohibition, give us "Murphyism and prohibition together; if separate, *murphyism forever.*"

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

SOCIETIES or individuals who desire extra copies of this number of THE SIGNAL can be supplied at the following rates: 25 copies, $1.00; 50 copies, $1.75; 100 copies, and upwards, $3.00 per 100

READERS, remember that unless we are justified by the encouragement we receive during the next two weeks, to continue it as it now is, THE SIGNAL will be published hereafter as heretofore.

WE earnestly desire a live agent in every community. We will pay a larger commission than is offered by any other paper. Write to us, and we will forward you samples free of charge.

WE give our readers in this issue the address of Rev. M. Mahin, on "The Church and Temperance." It is an able paper. He speaks only for his church, and asks the others to speak for their's.

SHERIFF LOUTHAIN closes the doors of the court house against the Murphys because there is 'an order on the books.' He opens them to a lazy dead-beat and lunatic, who never did an honest day's work in his life. Why?

THE "better class" of people are the ones who are trying to make others better. We have no confidence in high-toned canting and hypocritical professions. By the WORK ALONE do we recognize sincerity of purpose. No excuse will the Lord receive for the non-fulfillment of the covenant he requires made by his children.

THE circulation of THE SIGNAL is increasing at a very rapid rate, and its prospects for the future are bright. We feel safe in saying that it is firmly established, and its continuous publication is vouched for. Merit alone has been the secret of its success in the past, and must sustain it in future. Its friends are urged to make more earnest efforts in its behalf during the present month.

Anoka Bummers.

AN Anoka correspondent sends the names of several young ladies and boys of that community who indulged in a "jamboree" on Christmas day. It was a most disgraceful affair and deserves ventilation, but out of regard for the parents we suppress the communication; but should a repetition of this affair come to our knowledge, we guarantee the young folks that their names will appear in print without costing them a cent.

Study Them Thoroughly.

THE statistics given in another column deserve the thoughtful consideration of the intelligent people of the entire state, who desire to see the matter in a reasonable light. They are appaling, but none the less true. Take the facts to your home, study them thoroughly and candidly, and if you do not conclude that those figures should be reduced, we have greatly mistaken our reader.

To Work at Once.

THE County Union Executive Committee should place a good man in the field at once. At this time, better than any other season, can the farmers devote their evenings to the work. We urge prompt action by the Executive Committee. Act this week, and 'ere the busy season shall have arrived the effects of the good work will be manifest in every school district.

The Maine Law.

DR. HAMLIN says of the prohibitory liquor law of Maine, that "it is probably at this day as well executed as any law is. Both political parties alike espouse it. It was never so firmly fixed in the convictions, judgment and determination of the people as at present."

The Darkest Hour.

Horace Greeley never said a more truthful thing than when he declared "that the darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it."

What They All Say.

"THE SIGNAL is one of the best temperance papers, if not THE best, in the state, and we cheerfully recommend it to the temperanee workers of our city." —*Huntington News.*

Two Truthful Proverbs.

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

But early to ryes, and late to bed, makes a man's nose turn cardinal red.

WASH ME

AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW.

A PLEA FOR FALLEN WOMEN, WHOM AN EFFORT WOULD SAVE.

"BEAUTIFUL SNOW," on first page will be remembered as the poem read so admirably and with such effect by Prof Harrison, at the hall, on the occasion of his lecture some time ago. While perhaps it has been in print many years, its sublime sentiments can never be forgotten. It was composed by a *fallen woman*, and probably the purest angel is incapable of expressing deeper feelings of trust and confidence in an all powerful Deity.

It leads us to reflect.

Kicked, SCORNED, SPURNED.

Jeered, TAUNTED, CURSED.

Why?

Dare we offer a word in behalf of the thousands of desolate, outcast women?

WHICH OF YE ARE WITHOUT SIN!!!!!

"GO THOU AND SIN NO MORE."

Why should we condemn those who TRY to do right; who work incessantly to free themselves from *their own* condemnation?

Can it be said that fallen *women* do not possess, like men, noble impulses, generous hearts, uncultivated talent which would invigorate the world.

Have we forgotten, in our desire to save fallen men, that there is another being which deserves fully as much compassion?

Is it right that we should look with PITY upon the man, and with SCORN upon the woman?

Can we not regard them for what they MIGHT be?

Souls, as precious as jewels, are smouldering within thinly-clad, manforsaken beings, which might be bright and dazzling.

Hearts, capable of requiting the most tender love, are galled and bittered, sad and hopeless, because of adversity.

Minds, thoughtful ones, productive of such inspired sentences as in "Beautiful Snow," trodden down and overgrown with thistles and thorns.

Are we to let these, God's valued plants, wither and DIE ETERNALLY for lack of the nourishment we can give.

"For what can a man give in exchange for his soul."

The fallen women of Logansport and Indiana can be saved.

Three-fourths of them can be saved.

A KIND WORD will save one-half of them.

The failure of the people to make efforts to save them is a crime in the sight of God.

The hyenas who cause their downfall should be condemned FIRST.

But they are not; but rather petted and nursed in the laps of sanctimonious moralists.

Why should they be lionized in their rotten filth while the only one worthy of pity is kicked and spurned.

If encouragement were given fallen women many of them would arise from out the slum, and become benefactors to the world.

"Society will not permit you to help them," you say.

Hang "society!" Bury it!! Cremate it!!!

Does your "society" condemn good acts?

Will you let it stand between you and heaven!

What will you do for "society" in the next world?

Choose it now for eternity.

LAWS are made to protect birds,

SOCIETIES are formed to PREVENT CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

But the forlorn, destitute HUMAN being is without a consolation.

It is a stigma upon the labors of the meek and lowly Saviour who came to save the LOST.

No principle of any church is foreign to that purpose.

Shall this indifference to the fate of these persons stigmatize the future as it has the past?

NO!!!

Will we save them?

By kind acts.

By visiting them.

By ministering unto them.

They ask it.

They need it.

They pray for it.

Will we prevent in the future the growth of this crime, by condemning the betrayers, murderers of virtue?

Have pity.

Oh, have compassion on fallen women, whose eyes shed tears of blood.

They have mothers, and sisters, and brothers.

Pity them, ye heartless world.

Wash them, and they will be whiter than snow.

A MODEL COUNTY.

Report of the Clerk of Edwards County. Ill., Where There are No Rum Dens.

THE Clerk of the Circuit Court of Edwards county, Illinois, vouches for the following interesting facts: "There has not been a licensed saloon in this county for over twenty-five years. During that time our jail has not averaged an occupant. This county never sent but one person to the penitentiary, and that man was sent up for killing his wife, while drunk, on whisky obtained from a licensed saloon in an adjoining county. We have but very few paupers in our poor house, sometimes only three or four. Our taxes are thirty-two per cent. lower than they are in adjoining counties, where saloons are licensed. Our people are prosperous, peaceable and sober, there being very little drinking, except near Grayville, a licensed town of White county, near our border. The different terms of our Circuit Court, occupy three or four days each year, and then the dockets are cleared. Our people are so well satisfied with the present state of things that a very large majority of them would bitterly oppose any effort made in favor of license, under any circumstances.

A Grand Fraud.

THE Crawfordsville *Mercury* undertakes a defense of Stephe R. Smith, who it seems has again struck sand bottom at that place. While every one will agree that the object Mr. Smith is engaged in is a laudable one, it must be admitted that he is an unfit man for such a noble mission. The *Mercury* quotes the Lafayette *Courier*, Richmond *Palladium* and Logansport *Journal* to substantiate its assertions regarding Mr. Smith, but the fact that the "puffs" given by those papers were written by that individual renders them nothing more than extremely disgusting. As to his intentions they may be well and good, but the deception practiced by him both here and at Richmond has rendered him decidedly unpopular. We believe for the sake of the cause such men should not be put forward as leaders and teachers. Untold harm has been done the temperance cause by advocates whose actions would not sustain their professions.

Reformers who need reforming are likely to prove a detriment to any reform move. Their character should be *above* suspicion. When the temperance people of different localities warn each other of imposters, the occupation of such persons will soon terminate.

Consistency.

ON a dark, rainy night the court house doors were closed against 500 hard-working citizens of Cass county, who met to labor in the cause of temperance. The CONTEMPTIBLE act was performed by that very small personage, William Preston Louthain, the Sheriff, claiming that there was "an order on the books" which compelled him to close the doors against all public meetings. A few nights ago this same Sheriff who desired so much to observe the letter of the law, opened the doors to a traveling DEAD-BEAT and semi-LUNATIC styling himself the "Immortal J. N.," regardless of the fact that the "order" still remained on the books. Sensible persons may draw their own conclusions.

Proven from the Past.

THE man who takes liquor to his home invites the devil to do his utmost, and the devil generally does. Misery, unhappiness and poverty are bid to come in, and if the rising young man of the household does not develop into a loafer, it is because he is peculiarly constituted, and not because it is the general rule. Parents should sacrifice personal gratification for the sake of their offspring, whom this gratification might injure. and if they cannot they are unfit for any trust whatever. Too many young men are sent from home drunkards.

Drunkenness among Women.

A SAN FRANCISCO paper says that drunkenness among women is frightfully on the increase there of late. Not a day passes but half a dozen or more women are taken to the Central Station in that city. How horrifying such a fact must be to the women who have the welfare of their sex at heart. How virtue aud morality are stigmatized by the fall in such a way of the guardian angels of man's prosperity!

Band of Hope.

THE little boys and girls met in the hall last Saturday, and will meet again next Saturday, at 2 p. m. The little band surely deserves the assistance of every good-wishing mother. Mrs. Trueman, the good matron, has more on her hands than she can manage properly, she feels, and the aid of all well-wishers is requested. Parents are urged to give the worthy little band attention. It needs training as does the plant. It needs watering and cultivating. "As the twig is bent, so the tree inclines," will apply here, and those who wish to incline the hearts of the little ones towards God and morality, will not need to be asked a second time to assist Mrs. Trueman.

Warning.

OUR turn now.

A. G. MURRAY, alias Frank Larne, alias F. L. Larne, alias J. G. Sutton, is an imposter and a thief.

He has plied his vocation in Benton, Fountain, and adjoining counties.

We have reason to believe that several hundred persons have subscribed for THE SIGNAL through him, for which returns have never been made.

He has been acting without authority

His assumed name hid his identity.

All persons who have subscribed with him should send their name, with receipt, to this office at once, that we may know to what extent we have heen defrauded.

All persons are hereby warned that after this date any subscription paid to him will not be recognized.

Every Murphy President and Secretary throughout the Union are authorized to receive, and will forward to us, your subscription.

Our traveling agents ALL carry with them WRITTEN *authority from us. PAY TO NO OTHER.*

A "Set" Speech.

AT one of the recent meetings at Spring Creek, Bro. John White was explaining himself. He said: "Well, as to standing before an audience and making a speech, I cannot do it, but while sitting or writing I can talk as well as any of the boys."

"Well," replied Mr. Rohrer, who is apt to misconstrue a man's real meaning when it will create merriment. "I move that at the next meeting we have from Bro. White a *set* speech." The laugh followed at Mr. White's expense.

Is Communism a Danger.

Prof. Hitchcock and Rev. Dr. Storrs, have recently been speaking of the strikes of 1877, and both hold that the 3,000,000 farms of the United States, and the many savings banks are a sufficient safeguard. They hold that the riot spirit is not indigenous here, but imported, like yellow fever. France was saved by the economy that paid a billion debt, and temperance and the Gospel will yet save America.

Inquiries.

IN this number we publish a letter from Judge J. S. Collins, of Columbia City, making inquiries regarding the action of our people in the matter of petitions. He and all others are given a very thorough knowledge of what is being done throughout the state in this issue. We should be glad to make THE SIGNAL a source of information upon all subjects relating to our work.

Physical Causes of Insanity.

DR. BEHICS, in a report on the physical causes of insanity in France, says that 8,800 male lunatics, and 7,100 female lunatics, 34 per cent. of the former and 6 per cent, of the latter were made insane by intemperance. Motet reports among 8,778 cases of insanity from physical causes there were no less than 3,045 drunkards. Statistical reports of the insane asylums in America make equally alarming exhibits.—*Washingtonian.*

Crusade No. 2.

OUR Marshall county contributor gives an interesting account of a crusade instigated by a woman whose nerve was remarkably displayed at a time when it came in good use. She should be awarded a gold medal. The people did right in going her fine; were it ten times as much they would have done it, so great was the benefits derived by her service.

Prohibition for Indiana.

A correspondent from Marshall county writes:

"This county is sending petitions to the legislature for a prohibitory law, or rather to have the constitution amended."

He adds:

"Can't you 'nudge up' prohibition? I see that the minds of the people are running in this direction."

Not Hereditary.

AFTER the discussion of "hereditary appetite," during the convention, that great wag, Frank Hight, arose and said he did not believe in such a thing, "for," says he, "my grand-father was a great admirer of lobsters, and crabs, and dried herring, but—*I can't bear them.*" He was voted the medal.

A valued friend at Plymouth made us happy by several subscribers, last week, and says:

"It won't be long till you get more. A brother made a strong appeal for the SIGNAL in the G. T. Lodge last night.

We appreciate all such letters, and hope to receive many more, ere another issue.

THE PEOPLE.

THEIR VOICES ARE HEARD FROM ALL PARTS OF THE LAND.

THE WORK EVERYWHERE—INTERESTING REPORTS FROM THE FIELD.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

BAND OF HOPE.

To the Editor:

I HAVE just visited a meeting of the Percy Band, at the Hall. They are working for good. They can accomplish good. It is the duty of every true Murphy to rally to their support.

S. J. MELLINGER.

Logansport, Dec. 28.

GREENSBURG, IND.

To the Editor:

WE have 550 members of the blue ribbon club in this place, and about 1,000 in the county. We have nine saloons. Foremost among our prominent workers may be found Rev. Walker, John Lawson, Ed. Filley, R. H. Horney, Ben Little, Dr. Hampshire, Samuel Foreman, and you humble servant. H. D. PRICE.

Dec. 29, '78.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

To the Editor:

I AM glad to see that you are organizing your county. We need thorough organization. We are doing a good work here since we got our new hall. The most of those who sign now are drinking men, and a good many of them substantial citizens. Hoping to see you at the state convention, I remain yours in the good cause.

D. B. ROSS.

Dec, 18, 1878.

OHIO.

To the Editor:

I WAS just made the happy recipient of another MURPHY SIGNAL. It looks neat in its new dress. I am doing what I can to get the little monitor in circulation among the ministers of my conference. I read them with interest and then mail them to some friend asking them to subscribe, but with what result I can not tell at present. T. C. DILTZ.

Port Jefferson, Dec. 20th.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.

To the Editor:

IS THERE being any effort made to secure by petition, or otherwise, the passage of a local option law by our next legislature, and the passage of a constitutional amendment authorizing the enactment of a prohibitory liquor law. The former we might get this Winter; the latter, of course, would require two sessions of the legislature before submitting to a vote.

I think we ought to take some steps to act in concert, and secure the passage of the former at the next session. I believe we have a public sentiment which would sustain such a law, and I believe if we had a constitutional amendment as above, to submit to a vote independent of any political canvass, we could carry it to-day, and I hope that two years from this the temperance sentiment will be better than to-day. Yours truly,

JAMES S. COLLINS.

Columbia City, Ind., Dec. 21.

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

To the Editor.

THE Murphy movement was not a success in this place, as no clubs were formed, and we were left without any organized plan of work.

Reynolds found us ripe for reform, and did a noble work in this county. We have now thirteen good-working red ribbon clubs, one blue ribbon, two Sons of Temperance, and one Good Templars lodge. Our Kalamazoo Reform Club numbers 340; Sons of Temperance, 130; Good Templars, 120. Outside of this place the clubs average age about eighty members each. We have several good workers in this county, chief among them I would mention Rev. J. Boyington, of Vicksburg.

There are forty-six saloons in this village, and in the county fifty-five. There are five towns in the county without a saloon. I find that the men who work hardest for their money spend it the quickest, as a general rule.

Yours in and for temperance.

L. A. MCEVOY.

Dec. 27th, 1878.

SALOON-KEEPER'S, BEWARE.

To the Editor:

UNLESS liquor and beer selling is stopped trouble will come, and woe unto that man by whom it shall come. On last Sunday in this place, a man was enticed into a saloon and gotten drunk. On Monday at noon, his wife, a daughter of a son of the Emerald Isle, concluded that such an occurence should never be repeated with her husband; she armed herself with a flat-iron, went to the back door of the saloon, and with one stroke sent it wide open. She then proceeded to demolish the whole concern. First with her weapon she knocked in the heading of of a barrel, and, concluding this way slow and tedious, she put in action the thought and the faucets of the barrels were "sent to the winds," while the liquor poured out on the floor. This branch of the prohibitory law saloonkeepers don't like.

If every parent and wife of the land would protect family interests as this woman has done, the "curse of curses" would soon be known no more.

P. B. H.

Lopaz, Marshall Co., Dec. 27th.

Since the above was written the saloon-keeper has been indicted seven times, and fined $140.00. The woman was arrested and fined $7.00, but others came to her aid and it cost her nothing. P. B. H.

THIS NEW YEAR'S DAY.

To the Editor:

The ladies should not offer their guests wine (this) New Year's Day. Several things are indisputable. The custom of giving wine, spirits, and punch to callers, does, every year, result in a great deal of inebriety, especially among young men. There is little restraint or none at all, and the day generates too often into a drunken saturnalia, for which, we are pained to say, woman are mainly responsible. The whole moral law of the matter is suspended, and nobody seems to deem it at all discreditable to be tipsy on the First of January. If our matrons and maidens will but think seriously of the danger to which young men are thus exposed, they will surely consult their own happiness and well-doing by demonstrating that genial good wishes are quite consistent with a respectable sobriety, with health and good fortune may surely be drank sincerely without any accompanying hic-cough; and a friend is a friend, although he may not reel about the drawing-room. M.

Jan. 1, 1879.

INDIANA STATE C. T. U.

To the Editor:

AT the convention of the Indiana State Christian Temperance Union (Blue Ribbon) held in the city of Indianapolis, the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That the next State Convention be held in Indianapolis on the third Wednesday of January, 1879.

Agreeable to the above resolution the Indiana State C. T. U. will meet in the General Temperance Ribbon Association Hall, 75 East Market street, Indianapolis, on Wednesday, the 15th day of January, 1879, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

All "blue ribbon" unions throughout the State are entitled to five delegates each, and it is urged upon all of them to elect them as soon as possible and send their names to the corresponding secretary at Indianapolis.

N. B.—Newspapers throughout the State please copy the above notice.

JOHN W. RAY, Pres.

D. B. ROSS, Cor. Sec.

Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 20th, 1878.

SHELBY COUNTY.

To the Editor:

THE temperance cause in the eastern and south-eastern part of the county is still in progress, and no sign of abatement in this glorious cause in which so many have enlisted. The union at the Morrison school house, south of Shelbyville, is one of the most active organizations in the county. Meetings are held every Friday evening. We have been organized about seven months, and number one hundred and thirty-four signers. Some of the worst drunkards in the county have signed the pledge, are keeping it faithfully; and are our best lecturers. I understand that Webb T. Dart, of Iowa, intends to hold a series of temperance meetings at Shelbyville after the holidays. He is now holding meetings at Greensburg, with success. Under his labors Col. Will Cumback has signed the pledge. Mr. Dart will be welcomed by the temperance people of Shelby county, and will lend him all the assistance within their power to dethrone this terrible enemy which has such a stronghold in Shelbyville. I am pleased to know that the people of Logansport have come out boldly in favor of temperance and publish THE SIGNAL, which I hope will continue in the noble cause it so ably advocates. I shall do all I can to help it along. Resp., W. D. S.

Dec. 25, 1878.

FROM SHILOH.

To the Editor:

THE citizens of our township are still manifesting a lively interest in the cause of temperance. There is but one—the Shiloh union—in Noble township, it has been in a prosperous condition for over a year, and our last meeting was among the best, and there is no doubt but much good has been done, not only in a temperance point of view but in a social and educational. Many of our members who never before wrote an essay or addressed a congregation can now rise and say their say without embarrassment, and there is always some new point brought out; for some one has well written, "Many men of many minds and in a multitude of council there is strength." I think there is still room for effective work in the cause and an effort will soon be made to form other unions in this township; of course we expect opposition of the same kind that every temperance worker is brought face to face with in every community; but in the future as in the past we will be found battling for temperance and the right. It is with pride our union points to the good which has been accomplished in our midst—we hope soon to have the whole community with us.

THE SIGNAL finds its way to our home every two weeks and is perused with much satisfaction. Charity for all the faults and failing of poor weak humanity and Malice toward none are true christian sentiments and as long as the temperance workers act up to these sentiments they can do effective work. C. A. BRANDT.

Dec. 26th, 1878.

TEMPERANCE AT FORT WAYNE.

To the Editor:

THE temperance cause in this place is progressing very slowly at present, on account of the opposition against us. The

MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL,

with but few exceptions, are against us. Two or three of them are with us, that is all. Should the churches unite with us we could accomplish a great work.

We have three temperance organizations, as follows;

Reformed Men's Club—100 members.

Good Templars—eighty members.

Red Cross—forty members.

The past work of these organizations has been grand.

There are at present

ABOUT 380 SALOONS,

groggeries, and low dives, where liquor is sold, in this city. The temperance work closed about twenty of them during the past year, and we expect to close a great many more during the coming year.

I believe God is with us in this glorious work, and with His help we will come out

VICTORIOUS!!

We are to have an old-fashioned temperance re-union at the Rink, on Sunday evening next. Mr. Rush, who labored here a year ago with so much success, will be with us.

On Monday evening, Mace Long will address the public at the Rink.

I think these meetings will have a tendency to revive the work.

Very respectfully,

GEO. W. JONES.

Ft. Wayne, Ind., Dec. 27.

LEADVILLE, COLORADO.

To the Editor:

AFTER glancing over the "Contribution Column" of our last SIGNAL, I thought it well to contrast the temperance work under the influence of public favor to the way we have it here.

In many parts of the Eastern work, those who look to the public at large for their office, business, and support, are finding it necessary to pull the wire connected with temperance favor; here, the man who holds an office of public trust, or does a successful business, must of necessity court the whisky favor. For instance, our Governor-elect, before discovering his fortune in that of the "Pittsburg" silver mine, was a common gambler, and even yet risks from $1,000 to $10,000 at a time at the faro table. Our police force is composed of men who never were known to arrest a saloonatic or gambler. Our council consists of five saloon-keepers, one drunken lawyer, and one temperance man. Our justice of the peace is an abstainer himself, but told your correspondent, personally, that he was obliged to bear his share of the free whisky expense, in order to secure his position. Our principle streets are all cursed with saloons, public gambling dens, and dance-houses, without restraint, and to be a temperance worker is to be out of public favor.

Now, the question may arise, what are we doing in such a rum-cursed town? I'll tell you. We have a "Temperance League" with the Murphy pledge as a basis, with, at present, a roll of 231 names—54 ahead of Bro. Mellinger's report of Clay township. Our Band of Hope numbers 34; our reading room is crowded; and we now have near funds enough to establish a hospital for the homeless. Such is the extent of our success against the tide; but we're steadily gaining ground. The attractions and society found at our reading room and League meetings bring back to the hardened miner memories of better days in Eastern homes, and many with whom we are acquainted have appointed next New Year's day on which to join our ranks, and turn their backs forever on rum and his servants.

A. A. C.

Leadville, Col., Dec. 20.

SULLIVAN COUNTY.

To the Editor:

THE work in the country is progressing very well here. We have thirty clubs, some in every township in the county, the number of members is 7,000 and a little over. We have in the town 1,000, which is half our citizens. The clubs are doing very well; our past work has been good. We have six saloons in Sullivan, one in Carlisle, and two in Shelbin, we are still in grievance, and expect to be, until our beloved State is recovered from the thraldom of the liquor traffic, for we confidently hope to see the day soon when there will be no liquor sold in the State.

So we say let the work go bravely on until we have the traffic where it will cease to destroy our fathers, sons and neighbors: our work is a glorious work. We are pleased to learn that the liquor men propose to make a square fight upon this subject. We are ready to meet them for then there will be no three sides to the question—no neutral ground, but our citizens will be for or against. Every one will have to show his hand. Then let me congratulate you upon the work that you have undertaken and wish you abundant success. Let us push forward the work until victory will perch upon our banners, when our beloved State be recovered from the bondage of the liquor influence, when it will cease to be used in business, elections or elsewhere. May the time soon come when we will be a sober and happy people. I wish you and THE SIGNAL the very best of success. I am yours truly,

L. STEWART.

Sullivan, Dec. 26th.

DRONES IN THE HIVE.

To the Editor:

DOUBTLESS you must have imagined long since that I was out of the land of the living, owing to the fact that I have not for some time communicated with you, but like those of old who were invited to the feast told of in scripture, I have my excuse. True, I have neither taken unto myself a wife, (which Mrs. B. would certainly object to). No more have I invested in live stock, (having no quarters for any other live stock but one baby and five canaries); but I have been on the road in the good cause almost daily since I last wrote you, traveling from Lake Erie to the Ohio river and talking to the people in favor of a life of total sobriety, until the last two weeks, when the Disciple of Esculapius advised a total cessation of labor, owing to overwork. I am now, however, again in the traces and ready to go wherever the work calls me, having added five pounds of flesh to my osseous system, which now makes me much fatter than an ordinary match. Accept my apology as above for a resting pencil.

After holding nearly three hundred meetings in the last year or so, and securing the signatures of thousands of people to our pledge, I have been struck with a sudden thought, to-wit:

Suppose all the members of our organization would work with the earnestness and determination that the few evince.

Here is the thought, take it for what it is worth. In every community I visit I find that the union depends for life and vitality on say a half dozen earnest men and women who work night and day for its success. The signers to the pledge-roll can justly be credited to these half dozen giants; but suppose that each signer of the hundreds enrolled should evince as much earnestness as the half dozen (and God knows it is their duty so to do), how long would it be before from every mountain top and valley from every city and hamlet would go up the grand chorus of a redeemed people?

We need more work from the sitstills; more workers than the few in each organization. All should be leaders. If the six workers can be accredited with fifty or a hundred signers in the next three or six months, why can not each six of the union have a like result.

They can have if they will work as the handful works. We have drones in our hives, Bro. Leedy. We don't want them there. They are dead weight, and they have within themselves the same powers that makes the work of the half dozen so successful. Let every signer go to work with a vim and determination to save his or her friends and the strangers that throng about their gates. Let the drones awake, cast off their lethargy gird up their loins and with the sword of the Lord and of Gideon smite hip and thigh, and when the smoke of the conflict shall have rolled away and through the dissolving mist the dwellers in the valley can see the mountain top, their unguarded to every breeze that swept earth's happiness heavenward and heaven's glory to weary watches. We shall see the glorious banner of Heaven's blue floating over the new world—new indeed in its babtism of water and the angel's imprisoned in its crystal depths. The end so devoutedly wished and prayed is ours if we wield the secret of success—the new philosopher stone, deemed the Magic of the East—work, earnest, unremitting, united work. God speed the day that shall herald the awakening of the drones to the reinforcement of the loyal half dozens.

LOU J. BEAUCHAMP.

Hamilton, O Dec. 19th, 1878.

HUNTINGTON, IND.

To the Editor:

ENCLOSED find subscription. Your manner of writing impresses me with the fact that you are in the temperance work in earnest. I have no language to express my admiration of such workers.

We had a very pleasant donation social here, last night. We got about thirty dollars' worth of presents, and $15 in money. Our committee of ladies is out now looking up those who are actually suffering for the necessities of life.

We have a great many good temperance people here, men and women, who are doing all they can to push forward the reformation. We are accomplishing quite a good work—wish we could do more. We might do so if all who believe in sobriety would manifest their principles.

More activity and agitation is what we most need among the advocates of temperance. In a country like ours, where each man is a factor, whatever he believes to be for the best interest of his country he should boldly assert. No compromise with wrong except when you can gain an advantage for the right should be the rule of every man who desires to fill his place properly as a good citizen If we could get our temperance friends to adopt this rule, it would be but the rising and setting of a few suns until the revolution would be complete, and the sons and daughters of men would be safe from the greatest evil and destroyer to which they are subjected.

Every father and mother who love their children are to-day more interested in carrying forward this work than in accumulating property for them. They may think otherwise, but if they would but reflect properly upon the subject and allow history to govern their thoughts, they would be compelled by the light of reason to change their minds. The trouble with all is, while they stand upon the brink of ruin they think it will be some one else who will fall over, yet it may be their feet, or the one or ones in whom they are most interested, that will first slip. How I wish I could whisper in every man and woman's ear the danger they are in. The great query with me is that they don't see it, or, rather, that if they do see it. why they do not realize its dangerousness. Language is simply inadequate to even imply, let alone express, the danger.

Go on with the good work. The laborers are few, and the harvest is bountiful. By and by we may accomplish much. If we do not, we will have the blessed consolation of spending our lives in a noble effort. Yours truly,

WM. H. TRAMMEL.

Dec. 27, 1878.

I. O. G. T.

The Goop Templars of the Twelfth District in Convention at Bainbridge, Dec. 12 and 13th.

To the Editor:

THE Secretary being instructed to have published in the various temperance papers the proceedings of the Good Templars' convention of the Twelfth District, held at Bainbridge on December 12th and 13th, I herewith send THE SIGNAL a condensed report of what was done.

At 11:30 a. m., Thursday, the convention was called to order by the District Deputy, J. A. Allison, and immediately proceeded to temporarily organize.

Committees on permanent organization, credentials, and programme were appointed.

All members of the order present were, on motion, considered as delegates, except when the ayes and nays were called.

The committee on permanent organization made their report, which was

[Continued on Sixth Page.]

NEWSLETS.

LAFAYETTE will have two murder trials before many days have passed.

CHARLES L. OTTO, jeweler of Peoria, has been arrested for robbing his own store.

IT is said that the municipal tax-rate of Detroit, never exceeded one per cent.

ORDERS at the National Treasury for standard silver dollars, have greatly increased.

EX-CONGRESSMAN OWEN JONES was frozen to death near Philadelphia, Christmas night.

AN attempt will be made at this session of Congress to reduce the price of money orders to five cents.

REV. VANATTA, at Evansville, made a Christmas gift to the county jail by putting a Bible in each of its sixteen cells

A BILL will be introduced in Congress, after the holidays, to make a silver dollar of 480 grains, and have it a legal tender.

BY a river changing its course, in Hayti, recently, one town was entirely and another partially destroyed, with great loss of life.

PETER MCNAMARA, a Washingtonian, has just died from the effects of a bite from a fellow named Dannaher, administered two months ago.

IT is said that the slave trade is being quietly carried on, the victims being taken from Abyssinia by the Red Sea the to Arabian coast.

THE great Church Council of Geneva, accepting the principle of the separation of Church and State, has named a committee to examine the separation bill.

THERE are in Moore county, North Carolina, twenty-eight gold mines, six silver mines, eight copper mines, nine or ten iron mines, and a general assortment of other minerals.

THE Children's Aid Society, of New York, has provided homes among the farmers of Southern Virginia for more than two hundred boys between the ages of twelve and eighteen year.s

DURING the present year 2,881 buildings have been erected in Philadelphia, a falling off of 2,334 from 1877. There were 1,193 two-story dwellings, 1,067 of three stories and eight of four stories.

ADVICES from Mexico state that a revolution is going on in Guadalajara, caused by the levying of an onerous tax. Several citizens have been killed in the streets, and numbers of prominent gentlemen imprisoned.

THERE have been distributed during the year from the United States Department of Agriculture over 50,000 tea plants, and as many more will be distributed during the coming year. Commissioner Leduc is confident of success.

UNITED STATES notes of the denominations of $5,000 and $10,000, which are to be issued after the first of January, 1879, differ somewhat in appearance from the legal tender notes now in circulation; the size of the notes will, however, be the same.

THE suit against the Government, brought by the heirs of Stephen A. Douglas for certain cotton captured by the United States Government in Mississippi during the war and sold as abandoned property, was settled finally in the Court of Claims last Tuesday by udgment in favor of claimants

EDISON has sold his interest in the Phonograph Company, who are manufacturing the machines and selling them for $100 and $125 each. They also make a five-dollar phonograph, which "will talk as clearly as the most expensive machines, but will not receive so many words at a time."

MR. BEECHER attended the Methodist Episcopal Missionary festival at Brooklyn, the other day, and said that "while in the West he used to work hand-in-glove with the Methodists. Indeed, some people thought he ought to be a Methodist. His Calvinism was never very objectionable to Armenianism, and it does not grow stiffer as he grows old."

WASHINGTON is in danger of an invasion by yellow fever. About 300 acres of the low country south of the Presidential mansion has been used as a depository for refuse from the city sewerage, and it is apprehended that a pestilence may break out next summer on a very slight provocation, such as the introduction of a single case of yellow fever, unless the flats are cleaned up at an early day.

THE value of church property in Cincinnati is $3,310,700; amount of annual church expenses, including pastor's salaries, $213,736; amount of church debt, $113,000; number of membership, 20,822. The cost of supporting the churches of the several denominations is a little less than $10.24 per annum to each member. This is exclusive of the Catholic denomination.

IT is said that a thought which has been permeating the common mind of England for years, and which is expressed more plainly in times of distress, is that the revenues of the established church might be better employed in relieving want. The disestablishment of the Irish church set the people a'thinking, and England's statesmen may find themselves confronted with a similar problem, which, like charity, will begin at home.

AN item that is not free from a "suspician" of sarcasm is going the rounds to the following effect: "The Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Victoria's second son, is about to be promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, in recognition, perhaps, of his heorism in protecting one of his attaches from the vengeance of a man whose wife he had seduced. The Duke in this case, it will be remembered, offered to fight the injured husband himself. The good Queen undoubtedly feels that such a service to the state should be handsomely rewarded."

NEW YORK.

A HIGH-TONED TEMPERANCE MOVE.

The cause of temperance found earnest and able exponents last evening in a social gathering that took place at the Hon. William E. Dodge's residence. The parlors were filled with gentlemen prominent in benevolence and religious enterprises, a feature of the evening being an address on intemperance in its relation to crime by Chief Justice Noah Davis. Rev. Dr. John Hall, Rev. Dr. William Adams and Prof. Hitchcock, also spoke briefly on the general subject of intemperance, after which a collation was served. Mr. Dodge, introducing Judge Davis, said to his intelligent and influential auditors when they realize that this country is expending annually between $600,000,000 and $700,000,000 for intoxicating drinks, and that an equal amount is expended as the result of their use, they are convinced it is time that men who are bearing the burdens and paying the taxes should bestir themselves to see if something cannot be done, not only to lessen the financial burdens, but to remove the terrible results of the traffic and use of intoxicating liquors.

FRANCIS MURPHY GOING WEST.

Francis Murphy is going West. Last night he said he had received an invitation of the clergy of California to come to that State and lecture, and he looked forward with pleasure to the visit. Other Western States had also extended equally cordial invitations to him to lecture. Murphy will speak tonight at the Baptist Church, which occasion probably will be his last pubiic appearance in the city for a long time, although he does not intend to leave before New Year's Day.

A wonderful temperance revival has been in progress at Monmouth, Ill., under direction of Hon. A. B. Campbell. Over 2,000 have signed the pledge in the two weeks just passed.

"Yer go'n to spend every cent what I bring yer home, for stockings, an' thar isn't nothin' to eat in the house," is what a drunken man was telling a barber's pole when a policeman arrested him.

A prominent rectifier and wholesale dealer in liquors, at Davenport, Iowa, has made the prediction that there will not be a brewery doing business in the State of Iowa in three years from this time.

During Drew's three weeks campaign at Burlington, Iowa, 1,630 signed the pledge. He has now gone to Cedar Falls to conduct a series of meetings. He is assisted by Colonel Walt A. Reed.

Says Dr. Hall: To live long, and well, and usefully, be temperate in all things, remembering that the only certain and effectual way of being temperate in reference to liquor is, never taste a drop.

Henry Wilson once said: In my New Hampshire home, at ten years of age, I first signed the temperance pledge. All that I am above a common drunkard, I owe to that pledge faithfully kept.

A man whose appearance indicated that he was staggering from the excessive weight of a brick in his hat, being asked if he was a Son of Temperance, replied, "Hic-no—no relation—not even an acquaintance."

Judge Reading's decision or sentence delivered in Chicago, pronounced upon liquor dealers for violating the law by selling liquor to minors, well said: "Here parents have the right to say, 'Leave my son to me until you have a right to destroy him.'" The most noble judge sentenced them to ten days' imprisonment and a fine of $75 and costs.

THE Indians of the Indian Territory are reported to be joining the Murphy movement in great numbers. Judge Parker says quite an excitement exists among them, and the better class Indians are working earnestly in the matter. The good effects are already shown in the great decrease of crime. and the peace and quiet which prevails. It is regarded as a great aid toward the more rapid civilization of the Indians of that Territory.

Continued from Fifth Page.

adopted, placing Isaac Cook, of Frankfort, in the chair.

The convention then took a recess for dinner.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 1:30 o'clock the convention reassembled, Isaac Cook presiding.

Committees on finance, resolutions, and appeals were appointed

Reports of delegates by lodges was next in order, and the chairman of each delegation submitted his report, which were of a cheering character. All the lodges were flourishing finely, in a good financial condition, and the membership decreasing but little. The last political campaign was effective in diminishing the membership in a few of the lodges, but they are all increasing in numbers again.

The following resolution was introduced, which, after a warm, spirited discussion, was adopted:

WHEREAS, It is the better strategy to make gradual approaches toward an intrenched enemy, in moral as in physical warfare, therefore be it

Resolved, That it is the judgment of the Good Templars of the twelfth district of Indiana, in convention assembled, that the enactment of a local option law against the liquor traffic in this state is the only safe, proper and prospectively successful step toward prohibition for the Order to make under the present circumstances, and that we urge by petitions and personal influence the passage of such a law by the Legislature of Indiana at the approaching session.

IN THE EVENING

a public session was held. It was no doubt a profitable meeting, and will result in adding numbers to the already large lodge at Bainbridge.

FRIDAY MORNING.

The convention was called to order by Isaac Cook, the presiding officer.

A resolution was adopted, recognizing in the Mercury and Temperance Advocate, of Crawfordsville, a fearless, impartial and able exponent of the temperance cause.

A proposition was offered by one of the members, "making a present of a handsome gilt banner to the lodge reporting the largest number of members in good standing and best results of work."

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At 1 o'clock the convention reassembled, Isaac Cook in the chair.

The time was taken up in toasts and responses, and resolutions of thanks to the Bainbridge people for the magnificent reception and entertainment of the visiting delegates, to the officers and members of Bainbridge lodge No. 498 for the use and occupation of their large and spacious hall and the facilities for the transaction of business afforded by them; and last, but not least, to the choir and band that discoursed sweetest music for tne pleasure of the delegates.

The convention then adjourned.

The next convention will be held in Frankfort, subject to the call of the District Deputy.

It was the most harmonious and profitable convention ever held by the Good Templars of this district. Evidently much good will result from the work done by it. All went home feeling that they had not come in vain.

W. W. CONSTANCER, W. Sec.

Crawfordsville, Dec. 19, 1878.

'SCATTER THE GEMS OE THE BEAUTIFUL."

To the Editor:

"Has the little angel done gone for good?"

The person thus accosted turned in half wonder and some impatience to meet a ten-year-old waif of humanity that seemingly had never made the acquaintance of soap and water. As the question was repeated the bold blue eyes,—whose defiance was born of the ostracism of their owners condition in life—softened to a wistful earnestness, that went straight to the heart.

"What do you mean?"

"Why the little angel we fellers saw when the door was open, the winders histed. Hes it gone for always?"

A flood of light broke on the listener; the question had solved a mystery.

"It is there. Would you like to see it again?"

"Yes," with a long sigh.

"Well, come this afternoon, and bring your little friends."

The blue eyes opened wide, "friends, oh! you mean them tother fellers?" Yes.

Again the blue eyes were raised, this time in doubt, "You'll give us to the brass buttons over the ally?"

Impulsively a hand was extended, an instant's hesitation and the dirty boyish one lay trustingly in it; without another word the two went their separate way.

This the history. Business had called a family to a small city, whose springs made it somewhat noted as a summer resort; a house was found whose proximity to one of the springs and a beautiful woods overbalanced the fact that only a little beyond was one of the worst neighborhoods in the place. Time passed, bringing anything but **quiet** or security to the new home from the numberless boys belonging to the regions beyond, in spite of the efforts ot the city official, whose home was nearest, and who in the past had failed to break up their rendezvous in the shaded vacant lots opposite.

One evening the expressman left a box at the door, the lifted cover revealed a canvass, looking out from it was the golden head and beautiful innocent face of a little one, whose expression, half human, half angelic, was called into being by her efforts to hold in place, in each chilly arm, pets, that by nature were at variance. The picture waiting to be hung, was placed on a table opposite a window. One day while the doors and windows were opened wide to the morning sun, the sudden cessation of noise was remarked; the quiet was ominous of mischief, and swift noiseless feet went to an upper window to learn the cause. Looking down there was to be seen a dozen or more boys hanging over the pickets of the fence peering between them in speechless admiration at something in the room beyond, whose nearness to the street, and low, open windows afforded a view of all within; a few moments, and the sudden closing of doors and windows broke the spell. In silence the street was crossed, without the usual clouds of dust that only a crowd of barefooted boys know how to make.

They played as ever on the commons, only more quietly now; often lingered near the house, but their hereto lawless hands left gardens undisturbed; and Neighbor Official congratulated himself that at last he held them in subjection, but knew not how.

That short interim not only solved the mystery but sent whirling a foundation stone from the theory, that a love of art to inspire to a higher life must be hereditary or come from a cultured eye.

The afternoon brought a troop of boys, whose unaccustomed efforts to cleanliness, and the making the most of one's self would have been laughable had they not been pitiful. Torn and brimless hats were awkardly held, as they gazed in silence at the "little angel" that had softened their rudeness, not fear of the law.

The earnest noble face, one of life's heroes, was shown them, eliciting the comment, "He doesn't live hereabouts does he?" one little fellow "couldn't I be like him?"

The genial face of Washington Irving that seemed to smile down upon them, caught their eye, "I'll bet he wouldn't set a dog on a feller! His'in ain't cross anyway, is it?" The remainder of the summer the house was fearlessly left open, no effort was made to teach them save through the pictures they never got tired of seeing, yet a radical change was wrought in their manners. The better impulses that might have lain dormant were awakened; seed sown for a different life.

Small wonder though they drift out into the great whirlpool of vice and crime, no hallowed influences of a bright and happy home, no loving father or mother's prayers will follow their roving footsteps. Home influence! Thieves, intemperance, poverty, crime and abuse. But who can say that in some mad, wicked hour their hearts shall not fail them, their hands be stayed, and the "little angel" of their boyhood be their selection; the memory of the noble face they wished theirs to be like, go with them until they are won to a better life.

Gather them into your Bands of Hope, the ragged Arabs of the street. Though the soil seem hard and strong, sow the seed; win their confidence; send them forth with loving words, and their childish hands may find the key to unlock older hardened hearts you might perhaps never reach. Is it uncongenial work—taking time from better loved pursuits? They are here; we cannot help it. Will they not be demanded of us?

We deem it necessary—and it is well—that for our own advancement, we surround ourselves with all that can minister to the beautiful and refined life, build elegant churches, line them with the beauty of carving and color; pay gifted men to teach us how to live from Sabbath to Sabbath, and do well, if with all our surroundings our lives trail not in the sordid dust.

How often during the eloquent prayer chiming in at the end of some rounded sermon, the childish wish, "Couldn't I be like him?" heard above the swelling tones of the organ, the boyish voice "was the little angel gone for good?"

Shall we let the angel sleeping in every soul slumber?

Turn in wonder from their ignorance to our better trained lives that makes our virtue a defiency of temptation, nor deign to extend a helping hand? Nay, it must not be. It will cost a few hours time, an open window, a faded carpet, a soul bright and glowing with loftier aspirations, strong with nobler purposes.

Scatter the gems of the beautiful down into the sin-darkened lives of intemperance, want and wretchedness; through its ministry reap a harvest golden with souls, won to a temperate, purer life here—there, the richest jewels in our crown. F. D. F.

GENERAL NOTES.

Mike Fanning is in Ohio.

Dr. Reynolds is in Illinois.

Motto for a toper: Mind your rye.

The temperance cause is looking up in Texas.

The little town of Huntington has sixteen saloons.

The Pittsburg Trumpet calls saloons "liquor slumps."

A series of meetings are being held at Iowa City, Iowa.

Gospel temperance is being spread through Tennessee.

The work goes gloriously on in Dupage county, Illinois.

There is a flourishing temperance society in Paris, France.

The interest in the temperance work is great at Waukegan.

At Dubuque, Iowa, they have commenced the winters campaign.

One brand of Cincinnatti whisky is warranted to contain 487 fights.

An exchange says: "Plain whisky is the congressional drink this winter."

There is much agitation in New Brunswick on the temperance question.

A rum restaurant in New York has the following sign, "Vitals cooked here."

In New York during Murphy's three weeks campaign 8,000 signed the pledge.

The Good Templars of Laporte are having spelling matches instead of the ordinary social.

The United Order of Ancient Templars are organizing thoroughly throughout Kansas.

Thr young ladies of Chicago have organized a "Young Ladies' Christian Temperance Union."

During the current year 4,121 arrests have been made in New York City for violation of the Excise law.

The Murphys of Huntington gave a "donation concert," for the benefit of the poor, last Thursday night.

The Citizens League says the Scandinavians are among the foremost temperance workers of Chicago.

Pennsylvania spends three times as much for liquor as for bread, and still complain of hard times. No wonder.

Mrs. Henry is meeting with grand success in her gospel temperance work among the reformed men of Michigan.

The News says: "The Huntington Temperance Union Choir is considered by all to be one of the best in the State."

From all parts of the country glad tidings of the wonderful success of the Gospel Temperance work continues to come in.

The Mayor of Milwaukee is a wholesale liquor dealer and the Mayor of Pittsburgh is a brewer. Two cities disgraced.

Within the past two years Queen Victoria has given $25,000 to the cause of temperance. Four members of the royal household are total abstainers.

Jack Warburton has been at Westville, LaPorte county(and as a result the last saloon has "winked out." The s.-k. left the burg rather than be prosecuted.

The prohibitionists of New York are organizing their forces to secure the passage of a law looking to the suppression of the manufacture and sale of strong drink.

The Rev. James Stephenson, presiding elder of the Dayton, Ohio, Methodist Episcopal district, has been suspended from the ministry for drunkenness and immorality.

With 100,000, women on their knees I tell you a wave of prayer would go up from this land that would make the drunkards tremble and the whisky-sellers quake.—*Moody.*

The Chicago distilleries supply upward of 12,000 saloons with liquors. How much of the patronage of these saloons takes bread from the mouths of women and children?

The County Judge of Lewis county, Kentucky, has given notice that he will grant no one, either friend or foe, a license to sell anything intoxicating either for love or money.

In one of Murphy's meetings in New York recently, Hogan, ex-prize fighter, arose and said: "I have kept my promise for three months, and by the help of God I will be able to say the same at the end of three years, and, fifteen years, if I live so long."

INTERESTING ITEMS.

JAPAN is to be a great wheat producer.

THE German Empire has a population of 75,000,000.

THE families belonging to the Danish nobility number 173.

JAMES MACE, the ex-pugilist, has two sons who are preaching.

THE World's production of gold is one-third less than in 1850.

ORSON HYDE, the latter day boss polygamist and Mormon, is dead.

FIVE telegraphic cables now unite Sicily with the main land of Italy.

A NEW YORK advertiser has had his name stamped on 50,000,000 toothpicks.

A THIEF at Alamosa, M. T., has distinguished himself by stealing a sawmill.

A GEORGIA minister rode 140 miles, married a couple, and received $2.50 for the job.

THE cadets at the naval academy are to be allowed to smoke under certain conditions.

FOUR counties in Maryland under a local option law have voted for the prohibition of liquor selling.

SENATOR ANTHONY, as is his pleasing custom, sent each of the other New England Senators a Rhode Island turkey for Thanksgiving.

MRS. HAYES has her two younger children educated at home, with some little acquaintances—McCrarys and Shellabargers—to share their studies.

THE Winnebago Indians. of Nebraska, who were dependent on the government nine years ago, are now self-supporting, and have patents for their lands.

THE grave of Thomas Lincoln, the father of the great emancipator, is situated in a quiet country burying ground under the south line of Coles county, Illinois.

A SPIRIT merchant in Dublin announces in an Irish paper that he has still a small quantity of the whisky on hand which was drunk by George IV when in Dublin.

GEORGE MULLER, the man who with his faith in prayer has accomplished such miracles of charity in England, is to revisit and preach in this country next year.

A LADY of rank in London agreed to pay a tradesmen's bill by presenting his ambitious wife at court. The Chamberlain heard of the scheme and refused to receive her. The lady claims to have fulfilled her part of the bargain but the tradesman has sued for his bill.

IN the "Society of New Jerusalem" formal installations of ministers are unknown. When from one church a preacher goes to another, he merely shakes the hands of the peopie he leaves, and finds at the end of his journey other hands stretched out to him.

PAPER collars were first invented in 1854, but till 1859 met with little favor. In that year 1,500,000 were manufactured. In 1877 300,000,000 were made—an average of more than one box for every man, woman, and child in the country.

THE natives of the islands in the South Pacific have some curious stories about the origin of the world. The winds, they say, are caused by the children of Raka, each of whom has a hole on the edge of the horizon, into which he can blow as much as he likes.

A MAN in Lexington, Va., mailed a letter to a fictitious name in Japan, with a request that it be returned if not called for, and started it by the way of the Atlantic. His object was to see how long it would be in going around the world. It came back by the way of San Francisco, in just a 100 days.

RICHARD OLMSTEAD wandered away from a hunting camp in the Adirondacks, got lost, and a week afterwards was found dead, having starved to death. It is supposed that he was overcome with fright and fatigue, for he had a gun and ammunition, and game was plenty, so that there should have been no lack of food.

DOWN at Belton, Ga., a woman twenty-one years old brought from his mother a young man aged twenty, for the purpose of making him her husband. The trade was made on Sunday, the quid pro quo being a muslin dress. The young man was delivered to his purchaser, who walked three miles through the rain to receive him on the next Tuesday.

A PRIZE of $100 for an essay on hydrophobia, its nature, prevention and cure, is offered by the Royal College of Physicians, London, and the British minister at Washington has requested that publicity be given the offer. The essay must be in English, or accompanied by an English translation; must be delivered on or before January 1, 1880, and may be the joint production of two or three authors.

In India there are 240,000,000 of people. Of these it is estimated that the number of protestant converts is not far short of half a million, while the Roman Catholic converts must be counted at nearly a million in western and southern India. The Roman Catholic missionaries do not altogeter destroy the interior appearace of the temples when they convert them into churches, and the asceticism of the priests, with their shorn heads and their style of preaching, harmonizes with points of character in the old Hindoo leaders.

POLICEMEN get hardened to scenes of crime just as veterans find themselves able to walk up to the mouth of a cannon over the bodies of slain comrades, but when Officer Dacy walked carelessly up to the Sergeant's register in Detroit, on Wednesday, and there read a charge of aggravated highway robbery against his own son, whose sullen face could be seen behind the bars, he fell back in a dead faint and remained so for eight hours.

THE Budhist priests, with a steel die, stamp the image of Budha on a thin piece of sheet lead. These pieces they take out with them to the fishing grounds, fifty miles at sea. When the large sea mussels common to that coast are drawn up by the nets they manage to place several of these lead impressions inside the shell, and then throw them back into the sea. Every once in a while the fisherman draw some af them up in their nets and find the picture of Budha coated with pearls. They then exclaim, "Budha is God. We found him in the bottom of the sea."

WILLIAM SCOTT claims to be 149 years old. He is known to Baltimoreans, among whom he lives, as "Uncle Billy." Snowden Disney makes affidavit before Justice Pole, that he has known old darky William for fifty years; that William then bore the same appearance as now; that the deponent's father, who had been nursed by William, gave the date of the latter's birth as 1729. Uncle Billy might pass for a man of seventy. He had had six "head" of children—that is, six different families of children, exactly how many he doesn't remember. He was a body servant to Lord Howe during the Revolution, went to England with him, and was servant to an English officer at the battle of Waterloo. This Methuselah is brought to light by the Baltimore Evening Bulletin, which, unlike most Evening Bulletins, always appears to know what it is talking about.

Cure for Intemperance.

Indianapolis Journal.

Some time ago the fact was mentioned in the Journal that Dr. D'Unger, of Minneapolis, claimed to have discovered a cure for intemperance, in a tincture made from the smaller branches of the cinchona rubra tree. This tree is akin to that which furnishes Peruvian bark and quinine, but the medicine used by Dr. D'Unger has different qualities from those of quinine, though resembling it in some respects. Dr. D'Unger is now in Chicago, and has been interviewed by a reporter of the Inter-Ocean. He makes no secret of his alleged discovery, asks no patent, and desires that it be thoroughly tested and tried. He describes the medicine as a "highly concentrated tincture made from the cinchona rubra tree, from the district of Loxa, Peru." He uses only the fine quills made from the smaller branches. He says there are about eighty varieties of the bark, and only this one will destroy the appetite for liquor. Since the remedy was made known through the press Dr. D'Unger has received nearly three thousand letters testifying to its efficacy. His theory of the cure is as follows:

"Alcohol stimulates the nervous center—that is, the brain—by passing over the nerves externally. If a man were to get drunk by the action of liquor upon the nervous system, as other things taken into the stomach act, it would be about four hours before he felt it. The nerve cells are supplied with stimulant in the ordinary way by taking what they need from the blood which carries along with it the nutrition of the food taken into the stomach. But in the case of the drunkard there is an abnormal product formed in these nerve cells by the artificial stimulation of alcohol which reaches the brain, as I have told you. When once established this condition must be kept up by a continual supply of liquor in some form. Now, the way the cure is effected is simply by bracing up the nerve center until it is supplied in the natural way from the blood, and then the desire is gone."

The medicine creates no nausea nor sickness, but simply an indifference to liquor and an absence of desire which, if the patient has a will and desire to abstain, will enable him to do so with slight effort. Dr. D'Unger says: "The trouble with reformed men under the red-ribbon movement is that they are in continual dread of it, and many of them would as soon drown themselves as smell of whisky. By the use of this medicine all this fear is removed. They can wash in it, smell it, do anything with it, and will feel no inclination to taste it." All that is claimed for the discovery is that it will restore the shattered nervous system and completely destroy the desire for drink, and if to this the patient adds a desire and determination to abstain the cure is complete. Dr. D'Unger has treated a number of cases in Chicago and effected some remarkable cures. He talks like a scientific man, seeks no notoriety, and desires that the world shall avail itself of his discovery. If all is true that is claimed for it, it deserves to rank among the most beneficent discoveries yet given to the world by the medical profession.

Lost in a Wilderness.

On Wednesday, the 4th inst., George Lisch started from his home, at Mr. George Steyer's, on the North Branch, for a day's hunt in the "Stony River Wilderness," in Grant county, West Virginia, and up to the time of going to press, nine days, has not returned or been heard from Mr. Lisch is a sober, reliable young man, not over 24 years of age, and is very popular among those who knew him. For two or three days no alarm was felt by his friends, who supposed that he had wandered to the home of some distant settler and taken shelter from the stormy weather. On Saturday and Sunday couriers were sent out in various directions for many miles in the distance, but no tidings could be had of his whereabouts. On Monday last a general alarm was given, and some thirty-five men started out, some on foot and some on horseback, but at night all returned without the slightest clew, and on Tuesday the entire settlement on both sides of the Potomac turned out, and our informant states that at least one hundred men spent the day in hunting over the two counties with no better success. Little hope is now entertained of ever finding him alive. Various theories are entertained by the settlers. Some are searching the north branch of the Potomac river, thinking he might have fallen in and been drowned while crossing over to West Virginia, and some are searching the hammocks of Stony river. Some believe that he met an accident on land which disabled him and that he is possibly still living, while others, knowing the undaunted courage and hardihood of the young man, believe that he has followed the trail of bears and panthers to their dens and been devoured by them. If either theory is correct it is not at all probable that he will ever be found alive, for if disabled by accident in the wilderness he must necessarily have perished from hunger and cold ere this, as the weather has been remarkably severe since he was missing. Mr. Lisch was a very punctual man in his engagements, and as he promised to return the same evening it is the general opinion throughout the surrounding settlement that he has met with a tragic death. The high esteem in which the young man was held in the community has aroused a universal sympathy for him, and the excitement now prevailing has never been equaled in that section of the country since the days of the late war. —[Garrett County (Md.) Herald, December 14.

The Capital City of Ohio.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer writes: "The city of Columbus is the second richest city in the United States, according to its population. Hartford, Conn., is the richest, and Columbus comes next after it. With its 50,000 population, there is an aggregate wealth here of probably $50,000,000 to $75,000,000, all solid and safe. There is little speculative feeling among her business men, but their money is invested for the most part in legitimate business, that pays a certain profit—in real estate, manufactures, merchandise and banking. Railroads, too, have been a favorite investment here in time past, but a good deal of the money formerly invested in them has been withdrawn. Columbus capital has, at one time and another, had a controlling interest in the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati, the Columbus and Xenia, the Central Ohio, the Columbus and Indianapolis, the Hocking Valley, the Scioto Valley, and the Columbus and Toledo Railroads. It still holds a majority of the Columbus and Xenia, the Hocking Valley, and the Columbus and Toledo roads, but as for the rest, they have mostly passed out of her hands into those of bondholders and second owners, just as most of our railroads do, and have ceased to be regarded as Columbus interests, and the capital once invested in them, what was left of it, has sought other channels. Real estate has been the favorite investment of surplus money for several years past, and the class of buildings that have been erected would be a credit to any city, large or small. There is what seems to be but a very small amount of banking capital here, when it is compared with the aggregated wealth of the city. Three banks of issue are the only ones having a circulation, and the aggregate of that circulation is only $500,000."

Big Times at Evansville.

The city has been in great agitation for the past two weeks over the action of the grand jury and prosecuting attorney looking to the rigid enforcement of the Sunday laws against saloons. The saloon-keepers took the matter into their own hands and have succeeded in closing every business in the city on Sunday, including all time-honored institutions like barber-shops, drug-stores and cigar-stands. The last two Sundays the town was like a graveyard. This has forced the grand jnry to further performances, and they are now making war on newspapers that permit work to be done on Sunday. To-day all the carrier-boys, pressmen, and other attaches were summoned to appear, and were interrogated in regard to Sunday papers. Alex. Henderson, city editor of the Journal, was questioned, and declined to answer. He was told by the foreman that he would be given a day to consider, and if he did not answer then would be punished. Henderson appealed to the court, who told him to go about his business and he should not be punished. The grand jury has been in session four weeks, and has returned several hundred bills, Great feeling is manifested among citizens at its action. It was expected that they would be discharged to-day, but the court did not order it, and trouble is expected to business interest.—[Chicago Times Special.

Particulars of the Drowning of an Iowa Family.

A heart-rending and distressing accident occurred yesterday. In the afternoon Mr. Lane, with his wife and two children, went on the ice in the river at Lanesville to enjoy themselves. He improvised a hand-sleigh and a large box, into which he placed his wife and children. Two handles extended from the rear of the sleigh, with which Mr. Lane shoved the sleigh on the ice. They were having a delightful time. The ice near the shore was about three inches thick. The river was open in the channel, and the ice near the open water was, of course much thinner. Mr. Lane, unfortunately, ventured too near the open water. He felt the ice giving way, but before he could retrace his steps it broke through, engulfing in the stream the wife, the children, and the father—all in a moment were launched into eternity. The maddening shriek of the drowning family was heard by a party of woodchoppers on an adjacent island, who saw the catastrophe. They hastened to the rescue, but were unable to arrive in time to be of service. Lane and his family were under the ice, their dead bodies probably floating down the river. It was sad to contemplate, and the bronzed faces of the hardy woodchoppers were moistened with tears they could not control. They went to the station and gave the alarm, and then proceeded to Lane's cabin. They found the door unlocked. Inside a bright fire crackled in the stove. The silver-bright tin tea kettle was singing for the return of the unfortunate family. The cat and dog were nestled under the stove awaiting the return of the two children who petted them. Everything about the house indicated happiness and neatness. The people of the station at once organized to recover the bodies, but up to the time Mr. Hickey passed the station they had not been found. Mr. Lane was the ticket agent at the station, and is spoken of as a man of industrious and frugal habits and a man who thought the world and all of his little family.—[Dubuque Herald,

Flour $2,000 a Barrel.

A friend has handed us a copy of the Asheville News, of April 6, 1865—dated three days before the surrender of Lee, at Appomatox. It is a half sheet, printed on a dingy yellow, confederate sample of paper. Under its editorial head is its terms—$20 per annum, 50 cents per single copy, and $5 per square for each insertion of an advertisement. The elder Adkin, the editor, was a methodist minister, who published a paper years before the war. He died about nine years ago.

This edition of the News contains the order of the Confederate Adjutant General regarding the recruiting of the negro troops; "General Order No. 46," signed by Col. J. B. Palmer, relating to conscription; and a "schedule of prices," allowed by the tithing and purchasing agents of the C. S. Government, who appeal to the farmers to bring in their produce to feed the army, which they proclaim, "is now at last to be recognized as our only savior from the unrestrained and grasping despotism of our barberous enemy." Some of the prices allowed are as follows: Flour, $10 per lb; beef, $2; bacon $4.50; corn, $12 per bu.; oxen, $1,500 per yoke; and quinine $30 per ounce. There is an advertisement offering a reward of $4,000 for the apprehension of two negroes, Noah and Edward, who ran away from a man named Gist, at King's Mountain Iron Works, and were supposed to be lurking about Asheville.—[Asheville (N. C.) Enterprise.

A Maine Couple's Bridal Tour.

He came from Hallowell with his first and only love. He had just attained his majority; she had scarcely gone beyond "sweet sixteen." Their desire was to be mated legally, as, indeed, they had in spirit found their "affinity." To find a minister to perform that interesting and important service was no easy task. It was the afternoon of the first Sabbath of the month, and the churches were all holding their communion services as the loving couple struck the town. But not to be thwarted, they entered a certain sanctuary snd took a seat among the communicants. The services progressed, and just as the officiating clergyman had placed the elements in the hands of his deacons, the young man left his place by the side of his blushing would-be bride, and, advancing to the minister, said: "We walked up from Hallowell to be hitched. Can you do the job?" The congregation did not hear the response, but it sent thrill of joy to the young man. After the service they were invited into the minister's study and "hitched;" and the twain made one started afoot for Hallowell. That was their bridal tour. —[Augusta (Me.) Journal.

Epitaphs in an old burying ground in New Hampshire:

"While I lay mouldering in the grave,
No mother will my children have;
They'll go wandering after me,
Oh, where is marm? Where can she be!
Under this sod
And under these trees
Lieth the bod-
Y of Samuel Pees,
He's not in this hole,
But only his pod,
He shelled out his soul
And went up to God.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, let me remember when last I was tight. Wife at the window, her ma at the door; you all know how it is who have been there before.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Aim high; but not so high as not to be able to hit any thing.

The man lacks moral courage who treats when he should retreat.

No vices are so incurable as those which men are apt to glory in.

The Chinese say there is a well of wisdom at the root of every grey hair.

Disræli: I always know something unpleasant is coming when men are anxious to tell the truth.

Spurgeon: Good thoughts, like rose leaves, give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.

Burke: He who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own; and he who profits by a superior understanding raises his powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.

George Elliot: Within ourselves our evil will is momentous, and sooner or later it works its way outside us; it may be, in the vitiation that breeds evil acts, but also it may be in the self-abhorrence that stings us into better striving.

Longfellow: I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.

Higginson: The ocean tries feebly to emulate the profounder tragedies of the shore. In the crowded halls of gay hotels I see wrecks drifting hopelessly, dismasted and rudderless, to be stranded on hearts harder and more cruel than Brenton's reef, yet hid in smiles falser than its fleecy foam.

It is related of a Manchester manufacturer that, on retiring from business, he purchased an estate from a certain nobleman. The arrangement was that he should have the house, with all its furniture, just as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed; and on applying to the former owner about it, the latter said: "Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I thought you would hardly have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." "My Lord," was the reply, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it,"

"Old Si."

Atlantic Constitution.

Old Si, after building the fire, edged up to the table and asked:

"Is dey done foun' dem remains ob Miste Stewarts yit?"

"No not yet. Why do you want to know?"

"Well, I thot I'd ax, kase dere's somefin down dar on Decatur street dat smels awful like it wanted to be foun' an' berried ober agin."

"You don't suppose they are Stewart's remains?"

"Dat I can't say, 'kase I ain't takin' no resks now. I didn't 'zamine de subjick. Yer 'member 'bout de time I d'skivered Boss Tweed down yander on the ralerode keepin' dat ten cents bar-room dey went an' rested him ober dar in Spane! So I'se mighty perticular now how I acks!"

"I reckon those are are not Stewart's remains, Si."

"So does I, but I'se tuck sech er pow'ful entrest in dat grave-robbin' dat ebery time I smells somefin' onushual I looks around for er reward."

"What do you think of grave-robbing as a fine art?"

"Well, dat pesters me. How does I kno' but dat 'fore de dirt settles on me, some dem snatchers 'll come 'long an' snak me outen my last tennyment? I don't want no suck projeckin wid my remains, yer heah me!"

"I hope you will not."

"Not, sah. I kin onerstan' stealin' in mos' all de 'partments of trade 'ceptin' dat. De only dead thing dat's good ter steal am some animile dat yer kin eat. But dey ain't gwine ter steal me! I'se gwine ter put in my will dat I's ter be berried in de dark ob de moon, wid cotton ties 'round de coffiin, and den hab de hed an' foot boards sot up nacherally, jest half er mile ter de lef' of de remains—dat's me."

And he vanished after a toddy.

Prehistoric Elephant in Switzerland

A fine elephant tusk was found in the month of August last in a locality near Geneva, on a hill to the southwest of the confluence of the Arve and the Rhone. It was taken from a gallery in a very compact sand, along with beds of hard and tenacious gravels formed of pebbles bound together by calcareous cement. The part of the tusk which has been extracted is about 80 centimeters long; it is the anterior portion, but the fragments left behind lead to the presumption that its total length exceeded 1.50 meters. The bed in which it was found belongs to the old alluvium, several meters below the glacial earth. Professor A. Favre assigns it to the Elephas antiqus, of which debris were met with in 1876 by H. B. de Saussure in two places in the southern part of the valley of Geneva Lake. A portion of the parenchymatous matter contained in the interior of the tusk has been analyzed by Professor Brun, of the University of Geneva, who, having dissolved it in hydrochloric acid, obtained a residum of organic particles—charcoal, grains of fecula, spores of algæ and of mushrooms, four species of diatom still living in the waters of the country, and lastly a polycistina, a silicious form not well determined, and discovered previously in the mud of the Lake of Geneva. From the presence of these, Professor Brun concludes that the elephant's tusk must have been a long time in fluviatile waters. —[Nature.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, IND., JANUARY 1, 1879.

Convention Mention.

Where's Clay township!

Bro. Mellinger and Clay township are inseparable.

When our friend Rohrer roars, you may expect something.

As a "rule," our friend A. B. Rule, of Galveston, reported promptly.

Bro. Charlie Thomas, Galveston, has little to say, but he thinks much and wisely.

Bro. Drake, of Walton, was on hand at each session, and upheld his sentiments nobly.

The union at Lincoln was the only one in the county not represented at the convention.

Dr. Overholser urged local option. However, to "over-haul, sir," the existing laws is his anxiety.

Friend Winegardner, of Twelve Mile, was present both days, and "voted right" every time.

The attendance of ladies at each session of the convention was in keeping with the deep interest they have in the temperance work.

Rev. Post "posted" his resolution at the right time. The temperance man who cannot endorse it wholly is not entitled to the name.

Bro W. K. Moore, Adamsboro, was here Friday. We would have been delighted to have seen "more" of him.

Bro. G. P. McKee "seen the convention through," and his wise judgment and able debate added much to its interest.

To one and all of the delegates, permit us to say, you did exceedingly well. May we meet your intelligent faces again at no distant day.

With an active man at the head of the Executive Committe, and active men to assist him, all of which we have, a great deal may be expected of that important auxiliary.

Bro. Grimes, of New Waverly, not "that good old man" we sing about, but one far his superior in detending local option, was at the convention on Thursday. He got in a good word for his theme.

Bro. Campbell thinks he has a bigger job before him than the "camel" which couldn't go through the eye of a needle. In "justice" to Dr. Justice, be it said, he believed tne task he has imposed is not a hopeless one by any means.

It is supposed that Bro. Mellinger is still "boiling," as his township stands at the head. Now, that other township officers have begun to "simmer" we may expect as cheering reports from other points, and more fuel must be added to the fire in old Clay if it desires to maintain its position. Forewarning,

Vote Right.

VOTE only for temperance men.

So said the convention and so say we.

Cut loose from saloon bummers, and stand up in your dignity.

Make no compromise with wrong.

It should appear abaminable in any shape.

Right alone was created.

Right cannot be put down.

It is the same though the whole world engage against it.

Wrong once, is wrong always.

Wrong cannot be made right.

Right may be substituted for wrong.

"Of two evils choose the least."

No, NEVER.

Of two evils choose NEITHER.

Of two whisky men VOTE for neither.

They are both against you.

Let political parties put up for office sober men.

Temperance men.

Respectable men.

HONEST men.

If they don't do this, spot them.

We have been following their lead long enough without feed.

You have paid them enough money to buy rum with.

What have they given you?

High taxes.

Crime to foil.

Robbers and murderers to grapple.

BLOOD on every school-house doorstep.

The temperance man who does not vote temperance sacrifices principle.

A man without principle is without existance.

The man who sells his principle sells his soul.

Do not be a coward or you will be despised by your best friends.

When you are right go ahead.

Temperance is right, and it knows no compromise.

Murphy Movements.

The hall was crowded Sunday night at the regular meeting of the Union. Addresses were made by Messrs. Streeter, Middleton, Leedy, Graham and Murray. The recommendation of the County Union, that "the Sunday night meetings be discontinued," was discussed, but no definite action was taken. It is probable, however, that they will be held as usual. A suggestion that the question be put in the shape of a resolution, and debated by selected speakers, will be considered. Several signed the pledge.

That Supreme Court Decision.

IT appears on further investigation that the recent decision of the Supreme Court with reference to holiday liquor selling, was in review and under the provisions of an act passed previous to the last session of the Legislature; but an act, approved March 5, 1877, in express terms, prohibits the sale of liquors on Sunday, the Fourth of July, Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving or any election day. This law is in full force, and all parties interested should govern themselves accordingly.

Like Canister and Hot Shot.

A contributor, in a private letter to the editor, among other words of encouragement, says:

"I do hope you will soon have subscribers enough to justify you in making THE SIGNAL a weekly or daily. We like your short, pithy articles—they are to the cause, what shot and canister is to an army."

A Gem.

IN speaking of the blue ribbon "Gems of Song" the Winchester *Herald* says, "it is a real Gem, one that should be in the hands of every Murphy."

INTERESTING FACTS.

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Ten loaves of Bread for 25 cents at Conrad & Beamer's.

Do you smoke the "Daisy?"

Conrad & Beamer, the Bakers and Confectioners, sell **Ten Loaves of Bread for 25c.**

Have you seen the new improvements at **Meek's** cigar store, and the full line of cigars and tobacco, etc.

At *Hick's Restaurant* can be had Warm Meals, Lunch, Cigars, Candies! Oysters, Game, etc., and everything nice. Call. Broadway, near Murdock Hotel. Open day and night.

Thomas Pierce, Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Produce; Fish, Crackers, Nuts, etc. Prices to suit the time. Pure goods in every respect. Corner of Broadway and the canal.

Wm. Quebe, Boot and Shoe manufacturer and repairer. Boots or shoes made to order and repairing done neatly and promptly. Work warranted. Broadway, east of canal.

Jas. A. Hill & Son,
Fashionable Barbers
and Hair Dressers.
First class work guaranteed. Bridge st., opposite Dolan's opera house.

Gus Eberline has an entirely new stove, which beats everything in the market. Everybody should see it. Gus also does tinwork, repairing, etc, in the best manner possible. Broadway, on the canal.

John Gottsaleig, manufacturer and dealer in Boots and shoes. **Rubber Boots REPAIRED.** All work done promptly and warranted. Prices as low as the lowest. Market st., east of Fourth.

If you want to see a grand display of tin ware look at the beautiful show windows of **Barnhart & Son,** in fact there is no better to be seen in the city. Look for yourself.

Deboo can make a lame horse walk good, and it is all done in the shoeing. Shop on North street, above canal. Everything in his line done promptly. Give him a call.

I. N. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor. Market and Fifth.

Try the "Daisy" Cigar and you will always buy it.

Isaac Shideler sells lots of goods, in fact it keeps old Bill Grace trotting while he goes away to purchase more, because there is so much demand. The reason is because you can depend on what they say.

J. P. Webster, The Jeweler, the well known and reliable, can always be depended on for correct time. What he tells you he means. At City Drug Store, Fourth street.

Home again. *Wm. Ball, Jr.*, has got back to the old stand, but it is a more convenient building to do business in. He intends to have the largest stock in town. Market street.

T. P. Swigart manufactures all his own candies: they are pure and good; examine and taste them if you don't believe it. Go and get a square meal there when you come to town.

Culp's band is always on ready to play for parties in the country as well as in town. It is a good band. Go and patronize them. You can find them on Sixth street.

Mrs W. J. Potter keeps the latest styles of dress patterns at her millinery store. See wire sign across the street above the post office.

Mr. Fuller keeps the best assortment of harness, whips, saddles, robes, blankets; in fact anything a man wants in his line.

Ask for Markley's "Daisy," the best 5-cent cigar in America.

Geo. W. Hoffman, City Drug Store, keeps pure drugs and patent medicines. Also a full line of toilet goods, perfumes, brushes, combs, etc, Fourth street.

Frank Harwood. The Fashionable Tailor of Market Street, has a nice line of goods. Do not fail to go and see some of the nice suits he makes.

John W. Cost, Druggist, Fourth st., invites the public to examine his elegant stock of **Perfumery, Fancy Toilet Articles,** Drugs, Medicines, etc. Choice line of Havana Cigars. None surpass his stock.

Save your money and buy machine needles of the best quality, eight for 25c. And Machine oil ten cents per bottle at Howe office, 512 Broadway. 3m16

T. B. Rhodes sets the best lunch in town. Warm meals at all hours. Oysters in every style. Candies of all kinds. Bread, confectioneries, etc. Call on him, farmers, at 321 Market street.
3m17—521

The "Daisy" is the favorite of all who have tried it. Nothing can compare with it. Smoke it once and you smoke it always.

Mrs. Dillie & Sister have one of the finest millinery stores in the city. The ladies can be suited with the latest styles of hats and fancy goods of which they have an immense stock Prices to suit the times. Ladies call and look at goods. Broadway north side, east of canal.
4t18-08

IF any of our Murphy friends contemplate buying a sewing machine we would advise them by all means to call on T. C. Barnes and examine the latest improved Howe and Singer. Satisfaction guaranteed, and all machines warranted for five years. 512 Broadway. 3m16

THE INTER OCEAN.

Weekly, $1.15; Semi-Weekly, $2,50; Daily, $10,00.

The Inter Ocean, as a political journal, stands confessedly at the head of the Republican press of the West, and as a readable and reliable newspaper has a reputation second to none. While it has never wavered in the support of party principles, has never failed to do its full duty in critical times, and has never hesitated to strike hard blows in defense of the Republican cause, it has never ceased to be a good newspaper, independent of all political and party considerations.

With the record of seven years' conscientious work and efficient service behind it as a certificate of character. The Inter Ocean enters upon the work of a new year; enters upon the work of a year the most important, perhaps, in its history, and the most momentous in the history of the Republican party. Lines are already forming for the great battle of 1880, and the country has never felt the need of stanch and able supporters of principle for the sake of principle as it will in the coming year. It has been the good fortune of The Inter Ocean to lead in the formation of public opinion, and to have a tremendous following. It has maintained this position as leader because of its unquestioned loyalty to the fundamental principles of the party, its boldness in defending them, and its fairness in discussing great political questions. As The Inter Ocean has sounded the key-note of the contests in past years, Republicans will look to it as a faithful guide and leader in the coming year. And they will not be disappointed. The paper will stand, as it always has stood, the organ of no faction or clique, battling in the front rank for the principles that have made the country what it is.

The Inter Ocean expects to receive from enemies and opponents hard blows, and to return them with interest. From Republicans and friends it expects only such consideration and fairness as any political journal may claim at the hands of those interested in the success of the party and in the triumph of party principles. The issues are sharply defined. On the one side is the solid South aided by the Democratic party; on the other the Rebublican party. Naturally at such a time Republicans will turn to a paper able, aggressive, and of unquestioned loyalty. All that we ask is that they judge The Inter Ocean by its own utterances, and not by what Democrat organs and envious rivals say of it.

Outside of party considerations Republicans will choose the best newspaper. And in this particular The Inter Ocean has no superiors. It is in every sense of the word a national newspaper, presenting home and foreign news in attractive shape, and accompanying it with intelligent comment.

It will be as enterprising as any of its contemporaries, more accurate and more discriminating. For two years its cable dispatches have been fuller and of higher character than those of any other Western journal; its Washington and foreign correspondence more readable, covering more topics of special and general interest, and its home correspondence more varied and more complete. All these departments will be continued, with such improvements added as experience may suggest and increased facilities for collecting news allow.

Independent of politics and news, men want a symmetrical, intrresting, and wholesome journal for the family and the home. They will find such a paper in The Inter Ocean, which devotes more attention than any other political newspaper to departments prepared and conducted with the wants of home and family in view. This applies to Agricultural, Domestic, Educational, Scientific, and Social matters.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP, covering answers to all sorts of political, scientific, and general questions will receive more attention, even, than in past years, and will be a complete encyclopedia of information not accessible outside the great reference libraries of large cities. In this department The Inter Ocean has been without a rival, and, realizing the importance of the department, the publishers have made arrangements not only to maintain its high character, but to make it answer more completely the demands of subscribers.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT has within the past year assumed a new character and a new importance. It is the outgrowth of The Inter Ocean policy of fostering home interests, and, while it is unique in its freshness and its plan, it is unequaled in its interest and in the amount of suggestive and practical information on Home topics.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT will be in charge of one of the most experienced agricultural editors of the West, and will give each week timely hints, suggestions, and discussions of practical interest.

THE VETINARY DEPARTMENT has become a standard authority among horsemen, and is republished from week to week in many of the Farm and Stock Journals of the country. All questions of subscribers as to diseases and treatment of stock are answered without charge by a distinguished and experienced specialist. This department will be maintained at its present high standard.

THE WOMAN'S KINGDOM, devoted to woman's interests and work, will be continued in the generous and conservative spirit that has made it so popular.

THE COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT has had a reputation for reliability and completeness all its own. It will remain in charge of the same editor, and will be made up with the wants of the readers in view.

IN FICTION The Inter Ocean will present a serial by a popular Western author, covering ground in the West not touched upon hitherto by writers of fiction, and replete with incident and adventure. In short stories, sketches, and general literary miscellany The Inter Ocean will pander to no low taste, but will give the best.

In these times of depression and scarcity of money, people will turn to the paper that is the cheapest. To meet this demand the price of The Inter Ocean has been reduced to $1.15 for The Weekly, $2.50 for The Semi-Weekly, and $10 for The Daily. In short, The Inter Ocean will be a better paper than ever before, and will be furnished for less money.

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H P Biddle

The Murph Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE.—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., JANUARY 15, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 2

REV. M. MAHIN.

AN "OPEN LETTER" TO THAT WORTHY MINISTER.

THE POSITION OF THE CHURCH NOT QUITE SATISFACTORY.

And a Murphy Calls for More Practice and Less Theory.

REV, M. MAHIN, *Sir:* I write you this open letter—if THE SIGNAL will give it space—in reply to your address, "The Church and Temperance," as published in THE SIGNAL January 1st. No church, organization or paper is to be held in any way responsible for the ideas or conclusions reached by the observation or experince of the writer. It is true the writer is a Murphy; but Murphyism holds in its wide, charitable embrace all who knock for admittance at its door, without regard to previous condition, race, political, or religious belief. Its flag of blue freely shelters all "who seek its shade."

You say:

"And if I prove it to you, that John Wesley and to the Methodist church the world is indebted for the temperance reform, I hope you will not accuse me of an undue measure of vanity, for I did not make methodism—it made me. I call your attention to the article, (temperance) in Bishop Simpson's Cyclopedia of Methodism."

I call your attention to the book of Jeremiah. There will find the history of the Rechabites, and of the first temperance society on record. Can you, sir, prove that the world does not owe to the bravery of those men the temperance reform of to-day? Centuries before Methodism was known, they stood loyal and steadfast to total abstinence—the command of their father—though a prophet of the Lord, set wine before them and bade them drink. You are right, sir; total abstinence is not a thing of yesterday; nor was it a new departure inaugurated by John Wesley in 1743, Bishop Simpson to the contrary. You tell us:

"There ought to be, and there need to be, no antagonism between the Church and the temperance movement, for temperance is one of the virtues enjoined and insisted upon in the Bible, and intemperance one of the sins against which God's heaviest judgments are denounced."

Very true. Who creates the antagonism existing to-day in almost every community where there is a temperance organization, and the church? Mr. Wendell Phillips says "there never will be any real Christianity in this land until we cease to be everlastingly preaching it, and begin to learn it by practicing it." When Christianity has pointed out a sin, the church has stood in the way of its reformation." With the history of the day before you, can you honestly gainsay him? Mere professions of piety no longer dazzle the eye among thinking, practical people. They bring their market value only, nothing more. You say further:

"I regard the present temperance movement as a movement of great importance. I believe that God is in it, and that his hand has been and is directing its movements. And I believe that it is the duty of every member of every church in the land to give it an earnest and hearty indorsement, and do all they can to increase its usefulness. And at the same time I think that those who have the management of the temperance organizations, should so arrange their work as not to interfere with the work of the church. Temperance is a *part* of the gospel, and of the work of the church, and the temperance societies are auxiliaries of the church, and should not interfere with the work and interests of their mother; and the church should have due regard for the welfare and success of her comely daughters."

The church has had its springtime for buds and blossoms, its long, bright, summer for maturity—now we ask for the rich, ripe fruit. What have you to offer us? Statistics. Your roll-book glistening with a long array of names. —And the world is adding to its prison record daily; and intemperance and vice are hourly filling its ranks with fresh victims. Yet, in the face of all this, fair, beautiful Temperance, with hands overflowing with the rich blessings of love, peace and salvation for a wretched humanity, that sinks lower with each setting sun, must walk slowly, carefully, for fear of interfering with your work.

Must temperance wait for you to discuss creeds, dogmas, points of the Godhead, or hurl anathemas at some Robert Ingersoll? It cannot, dare not, will not obey your voice in this, unless you put your shoulder to the wheel with the vigor you can command, if you will.

Work like a tender, loving mother, forgetful of self, and see if there be antagonism.

The church would have the Murphy Halls closed on Sunday evenings. You have it in your power to close them, if there be not enough to fill both. Preach such a live Gospel that people cannot stay away. Let your lives be such a continual sermon, the world will crowd your churches to see what manner of people you are. Work in the loving spirit of the lowly Master for a suffering humanity, careless of doctrines and creeds. "I come not to call the righteous to repentance, but sinners." Endeavor to train the many, not the few only, "to lofty character, most fit for humble duty, and to far cathedral heights of excellence," and you will find the keen, searching pen of skeptics for, and not against you. Their hands will clasp yours, you following in a common brotherhood for temperance and Murphyism.

Is this irreverent in the daughter to the mother? Unconsulted, we were summoned to the race and struggle of life: fair, spotless pages for your hands to assist in tracing indelible lines. If there be a crooked one of doubt or disrespect, who is responsible? The writer was not born in a school of skepticism, nor came of unregenerated blood; but was cradled in a rigid, straight Puritanism that clouded many an hour in childhood. In his momentary compassion for the misery caused by the tabooing of a fresh, fascinating book, an able divine taught to reason and investigate—building different than he intended. For want of other occupation, the awakened spirit of investigation was brought into the life surrounding; meeting, as a matter of course, with many stinging rebukes, that in turn were analyzed for the "why's and wherefores."

Although from early education, associations, and the knowledge that it was the loved home of ancestors, the church must, and ever will be, most dear. But reason cannot ignore the fact, had there been no abuse of the mighty, irresponsible power that for long years it has held, would the world to-day pay more for whisky and to suppress vice and crime than for schools and schoolbooks?

You, sir, speak for your church alone, and would be glad to hear from others on this question. Aye, there is the rub; it is my church, and your church; John Wesley's, Martin Luther's, the Pope's, and the Liberals'. Some peculiar plank in platforms must be looked after, ecclesiastical councils called to behead some luckless offender for a transgressed law of theology, tho' the world perish.

You have had time enough, and we have sat in the dirt and discomfort of ignorance and intemperance, waiting your Calvin brooms and Wesley dustpans until we are tired. We propose to work with our Murphy brooms, as best we may, until the last outcast is swept into God's great church of temperance, peace and good-will.

We have no time to tell you of the aid you can be to us, nor of the love and gratitude we will give in return.

If you will unite your giant strength with our feeble strength, 'ere 1880 shall dawn nine-tenths of the saloons in our fair land can be closed, not by the strong arm of tyranny, but by the intelligent voice of the many.

For your prayers we thank you; work for and with us, bringing the same determination and unflagging zeal that you show in building church edifices, and God will give the answer in a grand success that will make the labor of temperance societies the play of the future.

"With malice toward none and charity for all." ONE MURPHY.

Deserves Success.

THE MURPHY SIGNAL, published at Logansport, by W. H. Leedy, has again enlarged its borders. It is now a five column quarto, brim full of temperance matter. We heartily wish it the success it deserves.—*Huntington News.*

Crawford County.

"SILVER TOP" reports that in Crawford county every official of the county is a blue ribbon man. Surely that is a happy place.

THE PEOPLE.

A WORD FROM THE MASSES—THE PEN THAT IS MIGHTY.

"We Dare Assert Our Manhood"—"Let Us Reason Together.

WALTON.

To the Editor:

THE temperance folks of this section are still working for the cause, and we are steadly driving intemperance out of our little town. The Rev. S. P. Snyder gives a temperance lecture once in a while, and as a general thing have good meetings. The boys intend to stick to the pledge, and make true men of themselves. A FRIEND.

Walton, January 13.

CLAY TOWNSHIP.

To the Editor:

WE are going to hold a meeting at Glendale school-house Adamsboro, Clay township; all are invited. This meeting will be held January 25th, 1879. We still are gaining ground in Clay. A splendid meeting at the old brick last Friday evening resulted in nine signing the pledge; the meeting at Bethel last night resulted in eleven signers to the pledge and scores to the petition. We gladly receive your worthy paper in its new dress; long may it live. Yours,

S. J. MELLINGER.

SHELBY COUNTY.

To the Editor:

THE temperance meeting under the labors of Webb T. Dart is sweeping Shelbyville. Since the meetings have been in progress (two weeks), nine hundred and fifty have signed the pledge. Let the people rejoice that the temperance question is being stirred up in Shelbyville. Let lovers of humanity come forward and assist in this glorious cause to overthrow this enemy, which is sowing the seed of crime and pauperism abroad over our land. It is within the power of the people of Shelbyville to drive the eighteen or twenty saloons out of it. God speed the work, and grant that our town, so noted for drinking saloons and gambling hells, may at no distant day boast of something better, purer, nobler, and more elevating to the community. W. D. S.

LA PORTE, INDIANA.

To the Editor:

J. H. MONROE, of Chicago, Ill., who labored here in the temperance cause so successfully up to December 20th, 1878, has been invited by the temperance committee to return and work here in the good cause for a week or two more, and he consented and arrived last night, and on Sunday afternoon he again commences the work at the Good Templars Hall. Mr. Monroe is one of those men who has been bitten by the vile serpent intemperance and knows just how to talk to the boys. He is an active Christian and Good Templar and works for no particular sect, but for the great cause of temperance in its broadest sense, anything to get the boys to quit their cups and make fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, wives and children happy. If men can do it in their own strength Brother Monroe says, God speed you, brother. Or, if a man has tried and tried again and again, then he points them to the Savior of the world (our blessed Lord Jesus Christ.) The temperance people of every village and city in the State should secure him for at least one week's services, he will do you great good; he is an honest, earnest worker in the good cause. He can be communicated with for one week at La Porte, Ind. Yours Truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

La Porte, Indiana.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

To the Editor:

IN the present year let us try to elevate the standard of temperance by ruling only in love; and let us try to do more for this work than in any preceding year. We can look back with pride upon the past year, but let us make this new year glorious, by putting forth greater exertions, and saying *we will* accomplish much in this year. Let us praise and *never* censure. People do not like to be censured. So much more comfort can be taken in our meetings if no one is *scolded*. Can Mr. A prevent what Mr. B or C does? Then why scold Mr. A? Suppose some one does make crude expressions; they are in earnest, and have liberty to work with all. The sacred feelings of their hearts should be respected, and no murmur be made, if some one *did* say something that you did not look at in the same way. Our meetings lose half their brightness if some one is scolded; kind words go farther than cross ones, and will accomplish more. Then let us withhold all words that will have unpleasant results, and we will receive a blessing as bright as the sun. Let us not magnify ill feelings, but let our law be love and good will. Are we sure that we do not misjudge others, when we hear only the sophistry of our own hearts? Let us not invite sorrow and regret to tread closely on this year, but make it a glorious one for temperance and kindness, respecting the thoughts and feelings of others. Never let us hear of *one* murmur against our brothers, for they have strong, warm hearts, and are heart and hand in our work, and I hope they will continue to rally around the standard of temperance, each in his own peculiar way. Don't censure, but observe the law of kindness and love for all, and we will have cause to bless this year, even more than the past one, which has been very fruitful, and we will have a golden ending to our present 1879. L. L.

CROWN POINT, IND.

To the Editor:

I HAVE been making a tour through parts of Porter and Lake counties, northeast Indiana, and I find the people in earnest in the temperance cause. But what is greatly needed is more temperance literature. Now I think it is the duty of all temperance workers to make their work a success, and to keep up the interest they have created is to see that some good temperance paper has a good circulation, and to assist the editors in this, let each of us select some good man or woman in each town or city we visit to act as agent for some good temperance paper and we will be surprised at the results; its a want that has been felt for a long time; now let us as workers assist the editors in supplying this want and making our work solid and lasting. Now let us see which of us can do the most for temperance literature during 1879. Now, for a live man take V. Young, of Valparaiso. He will take in Wanata, Hebron, and all the surrounding towns, and at Lowell old Uncle Dick, that is all the name I ever heard for him, and that is what he is known by. Then there is Mrs. Ruckels of Lowell, one of God's noble women. Her heart is in the good work--so is her husband's. At Valparaiso there is, along with Bet. Young, Smithy, (he drove us around in a sleigh), and Bob. McNaye; they are earnest workers; may they live long and be happy is the prayer of SILVER TOP.

Jan. 9th, 1879.

BRO CADWALADER'S LETTER.

To the Editor:

I WISH to say that the first temperperance wave I helped to keep in motion was that of the Washingtonian, and I have been a close observer ever since of all the additional waves. Every order from the first has made some advance toward removing the rum curse, but none equaled the "crusade" movement, for the reason that our good women put their trust in the great Creator of the universe. They forgot self and gave way to the influence of the good spirit, and a desire to save the souls and bodies of men, and God has already rewarded them with many jewels that will be placed in their crowns of rejoicing in the mansions of glory, which is of much more value than the wealth of the world. How often is the remark made, "what good did the women do?" There are thousands this day who are ready to testify that their first convictions were realized under the influence brought to bear upon their hearts whilst listening to devoted women's prayers and songs, when on their knees on the cold pavements before doors of rum shops. I have witnessed the falling tears, often, of persons who never before darkened the door of a church, and who are now faithful witnesses for Christ. I can say for myself, I received a fresh baptism through their prayers that has been the means of bearing me up thro' the many trials and bereavements I have been called to pass through in the past five years, and the same power which sustained those self-denying women is all that can keep the temperance wave in motion, and I have been of the opinion for the past year that we should occupy a higher plane. Therefore, I propose to call a council of our Christian men and women and organize a Christian Temperance Alliance, and look upon the signing of the pledge as only the first step, but a very important one, toward a safeguard against the terrible appetite that so many have for strong drink, looking to our Savior as the only physician that can perform a lasting cure, and I am of opinion the time is near when the same move will be made along the whole line of battle.. I think the last gospel wave will ere long remove the great rum curse from existance. I can see day already dawning; and the news I receive daily from Japan, China, England, Canada and the United States constrains me to cry out "glory to God for his goodness and mercy. I can discern his hand in all the great movements of the day, and I believe the grog-sellers are beginning to discover that the hand writing on the wall indicates a speedy overthrow of the accursed, murderous traffic.

Permit me once more to beseech every reader of your wide-awake paper to go from house to house until they get at least one subscriber each, and men of means that want wealth they can take with them when time on earth is no more, to subscribe for as many copies as their means will permit of, and send to such as are not able to pay for a paper. My Christian brother, what is riches to us without a government, and the time has come when the friends of God and humanity must rule. JOS. CADWALADER.

New Albany, Jan. 6, 1878.

A Grand Success.

SOMETHING over one year ago a plan was matured in New York city to secure the enforcement of the statutes pertaining to the sale of intoxicating lipuors. Dr. Howard Crosby, Chancellor of New York University, was placed at the head of the movement. He has recently given the results in an open letter of the year's work, that we reproduce:

No. 116 E. Nineteenth St., Dec. 17, 1878.

DEAR SIR: In response to your inquiries, the results of a year's war for law-enforcement against groggeries, etc., have been:

1. Shaping and sharpening public opinion.
2. The vertebrating of officers and judges.
3. The snubbing of the insolent rum power.
4. The shutting up of the lewd theatres (two of them having been made examples of by us).
5. The closing of 1,739 groggeries, so that there are in New York city to-day 1,739 groggeries less than there was twelve months ago.
6. The laying bare of the source of the trouble, the cause of difficulty in enforcing law, to-wit: (*a*) weakness of judges inflicting the least penalties; and (*b*) wickedness of Excise Commissioners licensing all the dens of iniquity as "hotels."
7. The formation of a rallying centre for law and order.

These are the blessings which the Lord and $4,000 have brought us in a year. In the same Lord, whether the dollars come or not, we trust for the next year. Yours very truly,

HOWARD CROSBY.

That is a remarkable showing. We consider the place in which the work has been performed. Let every temperance worker be encouraged.

A Saloon-Keeper's Pledge.

JIM CARNEY says he does not intend to drink a drop of liquor during 1879. No better argument is needed to show that when we advocate total abstinence it is the only way of being temperate and sober. Jim is a saloon-keeper, and if his customers will take a lesson from him a great many homes in this city will be made a paradise by being favored with sober fathers, husbands and sons. As much cannot be said without such action. Jim, we shake hands with you on that pledge, and will make it a lifetime, if you say so.

A SPLENDID meeting was held last Friday evening at the Brick school house, north of the city. The house was crowded. Excellent were the speeches of Messrs. Robert McKee, Mellinger, G. P. McKee, Levi Horn, John White and others. Several signed the pledge.

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The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, IND., JANUARY 15, 1879.

A TRAGEDY.

(ACTED EVERY NIGHT.)

SCENE FIRST.—A dingy room, with a dull light in it; on an old and ill-used sofa a pale, jaded woman, in a half-sleep. We may study the room until she awakes.

Something of former respectability in it. Book-case, for example, with glass doors—now a general depository of odds and ends; carpet of nice pattern, but solely faded, and worn into ragged holes near the windows; window curtains once there, as appears by the poles, once gilt now disclosing their native pine; chairs, unstable, and of several patterns; a small clock on the mantle-piece, the newest looking thing in the place, that strikes with a quick, wheezing sound, as it it had caught cold, and rushed through its striking nervously, as if ashamed of itself and glad to be done with it. But it wakes up the woman from her day-sleep.

"Twelve o'clock, and Tom's not home yet. Well, I wonder where he is. What am I to do? I'm dead-tired; I wish I could go to —" Ringing of the door-bell violently and continuously, and she goes to open the door; returns accompanied by a youth of fifteen.

While the poor mother, in evident fear, lays out a supper, let us take a survey of him. His face is the oldest of him, two or three years older than his body; traces of good features—eyes for example; lips thickened and swollen, and cheeks flabby and tallow-colored. Clothes unmatched; part shabby, part flashy; all smelling strongly of tobacco smoke.

"Where were you, Tom?" timidly says the mother.

"Oh, enjoying myself."

"I know; but where, Tom?"

"Ah! at the Hall; all the fellows were there."

"And where then, Tom?"

"Oh, nowhere; took a walk."

"Tom, you were somewhere else; you were drinking; I know it."

"Oh, yes, the fellows turned in at the corner, and had a drink."

"Tom, dear, I am—you'll break my heart."

"Come now, stop that, mother. If a fellow works hard all day he must have some fun when he can, without being cross-questioned;" and pushing the empty plate away, and rising, with a movement that upsets his chair, Tom slams the door after him, and goes to his bed.

"God help me! what can I do?"

Yes; God help you, poor, weak mother! You gave up the reins to a headstrong boy too soon. Now you can not get them back.

SCENE SECOND.—The same room, darker and more dismal; book-case and clock gone; no carpet; a woman, old and feeble, with a look of constant terror. Long past midnight. Several times she has moved about, started, listened, drawn her old shawl around her bent shoulders, and then flung herself down again. At length there is a knocking, and Tom comes in. He is a man now, in size and years, but with a defiant and dare-devil look that makes you turn away from him. His breath is heavy with drink, and his clothes look as if he had picked them on chance out of a heap.

"Tom, dear, you're killing yourself, and you're killing me too. It's past three o'clock, and I'm—"

"Come, now, shut up, old woman; I know all that by this time pretty well, I guess. You just get to your bed, and I'll take care of myself."

"Tom, I don't want to go till you're ready. I'll wait."

"Come, old woman, here's your candle. I'm old enough to mind Nnmber One."

And the poor mother goes. He would abuse her, strike her, as he has many times done, when quite drunk, if she did not. She goes to bed, but not to sleep—to think and weep. Yes! she thinks. Tom is not her oldest child. She had another—Willie—who died at the age of two. She remembers ths little curly head, the smooth brow, the waxen hands that lay in the small coffin, beside which she and her husband stood and wept bitterly. She was broken-hearted. All the world looked like a grave yard to her. It was many a day before she was content to think that God took her child. And then Tom came. She thought of him as a baby, of his baby tricks, of his boyish ways, of her pride in him. And Now! Ah! she thinks there are heavier blows than death can strike. There are greater griefs than a child's dying. And the poor, crushed, confused spirit wanders to and fro, from the coffin of dead Willie to the living sorrow of her life; and then come broken thoughts of God. Perhaps she had been wrong to Him. Perhaps she was seeing it now. Perhaps He would pity her. He knew a parents heart. He was "Our Father;" and then she thought of her mother, and remembered her mother teaching her, "Our Father." Oh, how long ago and how far away that appeared! Ages of sorrow lay between. And she went over "Our Father" to the very end. Thus diverted from her griefs, and soothed and worn out, the poor gray-headed, heart-broken old woman went to sleep.

As for Tom, when his mother left the room, and was quiet, he produced a bottle he had brought in; he raked up the coals in the stove; he drank again and again; and then flung himself on his bed and slept the drunkard's sleep.

SCENE THIRD:—The same room; better furnished, some new things in it and a sewing machine in the space by the window. The old mother gone—dead and buried. Tom has married. That is his wife, with a print gown of flaming colors, and emormous earrings. She had been a domestic, but got tired of restraint, saved money, set up a sewing machine, and thus was free to go to the theatre, where she met Tom, walked with him, received his proposals, and at length married him, a year ago. It is past eleven o'clock, when Tom comes in, to find his wife's brows black as night, and an ominous silence, threatening a storm.

"Got any supper for a fellow, Bess?" is Tom's introduction of himself.

"Get your supper where you spent supper-time," is the gruff response.

"Get me my supper, Bess," he shouts out, stamping his foot, and trying to look the bully.

"Not if I know it," is the solid reply.

He raises his hand as if to strike her. Don't do it, Tom, I advise you; if you hit me you'll rue it. 'Tisn't you old mother you have to knock about, mind you."

Tom is a coward at heart. He dare not strike her, but he takes up his hat, slams the door, and goes to the basement saloon close by; and it is not till dinner-time next day she see him again.

SCENE FOURTH, AND LAST.—The same room, but very dreary and empty. The sewing machine has been pawned; the new things are gone, and the old look older and older. Bessie is a mother; with a pale sickly baby; she was long ill; is weak yet; and she has been in the womanly weakness all these mournful months completely beaten down and cowed by her brutal husband. Poor Bessie! she was not radically bad, only gay and foolish. She did not respect Tom, but she wanted to "change her life, and she thought she liked him," and could get on with him. But Tom had grown worse—much worse. He is hardly ever quite sober. His associates are the vilest, male and female. He has just been in a dance-house, where maudlin compliments to a frequenter of the place are flung back to him with contempt, for he is known to be without a cent. "Get away; what business have you here! Go home to that washed-out rag of your own!

In the temper this insult produces Tom tumbles home late at night, to find Bessie asleep; no coal for the stove, and no supper. There is an altercation; abusive language; fierce retvet, blows. If the demons can get any peculiar joy out of sin and woe, it must surely be when they see the wine of married love turned into the bitter vinegar of hatred and strife; when they see a man's hand uplifted to fell to the ground the trembling woman he swore to cherish. And they saw this in Tom's room—they, and the old man, with his grandson that sold newspapers and apples and lived in the opposite room. The old man and his grand son saw that poor creature knocked down with his clinched fists. They called out to him; but his rage and his oaths grew fiercer. Her very helplessness angered him. "I will kill you out right and be done with it!" and he took up a chair and aimed a blow at her. She thought, "he will not hit the child," and held up her babe. Too late the blow had been aimed already; the baby's head had received it first. She screamed, "Oh! my child!" and fell too. The old man and the boy saw it. They brought the police. Bessie they found sitting on the ground bleeding; hugging to her bosom the little body, groaning out at intervals as if nobody was there. "Oh! my murdered child! my murdered child!"

"Yes, murder with the extenuating circumstances that he was drunk. Curtain falls upon Tom on his way to prison, for ten years.

As you, dear reader, turn from the tragedy, we moralize. "Something very wrong in the social mill that grinds out results like that; wonder could we do anything to mend it?" At least we can dedicate this outline to all the unsuspecting young woman who are thinking of marrying drunkards, and all the mothers who are spoiling their sons by giving them their own way.

Backwoods Courting.

He sat on the side of the room in a big oak rocking-chair. A long-eared deer-hound snapping at flies was by hisside; a basket of sewing by hers. Both rocked incessantly—that is, the young people—not the dog or basket. He sighs heavily, and looks out of the west window at a crape myrtle tree; she sighs lightly, and gazes out of the east window—at a turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."

"'Tis that—if we only had any to pick."

The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?"

"Cooney."

Another sigh-broken stillness.

"What is he good fur?"

"What is who good fur?" said he, abstractedly.

"Your dog, Cooney."

"Fur ketchin' 'possums."

Silence of half an hour.

"He looks like a deer dog."

"Who looks like a deer dog?"

"Cooney."

"He is—but he's kinder bellowed, and gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt; it was a gorgeous affair, that quilt was from the pattern called "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilt, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern with a "real purty name."

"Your ma raisin' many chichens?"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow, after a while the big rocking chair and the little rocking chair were jammed side by side. I don't know how it happened. It may have been caused by some peculiarity in the floor, or by the natural magnetic attraction one chair had for the other; but strange to say the basket of work had followed the little chair, and the little chair had traveled as fast as the big one. Cooney had not moved. He lay in the same place, sound asleep, and he was talking in his sleep, that is, giving faint, irregular barks at the 'possums he beheld in his dreams. After a while the conversation was resumed:

"How many has your ma got?"

"How many what?"

"Chickens."

"Nigh on to a hundred."

By this time the chairs were so close together that rocking was impossible.

"The mink has eat most of ours."

Then a long silence ensues. At last he observes;

"Makin' quilts?"

"Yes," she replies, brightening up, "I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagul of Brazeel,' a 'Sittin' Sun' and a 'Nation's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose on the Parary?"

"No."

More silence, then he says:

"Do you like cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers. She does not know it—at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then, after a half hour spent in sighing, coughing and clearing of throats, he says:

"Iv'e a great mind to bite you."

"What you great a-mind to bite me fur?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now I ax you."

"Then, now I has you."

Then Cooney dreams he hears a sound of kissing.

Then, the next day the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday, the following week. No cards.

Epidemic of Drunkenness.

Drunkenness has been by many believed to be on the increase, at any rate in higher circles. It is curious to note that just 150 years ago an epidemic of drunkenness seemed to break out in England. The passion for gin drinking had got hold of the masses, and the result was, in London at least, that increase in the population was almost wholly checked. Before gin became popular the consumption of beer was enormous. Almost a third of the arable land in the country was devoted to barley. In 1688, with a population of 5,000,000, very nearly 12,500,000 barrels of beer were brewed. Up to this time our distilleries were very insignificant and French brandies were far too dear for the masses. But hatred to France led to the encouragement of home distilling; the trade was thrown open, and in 1869 the importation of foreign spirits was absolutely prohibited. Then gin drinking began, and in 1735 the British distilleries manufactured nearly 5,500,000 gallons. Gin cellars, where men could get "drink for a penny, dead drunk for two pence, and have straw for nothing," abounded. Hogarth's "Beer Street," is bad enough, but his "Gin Lane" is so horrible that, but for cotemporary descriptions, we should deem it an exaggeration. Legislation endeavored to check the evil, but laying on a heavy duty merely produced a great deal of illicit distilling. The consumption arose to more than 11,000,000 gallons, and Fielding prophesied that, "if the drinking of this poison is continued at its present height for the next twenty years, there will be very few of the common people left to drink it."—[London Quarterly Review.

Domestic Infelicity.

Wabash, Ind., January 13.—A decided case of domestic infelicity almost terminated in a tragedy last night. Some months since Lyman J. Loveland, of this city, married a widow named Sanster, who hailed from Virginia. He married, it is said, under the impression that she was immensely wealthy, and she thought him a modern Croesus. Both were poor as church mice. Their eyes were opened to the fact of each other's poverty. Contentment has been unknown in the family. Not long since Mrs. Loveland attempted to cut her throat with a razor and thus end the miseries entailed by the marriage, but friends interfered in time to prevent the rash act. Husband and wife each have grown children, and the discontent has spread among them. Last night Thomas E. Sangster, Loveland's step-son, a lawyer at Lagro, in this county, came home and a regular family matinee followed. In the melee Sangster shot at his step-father, but, fortunately, his aim proved untrue. No steps have yet been taken to secure the punishment of the offender, under the law.

The Next Execution.

St. John, N. B., January 13.—Thos. Dowd, sentenced to be executed Tuesday for the murder of Thomas Edward Ward, has confessed his crime, and adds that Mrs. Ward was not a participant. The woman's sentence to death has already been changed to seven years' imprisonment in the Penitentiary. Preparations for Dowd's execution are about completed. The murderer's victim was a small farme, living near St. Andrews. Dowd was the hired man and Mrs. Ward's paramour. He waylaid Ward in a berry patch last September and killed him with an ax. After a long and fair trial, Dowd and Mrs. Ward were found guilty. Petitions for a commutation of the sentences were successful as far as the woman was concerned. Dowd appears to have given up all hope, and is aparently reconciled to his fate.

At the last meeting of the Limekiln Club, Brother Gardner observed: "Gem'len, dar ain't no use denyin' dat we orter be 'ceedin' thankful dat we am livin' an' in good health, while better men dan we is hev foun' dar graves at de bottom of de sea an' on de broad perary. Each mawnin' when I wake up an' turn ober an' tell de old woman dat it is time to build de fire, I feel thankful dat I ain't under de groun' an' some strange ole nigger pokin' round de cabin. Gem'len, we won't pass no resolushun, but let each man of you select de shingle-nails from de nickels when you dip down to help along de cause of charity or religun, an' when you look up at de dark sky or de blue, doan' forget dat we am livin' on borrowed time an' not eben keepin up de interest."

MICHIGAN CITY correspondence of the LaPorte Chronicle:

"Tis ever thus since childhood's hour
I've seen my fondest hopes of decay."

So thought the notorious counterfeiter, Pete McCartney, at the prison one day last week, when he was informed that his wife had applied for a divorce. Peter was recognized as "a bigger man than old Grant" in his profession, and Uncle Sam sent him here last spring for 15 years. His age is about 50, while that of his wife only tallies 28. Fifteen years of widowhood was too long for her, so she played sweet on Peter until she got nearly all of his property (estimated at $50,000) in her name, when she concluded to give him the grand bounce.

ANOTHER instance of the evils attendant upon the non-execution of the laws has been discovered at New Orleans. The Yellow Fever Commission has discovered that, although provision has been made by the Legislature for the thorough fumigation of infected vessels, it is but rarely carried out. The holds of the vessels where the fever germs are generally found are scarcely ever submitted to any practical process of disinfection, and patients arriving at Quarantine from Havana and other ports are, upon being discharged, permitted to take their clothes with them. The law directs that they should be burned, but this precaution is almost universally neglected.

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THE INTER OCEAN

Weekly, $1.15; Semi-Weekly, $2.50; Daily, $10.00.

The Inter Ocean, as a political journal, stands confessedly at the head of the Republican press of the West, and as a readable and reliable newspaper has a reputation second to none. While it has never wavered in the support of party principles, has never failed to do its full duty in critical times, and has never hesitated to strike hard blows in defense of the Republican cause, it has never ceased to be a good newspaper, independent of all political and party considerations.

With the record of seven years' conscientious work and efficient service behind it as a certificate of character. The Inter Ocean enters upon the work of a new year; enters upon the work of a year the most important, perhaps, in its history, and the most momentous in the history of the Republican party. Lines are already forming for the great battle of 1880, and the country has never felt the need of stanch and able supporters of principle for the sake of principle as it will in the coming year. It has been the good fortune of The Inter Ocean to lead in the formation of public opinion, and to have a tremendous following. It has maintained this position as leader because of its unquestioned loyalty to the fundamental principles of the party, its boldness in defending them, and its fairness in discussing great political questions. As The Inter Ocean has sounded the key-note of the contests in past years, Republicans will look to it as a faithful guide and leader in the coming year. And they will not be disappointed. The paper will stand, as it always has stood, the organ of no faction or clique, battling in the front rank for the principles that have made the country what it is.

The Inter Ocean expects to receive from enemies and opponents hard blows, and to return them with interest. From Republicans and friends it expects only such consideration and fairness as any political journal may claim at the hands of those interested in the success of the party and in the triumph of party principles. The issues are sharply defined. On the one side is the solid South aided by the Democratic party; on the other the Rebublican party. Naturally at such a time Republicans will turn to a paper able, aggressive, and of unquestioned loyalty. All that we ask is that they judge The Inter Ocean by its own utterances, and not by what Democrat organs and envious rivals say of it.

Outside of party considerations Republicans will choose the best newspaper. And in this particular The Inter Ocean has no superiors. It is in every sense of the word a national newspaper, presenting home an foreign news in attractive shape, and accompanying it with intelligent comment.

It will be as enterprising as any of its contemporaries, more accurate and more discriminating. For two years its cable dispatches have been fuller and of higher character than those of any other Western journal; its Washington and foreign correspondence more readable, covering more topics of special and general interest, and its home correspondence more varied and more complete. All these departmen ts will be continued, with such improvement sadded as experience may suggest and increased facilities for collecting news allow.

Independent of politics and news, men want a symmetrical, intrresting, and wholesome journal for the family and the home. They will find such a paper in The Inter Ocean, which devotes more attention than any other political newspaper to departments prepared and conducted with the wants of home and family in view. This applies to Agricultural, Domestic, Educational, Scientific, and Social matters.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP, covering answers to all sorts of political, scientific, and general questions will receive more attention, even, than in past years, and will be a complete encyclopedia of information not accessible outside the great reference libraries of large cities. In this department The Inter Ocean has been without a rival, and, realizing the importance of the department, the publishers have made arrangements not only to maintain its high character, but to make it answer more completely the demands of subscribers.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT has within the past year assumed a new character and a new importance. It is the outgrowth of The Inter Ocean policy of fostering home interests, and, while it is unique in its freshness and its plan, it is unequaled in its interest and in the amount of suggestive and practical information on Home topics.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT will be in charge of one of the most experienced agricultural editors of the West, and will give each week timely hints, suggestions, and discussions of practical interest.

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In these times of depression and scarcity of money, people will turn to the paper that is the cheapest. To meet this demand the price of The Inter Ocean has been reduced to $1.15 for The Weekly, $2.50 for The Semi-Weekly, and $10 for The Daily. In short, The Inter Ocean will be a better paper than ever before, and will be furnished for less money.

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THE INTER OCEAN,
Chicago, Ill

L., C. & S-w. ROUTE

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FROM LOGANSPORT

—TO—

Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Greencastle, Terre Haute, Vinncennes, Evansville, Cairo, Paris, Mattoon, Pana, Alton, Effingham, Altamont, Vandalia,

TWO TRAINS DAILY

[Sundays Excepted.]

Trains Run as Follows:

[Taking Effect November 11, 1878.]

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Logansport	6:30 a. m.	3:25 p. m.
Arrive at Frankfort	8:25 a. m.	5:24 p. m.
" Colfax	8:55 a. m.	5:55 p. m.
" Indianapolis, via Colfax	10:50 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
" Cincinnati	4:00 p. m.	
" Crawfordsv'll	9:42 a. m.	6:57 p. m.
" TerreHaute	12:30 p. m.	9:45 p. m.
" Vincennes	5:22 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
" Evansvill	7:35 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
" St. Louis	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.

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AT THE CLOSE.

The last of the years recording book
Is well nigh written; pause, O Time, thou Scribe!
While we turn o'er its leaves and backward look.
Ah, vain request! Not all the human tribe
Could, with blent suppliance. or offerings, bribe
That pen which for an instant ne'er forsook
Its busy work, since the behest it took
Each hours's, each moment's history to inscribe.
But conscience whispers of full many a thought,
Or word, or deed, to penitence would fain erase,
Dread book! let thy last page, at least, be fraught
With some good action or resolve, whose trace
Shall meet the smiles of Heaven's approving face.

JOSEPHUS COOK.

Believes in Eternal Punishment and Laughs at Canon Farrar.

New York Times.

Joseph Cook delivered the last of his theological lectures—the fifth of the series—to a densely crowded house at Association Hall, last night. There were some clerical and other notabilities on the platform, a group of twenty in all, among whom were Rev. Dr. Campbell and Rev. Dr. Ormiston, who nodded and smiled at telling passages. The audience applauded occasionally, less during the prelude, which was devoted to what Mr. Carlyle calls the dismal science, and discussed the various aspects of resumption in its relations to the labor question. Mr. Cook directed the main force of his argument against the wage-fund theory of Ricardo and John Stuart Mill, and then asked the question, Is justice (that is to say, the payment of fair wrges,) a peril to the capitalist? He defined natural profits to consist of three parts, interest on the money invested, remuneration for superintendence, and insurance against risk; and, after laying down certain theories which he regarded as fundamental to equitable relations between the two, warned employers that large profits cannot come from low wages, because low wages decrease the ability of the laborer to buy, and consequently lessen consumption. The way to get money, he said, is to increase the buying power of the people, and this can only be done by a rate of wages that leaves a margin for buying after enough has been deduced to keep the laborer in good working condition.

After a brief pause, having conducted his prelude with some localizing references, Mr. Cook opened his lecture, which consisted of a dissertation on the fundamental basis of the doctrine of endless punishment. He alluded first to the sentimental theology of Canon Farrar, who maintains that souls in the next world will be allowed an opportunity to repent, and to a species of easy-going theology that he styled Bohemian. Mr. Cook based his argument against the views of Canon Farrar upon the doctrine of the acquirement of a final permanence of character. He would instance the case Aaron Burr, into whose eyes no honest lady dared to look, and he would inquire if, however long this man had lived, he would of his own free will ever have turned from the course in which he had set out. There was William M. Tweed, who could only say on his death-bed that he had done some good in the world, but had had bad luck; who could not get lignt enough in his darkened soul to see even himself as he was; who stole millions and then complained of his bad luck. Would this robber ever have turned from the course he had taken if he had lived centuries? Would his blindness be so healed with the loss of this mortal coil that he would see himself in the mirror of conscience? If, then, said Mr. Cook, I can prove that life tends to the development of a final permanence of character, I shall demonstrate to you logically and scientifically that there is such a thing as a state in which repentance is no longer possible. You say that this is teaching the doctrine of fate. Not at all. Milton represents Satan as making evil his good, and no one has ever complained that Milton was not a competent psychologist. You cannot set up men as classic, accept them for centuries, and then deny their power. You say you don't care about Milton's theology, and perhaps you may not; but Milton saw that there is a state in which the will is still free, in which the man could turn from evil if he would, but in which evil has become his good, and it is morally certain that no transformation will ever take place. He has arrived at a final permanence of character which must endure through all time. The same age that produced an Aaron Burr and a Tweed has produced a Bryant whose name all pronounce with reverence, and a Washington, whom all delight to regard as the ideal of all that is grand and excellent. Before you accuse me of being a fatalist you must make a distinction between fate and certainty. Not long ago, in this city, a woman was found in a bath-tub with her throat cut; there was blood everywhere. This woman had run a long career of evil, and believe any of you that, though she could have turned if she had willed it, the light was not gone that makes one wish for a better life? I shall quote you, since I must not appeal to this book (laying his hand upon the Bible), to old sayings from the sacred books of the Hindoos: "Repeated sin impairs the judgment, and he whose judgment is impaired will sin repeatedly." Here, then, is the whole argument. Repetition engenders habit, and habit engenders inveteracy, and inveteracy terminates in final permanence of character.

But there was (Mr. Cook continued) a sentimental theology extant in our day. Lord Verisopht had came into theology, and Jack Folstaff, and Jack Cade, and my Lord Fitznoodle. But what would Lord Verisopht, with his maundering that God is too good to punish hss creatures eternally, have said in the presence of such a death as Mme. Restell's? Perhaps he would have cried out, "Poor woman! there is a space for her repentance in the next world." For his part, he wanted no blubbering of my Lord Fitznoodle under his pillow when he was laid upon his death-bed. Gen. Corwin, of Ohio, once met a runaway negro from Kentucky who had escaped across the border. He was in rags. "You had friends in Kentucky?" asked the Governor. "Yes," said the negro. "Enough to eat there?" "Yes," said the negro. "Then you have made a mistake, in my opinion," said Governor Corwin. "The situation is open with all its advantages," said the negro; "you can try it, master." Mr. Cook applied the anecdote to Canon Farrar's doctrine.

A Scene of Retribution.

A few years since an eminent artist at Lyon's while passing through Ruedes-Terreaux, approached a number of persons who were gathered together witnessing the sale of the furniture of a poor woman. A woman was seated on the pavement with a child in her arms. The painter spoke to her, and was told the furniture which was being sold belonged to her; and that her husband had lately died, leaving her with the child she held in her arms; that she had struggled hard to mantain herself by working day and night, and submitting to every privation, but that her landlord had at length seized her furniture for some months rent which was due to him. The artist was affected by this simple recital, and inquired who was her landlord.

"There he is," replied the poor woman pointing to a man who was watching the progress of the sale; and he was recognized by the painter as a person who was suspected of having amassed a considerable fortune by usury, so that to make any appeal to his feelings on behalf of the poor widow would be useless. The artist was considering within himself what other plan he could adopt to benefit her, when the crier announced a picture for sale. It was a miserable daub, which in summer the poor woman had used to hide the hole in the wall through which the pipe of the stove passed during the winter. It was put up at one franc. The artist at once conceived a plan for taking revenge of the landlord. He went over, examining the pictnre with great attention, and then called out with a loud voice:

"One hundred francs!"

The landlord was astounded at the bid, but, conceiving that a picture for which is eminent an artist could offer that sum was worth more than double, boldly offered two hundred francs.

"Five hundred!" said the painter, and the contest between the two became so animated that the prize was at length knocked down to the landlord at 2,220 francs! The purchaser, then addressing the painter, said:

"In seeing an artist of your merit bid so eagely for the picture, I suppose it must be valuable. Now, "tell me what do you estimate its value?"

"About three frances and a half," replied the painter, "but I would not give that for it."

"You are surley jesting, for you bid as highas 2,100 francs."

"True, and I will tell you why I did so. You who are in possession of an income of 25,000 francs a year, have seized on the furniture of a poor widow for debt of two hundred francs. I wished to give you a lesson, and you fell into my trap. Instead of the poor woman being your debtor she is now your credator, and I flatter myself that you will not compel her to seize on your furniture for her debt." The artist politely saluted the landlord, and having announced her good fortune to the woman, walked away.

A Case of Cure by Faith.

A case of healing by prayer is reported from Vermont, the patient being a Mrs. Davis, of Bratteboro. Mrs. Davis gives the following account of her case: "After suffering for eighteen months from prostration by nervousness, occasioned by a complication of several diseases in the head, spine, heart and stomach, and not having been dressed during that time, and believing that all had been done that could be done, I began to inquire what I must do for relief. I saw clearly that if God did not send relief immediately, I must perish. On opening my Bible, which was lying on my bed, I read! "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." I immediately asked to be raised from the bed of sickness and languishing where I had lain so long. Seven days I prayed for the blessing, setting aside all medicine. I continued in a believing and expectant manner until near the close of the week, without any answer to my prayer. Before I closed my eyes to sleep on Saturday night, November 30, I asked that the blessing I so earnestly desired might come in any way, still I pleaded that it might come while I slept, and that I might be able to rise and dress myself and meet my physician at the door when he came. I then fell asleep and slept soundly until 4 o'clock. Then I woke. I was perfectly well. The pain and soreness from which I was suffering when I fell asleep were gone. I made no unusual stir, and at the regular hour for rising I arose and dressed and told my family that I was well. I walked all around and met my physican when he came. As it was Sunday morning (December 1) I sent a note to my pastor saying I was well, and requested him to give thanks in the presence of the congreation for what had been done for me."

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Never rejoice but when thou hast done well.

NO MORE DRUNKENNESS.

A Sovereign Remedy for Dipsomania Discovered by a Chicago Doctor—The Wonderful Virtues of Cinchona Rubra.

New York Sun.

The physicians and temperance men of Chicago are very much excited over a new remedy discovered by Dr. Robert D'Unger, which not only cures intemperance, but leaves the drunkard with an absolute aversion to spirituous liquors. Mr. Joseph Medill, the editor of the Chicago Tribune, is one of the strongest indorsers of the new remedy. Mr. Medill has had many scientific articles in the Tribune about it, and has often devoted editorial space to make known to the drunkard that there is a simple remedy which can save him.

Yesterday I had a long talk with Mr. Medill about this wonderful discovery, during which he said:

"This is one of the most wonderful discoveries of the age. Dr. D'Unger has actually cured 2,800 cases of the worst forms of intemperance. He takes men debauched by liquor for years—takes a used up, demented, loathsome sot, and in ten days makes a well man of him, with a positive aversion to liquor."

"You have seen the medicine tried, Mr. Medill?"

"Yes, repeatedly. Why, one of our first citizens became a common drunkard a few years ago. He groveled in the dust. His wife, a lovely woman, got a divorce from him. But at the last moment when ready to die, this man's friends tried this wonderful remedy. In four days his appetite eame back, and in a week he gained the use of his tongue, hands and brain. Then color came to his cheeks, and in two weeks he was a cured man. He had no longing for liquor. He positively hates the sight of it. His wife and children are delighted, and tomorrow this reformed and cured drunkard is to be married again to the loving wife who had to leave him a year ago."

"Is this medicine a secret?"

"No, not at all. Dr. D Unger is a regular practitioner. He tells the secret to every one, and many of our physicians are using his discovery. I will give you a note to him and he will tell you about it."

Armed with Mr. Medill's note I called on Dr. D'Unger at the Palmer House.

"You are just in time," said the doctor. "I'm just going to call on a patient now who, though a rich man has been a debauched drunkard for three years, and a steady drinker for fifteen years. For six weeks he has been in bed as helpless as a child. His memory was even gone. He has been taking my medicine for four days."

"Is Mr.—— in bed?" asked the doctor, as we gave our hats to one of the servants.

"Oh, no! he's in the parlor, reading walk in."

And there was this drunkard, still weak, but mentally cured. When the doctor asked him if he had any longing for liquor, he said:

"No, none whatever. I have eaten the best meal this morning that I have eaten in fifteen years. I am not mentally depressed, I am strong, and I would not take a drink of liquor for the world, and—"

"Oh, doctor," interrupted his wife, as she took both his hands, "you have saved George, and we are so happy!" and her eyes filled with tears of joy.

"Will that man ever drink again?" I asked the doctor.

"No. I never had a patient cured by cinchona rubra, return to drink again. They hate the sight of liquor."

"Now, doctor," I said, "what did you give this patient? or, in other words tell me in plain English what your medicine is, how you prepared it and how any one may give it so as to cure an habitual drunkard—I mean a drunkard with the inflamed eyes, trembling hands, bloated body, and intellect shattered by habitual drink?"

"My medicine," said the doctor, "can be bought at any first-class drug store. It is red Peruvian bark (cinchona rubra.) Quinine is from the yellow bark (calisaya.) Now, there are eighty varieties of this bark. I use the bark from the small limbs of the red variety. Druggists call it quill bark because it comes from twigs about the size of a quill."

"How do you mix it?"

"I take a pound of the best fresh quill red Peruvian bark (cinchona rubra), powder and soak it in a pint of diluted alcohol. Then I strain it and evaporate it down to a half a pint—so it is a pound to a half pint. Any one can prepare it."

"How do you give this medicine?"

"I give the drunken man a teaspoonful every three hours, and occasionally moisten his tongue between the doses the first and second days. It acts like quinine. The patient can tell by a headache if he is getting too much. The third day I generally reduce the dose to a half spoonful, then to a quarter spoonful, then down to fifteen, ten and five drops."

"How long do you continue the medicine?"

"From five to fifteen days, and in extreme cases to thirty days. Seven is about the average."

"Now, please tell me the philosophy of this medicine—why it cures drunkeness and how you happened to makes the discovery.

"Well, first you must understand that intemperance, first a habit, finally becomes a disease of the nerve cells, or, if talking to a physician, I should say it becomes a disease of the sensorial ganglia. I found by dissecting the brain of a man who had died of delirium tremens that the cells of the quadrigeminal body or the cells that send the nerves to the eye, were in an unnatural state on the outside, while within the nerve cells themselves I discovered a yellow, yeasty-looking deposit.

"Now, I asked myself what is this yellow deposit and what causes this abnormal look of the cells? It is caused, I learned after much research, by the etherial part of the alcohol going straight to the outside of these cells. Now, if I drink milk," continued the doctor, "or eat food, it will take it four hours to pass through the digestive organs, be taken up in the blood, and be passed to the nerve cells, from which the brain is fed; while if I drink alcohol it will go straight to the nerve cells in three minutes This shows that alcoho is not digested. It is not food. It is poisonous fluid electricity, which goe over the sensitive nerves as electricity goes over a wire, straight to the outside of the nerve cells, which is stimulates artificially, when they should be stimulated naturally, through the blood.

"If the spirit part of alcohol," continued the doctor, "were digested like soup the kidneys and liver would extract from it its poisonous properties as they extract the injurious salts from our food, and this poison would never reach the brain. Once stimulated unnaturally by a poisonous substance like whisky, the nerve cells call for larger and larger doses, till by and by a man can drink two quarts of whisky or eat seventy grains of morphine a day. Cinchona rubra stops the call for alcohol."

"Does not red Peruvian bark and alcohol both stimulate the nerve cells? Then why can one cure the other?" I asked.

"Well, alcohol is a fermented, distilled stimulant, with poison in it, while my medicine is a natural stimulant containing no poison, so my medicine stimulates the nerves, and not being poisonous, allays inflammation—that is, it holds the cells open until the morbid deposit is forced out, and the cells accustom themselves to receive their stimulus naturally through the arteries. It stops all craving for alcohol."

"Please explain the passages of food and poisoned alcohol to the brain again" I said.

"Well, when a man drinks alcohol it goes, like electricity, straight to the nerve cells; thence to the eye through the optic nerve; thence to the brain, making a man talk lively; then to the spinal center, limbering the back; then to the muscular system; and when it finally goes to the stomach, he vomits. Food goes to the stomach first, then into th blood, then to the heart, and finally through the arteries to the brain."

"Then red Peruvian bark stimulates and builds up the nerve cells until they begin to receive nutrition from the blood?"

"Yes, that's it. The only credit I claim is making this discovery and discovering the location of the disease known as dipsomania."

"How did you discover that red cinchona bark would cure drunkenness?"

"Well, I first discovered it down in Maryland, twelve years ago. An account was published in the Sun at that time. I had a case of a drunkard, Bill Stevers, who also had intermittent fever. It was a hard case of fever, and so I tried red Peruvian bark instead of quinine. To my surprise, it not only cured his fever, but he never wanted to drink whisky afterwards. When he went into a saloon and the boys asked him to drink, Bill said:

"I can't, boys. That dog-on red bark the doctor gave me not only killed my fever, but it spoiled all the whisky in Maryland for me."

"What conspicuous cures in Chicago can you refer to, doctor?"

"Well, Dr. S. B. Nible. He had the alcoholic disease. His nerve cells were poisoned. He was once president of the Illinois Dental Association. He got to be a hard drinker. His mind began to be affected, though a scholar and a gentleman, beloved by everybody He tried the Peruvian bark three weeks ago. He's a well man now, and everybody in Chicago looks at his cure as a miracle. Dr. Nible knows it was a disease, and don't object to be referred to."

I am satisfied that if the physicians in New York and will give Dr. D'Unger's discovery a trial they will do more for temperance in a year than Gough and Murphy have done in all their lives. It is the first remedy ever discovered that kills the disease and the inclination to drink at one and the same time.

Hope and Fear.

The following is translated from an Indian manuscript:

The promises of Hope are sweeter than roses in the bud, and far more flattering to expectation, but the threatenings of fear are a terror to the heart.

Nevertheless let not Hope allure, nor Fear deter thee from doing that which is right; so shall thou be prepared to meet all events with an equal mind.

The terrors of death are no terrors to the good; restrain thy hand from evil, and thy soul shall have nothing to fear.

In all thy undertakings let a reasonable assurance animate thy endeavors; if thou despairest of success, thou shalt not succeed.

Terrify not thy soul with vain fears; neither let thy heart sink within thee from the phantoms of imagination.

From fear proceedeth misfortune, but he that hopeth, helpeth himself.

As the ostrich, when pursued hideth his head, but forgetheth his body so the fears of a coward expose him to danger.

If thou believest a thing impossible, thy despondency shall make it so; but he that persevereth shall overcome all difficulties.

A vain hope flattereth the heart of a fool; but he that is wise, pursueth it not.

In all thy desires, let reason go before thee; and fix not thy hopes beyond the bounds of probability; so shall success attend thy undertaking, and thy heart shall not be vexed with disappointments.

PHUNNYISTICS.

Sitting Bull's recipe for removing dandruff from scalps begins: First get your scalps.

Many a timid, shrinking maiden, who last summer swung upon the gate with her lover, is now engaged in half-soling the same individual's pants.

Presence of mind is a great thing. A man whose wife was attacked by a mad dog, promply crawled under the steps of a cooper's shop, and did not get hurt.

"You see," said the host genially at dinne,r "there is nothing mean about me. All through the house everything is regardless of expense. My servants drink the same wine that I do."

"You mean," says a guest gently "that you drink the same wine the servants do."

Young man—you who say that you never felt like swearing the least bit, did you ever tilt your chair comfortably against the wall, lift your foot to rest it on the round, and suddenly discover that the round was not there?

It is reported that a man named Koopman has invented a machine to kindle fire by clock work. The divorce lawyers ought to crucify him. That little machine will do more to keep peace in the family than all the sermons ever preached.

A candidate for auditor of public accounts was called upon for a speach. On rising, he commenced: "Gentlemen, you have called upon me for a few remarks. I have none to make—I have no prepared speech. Indeed I am no speaker. I do not desire to be a speaker—I only want to be an auditor.

A dispatch to a San Francisco paper from Virginia City, giving an account of a shooting scrape in which nobody was hurt, closes by saying that "the greatest indignation prevails, as the sidewalks were crowded with politicians." Such poor marksmanship, under the circumstances, is certainly to be deplored.

A kiss snatched without permission in Buffalo, New York, cost the young man who snatched it $10 and cost. That was reasonable enough. We know a young man who snatched a kiss at a picnic five years ago, and since that time it has cost him more than fifteen hundred dollrrs for her board and clothes.

In an article on the first page, entitled "Walking in New Jersey," will be found the sentence, "whitewashed Dutch mansion with its overhanging eaves and roomy porches;" but, when the "first proof" was taken, it read, "Whitewashed Dutchmans with overhanging ears and roomy paunches." Funeral to-morrow.[—Hack. Rep.

"What," said a young lady to a sister companion, "you are not going to marry that tall, lean, slender, consumptive-stricken fellow, are you?" "Yes, she is," volunteered the young lady's little brother, looking up from his broken cart wheel; "she's going to marry him and use him for a carpet stretcher." The boy and the cart wheel passed out through the same door.

"Do you think," writes a young student of human economy, "do you think the human race is decaying?" Not at all, not at all. Part of it isn't decaying because it is yet alive, and the portion of it that is dead doesn't decay because the medical student don't give it a chance. Oh, no, the human race was never, in all its history, so well protected against decay as at present. Be thankful that you live in an age when the grave has been so shorn of its power that it can't hold a man so long as a sieve would hold a spoonful of quicksilver.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

An Adventurous Baltimorean.

Baltimore Gazette.

A telegram from Bismarck, Dakota, published in yesterday's Gazette, announced that the recent desertion of Lieut. Harry Tiffany, of the 11th Infantry, United States Army, is alleged to have been occasioned by the threatened discovery of alleged forged payrolls, the funds realized from which the Lieutenant had invested fighting the tiger. Harry Tiffany is the son of George Tiffany, of Rose Hill, near Baltimore, and in his youth was familiar with every sort of extravagance. His parents were divorced and his father went to Europe and remarried. Before the war he took his son to Europe and the young man at once plunged into the fastest kind of life in Paris. When the war broke out young Tiffany ran the blockade and joined Capt. J. Lyle Clarke's Confederate company of Maryland Guards, which did faithful service through the war in Northern Virginia. He behaved with courage, but one day he went to Richmond and never returned to his comrades. They afterwards ascertained that he had crossed the Atlantic. After the war he exploited himself in Baltimore, New York and the West, and at last his friends read in the papers a notice of his death. Subsequently a friend of his recognized in a sergeant of the regular army engaged in propping up the bogus government of Louisiana, the supposed dead man. He acknowledged that he had published the notice of the death himself in order to lead a new life under another name. There was still enough family prestige left to him to enable his friends to rehabilitate him by securing him an appointment as Lieutenant in the army. He was next heard of as having married a Miss Barrett, of Baltimore, in a clandestine manner, at the Palmer House, Chicago, and the telegram in yesterday's Gazette furnishes an appropriate finale to his event ful career.

Save your money and buy machin needles of the best quality, eight for 25c. And Machine oil ten cents per bottle at Howe office, 512 Broadway. 3m16

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

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LET us to work again.

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MURPHYISM isn't dead yet.

ASK everybody to subscribe.

IT does not pay to stand still.

A ROUSING paper next issue.

STAY away from the saloons.

READ and hand to your friend.

READ the ad. of H. T. Manlove.

SPELLING SCHOOL Friday night.

BRO. GRAHAM spoke at Metea last Tuesday night.

BRO. VIGUS is holding meetings in Marshall county.

AN associate contributed our leading editorials this week.

HASN'T Kokomo got something to say on the question?

Another evening revival meeting will be held to-night.

BRO. MELLINGER, of Clay, attended "Silver Top's" lecture.

THIS number of THE SIGNAL will do to show to your friends.

OUR temperance story will be found on the inside pages this week.

"THE SIGNAL is ahead of them all" says the *Porter County Vidette.*

Meeting will be held at Adamsborro, north side, on the evening of the 25th.

AN enjoyable time is expected to be had at the spelling school Friday night.

MANY people of this city recognized in "Silver Top," an old acquaintance.

READ the ad. of Chas. Horning. He is closing out his made-up goods at reduced prices.

WHEN prohibition shall be firmly established, Indiana will not have use for two penitentiaries.

SEVERAL societies, at this time, are suspending meetings—giving way to religious revival meetings.

AN "open letter" to Rev. M. Mahin, is published on another page. We hope to publish Bro. Mahin's reply in next issue.

THREE letters sent us this week, unaccompanied with names of writers, are quietly reposing in the depths of the waste basket.

GOV. WILLIAMS in his message had no word to say on the temperance question. Perhaps the movement has not struck him yet?

BRO. JOHN REDD, of Metea, is an earnest and determined worker, and he will make a success of the Union of that place, with the help of our good friends there.

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

The Murphy Signal came out this morning greatly enlarged and improved, and full of the best of temperance and other reading matter. The Signal deservesto succeed.—Journal.

SOCIETIES or individuals who desire extra copies of this number of THE SIGNAL can be supplied at the following rates: 25 copies, $1.00; 50 copies, $1.75; 100 copies, and upwards, $3.00 per 100

ONE of "ye old-fashioned spelling schools" will be given at the hall next Friday evening, which promises to be a pleasing affair. All should go. In order to cover expense of gas-light, etc., an admission fee of five cents will be charged.

WE have concluded, induced by the encouragement given us by friends throughout the United States, to publish THE SIGNAL at its present size. To do this, to make the subscription pay for the white paper, after February 15th the subscription price will be increased to $1.00 per year. Those who have an idea of the expense attending the publishing of a paper will readily understand that this is no more than right. Hence we trust you will aid us and we in return will give you the best temperance paper published.

Most Just Taxation.

RECENTLY the Executive Committee of the Citizens Association of Chicago had a conference with the members of the Illinois Legislature from Cook county, for the purpose of considering such matters for legislation as might pertain to the best interests of the people. In this meeting it was suggested that the liquor dealers should be specially taxed for the support of paupers. This is a most just proposition. It is a fact, substantiated by the best evidence, that intemperance causes by far the larger proportion of the pauperism of the world. This new departure is in the right direction. We hope there will be wisdom and integrity enough in the present General Assembly of Illinois to make such a law. Surely nothing could be more appropriate than for the saloon keeper to be made to bear the effects of his damnable, murderous traffic.

Ahead of them All.

"THE Murphy Signal," published at Logansport, is ahead of all other temperance papers we ever saw. Its fearlessness and vivacity are a source of constant delight. In its war upon the whisky power, its daring is like and its justness contrasts with what Pomeroy's *Democrat* was during the war. THE SIGNAL is a semi-monthly quarto of 40 columns, and is furnished at 50 cents a year. Its publisher offers to present any temperance society that will raise a club of a hundred subscribers, $15 dollars in gold as a premium. We commend THE SIGNAL to temperance people everywhere. — *Porter County Vidette.*

How Women May Help.

THE daily labor of a reformed drunkard called him past the dram-shop where much of his precious life had been wasted. He feared that his courage might fail him in a place of so great temptation and danger, and requested his faithful wife to go out with him in the morning, and come to meet him in the evening, that together they might encounter the terrible foe. By this means he was strengthened and saved. The most encouraging thing in the present temperance movement is the fact that the mothers, wives and daughters of the land are roused to action.

The "Pressure" is On.

OH it's terrible.

Silver Top's hash manipulation is not to be compared with it.

The "Immortal J. N." called on the editor Monday and "put on the pressure," to the tune of several pounds.

It is sad.

Yes, very sad indeed.

Unless it is "lifted" THE SIGNAL will not appear until its next publication day.

We will try to bear up under it, but it we fail, Ed Shiel is detailed to hold services over the remains.

Oh.

New Year's Day at Washington.

AS ANOTHER illustration of the wonderful growth of temperance sentiment in the United States, we cite you to the fact that neither wines nor liquors were offered to callers at the White House on New Year's day. The cabinet officers joined the President and his lady in the sober observance of the occasion. Such incidents, and improvements on "time honored" customs, give encouragement to the many thousands who labor so earnestly for the cause of humanity. Again we can say, with positiveness, that the temperance ball is rolling on and on, gathering power and gaining velocity with each hour.

Laugh and Grow "Fat."

DO YOU want to laugh.

Do you want to laugh hard.

Do you want to laugh all over and through.

If you do, get your wife to strap on your vest, (buttons, won't hold it, under any circumstances,) and attend the lecture of Bob. Burdette, the funny man of the Burlington Hawkeye, tomorrow (Thursday) evening at Dolan's Opera House.

Everybody is going.

WORKINGMEN.

AN OUTRAGOUS CONSPIRACY TO ROB THEM.

The Secret of the Labor Problem—The Only Way to Independence.

An advertisement for the sale of a public house in England contains this statement:

"These premises are surrounded by numerous manufactories, employing thousands of *well-paid* hands, who inhabit the numberless dwellings in this dense neighborhood. The trade is large, full-priced, and mostly *done at the counter*, approaching £400 per month."

Right in the path of these "well paid hands," upon whose earnings are dependant thousands of women and children, this cunning monster has placed his

DEN OF DEATH,

and warily baited his trap. This man shows the true nature of the liquor traffic. It is a conspiracy against the state, society and the individual. The liquor dealer studies how he can make his place most attractive. He makes the best and fines display possible in his windows. He entices men by every sort of contrivance to gain their patronage. He places shades and screens, so arranged at the doors and windows that the

PUBLIC MAY NOT SEE

his work within, and know how he is robbing men. He proceeds exactly as the conspirator proceeds. His methods and aims are the same. He is seeking the possessions of others without giving them any just and fair equivalent. He proposes to fill the land and corrupt society with

PAUPERS AND CRIMINALS.

He opens a manufactory of destruction and uses every art and all skill and all means to attain the largest success.

His conspiracy is bad enough in all its aspects, but it is especially outrageous when directed against the working people. At the best they have burdens heavy enough without any addition from any quarter. The most difficult problem requiring a correct solution is that connected with labor. On all sides we hear it asked,

HOW SHALL THE LABORERS BE ELEVATED?

How shall they enjoy all the rights and privlleges of society? How shall they be so cared for that in these times of commercial depression they may be able to support themselves and their families comfortably, and educate their children? The ablest minds of this country are most seriously considering these questions, and most earnestly seeking answers which shall be satisfactory to all parties. One thing

HAS BEEN SETTLED

by the study and investigation of the past few years, namely, that the elevation of the working-class is impossible so long as liquors are as freely sold and used as at present. What do laborers need most to-day; an increase in wages? No! The history of the past few years unmistakably proves tkat large pay, instead of proving a blessing, was very generally a curse. Greater wages made a greater trade in tobacco and various kinds of liquors. Too many who are

SUFFERING BITTERLY IN POVERTY

can look back to the time when they made their two, three, four, five dollars per day. What became of their money? It was freely spent in drinking and spreeing. They are many times worse off than if they had not been so well paid.

The greatest need of the workingman is to save and rightly use the money he receives, This will make him independent. This will make him a master of his circumstances. This, and this only, will develop in him those qualities of mind and heart that elevate men. It is not the amount received which brings comforts and luxuries into a man's home, but the manner in which it is expended. Says a writer in a recent article:

"Halting for a street-car, a few evenings since, in front of a corner dramshop, I observed two well-dressed young men playing some game with dice. Their wages were being 'done at the counter,' and some poor mother's heart was probably being wrenched asunder. A decently clad woman stepped in, with a pitcher under her apron, and got it filled from a cask. Her wages for washing or other work went to the same 'counter'; and that pitcher of grog went to her house, to instruct her children in the accursed habit. Right in the midst of that community the bottle-spider

WEAVES HIS SEDUCTIVE WEB

and feeds on the foolish flies that are enticed therein. As long as labor pays this tremendous toll, all hope of a general betterment of its condition is futile. But if this greedy outlet for wages was effectually stopped, more than half of the 'labor problem' would be effectually settled."

The laboring classes of this country will never be in a better condition, financially, morally, or educationally, until the land is freed from the liquor traffic. Intemperance is a tempest that levels and keeps leveled all efforts to rise to a state of independence and comfort.

Any man, however great may be his claims to respectability, who is engaged in enticing the few hard-earned dollars of the laborer from his pocket with offers of intoxicating drinks is the J. Wilkes Booth of the human race. One day all the universe will hiss into his ear, TRAITOR!

Murphy Movements.

THE Daily Journal thus notes Silver Top's lecture of Saturday night:

The hall was crowded, last night, on the occasion of the address of General Sam. A. Chambers, familiarly known as "Silver Top," the reformed clown. He spoke for nearly two hours to an audience that listened with rapt attention, who, after its delivery, expressed universal pleasure and satisfaction. He illustrates with laughable anecdotes, which not only keeps his audience in a good humor, but prepares the ground for the seed he sows by solid facts. Should "Silver Top" ever come to Logansport again no hall would hold the crowd that would gather to hear him. At the conclusion, several young men signed the pledge. "Silver Top" speaks to-night at LaFayette. The meeting last night was a grand one in every respect, and the good feeling created will push along mightily the ball of temperance.

His address abounded with many striking points, and his manner of handling them is new, novel and impressing, carrying with it conviction. His reference to the ladies of the crusade was truly an inspired effort, and deserves place among the most cherished records of the noble cause. May Silver Top call again soon, knowing as we do that he pleases all who hear him.

The Terrible Scourge.

TO THOSE who look with indifference upon the efforts of temperance people to stay the terrible ravages of intemperance we commend the following from the *N. Y. Daily Witness*:

The fearful scourge which has so lately passed over the Sunny South claimed as its victims over thirteen thousand of all classes and colors, and the heart of the whole Christian world was deeply moved with the horrible tale of distress and death, whilst from all quarters were poured in liberal contributions to enable the Howard Association and other charitable bodies to alleviate the suffering of the stricken, if they could not stay the remorseless hand of Death. Yet the demon drink hurries monthly to the grave, unwept, unhonored and unsung, as many as the yellow fever did in its worst months. No extraordinary public meetings are held to call attention to this frightful state of affairs. No ballot-boxes are placed in prominent localities to catch the nickles of the poorer and the dollars of the richer classes, and to swell a fund for the relief of the families of those stricken down in our very midst by drink. The hot-beds of this pest are not quarantined, but free access is allowed to them by our corporations and government; nay, they are even licensed to pursue their work of destruction. The yellow fever has one advantage over the disease of liquor, in that many of its victims are prepared to die; but when a drunkard dies, his doom was written centuries ago: "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of Heaven."

Pray for Temperance.

WE are very glad to notice that in the programme for the week of prayer temperance was included. If all Christians would but pray more for and work more in the temperance cause we might win greater victories than any of the past. It is a cause for great joy that the Christian people are daily becoming more and more interested in the reformation of drinking men and women. Their prayers are greatly needed. Very many of our reformed men are continually called by their labor to go past saloons. The temptation to go in is exceedingly strong. They need divine grace to help them resist. They need the help of the Almighty Father to keep them. Christians pray for these men that they may be saved. Pray for the leaders and workers in the temperance work that they may act wisely their part. Pray for this cause for it is the cause of humanity. Yes, the cause of Christ.

The Murphy Signal.

"THIS valuable temperance sheet came to us last week enlarged to double its former size, and greatly improved in every way. It is now a five column quarto, and is decidedly the best and largest temperance paper in the West, if not the whole country. We understand that the temperance society at Shelbyville, which numbers some four hundred members, intends forming a club for THE SIGNAL. What a vast help would such a club be to this truly good paper!—*Fairland Bulletin.*

SOCIETIES desiring the services of Gen. Sam. A. Chambers ("Silver-Top") may address this office.

HOME PROTECTION.

A Move in the Right Direction by the W. C. T. U. of Illinois.

ONE object of the temperance movement is the reformation of drunkards. While this is a very important work, it does not comprehend all that ought to be done. Intemperance is the father of a vile host of greatest evils, most injuriously affecting the best interests of the family, society, commerce, the state, and the church. It is the "entering wedge" of woe and ruin incalculable. When all the relations and conditions of life are so seriously impaired "a general crusade against it is not only justifiable, but a solemn duty."

We are, therefore, glad to see that in several places the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union has just organized a 'Home Protection' movement, as confessedly home is the spot upon which is visited the bitterest and most crushing and blighting curse of intemperance. They demand protection for themselves and their children at the hands of the legislature from the effects and necessary consequences of a licensed system, which brings ruin to their firesides in its most hideous forms. And they have a right to this protection from the taxation and immorality and crime which the selling and drinking of intoxicating liquor produces.

The following petition has been adopted by the union, and is being circulated for signatures:

Your petitioners, men and women of the state of Illinois, having at heart the protection of our homes from their worst enemy, the legalized traffic in strong drink, do hereby most earnestly pray your honorable body that by suitable legislation it may be provided that in the state of Illinois the question of licensing at any time, in any locality, the sale of any and all intoxicating drinks, (including wine and beer,) be submitted to and determined by ballot, in which women of lawful age shall be privileged to take part in the same manner and under only such restrictions as obtain in reference to voting by men on the question of license.

The innovation in this movement is the proposition to allow women to vote on the question of granting licenses. The law now allows men to prohibit the sale of intoxicating drinks by a refusal to grant licenses. As the women have a deep interest in the question—deeper, perhaps, than any other portion of the community—and as it is a question of a social nature, there is no reason why they should not have a voice and a vote in deciding it, but every reason why they should."

Amen, and amen, say we to the above. If, as has been most ably advocated by many of the ablest statesmen, it is the duty of government to furnish protection to its subjects, then there can be no good ground for not granting the above petition. We do not wish to be understood as endorsing what is commonly known as Woman's Rights movement, but we do most heartily give our vote to any legitimate plan which promises to beat the rum power.

Signs of the Times.

INFORMATION from many points show a grand increase in the interest taken in Murphyism. The glorious ball is rolling, and we are encouraged to believe that the country will be blessed with a greater and more powerful wave before many months have past. The time may be near at hand, and the exertion of the friends will prove this to be no wild conjecture.

Bro. Vanatta says that at Lake Cicott, Sunday evening, the best meeting since the society was organized, was held. Glory. Among those who signed was Mr. Pat Burk, a friend of the writer, and a man who will wield a powerful influence for good.

At Bethel on Sunday evening, meeting was in all respects a glorious one. Reports from all quarters tend to encourage the belief that the cause is gaining ground very rapidly. Let us work and increase the good results.

A Naughty Editor.

Blue Ribbon Journal, Mitchell, Indiana, stand up.

Don't you know it is wrong to steal?

Don't you know the good book says "Thou shalt not steal?"

You have been stealing, young fellow, the articles of THE SIGNAL, without giving credit.

You have been a naughty child, but if you will promise to give credit hereafter, we will not punish you this time.

[Third class in 'rithmatic will proceed with its recitation.]

A MEETING will be held at East Sandridge school house next Saturday. A large attendance is desired and promised. Good speakers will be present.

WINNAMAC needs reviving.

SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS—NOTEWORTHY EVENTS.

THE WORK AS IT IS PROGRESSSNG EVERYWHERE.

Finch is in Nebraska.

About to revive at Crown Point.

The work is reviving at Booneville.

Mount Vernon, Ill., sells no liquor.

The Iowa State Alliance meets at DesMoines on the 21st.

Henry Camp has been holding good meetings at Massillion, Ohio.

Minnesota has 21,208 signers in the Sunday-school temperance league.

All the members of The Bloomfield brass band have signed the pledge.

Dr. D'Unger's cure for inebriety is pronounced a humbug by the Chicago Review.

Rev. T. L. Cuyler says: "Wherever there is a boy there should never be a bottle."

Iowa is talking up a state inebriate asylum. Prohibition would be cheaper and better.

Richmond, Va., Saloons were closed on a recent Sunday, the first time in fifty years.

A vigorous campaign of temperance meetings is still in progress in Wheeling, W. Va.

DR. D'UNGER, with his cure for dipsomania, has gone to meet Pleasanton and blue glass.

Nineteen-twentieths of the convicts in the penitentiary, South, are there through whisky.

The Bell-Punch Liquor Law is to be brought before Congress this winter for the District of Columbia.

Out of 239 towns in Kentucky which have voted under a local option law, 205 have voted "no license."

Tne law-makers of Chicago talk of assessing the saloon-keepers for the support of paupers. A good idea.

Col. J. J. Hickman has been very successful in instituting new lodges of Good Templars in East Tennessee.

Several young men connected with the Catholic church in Chatham, have formed a union to promote sobriety.

At Lima, N. Y., they have a "True Blue Motto: Live as We Profess, Vote as We Qray." Also, a "true blue" pledge.

C. P. Russell, Esq., of Detroit, has just been elected G. W. Patriarch of the Grand Division Sons of Temperance of Michigan.

A bill for the repeal of the prohibitory law of Vermont was defeated in the lower house of the legislature by a vote of 185 to 64.

Susanna Willard Reynolds, only child of Dr. H. A. Reynolds, the red ribbon reformer, died last month at Rockford, Ill.

The Cedar Falls Gazette returns thanks to the ladies, especially the young ladies, for their work in securing signers to the pledge.

Whisky-traders on the line of the Canadian Pacific railroad have come to the conclusion that the constables do their duty mercilessly.

The Graphic says: "The drinking places in New York, set in one street, would extend seventeen miles; those in London seventy-three miles."

The ministers of Chicago, of all denominations, have been requested to preach on the subject of closing saloons on Sunday, on the third Sunday of this month.

George H. Butler, at one time American consul to Egypt, was recently sentenced to thirty days in the workhouse in Washington, for drunkenness and vagrancy.

THE temperance movement is "booming" at Greensburg. In one week over six hundred persons signed the pledge, and still there is no abatement of the fever.

The good work is progressing finely in Ypsilanti. A meeting was held last week to prepare for the year's campaign and their power will be felt for good during 1879.

The Alabama Good Templars have made an appeal to the order in other states for assistance in raising a fund to employ a lecturer to aid in extending the order in that jurisdiction.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson quotes John Morley that England's distress is from "over-production," and then says it is from "over-consumption," £140,000,000 being spent annually in drink.

According to the Owen County Democrat, sixty-three indictments were returned by the grand jury of that county, against one saloon keeper in the town of Spencer for selling liquor to minors.

Judge Mackenzie speaks by the card when he says that the tippling houses, gambling saloons, and brothels, are ruing many of the Toronto youth. He wonders why such places are not stopped.

Joshua Nye, of Maine, says that he "defies any one to find one single open bar in the state of Maine," and adds that he "don't believe that the children in three-fourths of the country towns ever saw a drunkard."

Hon. Beverly Douglas, the representative in Congress from Virginia who, on several occasions, scandalized the House of Representatives by appearing in that body grossly intoxicated, died in Washington on the 22d ult.

Considering all disadvantages "Silver Top" held very successful meetings at Valparaiso week before last. The place is blessed with several good workers, and if the work does not succeed it will not be for want of energy.

"Silver Top," was at Hebron last Tuesday every and was pleased with the interest evinced in the temperance cause. He hopes the people their will take an interest in temperance literature also, as he requested them to do.

"The times are hard, my dear," said a man to his better half, "and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water." "You could easily keep your nose above water," returned the lady, "if you didn't keep it so often above brandy.

The people of Lowel, Lake county, are heart and soul in the temperance work. "Silver Top," who was there last week, speaks in the highest terms of the many good people the town possesses and THE SIGNAL hopes to hear of their prosperity often.

Seymuor, Ind., has enjoyed a season of joyous revival lately, and in consequence, our Friend Shiel, of the Monitor is as happy as can be. The good boys, (and ladies) of that place surely deserve credit for the manly way in which they have sustained their principles and upheld the cause of temperance.

At a recent session of the executive committee of the Northwestern Commercial Travelers Association held in Chicago, an amendment to the constitution of that society was proposed and unanimously adopted, refusing in the future membership to any candidate who had contracted the habit of using strong drink. Another roll of the temperance ball.

Lord Coleridge, at the Bristol Assizes, said that "persons sitting in his position must, by this time, be almost tired of saying what was the veriest truism in the world, and what he supposed, because it was so true nobody paid any attention to—namely, that drunkenness was the vice which filled the jails of England, and that if they could make England sober they would shut up nine-tenths of her prisons."

What would result from every member of the Christian Church of the nation becoming a total abstainer? Many who are now in the traffic would go out of it; many outside the pale of the church who use intoxicants would abandon them; many who are on the highway to intemperance would be arrested and saved. Drunkenness might not be wholly suppressed, but it would be immensely diminished.—League.

At Wanatah, Porter county, the work has been started with good prospects of success. A "district" meeting was held there on Wednesday evening last, conducted by Vet. Young, assisted by Bill Bowman and Bob McNay, which resulted in several additional signatures to the pledge. With these staunch workers at the head, Wanatah will make a good showing for temperance and morality in the future. Long may the boys hold their own.

Rev. J. B. Graw, of Camden, N. J., editor of the State Temperance Gazette, for an alleged "libel" of the Liquor League's candidate for the Senate, has been arrested, and has given bonds to await the action of the grand jury. He will modify or retract nothing. His church honors itself by endorsing his position and giving him unanimous support. His arrest has thoroughly aroused the temperance people of Camden county as never before, and great good to the cause is likely to result therefrom.—Advocate.

A DesMoines, Iowa, paper, handed us by a friend, says "Mr. Bontecue has proved, since he commenced his work in DesMoines, that he is a worker and an organizer of extraordinary strength and ability. He has labored until all the elements are united thoroughly, and are working hand in hand for the cause." It says the work has fairly begun, the meetings are crowded to over-flowing, and the grand reformation is sweeping the city.

JACKSON COUNTY, IND.

To the Editor:

I AM most highly pleased with "THE SIGNAL." May it long prove a valuable signal to mankind, warning them of the terrible evil and dangers of intemperance and immorality, and directing them safely to the haven of temperance and peace on earth and good will toward men.

Last week I lectured four nights at Medora, under the auspices of the red ribbon club. Considering the fact that the weather was bitterly cold, we had good audiences, and live wide-awake meetings. Fifty-one additional names were signed to the club record pledge, including quite a number of "hard drinkers" who had been "swearing off" from signing the pledge heretofore, but thanks be to God they are now enrolled as volunteers in the temperance army. One year ago Medora was one of the hardest drinking towns in the State. I infer from the reports given me by citizens, intoxication was the rule, and sobriety the exception, and a town or community in that condition is like an individual, as too morality and good citizenship. But through the instrumentality of Bro. Ed. Shiel, editor of Monitor, and Dr. Gerrish of Seymour, with co-operation of some of the citizens of Medora, the red ribbon work was introduced one year ago this month, which has resulted in totally revolutionizing the habits of the place; and to-day very few drinking men reside in the town, and Medora has one of the most energetic clubs in the State, with a membership of about 300. On New Years day, I did not see a drunken man in the place; and young men 18 and 21 years of age, assured me that they "did not remember of being sober on Christmas and New Years until this one." The citizens are whole-souled and generous, and I predict "good times a coming" for Medora. Much of the success attending the work there is due to the untiring efforts of the President of the club, Levi Wright, Esq.

On Friday evening I had the pleasure of being present at a meeting of the "Reform Club" of Seymour, another live temperance organization of the Hoosier state. It is a model club under the presidency of (over 200 pounds of solid temperance) Dr. Gerrish. They have an elegantly fitted club room, well supplied with newspapers and reading matter, etc. They held meeting nightly during the holidays, thereby strengthening "the boys" who had "swore off," and also increased the membership over 100. Seymour is no longer the Seymour we used to read about. 'Tis now one of the liveliest and most peaceable and prosperous towns in southern Indiana. "Dare to do right," is her motto now. We also had the pleasure of meeting Bro. Ed. Shiel and C. E. Golay, the live editors of that lively temperance paper, the "Monitor." What a glorious field for usefulness to fellow men, is open to you editors of temperance journals, and also a mighty responsible one, too, eh! In language of Rip Van Winkle, "may you live long and prosper," should be the sentiment of every friend of temperance, and if all professed friends of the cause, do their duty toward aiding in circulating temperance literature, thereby working for the cause prosperity will perch upon the temperance press of this State.

Last night we talked to a goodly audience at the M. E. Church of this place, it being the regular weekly meeting night of the Murphy Club, which now numbers 205 members. 'Tis in live working order. Dr. James C. Wells, President, is a man of ability and energy, and "knows how it is himself." The effieciency of the club is assured while under his administration.

The Murphy Club which I planted at Houston, (this county) a few weeks since, is growing and proving itself a live institution, under the management of President and Vice President Richards and Smith. I expect to work in the eastern part of this county next week, and following week expect to work in western part of the county, with that grand Roman in the temperance cause—Ed Shiel, Esq.

This county (Jackson), is doing honor to its name-sake, at least, in the determined progressive manner in which it is getting down to the temperance work.

I have introduced your "Gems of (temperance) Song," in several clubs, and all are delighted with them, and they add largely to the spirit and interest of the meetings.

Yours, for the cause,

T. HUNT BONHAM.

Clear Spring, Jan. 7, 1879.

THERE is but one Republican newspaper in West Tennessee.

Theory and Practice.

Theory is well.

Practice is better.

Theory without practice amounts to little.

Practice without theory may do a great deal.

Anybody can theorize.

Everybody should practice.

The man at the wheelbarrow can theorize, but if he does nothing more he will never move the brick.

The man in the pulpit can theorize a lifetime, and if he does nothing more he is lost through eternity.

Theory may satisfy the minds of men but the will of God remains the same.

Theory will NEVER save your soul.

Nine "theologians" out of ten are fools and ninnys.

One man with practice is worth ten men with theory.

A blind man who practices what he knows is worth fifty men who theorize upon what they don't know.

Like worthless curs they bark at everybody and everything.

Temperance needs no theology.

It needs more practice instead.

Take away the "if's" and "and's," and its wishy-washy (go behind the curtain and drink) advocates would be left standing in the light of their own hypocrisy.

Total abstinence is right.

Anything else is wrong.

Theory cannot make it right.

We want more practice, more actual labor.

Intemperance has proven itself a curse, and nothing but total abstinence will save you from its blight.

Practice what you preach.

If you are a "friend of temperance" show it.

Sign the pledge.

It won't hurt the cause.

It won't hurt you.

A New Year's Gift.

IT is indeed a pleasure to publish the following letter of thanks. The author is unknown to us, but It is fully as gratifying as tho' we were so fortunate. We try to do our duty honestly and fearlessly, and in pursuing the path of duty, when compelled to stray from the trodden way of public opinion, to know that the prayers, good wishes and labors of the moral and Christian people are following, are with and for us, surely makes our task less burdensome:

January 1st, 1879,

MR. LEEDY: A friend brought me THE SIGNAL this morning, as a New Year's gift. I could find no time, as yet, to read; but opening the paper my eye caught the article on "fallen women." Will you to allow me to thank you for it. I believe every thinking person will, and ought to, send you a note of thanks for those sentiments so courageously expressed. I find time to wonder if you know how brave an act you have done. Many times 'ere this you have shown me how frivolous my life has been. What little I may have accomplished has been for the reward I hoped would be mine, in my Father's loving approval, when I laid my hand on His on the "other side." I know you work for right because it is right, not for reward. God helping me, in the future I will aim higher.

If a brave man merits praise, if it be his just due, it is envy or baseness only that will withhold it. Again, for the fallen of my sex, I thank you for your brave, tender words in their behalf.

Respectfully, L. E. B.

The Liquor Dealer a Murdere.

"BY the law of God the rum seller is a murderer, and he should be declared so by the law of the land, and all persons who abet or encourage the traffic, or, who are in complicity with it in any way. God will not forget them when he makes requisition for the blood of the poor victim of drink. In that great day we will find that the man who has even stood still and looked on indifferently and thereby consented to the death of the victims of this traffic are guilty of a great offense. 'Ye knew your duty, and ye did it not.'"—*Blue Ribbon Journal.*

Orphans' Home Association.

In presenting to the members and friends of the organization the third annual report, the managers of the Home feel a renewed assurance that the work placed in their hands has been beneficially continued during the past year. The number of children under our care during the year, has been 30. Of these, fourteen have been placed in families where it is believed they will find permanent homes, or be well provided for by relatives. One boy has been sent to the reform school at Knightstown. Two girls have been sent to the Female Reformatory at Indianapolis; about twenty of the children have attended the Public School, the larger portion being boys. Our experience has been that more boys than girls are taken in, and this added to the fact that homes are provided more readily for the latter, finds the Institution almost universally sheltering the greater number of the former. Owing to the pressure for room, we have required the parent of a half orphan child to give a quit claim, consequently we have but three of the number who are not for homes. We have made continual efforts to provide good homes for the children, and in this way make room for others, and thus extend relief to as many more as possible. We greatly feel the responsibility there is in selecting homes for these children, and we try to zealously guard their future lives by trying to choose good homes, and we are encouraged in the belief that we have been unusually successful in getting good homes for all, and we feel a realizing trust that the time they have spent under the care of our worthy matron will prove like bread cast upon the waters, during the lives of each. In addition to the care necessary for comfortable existence, it has been the aim to afford the children all the pleasure and recreation within reasonable reach. An invitation from the Rev. A. W. Hawkins, for all the children at the Home to be present at an entertainment given by the Sabbath school of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church on Christmas eve, was accepted. Mr. A. E. Taylor kindly sent a large sleigh, in which were stored thirteen children and two attendants, and only those who saw them then and since, can fully appreciate how great the enjoyment of the little creatures was. We have been mercifully preserved from much serious sickness during the year. When much sickness prevailed during the extreme heat of summer, our family was comparatively well. We have, however, with sorrow, one death to record. A babe, twenty months old, was attacked with that scourge, diphtheria, and he soon left us and went to the better land. In consequence of the pressure of the times, our donations and the number of annual memberships have not been as many as formerly. Our gratitude is due the County Commissioners for the continuation of their quarterly allowance; to the Centennial Club for their oft-repeated gift of one hundred dollars, and to the entertainment given by Homer D. Cope, under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias, which netted us $15.15. We are, as ever, grateful to Dr. J. B. Shultz, who has been most faithful in his attendance. By the thoughtfulness of other friends, the needed turkey, and other necessaries to a substantial dinner, were flying in on Thanksgiving day. Again on Christmas, gifts were sent in by friends of the Home, affording great delight to all. We greatly need a new house, our present tenement being too small for our numerous family. The rooms are so small and cramped—without proper ventilation—without sufficient dining room or kitchen convenience. We hoped to have commenced a building last year, but so far we have not been able to begin the work. We feel so sure that if those persons who are able to assist us would only visit our present establishment, and see for themselves the great disadvantage under which we labor, that they would not only make their names blessed in this life, but in generations to come, by gererouly furnishing the means necessary for the ercection of this much nee led house. The Bible says: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive;" and "the poor ye have always with you." The managers of the Orphan Asylum have worked devotedly and unitedly in promoting the present and future welfare of the children.

Respectfully submitted,

MARTHA J. LANDES, Secy.

January 2, 1879.

A Tragic Love Story.

A love story with a tragic ending is reported from Cincinnati. For more than a year a young law student has been paying attention to a young lady whose parents at last looked upon him as an aspirant for her hand, and were quite willing to give their consent.—The young persons, for some reason best known to themselves, while out taking a drive last April, decided to go to a justice of the peace and get married. During the following months they kept their marriage so well concealed that none of their friends suspected it, but last Tuesday they agreed that concealment was no longer necessary, and the husband informed his wife that he would go to the justice's office for the marriage certificate, and would then claim her from her parents. He left her in the best of spirits, but the hour for his return passed, and he did not come. At about midnight a messenger arrived with the announcement that he was dead. In driving under a railroad bridge, a passing train of cars frightened his horse, which ran away, and he was thrown out and killed. Secret marriages almost always have some unhappy ending, but few of them terminate in so sad a fashion as this one.

A Floral Monster

A new flower of gigantic proportions has been found in the forests of Sumatra. Its average diameter is thirty-three inches, and the discoverer has given it the scientific name of "Titanum" Odoardo Beccari, a traveler and naturalist well-known in Europe is the fortunate finder of it. He dispatched six boxes of bulb roots to Italy, but a peculiar misfortunate has befallen them. They were addressed to a nobleman of Florence, but on arrival at Geona were refused admission by the custom officers. Out of dread for the Phylloxera all living plants have been refused admission to the kingdom, lest the terrible foe of the vineyards should smuggle himself into Italy, and the officers followed the letters of the law in the case of the harmeless Titan. What has become of the intruding cargo the Fanfulla does not know.

THE Capitol of New York, at Albany, has cost $9,000,000 to date, and it is estimated that $10,000,000 more will be required to finish it up in the style intended.

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

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W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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THE business depression lays over Belgium and Sweden—both countries largely dependent upon the iron trade. The condition of the Swedish peasantry is pecuiiarly distressing.

THERE is an unusual amount of sickness among Congressmen, pneumonia being the prevailing type of attack. This, in the opinion of leading physicians, is directly traceable to the foul air and bad ventilation of the house.

GENERAL BUTLER has written a letter to Governor Talbott, of Massachusetts, warmly approving the latter's message, and declaring that if the reforms therein recommended are secured he will be as well satisfied as if he had himself been made Governor.

EDISON is annihilating space. Vocal communication between Indianapolis and Chicago is now established. A whisper from the last named place was distinctly heard through the telephone the other day. Several persons talked business and pleasure with Chicago men.

THE Government has cleared the neat little sum of $1,600,000 on coinage of the standard silver dollar to date. This is good for the Government, but it affords small comfort to the bonanza mine owners, who, if they had succeeded in making silver coinage free, would have pocketed the profit the mselves.

DON BALDMERO ESPARTERO, whose death at Madrid is announced, was the oldest statesman of prominence in Europe. He was born in 1792, and began his career as a soldier in 1808. He entered political life as the champion of Isabella when that notorious woman was a babe, and in a few years became the leader of the Royalist party. He was Regent in 1840, was Premier in in 1854, and was one of the candidates for the crown in 1870.

ANOTHER very aristocratic criminal has found to his sorrow that it is unsafe to rely for immunity from punishment upon flight to a country with which the United States has no extradition treaty. The latest "Angell" is Thomas D. Conyngham, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., a member of one of the best families in the State. He committed forgery to the amount of $200,000 and fled to Brazil. His crime was discovered two years and a half ago. The world is getting too small for rogues to hide in it from justice, if the search and attempt at recovery are made in right good earnest.

Eliphalet's Invention.

Eliphalet Perkins was one of the cutest men in all Swamptown. He was a jack-of-all-trades, and a master of them all

Eliphalet decided that he was capable of doing something in the inventive line that would startle the world.

What should it be?

"I've got it!" shouted Eliphalet, after a long thinking spell; "I'll make a clock-work man that will walk and run like a human being."

Immediately Eliphalet brought all the force of his inventive powers to bear upon it. Three days and three nights he wrestled with the idea, and on the morning of the fourth he successfully evolved the notion—mentally constructed the clock-work man n its perfection.

Eliphalet worked night and day at this man. Its construction consumed 200 pounds of wrought iron, 3,000 feet of steel spring, the wheels out of seventeen old clocks, and other materials.

But it was done at last.

It worked to a charm. A keyhole in its back was the winding up place, and when once wound up it tramped about the room like a thing of life.

Eliphalet was overjoyed.

He prepared for an exhibition of his own invention, and Swamptown was flooded with handbills.

Eliphalet clothed his man in broadcloth, oiled his joints, and waited for the hour of his triumph.

The fame of the clock-work man had gone abroad, and people flocked in from miles around. At the appointed hour the street, where the exhibition was to take place, was almost impassable.

A shout went up from the crowd nearest Eliphalet's shop, as the great inventor emerged with his machine.

The latter was carried into the middle of the street.

The great inventor, his face suffused with a glow of triumph, carefully wound up the automaton, and pulled out the knob that was to start it.

But it didn't start.

Something must be wrong.

Eliphalet examined the vitals of the image, and they seemed to be all right.

He went round to the front of it; and at that instant there was a whizzing sound among the wheels.

The spectors saw the clock-work man sway and quiver.

Then they saw its right foot suddenly projected, and with a velocity and momentum, the iron pedal struck Eliphalet behind.

It lifted the recipient about four feet in the air, and when he came down it had another ready for him.

The crowd, in amazement, saw the machine advance, kicking the unfortunate Perkins with precision and violence.

No sooner did his feet touch the ground than the out-flying right foot of the clock-man caught him in the same spot.

Thus the infernal machine marched out of the town, kicking Eliphalet before it, and the crowd chasing it far in the rear.

"There's —a—screw—loose—in—the —thing's—right—leg," jerked out Perkins, as he was bounced from their sight and hearing.

It took six miles to run the clock-work down, and every foot of that distance was twelve inches of solid agony for Perkins.

When he was able to leave the house again, three months afterwards, he seized an axe, and smashed the clock-work man past the possibility of reconstruction.

A Reminiscence of the Fourth Cavalry.

Wm. M. Pegram in Scribner's Magazine, narrates this unique and interesting incident in the Valley of Virginia during the winter of 1864-5:

The old Fourth cavalry was on a forced march down the valley to meet a column of the enemy which was advancing, and after a hard day's ride went into bivouac just at night-fall, on the road side. We did not have the "cigars and cogniac," as tho old song says, with which "to bivouac," so after a hasty bite of something to eat, and picketing and feeding our horses, we soon rolled ourselves, head and ears, in our blankets and lay prone upon the frozen ground. To a tired soldier sleep comes quickly, and with it almost entire oblivion—he rarely dreams—so hardly more than a minute elapsed after the lying down before the entire camp was as silent as the grave. While preparing for rest we had been notified of a coming snow-storm, not only by the black clouds which hung heavily in the northeast, but by heralds in the shape of cutting snow-flakes, propelled by the wintry blast. It was fearfully cold—so bitter was it indeed, that it was thought expedient to dispense with the usual camp guard so as to enable all to obtain whatever of comfort was possible under the circumstances. The regiment at the time numbered between six and seven hundred men who, soldier-like, caring only for the present, and unmindful of the morrow, slept soundly and, I may add, rapidly.

I had slept as I supposed, only a few minutes, when I suddenly awoke to censciousness, being made aware of an immense pressure upon me accompanied with almost intolerable heat. In attempting to move I found myself, as it were, packed tightly in a mold which I fitted exactly, and was unable to turn either to the right or left. I soon found that I was covered with a friendly blanket of snow. With a vigorous push, I threw my blanket off, and a most curious spectacle presented itself to my astonished gaze. The black clouds had passed away and the bright morning moon shone down upon the ground covered with a white mantle of eight inches of snow. Looking around me, as far as my eyes could reach in every direction, I saw nothing but the unbroken snow covering what appeared to be mounds or graves in every conceivable position. I was sitting upright in the middle of my own grave in the middle of a huge cemetery. Not a human being could I discover anywhere, while everything was as still as death itself.

While I was rapt in the contemplation of so wonderful a scene, the bugle at headquarters, a quarter of a mile off, sounded the reveille, and lo! what a change! In an instant the quiet cemetery was alive—all the men arose at once from their snow graves, and what was the stillness of death but a moment before, was now bustle and activity. Instantly the text flashed through my mind. "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised." Words fail me in describing my feelings at the moment of the occurrence. Had I any idea of the time I would have called some of my comrades. As it was I am fortunate enough to be probably the only person who has really seen a prototype of the resurrection.

Greatest of all the Genies.

Once a man, whose name shall be Nameless, was digging in the ground; his spade struck a hard substance, and he said to himself, "I have found either a big stone or a big box of treasure." The probabilities, however, were in avor of the former supposition; and he went leisurely on, removing the earth around the obstacle, until he ascertained that it was a bottle.

His first impulse was to fly; his second to tear away the seal of lead, and the second prevailed. One wrench settled the business; and Nameless, somewhat astonished at his own temerity, started instinctively back as he set the open bottle on the ground.

However, nothing very alarming ensued. Only a black fluid came trickling over the mouth of the bottle, at first in the tiny viens, but soon like the waters of a gushing well.

Nameless was looking on confounded, when he heard himself called. Starting up, he stood face to face with a figure, such as he had never seen before. It was strange, an indefinite, but an awful form.

And Nameless knew that he stood before a Genie.

"Nameless," said the Genie, "I am free."

"Since when were you confined in that bottle?" rejoined his deliverer.

"Since time was time."

"And how long will you be free."

"Until time be time no more."

"I am not afraid of you," said Nameless. "I feel that you are a mighty Genie, but a good one."

"Look at what I have already done," said the Genie.

And Nameless was startled to see the black fluid, which had gurgled out of he bottle, spreading in streams over the land, nurishing sweet crops of heart's-ease and such dainty flowers, and invigorating and freshening—till leaves and fruit burst out together—an ancient but stunted tree.

"What tree is that?" said Nameless.

"The tree of Knowledge," said the Genie.

"And so you have lived in that bottle?" replied Nameless.

"Many Genies live in bottles," said his companion, with a smile. "There are very pleasant Genies—not exactly in my sphere of society, but very good people, whom I am happy to meet occasionally—who live in wine bottles."

"Ah!" said Nameless; "very true."

"And there are others," resumed the Genie—"grim, bitter fellows, but good n the main, who live in medicine bottles. The first class are pleasantly of a morning; the second, useful of a morning."

"But you yourself are——?" inquired Nameless

"The King of all the Genies," said the figure; and as he spoke his form dilated, his smile went o'er the land even as a sunbeam, and his shadow darkened all it fell on like a god's frown. He waved his scepter, and, lo! earth, air, and water swarmed with life, with sprites and demons, embodied thoughts and fancies, who seemed to do the master-spirit homage."

"See my subjects," he said, "the people of the united realm of 'Reason and Intelligence.'"

"And you," said Nameless, "have long lived in a bottle."

"It shall still be my palace," rejoined the Genie, "but with free right of ingress and egress."

"So, so," said Nameless, "and pray in what bottle does the King of all the Genies live?"

"Read the words inscribed on my dwelling," said the Genie.

Nameless did so, and found that the bottle was called Ink-Bottle.

Why Lightning Strikes Buildings

It will be readily perceived why tall buildings, such as church spires, are more liable to be "struck," to use a common expression, than structures of a less height. Buildings may be constructed, wholly or in part, of substance possessing greater conducting power than the air, and as they rise to a considerable distance above the earth's surface, they lessen by so much the thickness of the stratum of air to be traversed, and diminish in a corresponding degree the resistance to be overcome between cloud and earth. Of two edifices equally conductive, the higher will thus occasion the greatest reduction of resistance, and consequently the discharge will take place directly over this building, and through it to and from the ground. The effects of the passage of electricity through the building will be determincd by the degrees of conductivity possessed by the latter, or in other words, by the resistance it offers. If it be constructed of metal, or if it have a continuous piece of metal running through it from top to bottom, the electric charge will pass withot causing in it any visiible effect, because little or no resistance is opposed. For this reason buildings, as the reader doubtless knows, have often affixed to them, for their protection, a metal rod, called a lightning conductor. But if there be no metal employed in the construction of the building, or if the metal used be in separate and detached pieces, there will be great resistance to be overcome, and the force required to overcome it may be sufficient to cause the destruction of the building or at least the placement of those parts where the resistance is greatest. The heat generated by the passage of electricity through badly conducting substances, is often great enough to set combustible materials on fire.

Why Kill One's Self.

Notwithstanding the general impression that the worst use that can be made of a man is to kill him, there have been a great many suicides within the past few days. Whether these victims of themselves have found another world, and one enough pleasanter to justify their haste in going to it, is a question for theologians to decide; but to the ordinary mind suicide seems to be a great blunder. As a general rule even then the saintliest people object to leaving this rather uncertain earth of ours, so it stands to reason that there is a good deal worth living for, and though it may not be at hand at the immediate moment it is desired the whirligig of time has a way of bringing a fair amount of cheer and comfort to every man. Many of the prosperous, contented men and women of to-day can look back to a time when their troubles were as great as any which suicides have refused to endure; but out of these very troubles sprang the ability to enjoy to the uttermost such pleasant changes as time finally brought. Besides, no man or woman is so poor or so degraded as to be utterly uncared for, and to slaughter the particular friend of one's friends is a dreadfully impolite trick for any gentleman or lady to indulge in. The probability is that nearly every man who shoots himself or takes poison does so in a fit of depression, such as millions of others have conquered, first having suffered by it. If any one contemplates buying Paris green or a revolver so as to be in the fashion let him pause, pay part of his money for a thorough bath, take plenty of air and exercise and see for himself whether it is not better to be a live failure above ground, than a dead failure under it.

A Spanish Heroine.

A whole band of robbers was very neatly trapped in La Carolina, Spain, by the bravery of a girl of 13, who has become the heroine of her neighborhood. She is the daughter of a farmer named Fueras, and is called Caramita. The family consists of the husband and wife and daughter. The farmer sold some cattle for $1,500, and had the money in the house. A band of robbers knew of the sale and the money and laid their plans to rob the house. After the farmer had gone on with his work-people, a couple of strangers approached the house—a man travel-stained, supporting a woman who seemed unable to walk any further. The man told the farmer's wife that he was going to a distant village with his wife and she being ill, had broken down on the way. He asked permission for the sick woman to enter the house and rest while he went to find a conveyance to enable them to continue their journey. Permission was granted, the woman taken in, and the man left. The sick woman partook of some refreshments, and the mother and daughter went on with their work. Very soon Caramita discovered that their guest had on a pair of pantaloons under the gown. She communicated the fact to her mother, unobserved by the visitor, and the two managed quickly to slip into another room, close and lock the door. The visitor left alone and knowing that his character had been discovered, threw off his disguise and ordered the women to open the door or die. The door was not opened, and the robber began to cut through it with a knife. At length he hacked a hole big enough for his body, and he began to crawl through it. The woman fainted and fell on the floor. The brave girl seized her father's gun, which was in the room heavily charged with buckshot, placed the muzzle against the side of the man, now half way through the hole, and unable quickly to get either backward or forward, and pulled the trigger. There was an instantly dead man and a loud report. The other robber, lurking in the neighborhood, heard the shot and returned to the house to find his comrade's body plugging the hole in the door and hanging there. Before he could remove the body, which was held in the opening by the girl, and enter the room where the mother and daughter were, the father came with a force sufficient to capture the other robber. Then they sent for some police to take charge of the living robber and the corpse. On the person of the dead robber the police found two pistols, a poniard and a whistle. The whistle was a treasure now, as there were doubtless more robbers within its call. The police sounded the whistle and concealed themselves in the house to await results. The shrill call brought four more men into the house, where they were caged and ironed, and all five were marched to jail in good order, and the dead robber was buried. Little black-eyed Caramita saved her own and her mother's life and her father's money, made six robbers less in Spain and herself the heroine of La Carolina.

A Wonderful Rat Story.

While workmen were tearing up the old floor of the Central freight-house at Auburn, N. Y., lately, preparatory to relaying, they came across an unused scale-box some eight inches deep and about four feet square. It was pried up from its position, and as it was being raised a rattling sound was heard inside. The men broke it open when out jumped a monstrous rat. Chase was given the rodent, but the animal managed to escape by running into a pile of freight. The rat was as large as a good-sized kitten, and so gray from age that it was almost white. The bottom of the box from which it emerged was found to be completely covered to the depth of an inch or more with peanut shucks, corn, corn cobs and the like. The only opening that could be discovered was a small hole about an inch and three-fourth in diameter, through which a rod had passed. When young and small, the rat, it is supposed, crawed into the box, and after gorging itself with plunder was unable to get out, and thus became a voluntary prisoner. It gradually grew until it reached it reached enormous proportions. The materials found in the box indicated that other rats fed it, and thus kept it from starvation. The rodent was undoubtedly confined for several years, and the action of the other animals in supplying it with means of subsistance, shows a degree of intelligence that the rat has rarely been given credit for. How the imprisoned rat obtained water or other liquids to quench its thirst is a mystery; but that it was in the box for several years there can be no doubt. Its long imprisonment did not seem to impair its physical qualities to any extent, as was evidenced by the sprightly manner in which it dodged about to get away from the workmen when it was released.

The Mysterious Sixth Sense.

Boston Transcript.

It is often claimed that besides the five well-known senses of sight, taste, smell, hearing and feeling, there is another, unnamed and undefined, which reveals to us the presence of persons or things whose proximity is not made known by any of the senses named. How often we say "something tells us" this or that, when we cannot define what that "something" is.

During the war, a sailing vessel, loaded with miscellaneous supplies, went ashore near Hilton Head. It was desirable to get her cargo out as soon as possible, and a party of bluejackets were detailed to go on board and "break her out." The officer in charge was particular to inquire whether there was any liquor on, but he was reasurred on learning that what little there was in a cask in the lower hold, underneath the rest of the cargo, and that his men would not come to it for two days at least. Work began, and in two hours the blue-jackets, every man of them, were in a state of the most helpless intoxication, and had to be hoisted over the side, and taken back to the ship whence they came.

Investigation showed that Jack's unerring instinct had led him straight to the grog. He had literally sunk a well through the cargo until he struck a cask of whisky, knocked in its head, and imbibed its contents by the dipperful. That it knocked him off his pins is not surprising, but how did he know it was on the ship? or knowing that, how did he know where to begin his mining operations? Something told him? What was it?

The Cause of the 'Sploshin.

"I would invite you to my house, brudder Jackson," said Johnson, "but I dunno as we'll get any supper dis night, de cook stobe am so dreffully out ob repair,"

"What's de matter wid de stobe?"

"Why, you see, cold wedder am comin' on, and wood's gettin' skase and high, and I've 'structed de folks to be berry ekonomical in de usin' ob it. We'se bin' buyin' in small lots, an' las' night, bein' out ob fuel, I sent one ob my boys ober to a neighbor's to borrow a few sticks. De man or his family had gone to bed owin' to de lateness ob de hour, an' dat boy, who would 'spise to do a unhonest transaction, wrote out his note for de value ob de wood, and droppin' it in a permanent place in de wood-shed, shouldered an armful and brought it home."

"Jess so."

"A fire was kindled, de tea kittle put on, de old woman was gettin' de supper. All ob a sudden, puff went de stobe, kulush went somethin', and as I tumbled ober I saw de old woman makin' for de roof wid de tea kittle and de stobe plates followin' her, while de boys and de gals was brack wid smut."

"What was de canse ob de 'splohin?"

"I'm strongly 'clined to beliebe dat war powder in dat wood, an' dat de powder was done put in dar by dat white man to ketch some thievin' darkies what never buys no wood, and dat man 'spects me, kase he couldn't find dat note, and won't make no 'pologies."

"Dat am an outrage."

"For a fact, and de children's su p pe was spiled."

A Washington Corpse.

A correspondent of the Syracuse Courier relates an experience of his which, though startling at first and taxing to credulity, is scientifically explained. He and his friend, Nick—a young and not an Old Nick, by the way—were sitting up to watch over the body of an old gentleman. Nick lay down on a sofa for the first nap and his companion paced up and down the spacious library where the body was laid out, occasionally stopping to change the ice cloths on the face. All was silent as the tomb, save the trickling water as it dropped from the thawing ice. Suddenly the corpse began to whistle, and every hair on the watchers head bristled in horror. "Nick, come, for God's sake! The old man is getting up!" With these exclamations on his lips the startled watcher slammed the door behind him and ran home as fast as his legs could carry him, leaving Nick to face the music, as it were. Gas had formed in the dead man's stomach, and the jarring caused by the fall of pieces of ice from the forehead into pails beneath had allowed it to escape through the toothless and wrinkled mouth, so the dead man whistled like a school-boy.

Very Reasonable of Him.

There is a story told of Daniel Webster which illustrated the oddities of insurance. The underwriters on a certain vessel heard that she was scuttled off Cape Cod, and they hastily sent up to Mr. Webster's office and paid him a retaining fee of considerable amount. The officer who took this precaution had hardly got back to his place of business when he found a courier, who had ridden overland to inform the company that the ship was not scuttled by her captain, but was a legitimate wreck, and therefore litigation would not be reasonable. The officer hastened back to Mr. Webster, in hopes that his deposit would be refunded. He told the case to that pompous man as briefly as possible, and the great Webster replied:

"Then I understand you to say that you will not bring suit in this matter?"

"That is it, Mr. Webster."

"Very well, then," replied the great man, "in that case I shall make no jurther charge."

The Meanest of Monopolies.

Cincinnati Times.

One of the papers, yesterday, emmitted a deserved diatribe against the Pullman cars, for their abominable heating apparatus. One is roasted and frozen in these expensive contrivances, by turns. He pays more for the privilege of a night's lodging than he would have to at the most expensive hotel in the land, and then he is importuned by porters, and fleeced for extras that no well conducted house would tolerate. Add to this the horrors of the heats and the severities of the colds, and there are present all the condition which can make a man miserable.

The Red Wing Advance says the following notice is posted on the fence of a farmer, a short distance from that city:

"DOOK NOTIC FOR SAIL."

"Whereas I haf got mi farm sell und vant to move de west out I makes offer to sell a lod of korn oad's and haf several dons oder stuff. More also some bull heifers fresh milk gows and steers and hogs, a pig fat sow and pigs by me Johanas Schnoogle. Derms gash if you got him if not nodes segured by umpody."

JAPANESE TORTURE.

How Criminals in Japan are Baked, Burned, Mangled, and Bitten by Snakes.

This mode of torture is identical with the Sorobanzeme mentioned in the Nichi Nichi Shinbun as applied to some of the Takekashi mutineers. Five large pieces of cedar or pine wood, triangular in shape and about three feet long, are placed upon a platform, side by side, with the apexes uppermost, and upon them the accused is made to kneel in a position which exposes the front of the lower legs to the edges of the wood. This position, painful as it must be, is but the preliminary, for upon the sufferer's thighs are placed, one at a time, pieces of the Idsu stone, each weighing sixty pounds. Stones are slowly added until the accused yields and makes confession or becomes insensible.

The accused, bound hand and foot, is placed in a crouching posture in a strongly made box having a movable lid arranged to fit inside the box and to be raised or depressed at pleasure. Upon the lid of this machine weights are slowly added until a crushing power is acquired, under which nature must succumb.

An upright triangle is prepared, from which depend two ropes attached to a pole, forming an inner triangle suspended from the apex of the other. The accused is fastened to the ropes by his feet and ankles, while each arm, stretched to its fullest extent, is bound to the pole below. While the prisoner is hanging in this position, with head downward, rotary motion is given to the rope in cne direction sufficient to give it force to revolve in the other direction with great velocity during which the body of the accused is beaten with bamboo poles.

The originators of this cruel device relied upon the torment of thirst a more powerful than mere corporal suffering. The prisoner is for several days confined to an extremely salt diet, without rice or water. When two or three days have passed the craving for water becomes incessant, and the sufferings of the tortured man approach the bounds of insanity. Efforts are then made to obtain confession by subjugating the sufferer to the agony endured by Tantalus when in the midst of the infurnal lake whose waters he could not touch. On all sides the thirst-distracted prisoner beholds water —water for which he would sacrifice everything—but which he can not touch, except upon the condition of confession.

This is simply permitting the accused person to sit or recline upon a bed upon which water is continually dropping. At the appearance of sleep attendandants, by means of bells, drums, fire, and other appliances, render repose impossible; the sufferer grows wild and disordered, his mind wanders, and eventually he becomes a raving and oftentimes a hopelesss maniac.

This (kamaboko) signifies "baked fish," and is a significant title for this mode of torture. A charcoal fire is made in a hole in the ground and covered with a grating. The accused is then bound, the backs of his legs and thighs are covered with a coating of mud or clay, and he is placed in a sitting posture on the grating. The fire is then stimulated, the clay dries, cracks, and is replaced, until the continued heat causes it to tear away the inflamed and burned flesh. This was considered so horrible a practice that it was abolished in 1651.

This inhuman device equals in cruelty the method just described. A wooden horse with edged back is prepared, on which the accused is placed in a nude state. Two executioners then seize the arms and feet and draw the sufferer down backward upon the wooden edge. A machine is also used for the purpose, by means of which sufficient force can be applied to dislocate every joint, and to inflict agonizing death upon the unfortunate wretch subjected to the torture of the Mokuba.

In a cage of green bamboo the accused, bound hand and foot, is suspended with head downward. This machine revolves slowly in a circle of charcoal fires, fanned into a fierceness by the executioners. This torture is objectionable on account of the sudden fatal termination to which it is subject, the fumes of the charcoal producing asphyxia.

As its name imports, this torture, is simply the application of boiling oil to the person of the sufferer.

The accused is bound to a horizontal ladder, and the executioners force him to drink immense quantities of water. When the swollen bodies of the victim gives indication that no more water can be taken in, a broad and heavy piece of wood is used in such a manner that the water is violently driven back in the direction of the head, and forced out of eyes, mouth and nostrels. When the torture is applied with severity the victim seldom, if ever, recovers.

This consists of compelling the accused to stand upon a grating under which a gradually increasing fire is kept up. There are no means of escape, for the prisoner is surrounded by a strong fence and confined to the heated grating for motion.

In the interior of a copper tube lighted charcoal is placed. The accused is then made to grasp the tube, to which his hand is then bound, and to walk rapidly in such direction as will expose an end of the tube to the wind. By these means the torture is accelerated or lessened in proportion to the motion.

This barbarous torture is performed by binding the sufferer to a frame, exposing the whole of his back, the position being of such a kind as to strain all the important muscles. Incisions are then made in the skin, and are washed with boiling water until the wounds gape wide. Should the prisoner still be mute, or it is advisable to make a terrible example of one to strike fear into his accomplices, molten lead is then poured into the open wounds. According to the chronicle a dark vapor rises into the air, and the body speedily becomes the color of cinnabar. The consequences of this horrible torture must be apparent.

The accused is placed within a copper utensil having a perforation large enough to permit his head to pass through; a number of venomous snakes are then introduced, and spirits is poured into the box. Fire is then applied until the heated spirits drives the snakes to furious attacks upon the naked body of the victim. This torture, with hellish cruelty, is especially used in cases of women, because of the natural antipathy of the sex to reptiles and creeping things of all descriptions. —[Japan Gazette.

The Handmaids of Christ.

There has but recently been established in this city one of the most charitable and useful orders in the world. Its members are called the Poor Handmaids of Jesus Christ, and the object of the institution to which they belong is to visit and nurse the sick without fee or reward, and without regard to the sect, religion, race, color, or station in life of the invalid or his family. A reporter for this paper called at the residence of the order, a newly constructed brick building with white stone facings, three stories and a basement high, on Church street, near the corner of Eugenie. on the Nort Side, yesterday afternoon. He was met by Sister Polycarpe, the Superior in charge, and from her learned the following facts: The institution is Catholic and of German origin, having been founded over thirty years ago in Derbach, a place on the outskirts of the city Noblitz, Prussia, where the founder of the order still resides. At first not many joined it on account of the extreme riger of its discipline, and the many privations which its members were called upon to endure. It gradually increased in number, however, until there are to-day between tween 600 and 700 sisters of the order in Germany. Three years ago a branch was first transplanted to the United States, and since that time its growth and improvement have kept pace with the amount of good it has accomplished. The headquarters of "Mother House," was established at Fort Wayne, where one of the finest hospitals in the State of Indiana was erected.

A branch of the institution was started in Chicago, and this branch, in addition to the place mentioned on the North Side, has completed a large and commodious Orphan Asylum near Rosehill Cemetery, where the fatherless are taken care of for charity's sake, free of charge. The Superior said that there are seventeen sisters belonging to the order in this city at present, although plenty of work could be found for fifty if they had that number. During the present year over 200 poor families were cared for, and their sick nursed, a large proportion of them being Protestants. The Sisters do not merely visit the sick. They enlist for the war, so to speak, and stay continually by the bed-side of the patients from the time they are taken ill until death or recovery. In case the mother of a poor family is stricken down, they take entire charge of the household, caring for the children and keeping matters in order. They go wherever they are asked, and never make a cent of charge.

The Superior was asked if many American ladies joined the order.

She smiled, and said not very many; that the order was too strict. Several had joined however, and some of them belonged to the first families of the city. She mentioned one young lady's name whose relatives are among the wealthiest in Chicago and Milwaukee. She was very devout and had joined the order, having been prompted to do so by her piety.—[Chicago Journal.

Woman's Rights in Oregon.

The Legislature of Oregon, at its last session, passed a law in relation to the property rights of married women, which puts that State in advance of all others on this subject. The following are the leading provisions of the law: 1. That the property owned by a woman at the time of marriage, or acquired thereafter by gift, devise, or inheritance, shall not be liable for the debts or contracts of the husband; and that the wife may manage, sell, devise and convey the same as fully as the husband can his property. 2. That the property of either husband or wife shall not be liable for debts or contracts of the other. 3. That an action may be maintained by either the husband or wife against the other for the recovery of property of which the other has obtained possession, the same as if they were unmarried. 4. That, for civil injuries committed by the wife, damages can be recovered of her alone, except in cases where the husband is jointly responsible. 5. That conveyances of liens from one to the other shall be valid. 6. That the one may constitute the other his or her attorney for mutual benefit, or attorney in fact. 7. That the wife may recover the wages of her personal labor in her own name. 8. That the expenses of the family and the education of children shall be chargeable on the property of both husband and wife, or on that of either of them.

Only a Printer's Dream.

A printer sat in his office chair, his boots were patched and his coat threadbare, and his face looked weary and worn with care Morpheus slowly around him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept, and sleeping he dreamed that he was dead from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow-bell tolled for the peaceable rest of the cowhide sole. As he wandered among the schades that smoke and scorch in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door that cracking swung on hinges ajar, but the entrance was closed with a red-hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out, waiting for travelers thereabout, and thus to the passing printer spoke:

"Come in, my dear; it shall cost you nothing, and never fear. This is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums; for though in life they may escape, they will find when they're dead it is too late; I will show you the place where I melt them thin, with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their heads with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink; there's the red-hot grindingstone to grind his nose, and the red-hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like fire, I'll sew up their mouths with red-hot wire; and then dear sir, you should hear them squirm, while I roll them over and cool to turn."

With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke; but still at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream; and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin and never pay the printer.

Story of the Mistletoe.

This singular plant, so wiredly interwoven with the superstition and poetry of our Saxon forefathers, and inseparable from both heathen and Christian traditions of "Yuletide," is a coarse, two-leaved evergreen growing on trees, as many of the mosses and fungi do. Its leaves are oblong, and between every pair of them is found a cluster of small sticky berries—the same of which the substance called bird lime is made. During the Christmas week of 1872, the English "mistletoe bough" was offered for sale in Boston for the first time. We give our readers the following mythological account of this plant, still very dear to every English home circle. The mistletoe was the holiest plant in nature to the Druids and early Britons, for it represented their sun-god Horus, of Eastern mythology (the offspring of Deo and Virgo, which the Egyptians represented by the Sphinx), is also Baldur, the loved and early lost, whose tale in the Norse mythology is lipe a sunshiny fragment of Ionion life, dropped into the stormy center of Scandinavian existence. For Baldur, the holiest Druids sought with prayers and ceremonies on the sixth day of the moon the mistletoe which grew on the sacred oak. Its discovery was hailed with songs and sacrifices of white bullf. None but the chief priest might gather it, which was done by separating it from the tree with a golden knife. It was caught in the robe of a priest, and on no account allowed to touch the ground. In Denmark, Sweden and Norway it has still names equivalent to "Baldur brow." It was in high reputation with all pretenders to the black art, and is authoritatively said to possess the power of resisting lightning. It grows in abundance in Central Texas, and it is currently believed that even if the tree on which it grew were blasted by lightning, it was always uninjured. Chandler says that the custom of decking the house at Christmas with mistletoe is of pagan origin, and was done by the Druids to allure or comfort the sylvan spirits during the sleep of nature. It is found in abundance from Texas north to the mouth of the Ohio River. —[Potter's American Monthly.

A Story About the Joneses.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, having replenished his depleted excheque by a fortunate rise in Sierra Nevada stock, comes back with his beautiful young wife and maiden sister, to occupy his half of the Butler block on Capitol Hill. He left here five months ago for his home at Gold Hill, "dead broke," in vulgar parlance, or "busted," as the miners term it. Foreseeing the rise in mining stocks, he invested all he could raise or borrow in Sierra Nevada, and reaped a rich return. Still he had not enough to fill the measure of his opportunity. His wife had a splendid diamond necklace, for which he paid in opulent days the sum of $35,000, and which she, being a retiring little body, not given to display, had never worn but once.

"My dear," he said to her one day, "if you will let me invest your diamonds in Sierra Nevada, you shall have the proceeds for pin-money."

"As you please," said the dutiful little woman. "You know I never wear them."

Senator Jones is not the man to go hawking his wife's jewels about the streets, so he offered them to the first Jew he met, and received $12,000 for them, which he invested on margin in her name, and to-day she is worth $110,000 in registered bonds. He paid his debts, canceled the mortgage on his $100,000 worth of furniture, which Butler held as collateral for three years' rent, and in less than half a year returns with several millions to spare. And that is the way they do things "out West." The Jones family will give several grand entertainments during the winter, a la San Francisco.—[Philadelphia Times.

Killed by His Sister.

One of the saddest of tragedies was that on Friday evening, at the home of Mr. Richard Hothem, near Hillside, Westmoreland county, Pa. Mr. H. and his wife went away on a visit on Friday, leaving at home their son, Joseph, aged 22, their daughter Mary, aged 19, and two other daughters, 9 and 11 years of age, respectfully. In the evening Joseph attended a spelling "bee," cautioning his sister Mary, as he went away, to beware of tramps. At 9 o'clock he started for home, and, as he approached the house, the barking of the dogs alarmed his sisters, as Joseph was not expected back at so early an hour. It is probable the young man intended to test his sister Mary's courage, for he pulled his hat down over his face, otherwise disguised himself. When he was within a few rods of the house, Mary appeared in the doorway and hailed him: "Is that you, Joe?" But he did not answer, and continued to advance. The girl, now worked up to a pitch of excitement, again hailed the advancing figure with, "Who are you?" Still no answer, and Mary shouted again, "Is that you, Joe?" and ran into the house and armed herself with a shotgun. Returning to the door she discovered, to her surprise, the strange man standing on the steps, and as soon as she appeared he advanced toward her. "Stop," she shouted, "stop, or I will shoot you!" He took another step, and at the same instant the girl raised the gun and fired, and he sank down on the porch, groaning. "Oh, my dear sister!" "Oh, my dear brother, I have killed you!" the poor girl screamed, as she threw down the gun and carried him into the house, where he soon died.

Richard Hothem, the father, is the man who, in 1861 or 1862, picked up a fortune on the railroad near his home. He was walking along the road and saw a folded newspaper, and on picking it up found inclosed $50,000 in bank notes. He took the package to an attorney and sought legal advice.

Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers throughout the country, in the hope of discovering the loser of the money, and for over a year a dilligent search was made far and wide; but no one ever appeared to claim it, and Mr. Hothem eventually appropriated it to his own uses. A short time previous to the finding of the money a large express robbery had been perpetrated near Harper's Ferry, and it was the general belief that, being closely pressed by pursuers, the thieves had thrown the money from a car window, intending to return for it on the first opportunity of eluding the detectives.

An Impaled Hound's Frenzy.

Anaheim (Cal.) Gazette.

A rather startling episode, which nearly culminated in a tragedy, occurred at E. S. Saxton's place a few days ago. Three dogs belonging to a neighbor started a hare, which headed direct through Mr. Saxton's garden, with the dogs in full pursuit. The garden is protected by a barbed wire fence, which was successfully passed by the hare and two dogs. The third, a grayhound, was caught on the barbs, and the impetus of his leap caused the sharp-pointed projections to penetrate deep and effectually impale the brute. His piteous howls brought the whole family to his assistance, and they endeavored to disengage him from the fence. Finding this impossible, Mr. Saxton procured a hatchet and severed the strand of wire, so as to have a better opportunity to rescue the dog. This gave the brute free play for a considerable distance, and in his agony he sprang at Mr. Saxton, his fangs sinking deep into that gentleman's hands. Freeing himself Mr. S. continued his endeavors to rescue the dog, but without avail. As the animal lay upon the ground, covered with blood, and in great apparent agony, Mrs. Grosvenor, a daughter of Mr. Saxton, approached with some water. Her kindness was repaid by the dog fastening his teeth in her arm, lacerating it terribly and inflicting a terrible and painful wound. He also bit Mr. Saxton again on the leg, and sprang at his throat. Had he reached his aim, it is probable that fatal results would have ensued, but he only caught Mr. S. by the whiskers. By this time it became evident that the dog must be killed, which was accordingly done. The barbs had so worked into the sinews of the animal that the only way to disengage him was by cutting him away. Before a physician could be sent for to dress the wounds, Mrs. Grosvenor added greatly to her pain and distress by washing her arm with warm water and applying carbolic acid—a treatment which she nerved herself to endure by her fear of hydrophobia.

Jerry's Signal.

* * * Jerry and an old neighbor had gone on the bay during the thaw that preceded the bitter cold. They were "outside," and must wait for the turn of the tide to get over the bar. They were not prepared for such a sudden change in the temperature. It grew colder and still colder. Their friends on shore built up brushwood fires as beacon lights, but their boat was already fast in the ice; even if they saw the signals, they were helpless under the benumbing influences of that icy wind. They drifted out beyond these earthly shores into eternity.

A few days after this Tom came to tell me the sad news that poor old Jerry's body had been recovered. He was found dead in the bottom of the boat.

"Jerry always said," continued Tom, "that he had prayed to be allowed to give some sign that he was faithful until death, and that God was with him to the end. His prayer was granted; he gave the sign."

"What was it?" I asked.

"He took a piece of an old flag and tied it on the oar and planted it on the ice. I know Jerry meant by that 'I've got the victory.'"

"Is that all!" I exclaimed, in a tone of disappointment, expecting something more, although I could scarcely say what.

Tom went on to say: "What makes me feel more than all, ma'am, is, that if Jerry hadn't been so forgetful of himself, he might have been alive this minute. You see old Rill was with him, and what does Jerry do but takes off his own overcoat and mittens and puts them on old Bill, and wraps his comforter round Bill's neck, and so he saved Bill alive, but he was froze dead himself!"

"Tom," said I, "that was the sign that Jerry gave that he was faithful until death. That was the true Christian spirit! He needed not a flag tied on the oar. He gave his life to save another; he was faithful to the end, and Christ was with him! That was the truest signal poor Jerry could give."

Joe Payton's Trial—Medical Experts.

If physicians who are called in to testify as experts whether a murderer was insane when he did the murder would deal honestly with the tribunal and the public, they would say that they knew no more on the question than any other men; that they are not experts in murder by insane persons, nor in murder by anybody; that there is nothing in the training or practice of a physician to enable him to judge any better than other people whether the killing proves that the murderer was insane.

So also with the question whether the killer might not be insane if his father was, and whether certain acts show that his father was insane, the physician knows no more than other people. All know that there is a probability of hereditary insanity, but whether the persons acts were because of insanity is a thing that physicians can tell no better than others. The pretense of doctors to special knowledge to tell whether when the miserable Payton shot the girl he was insane, is sheer quackery.

But it is a part of the profession to pretend to a knowledge of things which are unknowable. For a physician to allow that there is anything that he does not know, would be unprofessional. And so to make this poor pretense, they come into court and answer vague questions, shaped to confuse the matter, and to impose on the minds of ignorant jurors. They help to defeat justice merely to play the quack. In the case referred to, one of them furnished an easy dodge for murderers by talking of "emotional insanity."

And so it comes about, as the testimony of medical experts, that a person who if placed under an inquest of lunacy before the killing would have been decided sane by them; who was sane enough to be at large, playing the role of a drunken, worthless loafer, is made to be insane when he has committed a horrible murder, so that he can escape the gallows. What, with Judges elected by criminals, and keeping a sharp lookout for their base, and lawyers who make the acquittal of a murderer capital for their trade in proportion to the clearness of their guilt, and jurors who make it a trade, the difficulty of bringing murders to their deserts is great enough without having physicians come in to help defeat justice for the sake of exhibiting a pretense to knowledge which they do not possess.—[Cincinnati Gazette.

A Christmas Mad Dog.

The Hartford Courant of Dec. 26, gives an account of a mad dog which created much alarm on Christmas Day by biting people and dogs in that town. The Courant says: "The Needham dog next attacked David Phelps and bit him in the leg. A Mr. Foley was passing, and the dog went savagely after him, and caught him by the coat, but did not succeed in biting him. The animal next put his jaws into the leg of a young man, but the bite was harmless, as the teeth struck against the top of a boot, and did not go through. The froth from the dog's mouth was left upon the young man's pants.

"By this time a crowd had begun to collect, and a gay young man armed with a revolver fired three shots at the animal without effect. The officer Jencks, of the police force, came along, and taking a double-barrelled shot gun followed the dog into Morgan street, and into an alley a little way down the street. As he went into the alley the dog was facing him, and he made a dive for him. He discharged one barrel of the gun, and the shot proved harmless, whereat the animal, now thoroughly enraged, came at him furiously. The officer was now in a critical condition. A crowd had gathered in the vicinity, and he must be careful about firing as the dog turned into the street. Considering his safest position to be a standing and defensive one, he stood his ground, and the dog came at him on a jump, with jaws wide open, and, as he came into close quarters, the officer let him take the barrel of the gun into his mouth, and, as he seized it with his teeth, fired, and fortunately the weapon was discharged. There was not much left of the dog. The first noticeable thing after the explosion was a dog-collar flying through the air, and what was left of the dog was lying around loose. Officer Jencks, though an old soldier, says the position he held for a few seconds was not a very cheerful one, and he really expected that the dog would get the better of him, but when he saw the dog-collar safely removed he began to feel safe himself. It was certainly a courageous act on the part of the officer. The do was 18 years old."

An American Lady Sees the Pope.

We were quite a large American party. The ladies were required to dress in black, without gloves, and wore black lace veils l'Espaagnol. Arriving at the Vatican at noon, we were ushered into the audience chamber by one of the attendants dressed in scarlet silk-brocade livery; about 400 visitors were present of all religions, many Catholics who had came long distances, others curious to witness the solemn and imposing ceremonies. After waiting perhaps an hour, during which time, women like, we had thoroughly canvassed and criticised the audience, just as they were no doubt doing with us, Leo XIII arrived, accompanied by two Cardinals, but without any other pomp or display. Removing his hat and scarlet cloak (pardon me if I do not speak technically), he appeared in a pure white robe, wearing a sash of moire antique ribbon, and scarlet slippers embroidered with gold. The visitors sat in rows around the audience chamber, and accompanied by one of his Cardinals, his Holiness, after having every person presented to him by name by the Cardinal, blessed each individual, all kneeling. Christians of all denominations kissed his hands, while the Catholics also kissed his ring and foot; the Pope seemed most benign, happy and affectionate, and at the conclusion of his long ceremony, which lasted an hour and a half, he pronounced a general benediction from the Pontifical chair, and the audience dispersed.

Pittsburg, January 8.—The number of deaths in Pittsburg in 1878 was 3,088 against 3,408 in 1877. Diphtheria was the most fatal cause.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, IND., JANUARY 15, 1879.

VENISON is slaughtered within four or five miles of Vincennes, and this, with wild game of all kinds, is in the greatest abundance, and is offered for sale at all the grocery stores in the city. Enough of rabbits, wild turkeys and quail were offered for sale in the city on Thanksgiving Day to feed half of the Queen City, while every train from the West, and all the farmers in the neighborhood were bringing in a much greater supply. During the winter game is cheaper than beef, and the butchers have but little to do in their line.

THE police raided a house of prostution in Richmoud, Indiana, the other night. The house stands on the bluffs at White Water, and Charlie Chrisman, in attempting to escape from an officer, fell over an almost perpendicular bluff of eighty feet to the cebel ow yet sprang 'tohis feet and made good his escape.

CRAWFORDSVILLE JOURNAL: For twenty years Judge George Holloway has been in the employ of Robertson & Bryant. He is now 74 years old and is a faithful workman at the coffin factory. His employers, on New Years, to show their esteem for the long-timed employe, presented to him a pair of gloves, a pair of shoes and a silk handkerchief. Captain R. E. Bryant made the presentation speech and the judge responded neatly.

A SUIT of considerable interest and importance is in progress in the circuit court at Shelbyville. Mrs. Austin sues the county for $10,000 damages for the death of her husband. The latter drove off the edge of the river bridge, north of the city, about a year ago, and lost his life by the accident. His widow alleges that her husband's death was due to the defective construction of the bridge, over which the county has control, and hence wants damages out of the public treasury.

THREE boilers in Hulman & Fairbank's distillery, Terre Haute, exploded the other day, blowing the boiler building to fragments and instantly killing William Day, the colored foreman, and Franklin Hughes. Herman Myers, a fireman, and a teamster named Crowder, were also badly injured. A horse was killed. About 150 men were employed in the building, and all escaped injury. The battery of boilers which exploded was new, having been in use less than a month. Three other batteries of three boilers each were uninjured. There were 3,500 cattle feeding in the yard, but none were hurt. The damage is estimated at $5,000 to $10,000.

THE apportionment of the school revenue for January, 1879, has just been published by Professor J. H. Smart, State Superintendent of Public Instruction. The totals show the following: Number of children between the ages of six and twenty-one years, 699,153; amount derived from tax, $644,005.25; interest on common school fund, $83,370.69; paid to balance interest account, $24,252.30; unclaimed fees, $497.11; total amount collected, $752,125.35; total amount apportioned, $874,534.40; per capita, $1.24. This leaves a balance in the Treasury to the credtt of the school fund of $1,762.73. Marion county has 33,899 children, pays $74,726.30 into the Treasury and receives $42,034.76. The counties that pay into the Treasury larger sums than are apportioned to them are Bartholomew, Benton, Carroll, Decatur, Delaware, Fayette, Hamilton, Hancock, Hendricks, Henry, Johnson, Lagrange, Marion, Montgomery, Newton, Parke, Putnam, Rush, Shelby, Union, Vermillion, Warren, Wayne—23, just one-fourth of the entire number in the State.

A Look Into Vesuvius.

Mrs. Gen. Collis, who has been travelling in Europe for the last seven months, and whose graphic letters have been read with general interest, writing from Italy, describes her visit to the erupting crater of Vesuvius as follows: "I pushed to the very mouth of the crater—yes, and looked down right into the yawning abyss. Unlike Sir Charles Coldstream, I did see something in it, and heard it too. Never shall I forget those awful moments. From deep down into the very heart of the mountain, how far beneath me I cannot say, came a rumbling of distant thunder, followed by more rapid and sharp detonating sounds like the explosion of fire-arms, then a flash, a peal of thunder, and presently it belched forth dense clouds of smoke, ascending to an incredible height, followed by a discharge of fiery red boulders, small stones, streams of molten lava, and scarlet flame. The interior of the crater seemed lined with layers of pure sulphur, of a beautiful yellow tint, made more intense by contrast with the immense body of black lava by which I was surrounded. Deep down into the crater seemed a sea of smouldering fire. It is extraordinary how little we realize the danger of an adventure like this until it is over. Had I learned before I started of the sad fate which six years ago befell a similar party of explorers, I might have hesitated. It was in 1872 that a party of twenty students from Naples ascended the mountain during an eruption. They stood upon the brink of the crater, when suddenly they were enveloped in a cloud of sulphurous smoke and falling projectiles. Eight of them (some say all) perished, and I believe only two of their bodies were ever recovered. The descent was pleasant enough; in fact the sensation was more agreeable than otherwise, for at every step our safety was assured by the sinking of our feet into the deep ashes and scoriæ. We arrived at Naples at about 7 p. m., delighted with our most profitable work, and regretting only that our glories and adventures were not shared by those absent ones whose society would have made the joy of the day absolutely complete."

Mrs. Weldon.

Mrs. Weldon, some years ago the rage of London society as an amateur vocalist, when she was Georgiana Treherne, is making a vigorous effort to get the British lunacy laws amended. She claims that her husband (who separated from her after Gounod ended his dalliance with her at Tavistoch House) has unsuccessfully tried to kidnap her and confine her in a mad house, but the spirits saved her once and the police at another time. Gladstone has become interested in the woman's agitation, and has forwarded her statement to Lord Shaftesbury, head of the Lunacy Commission, but her suggestions were found to furnish no ground for amending the laws. Charles Reade also approves of Mrs. Weldon's spirit and vindictiveness, and, in his bitterly blunt way, thanks God that she is not one of the forgiving fools. By lectures and by personally appearing before the courts, she is still striving to help her cause before the public.

An Aesthetic Youth.

Elmira Gazette.

It was at Binghampton. He was an æsthetic young man at a ball. The floor manager had introduced him to a divine young creature in blue and they stood in the set waiting for the promptor's call. "What a charming assembly," remarked the young man, gazing around on the array of beautiful faces and costumes. 'There is something so captivating, so etheralizing in these gatherings of culture and refinement that I am always charmed when I can mingle with such a joyous throng. Do you not pronounce this as a fashionable and intelligent soiree—a superior gathering of beauty and gentility?" "It's the boss," replied the gentle creature in blue, as she arranged the fastenings of a neat little glove. The young man had to be carried out of the hall.

A beautiful girl in Iowa, named Jemima, recently committed suicide because she could find no dimmutive for her name ending in "ie." A few hours afterwards came a letter from a classmate beginning, "Dear, darling Mimie," but it was too late, and she was borne to the grave by eight companions, named respectively, Abbie, Bessie, Carrie, Dollie, Ettie. Florrie, Georgie and Hattie.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Ten loaves of Bread for 25 cents at Conrad & Beamer's.

Do you smoke the "Daisy?"

Choice line of fine Havana Cigars of the Best Brands at **John Cost's** Drug Store.

Conrad & Beamer, the Bakers and Confectioners, sell **Ten Loaves of Bread for 25c.**

All the new and choice Odors in bulk and bottled Perfumes at **Cost's Drug Store,** 321 Fourth street, 3m2-521

J. E. Regan, practical Horse Shoer; wall street, between Pearl and Fourth. All work warranted to give satisfaction and done promptly.

George Ash, the enterprising Furniniture man, sells a great many goods, but always keeps his stock replenished. For Upholstery he cannot be excelled. His taste in selecting goods is excellent.

At *Hick's Restaurant* can be had Warm Meals, Lunch, Cigars, Candies! Oysters, Game, etc., and everything nice. Call. Broadway, near Murdock Hotel. Open day and night.

Jas. A. Hill & Son,
Fashionable Barbers
and Hair Dressers.
First class work guaranteed. Bridge st., opposite Dolan's opera house.

I. N. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor. Market and Fifth. 171

Try the "Daisy" Cigar and you will always buy it.

Deboo can make a lame horse walk good, and it is all done in the shoeing. Shop on North street, above canal. Everything in his line done promptly. Give him a call.

Lee W. Redd, Druggist and Pharmacist, keeps constantly a large and pure stock of Drugs, Medicines, etc., and best brands of cigars; Prescriptions filled carefully and promptly; Market street, near Bridge.

J. D. Ferguson sells *Oysters* cheaper than any one in the city; the Best Bread to be had; lunch at all hours for everybody; and candies and confectioneries for the thousands.

J. P. Webster, The Jeweler, the well known and reliable, can always be depended on for correct time. What he tells you he means. At City Drug Store, Fourth street.

To FIND OUT WHAT 10c WILL DO toward getting a SUBSTANTIAL LUNCH, call around at **Swigart's** Candy Manufactory, and if you ain't satisfied you can't be.

Geo. W. Hoffman, City Drug Store, keeps pure drugs and patent medicines. Also a full line of toilet goods, perfumes, brushes, combs, etc, Fourth street.

Home again. *H. Ball, Jr.*, has got back to the old stand, but it is a more convenient building to do business in. He intends to have the largest stock in town. Market street.

Mrs W. J. Potter keeps the latest styles of dress patterns at her millinery store. See wire sign across the street above the post office.

John Brown & Son, the old reliable dry goods dealers, are at 412 Market street, with a full and complete stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, which they are selling out at low prices.

Henry Tucker, Dealer in Harness, Saddles, whips, Robes, etc. Repairing harness etc, done by competent workmen. Market street, east of Fourth.

Harry Denbo, 419 Twelfth St. manufactures and sells choice cigars and keeps always on hand the favorite brands of tobacco. Harry insists that his stock, prices and goods cannot be beat anywhere.

John Winch, Boot and Shoe maker. All work done in approved manner; Repairing of all kinds done neatly, promptly, and at lowest rates; Shop on south side Broadway, opposite Howe office. 3m2-521

Ask for Markley's "Daisy," the best 5-cent cigar in America.

Frank Harwood. The Fashionable Tailor of Market Street, has a nice line of goods. Do not fail to go and see some of the nice suits he makes.

Leffert & Co., Tailors, will make to order plain or fashionable suits at reasonable terms and promptly. Goods are the best. Cor. Sixth and Broadway. 4t20*

T. B. Rhodes sets the best lunch in town. Warm meals at all hours. Oysters in every style. Candies of all kinds. Bread, confectioneries, etc. Call on him, farmers, at 321 Market street. 3m17—521

Geiger Bros. sell the excellent 5 cent **"Custer,"** and 10 cent **"Justice" Cigars** Try them once and you will smoke no other. Cigar Cases and Holders, Pipes, etc. The best brand of Tobaccos on hand. Market st.

Martin E. Lux offers great inducements to the trade; his stock of staple and fancy **Groceries** is large and complete in every particular, and prices as low as the lowest; up-town people and others will find it to their advantage to give him a call. Corner of Twelfth and Spear streets.

The "Daisy" is the favorite of all who have tried it. Nothing can compare with it. Smoke it once and you smoke it always.

OPERA HOUSE.

Thursday Evening, January 16.

THE WONDERFUL

Bob Burdette

The Funny Man

OF THE

Burlington Hawkeye,

Will deliver the above evening his

HUMOROUS LECTURE,

Pronounced by the press and the people to be the most exceedingly laughable production of the Nineteenth Century.

Those who can enjoy a good

LAUGH,

And genuine, unadulterated wit, should hear

BOB BURDETTE.

The usual prices of admission will be charged

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas!

H. T. MANLOVE, DENTIST.

Rooms over Murdock's Store, corner Fourth and Broadway, Logansport, Ind, 1y2-4

DR. A. MYERS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE—416 Market street, three doors from Pearl street.

FRANK SWIGART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Logansport, Indiana.

All matters left with him given given prompt attention. 19-3m521

MISS R. E. BOWMAN,

MUSIC TEACHER,

Lessons in Vocal and Instrumental Music given at reasonable terms.

Rooms: Over Peters' book store. 3m19-021

MRS. M. E CORNELL,

MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN.

Treats Ladies and Children.

303, Northwest Corner of Broadway an Seventh streets. 3m19-021

Just Received

NEW GOODS at Very LOW PRICES.

Ladies' Gold Watches	$20.00,	$25.00, to	$60.00
Gents' Gold Watches	30.00,	40.00, "	85.00
Silver Elgin Watches	10.00,	15.00, "	25.00
Ladies' Neck Chains	2.50,	5.00, "	25.00
Crosses	1.50,	3.00, "	10.00
Lockets	1.50,	2.00, "	10.00
Gold Guard Chains	22.50,	25.00 "	50.00

H. C EVERSOLE, Jeweler,

3m17-004 First Jewelry Store West of the Post Office

WILSON & SON

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FINE STOCK OF

SILVERWARE !

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY OF

REED & BARTON,

WHICH MAKE

SURPASSES ALL OTHERS, BOTH IN DESIGN AND FINISH

—(:o:)—

ALL GOODS ENGRAVED FREE OF CHARGE.

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"WE STORM THE FORT."

BLUE RIBBON TEMPERANCE

"GEMS OF SONG!"

THE BEST MURPHY TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK EVER PUBLISHED !!

THIRD EDITION—THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

Contains, besides **thirty familiar, soul-stirring Murphy songs**, a condensed history of the movement, its principles and purposes, how to conduct meetings, modes of action, etc., etc.

DR. J. E. MCFARLAND writes: "*It is just* THE *song book for revival meetings.*"

It is neat and handsomely printed and bound, and has been sold in nearly every state. Every Murphy union that is alive to the work should use them. Sample copies, by mail, 6c.

Single Copies, 5c. Per Fifty, $2.00. Per Hundred, $3.50,

Address, W. H. LEEDY, or H. C. EVERSOLE, Logansport, Ind.

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WILLARD N. HALL,

Printer, Ruler and Binder,

Has removed to Hall Building,

Cor. Fourth & North St

(Old Pharos Building, where he is prepared to do all kinds of

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THE SINGER M'F'G CO. have REMOVED their office to a room OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, where they will keep on hand a large stock of Machines of every style. Also, all Parts, Attachments, Twist, Linen, and Cotton at greatly reduced prices. Needles, 25 cents per dozen, etc., etc.

Special attention given to Repairing all kinds of old Machines. Please give them a call, and don't forget the place, just opposite the p. o. 3m1-521 GEO. W. WERNER, Agt.

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FLORA, INDIANA.

Agent's Outfit, $1.00.

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.'s manufacture of Instruments are pronounced the very best in the market, and can be bought on monthly payments, or cheap for ready cash.

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225 Broadway, West Side.

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THE CHEAPEST.

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Doors, Blinds, Mechanics' & Farmers' Tools of all kinds,

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BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

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IMPORTERS OF

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PLEDGES By mail, postage paid, 40c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

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Trunks, Traveling Bags, Satchels, & Shawl Straps

To be found in the city. Trunks and Sample Cases made to order. Our prices are always the lowest. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. 3m17-002

FOR SEWING MACHINES.

I have selected the

IMPORTED SINGER

that is manufactured in Montreal, Canada, being the very best in the market, with all the latest improvements, having a loose balance wheel so that the bobbin can be wound without running the Machine. Bear in mind that these Machines are NOT made by the Singer M'f'g Co. They are superior in every respect, and are all new, none of them being old ones made over. Respectfully,

G. P. WASHBURN, 506 Broadway.

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DENTAL ROOMS,

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REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

No. 324 Market-st., T. P. Swigart's old stand.

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MURDOCK BARBER SHOP.

WM. KRAUT, Proprietor.

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING

In most fashionable style.

BATH ROOMS CONNECTED

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ALL KINDS OF CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES,

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N P Riddle

The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE.—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., JANUARY 29, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 3

SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS—NOTE-WORTHY EVENTS.

THE WORK AS IT IS PROGRESSING EVERYWHERE.

Shelbyville has 1,280 signers.

The work is doing well in Moline.

No more saloons at Richmond, Ky.

The work is moving at Danvers, Ill.

Pope county, Minn., is without a saloon.

George W. Calderwood is in Topeka, Kansas.

Adel, Iowa, has closed up the last rum den.

At Mooney, Jackson county, they have 252 Murphys.

Milwaukee is favored with a rousing temperance revival.

The Murphy temperance meetings at Colnmbia City are largely attended.

The young ladies of Chicago have fully organized to combat intemperance.

Mayor Heath, of Chicago, says he will enforce the law closing saloons on Sunday.

The Hollanders are holding successful weekly temperance meetings in Chicago.

A SALOONATIC was find $100 at Liberty, a few days ago, for violating the liquor law.

The State Prohibition Convention of Ohio, will be held at Columbus on the 20th of Feb., 1879.

The Temple of Honor has done a wonderful work in Horicon, Wis., in the last three years.

Over five thousand persons have signed the total abstinence pledge in Hancock county, Ohio.

THE irrepressible General Sam Carey has gone back to his first love, and is lecturing on temperance.

Mrs. C. B. Russell has met with the the greatest success in the temperance work at Bushnell, Ill. The town is wide-awake.

FRANCIS MURPHY has closed his labors in New York city. They resulted in inducing 25,000 persons to sign the pledge.

A pledge is being circulated among candidates for office, in Maryland, promising not to "treat" any person to intoxicating liquors on election day.

THE liquor-dealers in Iowa City who were compelled to close their saloons on Sunday, are retaliating on the milkmen, who are being arrested and fined.

The Iowa State Register, speaks in highest praise of Capt. Boutecue as a temperance worker. He organized the first ribbon society in that State at Keokuk.

FOUR quart bottles of strong beer, a pint of brandy and a pint of sherry is the fire-water consumed by the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon in a day, according to Neal Dow.

Hon. John Seboski, for nearly twelve years State Lecturer of the Good Templars of Illinois, has retired from that position, and will engage in the practice of law.

According to the statement of the Spirit of the Hour, the liquor dealers of Nebraska are forming a conspiracy to defeat the passage of a prohibitory law in that State.

"You oughtn't to drink," says a friend "see how it makes you stagger when you try to walk." "Thaz ari," says the wretch, "I ossent try to walk; thaz whaz the matter."

At the last meeting of the Reform Club of Clinton, Iowa, a committee of five was appointed to see that the law forbidding the sale of wine and beer to minors was enforced.

Women were allowed to vote on the question of selling lager beer at Plymouth, Massachusetts, the other day, and the sale of the liquor was prohibited by a two-thirds majority.

J. B. Hill, the Supreme Templar for the United States, of the U. O. A. T., is still organizing temples in Kansas. The order is growing finely, and makes friends wherever introduced.

It was stated at the late Social Science Congress in England, that the deaths by intemperance, direct and indirect, in the United Kingdom can not be less than 120,000 annually.

The first annual meeting of the citizens' League, for the suppression of the sale of liquor to minors, was held in Chicago on the evening of the 14th. The report showed a good work done.

The Rev. Father John Macdonald, of Glengarry, Canada, is the oldest priest in North America, his age being 97 years, and the years of his priesthood being 73 He is and has been a total abstainer all his life.

GOVERNOR ROBINSON, of New York, regards the Inebriate Asylum of that State as a great humbug, which ought to be abolished. He says it has become, practically, a mere hotel for the entertainment of wealthy inebriates.

Dr. Henry A. Hart, of New York, announces a new plan of temperance reform, and invites the liquor-dealers to co-operate. He proposes that drunkenness be made a felony, and the sale of pure liquors be unrestrained. Bah!

The Brandon (Mississippi) Republican says that lands can be purchased in that State for ten cents an acre, while whisky costs fifteen cents a drink, and yet there are people that are landless who spend a dollar a day for whisky.

Having treated more than 500,000 patients, I give it my decided opinion that the constant moderate use of stimulating drinks is more injurious physically, than the now-and-then excessive indulgence in them.—[Dr. Maciore, of Liverpool Hospital.

Liquor-drinking Scotland has been told a blunt truth by the Lord Provost of Glasgow, that the loss of £5,000,000 which has fallen on the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank represents but its six months' expenditure for strong drink.

Some brave Christian women of Louisville, Kentucky, are working up a petition to the Mayor for an enforcement of the Sunday law. The man who refuses to sign their petition may claim to be a Christian, but God knows, and the devil knows, that he is not.

The temperance outlook in Massachusetts was never more hopeful than at present. The clergy are awakened and the pulpits of the state resound with words or timely warning, while the church is stirred to renewed activity in battling against its greatest enemy.

The State I. O. G. T., of Nebraska, visited Governor Nance recently in regalia in behalf of prohibition. He replied to their address that he had confidence in the Legislature that they would legislate on the subject of temperance, as it would best promote the welfare of the people.

Augustus had a New Year's card,
Bevel-edged and gaudy,
And everywhere Augustus went
He swapped it off for toddy.

Augustus gave the card around
Until he used the stock up,
And woke, a sadder, wiser man,
Next morning, in the lock-up.

Next to the women comes the clergy in the pulpit, the teacher in the schoolroom, the mother in the home circle, and the father in his business relations—with their voices raised against the evils of intemperance for good. We need all the helps that can be enlisted, and especially do we need more from the press and people.—[Mitchell Times.

Mother (to daughter who has just given alms to a poor tramp)—"Now, what in the world did you do that for? Suppose he should buy rum with it?" Poor tramp (overhearing, and making a low courtesy)—"But I promise I will not, my dear madam. I prefer gin."—[Oil City Derrick.

"But give them [members of the Ohio Legislature] the proof that the majority of Ohio's voters will sustain them if they destroy intemperance, and will defeat them if they do not do so, and they will hesitate no longer. There is no logic to convince a politician's mind so effectually as the logic of election or defeat."—[Rev. J. C. Jackson's Temperance Sermon.

LEXINGTON, Ill., Jan. 14.—The election is over. The votes were counted out, and the majority for the charter and for temperance is 34. This has been the most exciting election in Lexington for ten years. The streets are full of people, and great rejoicing prevails. All honor to the pastors of the churches, and to the people also. Lexington is still a temperance town.

THE Ohio Legislature has just passed a local option bill. According to its provisions the township trustee, upon application of thirty citizens of any township, shall order a vote to be held on the first Monday in April. If a majority of the vote is in favor of the sale of intoxicating liquors, the seller will be subject to the penalties now existing by statutes; but if a majority is opposed, every saloon must be shut up on the first day of June following.

"If you prefer the keg of lager or the bottle of wine to me," said Mary, "just take them to the magistrate, and get married to them." "What do you mean?" asked John. "Just what I say," she replied "I don't want a young man to come here evenings chewing cloves to cover his breath, and hide his habits of drinking. If you like lager better than you do me, just marry it at once, and don't divide your affections between a woman and wine—or a woman and lager; love and liquor have no affinity."

The people at Clinton, Illinois, are greatly excited over the whisky trials which are now in progress. For the last seven months whisky has been sold there in open defiance of the anti-license ordinance passed some time since. J. G. Cackley was tried for two days, and yesterday (Sunday) the jury, after being out all night, returned a verdict of guilty, and fined him $55 and costs. To-day more saloon keepers will be tried. Our temperance people are highly elated over the result and hope to put an end to whisky.

Mrs. Emma Malloy, of Indiana, has engagements in England, Scotland, and Wales every evening up to May 1st., and has been obliged to decline over one hundred invitations to lecture. The Grand Worthy Chief Templar of England writes: "No woman who has come into Great Britian has won her way so quickly into the hearts of our people. If the Lord spares her to continue the work, I am sure her name will be second to no American who has ever visited our shores."

The temperance workers have started in on the campaign of 1879. Schoolhouse meetings will be held during the entire year. Our friends at distant points of the county need not think the work is lagging because meetings are not advertised at their points. The cause was never in as healthy condition as now. Public sentiment is getting right. Temperance is a thing that has come to stay. If it takes one, two or three years we intend to be at the death of licensed dram-shops in our county.—[Corrydon Republican.

Will Not Bear Investigation.

The following, taken from the National Temperance Advocate, is very significant. It shows clearly that the liquor traffic will not bear that investigation which would be welcomed in any honorable and legitimate business:

"Mr. J. E. Wolf, editor and publiisher of the World of Truth, Newburyport, employed a detective to visit the drinking houses of the place, and he printed a verbatim report of what he saw. This so enraged the hotel-keepers that Mr. Wescott, proprietor of the Ocean House, assaulted the detective, knocking one eye nearly out, and then, coming up behind Mr. Wolfe, knocked him over, choked him, and pulled out part of his beard. These are the usual arguments of the rumseller. Doing business behind screens and blinds and painted windows, when the hideous scenes are revealed to public gaze they show the devilish nature of their business. The whole business is brutalized and debasing."

Wescott's dastardly act of cowardice shows the inborn brutish nature of the average rum-vender. Like thieves and murderers, the day is not distant when justice will hunt them down as such.

A War of Words.

"The spelling Bee came off last evening at Murphy Hall, as per announcement and was an immense affair. The liberal, prizes offered attracted a large number of contestants, and the conflict was sharp and spirited. The first prize, (a horse and buggy,) was captured by Miss Rebecca Deckard. The second prize, (a horse and sleigh,) fell to the lot of Will. Leedy. The third prize, a fine autograph album, was fairly won by Miss Ella Shideler. The first two prizes were built somewhat after the fiat plan, but the last was genuine. The spelling school, conducted like that of last evening, is a luxury that is both useful and amusing, and the wonder is that there are not more of them."—[Daily Journal, of 18th.

OUR HOPE.

THE BAND OF HOPE TAKES A FREE SLEIGH-RIDE.

AND GIVES AN ENTERTAINMENT IN CLAY TOWNSHIP.

The Proceedings—Card of Thanks—Personal, Etc., Etc.,

THE children of the Band of Hope seem to be the "favored of the favored." On the evening of the 18th, the matrons of the band, Mrs. Kingman and Mrs. Trueman, provided the little folks with a free ride, and the people of Clay township (where they "boil over") with an excellent entertainment.

Six sled-loads left this city for "the scene or activity" at 6 p. m., and in among and over and under the mass of warriors might have been found a diminuitive representative of THE SIGNAL, engaged as a special war reporter.

Arriving at Bethel church, the house was literally crowded with the people of the vicinity, though capable of holding several hundred.

President S. R. Mellinger, of Bethel, bade the vistors welcome in brief and appropriate language, and characteristic of his hospitality.

President, Master Oliver Zook; Vice President, Master Emmet Mulholland; Chaplain, Master Charlie Marshall; Organist, Miss Mamie Cushman, and all the officers of the Band took their positions.

The exercises were then formally begun by singing, Scripture lesson and prayer.

After which the following programme of songs and recitations was observed:

Love Your Enemies, - Charlie Marshall
The Serpent of the Still, - Mamie Cushman
The Soldier, - - - Eddie Kinneman
Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No,—
Emma Kreider
Temperance Song, - - Artie Kingman
Song by Band.
Playing Lady, - - - Lizzie Bruner
A Good Name, - Johnnie Heatherington
The Birdie's Song, - - - May Kingman
He Didn't Think, - - - Frank Stoll
Give Up, - - - - Charlie Bruner
Song—"Little Brown Jug"—new version—
Duet, Ada and Mamie Cushman; chorus by the Band.
Song by Band.
Lips that Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine, - - - - - Ada Cushman
Mr. Nobody, - - - - - Henry Stoll
The Servant Girl, - - Minnie Smith
The Dutchman's Lager, - Henry English
Diadem, - - - - - Clemmie Cook
Duet, - - - Ada and Mamie Cushman
Juvenile Temperance Pledge, - Lola Willetts
What are we going to do, - Willie Gossage
The Rumseller's Sign. - - - Ada Bell
Who has Killed the Flowers, Ettie VanMeter
Recitation, - - - - Charlie Miller
This world is not so bad a world,—
Lillie Himmelberger
I've been drinking too much wine,—
Hattie Barger
Recitation, - - - Newty Kingman
The Secret of Success, - Charlie Sumner
Lift Him Up, - - - - Kittie Knight
Temperance Song, - - - Dickie Roach
Song, - - - - Master H C Cushman
Essay, - - - - - Harry Marshall
Advice to Boys. - - - Dickie Tyner
Father's Home. - - - Mattie Hutson
The mocking-bird—song,—
Mamie and Ada Cushman
The Helper, - - - - Walter Mabin
Song medley, - Mamie and Ada Cushman

Each recitation and song was rendered with remarkable ability, and reflected to the credit of the participants.

The conduct of the little folks during the entire evening was marked with a character of gentility and manliness that won the profound respect of the audience.

President Mellinger, by request of the band, spoke for a short time, speaking in highest praise of the band, its work, and purpose, and urged faithfulness on the part of all connected with it.

Upon request, W. H. Leedy added a few words.

The entertainment closed.

SUPPLEMENT.

Master Zook, the President, is a bright and pleasant little fellow, and we are pleased to see him occupying the position of honor. He will never betray the trust imposed in him by his associates.

The officers all seem capable of performing their duties with ability, and the band is fortunate in having them.

Too much praise cannot be given the Matrons for their careful attention and efficient management.

The band is composed of scores of bright little faces that reflect innocence of the purest type. May those faces never bear the marks of sorrow, sin or adversity.

Several visitors were present from this city.

Appreciating the favors shown them on the above occasion, the Matrons have issued the following

CARD OF THANKS:

The Band of Hope wish to return thanks through these columns for favors conferred on them Saturday evening last by Major McFadin, Messrs. A. E. Taylor, Murry, Himmelberger, Davis, Cushman and Cook, for providing teams and sleigh for their ride. And especially to Mr. Charley Cook, who drove sixteen miles in order to furnish a team for the little ones. Also to the friends of Bethel Church for the manner and hearty reception that awaited us there. Also for the donations presented the little ones. The remarks by Messrs. Mellinger and Leedy were highly appreciated by all.

MRS. N. H. KINGMAN,
Matron.
MRS. A. A. TRUMAN,
Assistant Matron.

Licentiousness and Intemperance.

IN the first annual report of the Women's National Christian Union, read before the convention in Baltimore, November 5th, 1878, we find the following:

Pittsburg, a stronghold of the liquor interests, is noted for the number and boldness of the houses of prostitution. Many of these are connected with saloons. The proprietors of some thirteen saloons issued flaming advertisements for waiter girls. They pictured their rooms, with fountains and flowers, as perfect Edens of beauty. Money and pleasure were promised, and times being hard many responded.

About two hundred girls of all ages, and a few married women, entered these saloons for the purpose of enticing customers. As might be expected, these places soon became the haunts of young men and boys, who were being ruined. We called on the Mayor, and influences were brought to bear on the Councils, and the evil was suppressed as a nuisance. The spring after the Murphy movement, the liquor-sellers raised money and carried the matter to court, and there the Judge declared the ordinance unconstitutional, as preventing women from earning their own living. The saloons opened up again with waiter girls, bolder than ever. We got up a petition, asking the Legislature to suppress the evil, circulated it, and in five days had 9,000 womens' signatures, the largest petition ever presented to the Legislature. We carried it in duplicate for each House, to Harrisburg, and quietly entrusted it into the hands of good men. A bill already before the House, having passed the first reading, was amended as to entirely suppress this evil. The bill passed both Houses and was law so far as waiter girls are concerned in the State. As a preventive measure, and if possible to find out to what class these girls belong, we circulated a letter done up in a neat envelope, among those saloons, asking the girls to come to our Home for Destitute Women and we could find them something to do. Of the number employed only nine came asking assistance, and but two accepted of our offers of help; one of these was a married woman, and the other a subject for the hospital. Our suspicions were more than confirmed that these girls were brought from the brothels. A notorious woman who kept a saloon, tried to evade the law by entering into partnership with nine of her waiter girls. She, however, was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of $900, or $100 for each waiter girl employed—being the lowest penalty allowed by the Act.

Spiritual Facts.

That whisky is the key by which many gain entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

That brandy brands the noses of all who can not govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailings, while beer brings many to the bier.

That champagne is the cause of many real pains.

That gin-slings have "slewed" more than the slings of old.

That the reputation of being fond of cocktails is not a feather in any one's cap.

That the money spent for porter which is supplied by portly gents, would support many a poor family.

That porter is a weak support for those who are weak in body.

COL. D. N. HEATH has just retired from the presidency of the Crawfordsville union, a position he has occupied since ths union was organized. While his successor is spoken of very highly, it must be universaliy regretted that such staunch men as Col. Heath should be compelled to relax their vigilance and guardianship by the twang of opposition. He has been, and will continue to be, we believe, one of the foremost workers in the state.

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The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

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X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

AFGHANISTAN grapes are as large as walnuts.

MR. BUG HASH is a resident of Lebanon, Kentucky.

INDIA contains 240,000,000 inhabitants, and 20,000 priests.

A LOWELL baboon died of fright. Saw himself in the glass.

FELT bonnets embroidered with gold, are among the novelties.

THE most successful settlers in Texas are said to be the Germans.

THE Portuguese African explorers have experienced great trouble from the attacks of lions.

A SNAKE a yard long passed through the London Post Office recently, and got loose among the letters.

A STEAMER moored on Lake Zurich, Switzerland, recently sank from the weight of snow accumulated on it.

THE American Iron and Steel Association at Philadelphia reports itself satisfied with the condition of trade.

NEW YORK CITY imported during 1878 the enormous quantity of 1,851,429 gallons of wines, exclusive of champagne.

NEVADA has $600,000 in her treasury, and the people are urging the building of an insane asylum and a school of mines with it.

THE present low price of cotton has induced a Russian firm to order at Charleston, S. C., 3,940 bales for direct shipment to Sebastopol.

COL. ROBERT P. CROCKETT, the only surviving son of Davy Crockett, is reported to be living in Hood county, Texas, old, infirm and poor.

"WHAT is the use of that man planting nis name twice on his sign?" said a gentleman to his friend, as he pointed to a sign which read "J. E. Weller, Jeweller."

MRS. COL. FORNEY will be seen in society again. She has just completed painting a porcelain set of 140 pieces. Philadelphia ladies are too happy to call upon her.

THE coldest spot in North America, Battleford, Canada, has a newspaper newly established—the Saskatchewan Herald. Battleford is 750 miles west of Winnepeg, Manitoba.

SO DELICATE is the machinery for cutting out wood for papering walls that 200 leaves are cut from an inch of white maple and 125 out of wood with open grain, such as oak and walnut.

A GIRL 12 years old recently died in Liverpool from drinking too much whisky. She was sent into the cellar for some purpose, and finding a whisky bottle, set about drinking its contents.

THE King of Sweden has stopped a run on a Stockholm bank, and perhaps averted a serious panic, by opening a heavy private account with the institution whose solvency was called in question.

THE property of Pius IX is being sold at the Vatican. Everything, from superb jeweled crucifixes to empty bottles, is offered at the sale, which is semi-public. The prices are not exorbitant.

BY the breaking of the ice on the River Ouse, at Littleport, near Ely, in England, on the day before Christmas, fifty persons were percipitated into the water, and six of them were drowned.

The latest sweet thing in verdicts has been returned by a coroner's jury at Tunbridge Wells: "The child was suffocated, but there is no evidence to show that the suffocation was before or after death."

THE Mayor of a Georgia town, so young that it possesses no jail, had two prisoners put under a wagon box turned upside down on the ground, and secured them by placing two cotton bales on top.

GEN. GRANT is quoted as saying that if he were not an American he would be an Englishman. He is said to have taken a hearty liking to the Prince of Wales, of whom he saw a good deal in Paris last summer.

DR. STROUSBERG, of Berlin, is a magnificent bankrupt. His debts amount to 70,012,355 marks, and his assets to 2,452,286 marks. He proposes to pay 3 per cent. if his creditors will give him three years to do it in.

THE Order of St. George is the most important in Russia, the Grand Cordon being given to those only who have commanded 100,000 men in a successful war. The Emperor of Germany is the senior knight now living of the wearers of this honor.

MISS HARRIET HOSMER is complimented by the World of London as the greatest of the few female sculptors the world has ever seen, and one of the very few among those who have produced strong work, and not mere prettinesses.

THE death-rate of Atkinson, New Hampshire, is phenominally low—about 1 per cent. Many years have passed without a death. The rate of mortality last year was about three-quarters of 1 per cent., the four persons who died being 92, 75, 72 and 69 years old.

SHEEP husbandry in Western Texas has grown at a marvelous rate. In 1866 San Antonia received but 600,000 pounds of wool, while in 1877 she received 2,000,000. In 1866 there were shipped from Corpus Christi 600,000; this year there will be shipped 6,500,000.

THE Territory of Alaska has a great navigable river like the Amazon. It is named the Yukon, and rises in British America. At a point 600 miles from the sea, the Yukon is more than a mile in width. Unfortunately, this fine stream is too near the Arctic circle to be an aid to commerce.

KAROLI is a Parisian, and loves pictures and fine crockery. Karoli is rich, and has been so from birth, but several years ago, while he was in London his father cut off his supplies, and he started as an assistant to an animal tamer. Since that time he has tamed tigers and serpents, so that there is no man who can claim to be his rival.

LAST year the State of Nebraska raised 15,000,000 bushels of wheat, 42,000,000 of corn, and 12,000,000 of oats, barley and rye. There are now within the State 1,320 miles of railway, over 200 miles of which was constructed during 1878. The railroads have done much to encourage immigration, and are yet working in this direction with great zeal.

THEEBAW, the new King of Burmah, was educated by an English missionary and has chosen for his Prime Minister a man who has visited both England and France. The new monarch signalized his accession by abolishing, in so far as foreigners are concerned, the rule of the court which compelled every one to remove his shoes in the royal presence.

THE Burlington Free Press mentions the case of a family in Cornwall, Vt., the children of which were sent twice, unsuccessfully, to a neighbor's to catch the measles. Afterward the parents learned, to their horror, that the neighbor's children were afflicted not with the measles, but the small-pox. At last accounts, however, the children of these people were still well.

THE Colorado Ute Indians, after a week's negotiation, have agreed to sell to the Government an area of four miles square of their lands in the Owray valley, demanded by people working mines in that district, which are inaccessible except through all these lands. The three tribes of Utes of Colorado will sell altogether twelve million acres of their reservations.

THE eruption of mud at the foot of Mount Ætna continues, and a smoking lake of steadily increasing dimensions has been formed. Prof. Silvestri says there are two kinds of craters—one in constant activity, emitting muddy and oily water, with exhalations of carbonic acid; the other intermittent, issuing with subterranean noises volumes of thicker mud.

VERMEY, a famous French hunter, and revival of Gerald, is dead. He was a soldier and passionately addicted to dueling. When made fencing-master to a regiment of chasseurs at Perpignon nothing would do him but to challenge the other eighteen fencing-masters, and he had put two of them hors de combat and was about to tackle a third when the commander of the garrison packed him off to the guard-house.

HAYES HINMAN, who lived two miles east of Utica, N. Y., died Monday aged sixty-six years. Although possessing the faculty of speech, he had not uttered two consecutive words for fifty years. When sixteen years old, hearing his father swear at a member of the family, he made a vow that he would never speak again. This vow was kept for seven years. He then met with an accident, which bruised the finger of his left hand, the pain drew from him the exclamation, "Oh!" On but one other occasion was he heard to speak. This time the word "See," was called forth by a snake that crawled over a sleeping child. A column might be filled by a recital of Hinman's eccentricities. Some of his devices to avoid conversations were crafty in the extreme. He was a close student, and he has left a voluminous diary during his fifty years of silence. He leaves a fortune of $24,000 to his nephew, with the admonition, "Keep your mouth shut." Notwithstanding his silence he was a great favorite in the neighborhood in which he lived.

THE President has decided to sign bill granting arrearages of pensions.

THE calls for the redemption of six per cent bonds are now almost a daily occurrence.

IT is an open question whether arrears of pensions are to be paid at the rate of $8 or $12 per month.

THE construction of the Southern Pacific Railroad is said to be progressing at the rate of two miles per day.

IT is stated that a mass convention of ground-hogs has been called in order to secure harmonious action on the 1st of February.

A BLACK bear weighing nearly 400 pounds was captured in a hollow tree near New Marion, Ripley county, a few days ago.

A BILL has been introduced in Congress, granting permission to an American company to lay a cable to Europe and to Asia.

THE Superintendent of the Helena, Montana, Assay office, has commenced the purchase of gold bullion for greenbacks, at par.

GOVERNOR HAMPTON expresses the belief that his life was spared in response to the prayers of the good people of South Carolina.

FLORIDA hopes to export 500,000,000 of oranges this year; and in four years it is estimated that the value of her orange crop will exceed that of her cotton.

A BILL has been introduced in Congress regulating sleeping cars, making it unlawful to charge more than one dollar for one person for twenty-four hours.

COMMENTING on the endless tinkering with the army by Congress, General Grant is moved to say that "the army has no peace except in time of war."

A CONTRACT has been closed with eastern firms for the sale and delivery of not less than $5,000,000 per month of the 4 per cent bonds in Europe. The contract will be in force unti July 1st.

THE celebrated trotter Modoc, owned by Frank Work, a Wall street broker, fell dead while being driven to a sleigh, near Central Park, New York, a few days ago. He had a first-class record, and cost $8,000.

BY boiler explosions alone in 1878, one hundred and thirty-nine persons were killed and one hundred and eighteen wounded. Of the latter there is little doubt that several died from the effects of their injuries.

BISMARCK has been obliged to abandon his gag project. The German love of free speech was stronger than the apprehension of its abuse by the Socialists. It was a defeat of the great statesman which reflects especial honor upon the German nation.

IN 1884 there were four gold mills in operation in Georgia. There are now over forty. There were then about forty stamps at work; there are now nearly five hundred. The stamps at work will get over $500,000 in gold bullion during this year if not another stamp is added.

POSTMASTER GENERAL KEY. has signed a very large number of commissions of ladies to be Postmistresses. He says the number of ladies appointed to small offices, the compensation of which ranges from $100 to $500, has nearly doubled in the past four years. He speaks of them very highly.

OWING to the severity of the weather the forests of the Bernese Jura, Switzerland, are infested with droves of wild bears, which are sometimes so numerous as to defy attack. The farms are frequently attacked by wolves, and hundreds of chamois have descended into the valleys in search of food.

TWO HUNDRED and thirty-two divorce cases were disposed of in the Circuit Court of St. Louis last year. Of the divorces granted 123 were by default, many, it is said, by collusion between the parties. The St. Louis papers insist that the parties securing divorces are principally from other States.

THE ocean postage account of the United States, as prepared by the Sixth Auditor of the Treasury Department, shows that foreign countries have paid our Government on the settlement of postal accounts, $68,178, and that the amount paid to foreign Goverments by this country was $28,405.

THE business of all lines of the Peensylvania railway east of Pittsburg and Erie for the twelve months of 1878, as compared with the same period of 1877, shows an increase in the gross earning of $519,588; a decrease in expenses of $559.474; an increase in the net earnings of $1,079,062. All lines west of Pittsburg and Erie for the year show a deficiency in meeting all liabilities of $44,674, being a gain over the same period of 1877 of $276,583.

AN Englishman, Colonel Colcomb, has raised a questfon in connection cremation which is worthy of attention. If bodies are allowed to be burned on the production of the certificates which are accepted as sufficient in the case of burial, a very wide door will be open to murder. At present the interment of a body is not an absolute bar to further investigation into the cause of death. Exhumation can be resorted to if any reasonable ground for suspicion presents itself, and the presence of poison can be detected long after it has done its work. But cremation would constitute an absolute bar to further investigation.

Weight of People.

What is the average weight of a man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much heaver are men than women? What would be the weight of fat people—and what of very fat people? M. Quetelet, of Brussels, some years ago, deemed such questions quite within the scope of his extensive series of researches of man. He got hold of everybody he could, everywhere, and weighed them all. He weighed the babies; he weighed the boys and girls; he weighed the youths and maidens; he weighed men and women; he weighed collegians, soldiers, factory people, pensioners—and, as he had no particular theory to disturb his facts, he honestly set down such results as he met with. All the infants in the Foundling hospital in Brussels, for a considerable period, were weighed, and the results were compared with others obtained at similar establishments in Paris and Moscow. The average return show that a citizen of the world, on the first day of his appearance in public; weighs about six pounds and a half—a boy-baby a little more, a girl-baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of ten and eleven pounds. M. Quetelet grouped his thousand of people according to ages, and found that the young men of twenty averaged one hundred and forty-three pounds each, while the young women of twenty have an average of one hundred and twenty pounds. His men reached their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when their average weight was one hundred and fifty-two pounds; but the women slowly grew on until fifty, when their average weight was one hundred and twenty-nine ponnds. Men and women together, the weight, at full growth, averaged almost exactly one hundred and forty pounds.

Things That Don't Exist.

A woman who doesn't wish she were a man; a printer who doesn't groan when he gets a take of solid burgeois; a man who doesn't love to stand before a fire and scratch himself; an alarm clock that doesn't go off when you don't want it to; a newspaper which admits that it is no organ; a society woman that doesn't think that opera is just too sweet; a man who doesn't think he has the hardest time getting along in the world; a rich red-headed girl who hasn't got "auburn" hair; a bonnet that some one doesn't think is perfectly horrid; a dyspeptic who doesn't think everybody who don't eat oatmeal will be as bad off as he is; a hen that isn't prouder of one chicken than thirteen; a piece of fried tripe that won't give a man the nightmare; an umbrella that won't keep Lent; a woman who isn't afraid of a mouse; a man who doesn't believe the gas meter is a fraud; an off horse that isn't whipped more than the nigh one; a street car or an omnibus that ever is full.—[St. Louis Times-Journal.

"Your daughter has treated me very curt"—and the young man was lifted by the parental hoof from the door of his girl's house to the middle of the horse-car track. He arose as quick as could, and mildly explained that he hadn't finished the word, which was "courteous," and Alphonse was taken under the unhospitable roof once more, had his pants mended, was done up in salve, and then sent home to ma in a hack. Thus is true greatness rewarded, and impetuosity rebuked.

"Will ye love me thus forever?"
And she looked into his eyes.
With a glance that seemed a token
Of the fervor of her sighs.
"I wudn't guaranty it,"
With a smile responded Pat,
"For I'm hardly av the notion
That I'll lasht as long as that!"

A bereaved widower, while receiving with due acknowledement the condolence of friends, that it was indeed a great loss, a sad bereavement, that he had suffered, added: "And just think! Only a few days ago I bought her a whole box of pills, and she had not time to take half of them before she died!"

An obstinate boy of Charleston
Maintained that a verb was a noun,
When his teacher said "No,"
He yelled out "It is so!"
It now hurts that small boy to set down.

PHUNNYISTICS.

A retired Boston fireman calls himself an ex-spurt.

A lumber dealer failed last week—could not pay his board bills.

"What," says a correspondent, "would you call short order?" Git!

A young man with his first goatee may be said to have a turf time of it.

There is no good reason why it should be so, but doll babies are always girls.

A bad boy—A burglar's "Jimmy." A good boy—"a policeman's "Billy."

Can any person improve his condition by complaining? If not, whine not?

"Put not your trust in kings." Three aces and a jack will skin them every time.

A clock records time with its hands, but a regiment marks time with its feet.

Time's "inaudible and noiseless foot" shod in a boot made on the last of the year.

He who would rise in the world, says Josh Billings, must pay for the yeast.

"Corn bread," said the Irish waiter, "we haven't got; an' isn't it corn bafe ye mane?"

The way to make six cents go farthest—buy a stamp and put it on a foreign letter.

"Be active, be active; find something to do, if no more than the eating of a twenty cent stew."

It is vulgar to call a man "bow-legged." Just speak of him as a parenthetical pedestrian.

The Chinese liken a drunkard's nose to a lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passed underneath.

"Put no fulsome compliments on my tombstone," said old Tom Alvord the other day. "Don't give me any epitaphy."

It takes a good deal of grief to kill a woman just after she has got a new sealskin sacque.

The man whose mother-in-law's dying words were, "I'm going to Heaven," has given up his pew in church.

A Paducah (Ky.) paper says money is so scarce in that place that even the change in the weather is hailed with pleasure.

The man who now shakes a $5 gold piece under the public nose, doesn't measure any more round the chest than the owner of a $5 greenback.

"Ez a gineral thing," said John Quincess last evening, "I am down on puns, but apun my word, I've allus considered a blacksmith a hoss sure."

It is no longer fashionable to have two sofas in the parlor. But you would not offend a pair of lovers if you were to take all the furniture out of the parlor—save a big rocking chair.

"Now," said the Yonkers Gazette, "for coasting with your girl, and an upset, and so forth." Perhaps we're mistaken, but we suspect that, "and so forth" uncovers a multitude of shins.

A clergyman asked some children "Why do we say in the Lord's prayer, 'who art in heaven,' since God is everywhere?" A little drummer-boy answered, "Because it is headquarters."

"What is meant by conscience?" asked an English schoolmaster of his class. "A hinward monitor." "And what do you understand by monitor?" "A hironclad," replied the intelligent youth.

The young man who goes on Sunday evening to help a charming girl to hold down a sofa in her pa's best room, has to bite his lips to keep from profanity as he is ushered into a room that hasn't seen a fire since last winter.

"What? Twenty-five cents a pound for sausages? Why, I can get 'em down at Schmidt's for twenty cents!" "Vell, den, vy didn't yer?" "'Cause Schmidt was out of 'em." "Vell, uv I was owit of 'em I sell 'em for twendy cents too."

A Frenchman on being told that a young lady had given him the "mitten," said: "Me no comprend vat you call him. Ze mitten is ze glove mitout ze fingaire—she no geef me ze mitten; but her fader—he geef me an introductiong to his shoemakaire."

"What makes your lips so awful sore?"
Asked Sarah's cross-eyed pap;
And Sarah to the old man said—
"It's caused by a small chap."

Then Sarah's youngest brother—
As yet unknown to fame—
Looked Sarah in the eye and asked—
"What is the small chap's name?"

There is an evil which I have seen under the sun, and it is very common among women: She openeth her mouth and her tongue dangleth upon hinges; her brain worketh not, but her tongue flapped loosely in her mouth, like unto the garments upon a clothes line in windy weather.

The people of Paradise Valley and Paradise Mountain, Nevada, delight in euphonious names. A new town has been started between Paradise and Spring City, or, as they are called respectively, "Gouge Eye" and "Bung Eye," and named "Knock 'em Stiff."

Mary had a little lamp;
Her lover, all serene,
Extinguished it, for he did not
Want any caress seen.

What makes the youth love Mary so?
I'll tell you—she's a catch;
And he put out the lamp, you know,
That he might strike a match.

A noted New England divine, when making a New Year's visit, asked the following riddle: "When the cow jumped over the moon." "But, sir," said a lady present, "beef has been higher still—when the cow was in the milky way.

The colored engineer of a train in Georgia saw a cow on the track a few hundred yards down on the line, whereupon he stopped the train, got out with a shovel in his hand, and striking the beast on the back, yelled, "Git off dar, dy'e hear; git off or I'll squirt steam all over yer!"

THE EARTH'S WABBLE.

It is Supposed to be Caused by a Big Bump Near the Equator—Congress to be Asked to Investigate.

The attention of Congressman Glover, of Missouri, is respectfully directed towards a surreptitious attempt to secure a doubtful appropriation from the United States Treasury. Mr. Glover has not long to stay in Congress. Events over which he had no control will prevent him from going back to the House. Between now and March 4, 1879, he must endeavor to defeat the conspiracy designed to compel the United States Government to pay for discovering the bulge and wabble of the earth. Scientific men, it is alleged, have reason to suspect that the earth has a bulge on its equator belt, and that it necessarily wabbles on its axis. The non-scientific reader remembers that, when he went to school, the figure of the earth was described as "an oblate spheroid." And when he was asked to describe this figure, he promptly replied, "an orange flattened at the poles." This happy simile, first invented in Peter Parley's Geography, has sufficed for generations of schoolboys and men therefrom developed. But one of those geniuses who are forever destroying the myths of our guileless childhood has discovered that the earth bulges out at a point which may be described as half-way between the stem and the blossom-scar of the orange. It is as if the earth had a swelled ague-cheek somewhere on the equator. If one takes a thick knitting-needle and runs it through an orange, the axis of the earth is thus represented. The revolution of the orange on the knitting-needle is the counterpart of the diurnal revolution of the earth. If, now, the revolving orange is fatter on one side than on any other, it may be said to have a bulge on that disk. Its evolutions will be irregular, for when the bulge is gravitating toward a point below the plane of its ecliptic, the motion of the orange will be accelerated, and when the bulge ascends to a point above that plane the irregularity will be yet more perceptible. This, in the language of the worldly, is called wabbling.

In other words, the earth's equator is not a circle. If our solid globe could be cut in two parts at the equator, the halves would not present a perfect circle, but a swelling would appear somewhere on its circumference. This swelling, or bulge, would give to the earth a geometrical figure, which is known to scientific men as an ellipsoid. Not to put too fine a point on it, it would be an ellipsoid of three axes. We respectfully submit that an ellipsoid of three axes is a much more disrespectful figure to apply to the planet upon which we live than "oblate spheroid" could possibly be. We have been acquainted with the oblate spheroid from infancy. We have become, as it were, hardened to it, and, like original sin in the human family, we have come to regard it a necessary evil of which we are rather proud than otherwise. It is like a mortgage on a house—lawful if not ornamental. But when we are asked to swallow an ellipsoid, and especially an ellipsoid with three or more axes, human forbearance is pushed to extremities, and we demand an investigation. This, it will be perceived, is Mr. Glover's opportunity.

The American Academy of Sciences has reason to suspect that the globe has a bulge on the equator. The Academy knows that if the bulge exists, the earth wabbles on its axis. Whether the bulge was predicated of the wabbling, or the wabbling of the bulge, we are not yet informed. We are inclined to believe that the Academy, having observed the wabbling, or "perturbations of the earth's motions," evolved the bulge from its inner consciousness. Any man who has dined late and has had a great deal of burgundy to carry home, must have noticed these perturbations of wabbling. It will be a relief to many of our intelligent readers to know that this heretofore inexplicable phenomenon is due to the fact that the plane of the earth's equator is an ellipsoid of three axes, instead of a perfect circle, as we were taught in our misguided youth.

It will be seen that the discovery of the exact location of this suppositious bulge on the equatorial belt is a matter which might engage the attention of the curious. Is this abnormal swelling of the earth's surface within the limits of our beloved country? Was the distinguished Senator from Maine, (who was not born in Maine,) who is sometimes described as "bumptious," a native of this bump, so to speak? Or is the bulge situated in California—a country which confessedly has the finest climate and the most wonderful resources of any land beneath this or any other sky? Have the mountains of Equatorial Africa humped themselves, as it were, in such a fashion as to form the ellipsoid of three axes, which is now suspected defines the limits of the plane of the equator? Or, have the waters of the sea been gathered in a heap somewhere between the Galapagos Islands and New Guinea? These are questions which sugges grave possibilities, and which should be answered. Then, again, it is necessary to the welfare of the human race that we should know why the earth wabbles. That it does wabble, all scientific observers admit; merely convivial observers being left out of the calculation. If, then, it wabbles, how much does it wabble, and how often? Are the velocity, extent, and mean motion of the wabble to be accurately determined upon the differentiation of the bulge? And lastly, does the wabble, or, what is the same thing, the bulge, account for the extreme coldness of our winters and the excessive heat of our summers? Or, finally, do either of these irregularities of surface and motion affect American politics to any appreciable extent?

The Congress of the United States, as we learn from the Washington correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette, is to be asked to appropriate a large sum of money to prosecute a geodesic survey of the earth's surface. This survey, it is expected, will discover the bulge, if there is a bulge, and ascertain the extent of the wabble, if there be a wabble, and thus forever satisfy the curiosity of mankind. The expedition is to be purely scientific, and no reporters will be permitted to accompany it. The survey will occupy twenty-five or thirty years, and the infant children of those who read the Times to-day will, unless Congressman Glover objects, eventually learn whether the earth is a perfect oblate spheroid, or merely an ellipsoid of three axes.

Exploits of Officers in Europe in Riding Long Distances—The Famous Ride of General Fremont.

Two exploits of peculiar character are reported in a recent number of an Italian military paper. On the morning of December 3, a party of officers, consisting of a captain and eight lieutenants of the Fifth regiment of cavalry, left Milan at 3 o'clock to ride 310 miles in five days. The horses ridden were the chargers of the officers, and were not of any particular breed; neither had they been trained in any way for the Journey, the object, in view in undertaking the expedition being simply to ascertain what an ordinary horse might be expected to achieve in case of emergency in actual warfare. Only three officers finished the ride, and these succeeded in riding the 310 miles in 103 hours. Some time before this, Captain Selvi, of the Italian cavalry, successfully accomplished the task of riding from Bergamo, in Lombardy, to Naples, a distance of 580 miles, in ten days. He rode a gray mare, Sardinian born and bred, but her grandsire was a pure Arab. She is about seven years old, and stands a little over fourteen hands high. The last stage was ridden not without the greatest difficulty, the mare being distressed beyond measure, and she broke down completely at the gates of Naples. Neither one of these can compare, however, with General John C. Fremont's celebrated ride in California, over thirty years ago. At daybreak on the 22d of March, 1847, Lieutenant Colonel Fremont, then an officer in the dragoons, accompanied by his friend, Don Haisoos Pico, and one servant, set out from Los Angeles to proceed in the shortest time to Monterey, on the Pacific coast, distant full 400 miles. The way was over a mountainous country, much of it uninhabited with no other road than a trace, and many defiles to pass. Each of the party had three horses, nine in all, to take their turns under the saddle. The six loose horses ran ahead without bridle or halter, and when wanted for a change were caught by the lasso. The first day they rode 125 miles. The next day they made another 125 miles, passing the formidable mountain of Santa Barbara, and counting upon it the skeletons of some fifty horses, part of near double that number which perished in the crossing of that mountain on Christmas day, 1849. That night they rested at the home of Don Pico. Here the nine horses from Los Angeles were left and eight others taken in their place. They started at 11 o'clock, rode 70 miles, halted for the night, and the fourth day out entered Monterey at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. On March 26 Fremont set out on his return. The afternoon was already well advanced when they started, and only 30 miles was done that evening. The second day out Col. Fremont's horse carried him 90 miles withot a change and without apparent fatigue. Thirty more miles were ridden that day on another horse, and then the night was passed at Don Pico's home. The next day the party set out for Los Angeles on the same nine horses which they had first started with, and reached that place at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 29th of March. The whole distance of 800 miles had been gone over in 158 hours, or at the rate of five miles an hour, day and night. The actual time spent in the saddle was not more than 100 hours. On this ride the grass in the road was the food for the horses, none of which were shod.—[New York Times.

Old Tippecanoe's Cousin.

There died one day last week, in this vicinity, an aged and eccentric man named Alvin Harrison. He was about 73 years of age, and was a cousin of ex-President Harrison. In 1840 he was a promising young lawyer of Ross county, Ohio, and stumped the State in the interest of his cousin, "Old Tippecanoe." Several years thereafter he quit the practice of law and took up the practice of medicine. Later on he became engaged to a young lady, and at last the happy day was fixed for the celebration of their marriage. But before the arrival of the eventful day the young lady eloped with a stage driver, leaving Mr. Harrison to mourn her sudden aud unexpected departure. The incident so disgusted Mr. Harrison with the fickleness of human nature and civilization in general that he turned his back upon the world, preferring a home in the trackless wilderness and barren prairies to one in the busy haunts of refined life. Some fourteen years ago he built a log cabin and took up his abode in the Neosho bottoms, some three miles from town. His nearest neighbor at that time was miles away. He lived all alone and subsisted on a scanty and unwholesome diet of spoiled bacon. The cabin was open and uncomfortable, while he was content with a simple pallet of straw. He drove a team, poor, bony and dilapidated as himself, half-starved, and clothed in rope and string harness. He had an intelligent expression of countenance, but went about scarcely clad in rags and patches of the coarser fabrics; yet in the midst of filth and rags he was recognized as a man above average sense and educational culture, which always brought him respectful deference from all. It is said that aside from his property here, which consists of 320 acres of good land and some personal property, he owned valuable property in Ohio.

Some years since his brother came to see him and endeavored to get him to abandon his isolated existence, but all in vain. for he remained alone to the last. When it was found that he was sick, the kind neighbors flocked in and did all in their power to alleviate his suffering, but all of no avail. After his death, a box containing silver and bank-notes, deeds, mortgages, etc., was found and is now in the hands of responsible parties. Quite a number of standard works on medicine and law were also found. Among his effects was a letter purporting to come from his niece, directed to him at Iola, and dated 1865. In it several names are mentioned, which may serve as a clew to the whereabouts of his relatives that are living.—[Oswego, Kansas, Correspondent of Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Pretty Penny Spain Pays for the Services of the Bourbon Family.

Let us, in examining into the causes of this discontent, see what Spanish rulers do with Spanish money. Spain is poor. She only pays a fraction of the interest on her debt. She has had wars in Cuba, wars among the Carlists, cantonal insurrections—all a serious drain upon the Treasury. It was financial trouble that led to the French revolution, and when the Treasury is empty discontent is sure to follow. I have been studying the financial estimates, as printed in the official gazette and presented to the Cortes. Take first the royal house. Spain has a King who was born in 1857. She pays him $1,400,000 a year, or, Sundays excepted, nearly $4,500 a day Alfonso costs every two weeks more than Mr. Hayes in a year. Spain also has the services of the Princess of Asturias, a young widow lady, born in 1861. She lives with the King, presides over his household, and is, I hear, an estimable person, given to charity and visiting hospitals. Spain pays this princess $100,000 a year, or twice as much as you annually paid Gen. Grant when President. Spain also enjoys the services of Dona Maria del Pilar Besengue'a. This maiden was born in 1861, and is the King's sister. She lives mostly in Paris, goes to church and reads pious books. Spain pays her $30,000 a year, which no Congress would ever dream of giving Chief Justice Waite. Spain has two other princesse-Dona Maria de la Paz Juana and Eulas lie Francesca de Asis. These maidens are respectively sixteen and fourteen. They live in Paris to comfort their exiled mother and dress their dolls. I have no doubt they are model children, and will one day be the best of princesses. Spain pays them each $30,000 a year. I wonder what Congress would say if we proposed to pay Gen. Sherman as much. The exiled mother, known in history as Isabella II., lives in Paris on the Rue Rol de Rome. Spain pays for her services $15,000 a year She is so poor that the other day she put up her jewels at auction, and I do not know how many millions of franc- they brought her. The Queen has a sister, wife of the Duke of Montpensier, mother of poor Mercedes. Her husband, the Duke, is one of the richest men in Europe, and so Spain pays his wife the beggarly sum of $50,000 a year. Queen Isabella has a husband who does not live on the Rue Rol de Rome, but on the Champs Elysees. I used to see him pottering about under the trees of the avenue, a dapper little man, whom I was wont to fancy a teacher of dance music until I learned he was an illustrious Prince and King Consort of Spain. Spain pays him $60,000 a year. Not long since the grandmother of the King, Queen Christina, who spent her last years in a palace on the Champs Elysees, was gathered to her fathers, and now is at peace in the Escurial. While this estimable Princess lived—and she lived to an advanced age—Spain valued her services at $50,000 a year. If you ask me what special services these princes and princesses have rendered to Spain that out of her impoverished treasury she should pay them annually $1,900,000, I am afraid 1 can give you no better answer than the barber in Beaumarchais' Figaro, who, when he asked what the noble lord had done to enjoy so many blessings, could only respond, "Vous vous etes donne la peine de natre"—(they have taken the trouble to be born).—[Madrid Cor. N. Y. Herald.

A Catamount Huntress.

Miss Susie Jones, daughter of Captain Jones, a pioneer settler of the county, last week noticed that the dogs had "treed" some animal near the house, armed herself with a gun, and proceeded to investigate the matter. No sooner had the approached the tree than a gigantic catamount sprung to the ground. The dogs followed in close pursuit over tangled weeds and through the dense willows and forests of the Tuolumne for near a mile, when the animal again took to a tree for protection. The brave girl trudged on alone, with her gun on her shoulder, and on coming up with the dogs soon discovered his catship in unusually close proximity, but not daunted by his glaring eyes and ferocious appearance, took deliberate aim and fired. The cat made a spring, but fell to the ground dead. Swinging the monster over her shoulders she carried him home in triumph as a trophy of her prowess. A friend sent us the animal, and we found it to be one of the largest of his species. The young lady hunter has only seen some fourteen or fifteen summers, and is a native of our county.—[Modesto (Cal.) News.

The India Rubber Industry in Brazil

It is the privilege of the woodland, particularly of the Ingapos, where the India rubber collector is most frequently found to be the native land of the intermittent fever. Here man, literally buried in lakes of verdure, breathing only the pestilential exhalations of decomposing vegetation and stagnant water, must be said to perish slowly rather than live, his mode of living hastening nature's destructive work. The fish upon which he feeds, the cachaca (Brazilian whisky) he must drink to check artificially the action of the deleterious elements absorbed by his constitution and to give his system a fleeting strength, do not constitute the healthiest regime. Nor is his dwelling at all calculated to add to his physical improvement. Too indolent to prepare comfortable lodgings for himself when he knows that he is to live in the place only a part of the year, he hardly builds up a shed sufficient to shelter him from the rain. I have seen hundreds of "siringueiros" who had no other dwelling than their mosquito-net under a small thatched roof of palm leaves, and even some whose sole protection against the rain and the dreadful dampness of the night was a few banana leaves spread on the top of the net. The mosquito-net of the Indian is not of the filmy consistency known to most of our readers. Brazilian insects are not so easily mitigated as their comparatively civilized brethren of the north; those of Marajo particularly, are very bold, and for them a net of thick, impervious cloth is requisite, offering no opening to their intrusiveness. For this purpose the net usually falls upon a mat of hide stretched upon the ground beneath, and is provided with sleeves for the ropes of the hammock, about which the former are always tightly fastened.

Although at present the India rubbe forms the wealth of northern Brazil, it will be soon found that no real improvement is possible without a clearing of the land—an operation seriously inconsistent with the culture of the tree. The intermittent fever destroys more than half of the number of the workers. Only a few can endure the climate for five or six seasons. The natives are fully aware of this, but as the labor is the lightest and most remunerative, the majority confront all dangers, and continue to collect it, unmindful of every thing save the prospect of idleness during one-half of the year. Agriculture and the really civlized industries are neglected; ignorance, indolence, and misery prevail even in those villages which possessed the most promising outlook before the India rubber trade had entirely supplanted the culture of the sugar-cane, coffee, cocoa, cotton, mandioca, and Indian corn.—[M. Mauris, in Harper's Magazine for February.

Two Husbands.

In one of the baltimore cemeteries an eccentric German gentleman is buried. He was twice married. On either side his wives are laid to rest. The three gravestones are alike in character, so far as the marble is concerned. On the tombstone of wife No. 1 is the following inscription, after her name, and close upon the figure of a hand pointing to the middle: "This was my man." On the tombstone of wife No. 2, the hand is pointing to the same spot, and the inscription reads: "He was my man too." We are reminded of this incident by reading in the papers of the day that the widow of Mr. Vene P. Armstrong, the once famous Sallie Ward, has not only compromised a law suit with Armstrong, Jr., but erected a mausoleum of peculiar significance to the memory of two men who were once her husbands. Miss Ward was once married to a son of Abbott Lawrence. A divorce soon followed the ill starred union. She then married Dr. Robert P. Hunt, of New Orleans, a cotton broker, who accidentally or wilfully killed himself by jumping from the upper story window of a Western hotel. Her third husband was Mr. Vene P. Armstrong, a retired pork merchant, who used to boast that he started life as the first bootblack in Louisville, Kentucky. Mr. Armstrong did not survive his marriage many months. Dying, he left a large fortune to his widow, and little or nothing to a son by a former marriage. The widow, however, compromised with the son, who knew what lawyers can do in this country with wills, and over the grave of Armstrong, Sr., she has erected the most artistic monument in the United States. An angel is seated upon a rustic pedestal, leaning on and clinging to a cross, and writing upon the face of the enduring marble, "A Wife's Memorial." Upon the front of the pedestal are the words: "Vene P. Armstrong and Robert P. Hunt, honored and loved upon earth for deeds that won a home in heaven."

Dr. Hunt's remains, it would seem, were removed from New Orleans to Louisville, in order to rest side by side with his successor, and to receive a tribute in marble which he little dreamed no doubt, when in his flesh, would ever be given by the most impartial woman that ever married so many men.—[Atlanta Chronicle.

Look Not Upon the Mince Pie When It is Red.

My friends, there is another rock I wish all to guard against. It is hidden by the still summer sea, but upon it many a human bark has split. I refer to the mince pie. Yes, my hearers, the mince pie is a rock that has brought thousands to watery graves—or, not to watery graves, exactly, but—you understand what I mean. The mince pie is the curse of the land. It is alluring our youth from the path of virtue and sobriety, and leading them down to rum. It begets an appetite for strong drink that sweeps everything before it. Look not upon the accursed thing. Shun it as you would a viper. Sit on it; trample it under your feet, as it were. I once knew a brilliant young man, loved and courted by all who knew him. His is the story of thousands. This young man used to visit his aunt in the fall, that fatal time of the year when the mince pie stalks up and down through the earth, seeking where it may devour somebody. This young man's aunt could make mince pie "till you conldn't rest," and her art lured him to destruction. That insatiable monster! At first he ate lightly of the damning food; then, as his appetite grew by what it fed upon, he ate deeper and deeper, until after every meal he would sink into a heavy sleep, only to awake with a head on him bigger than Daniel Webster's, He would chew cloves and cardamon seeds for hours, and yet you could smell his breath across the biggest county in the State. He saw that he was becoming a slave to the accursed pie. His affianced bride, who to him was the one fair woman beneath the sun, said she would never marry a man that smelled like a distillery that employed three hundred hands, and was in full blast all the time, and unless he reformed she would be nothing to him but a sister. The young man had all the sisters he wanted, and, falling at her feet, he registered a solemn oath, and had it copyrighted next day, that a mince pie should never pass his lips again as long as he lived. But alas! he was already a slave to strong pie, and in less than twenty-four hours he tore himself away from his sweetheart, who made a frantic grab at his coat tails, and fled to his aunt's in the city, and said he hoped she would have some of her excellent mince pies for dinner.

The gobd aunt, ignorant of the fact that she was putting an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brain, set 'em up, so to speak, and in less than two hours the young man was rip-roaring staving drunk, as usual. Ah! my friends the story is a ghastly one, and needs no embellishment. While in this condition the young man, the pride of his parents, and the hope of a woman's heart, was arrested for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. On the way to the Mayor's office he shot the officer dead in his tracks, blew out his own brains with another barrel of the pistol, and then went back and killed his aunt and a dog that he had paid $3 for.

My friends and fellow sufferers, from the mince pie to the tomb is but a step. If mince pies must be made, I demand, in the name of the youth of our country, that people who manufacture them be compelled to take out a license. If they must be eaten, I beg, for your souls salvation, do not eat them straight. A serpent lurks in every one of them. Ten thousand devils lie beneath every crust, be it baked ever so nicely. Every currant hides a demon with a forked tongue of flame and a seven-pronged pitchfork. The suet, the citron and the chopped meat are the broth of hell, and the whole business from stem to stern is a mockery, and strong drink is raging.

In conclusion my beloved hearers, touch not, taste not, handle not—enter not into temptation; or, in other words, look not upon the mince pie when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup-board.—[Oil City Derrrick.

Household Hints.

To clean paint walls, use oxgall fluid.

To keep hinges from creaking, rub them with soap.

To keep milk sweet, put in a spoonful of grated horseradish.

Rancid butter. Rancid butter may be sweetened by being washed in lime water.

To prevent mold on black ink Cloves in black ink will prevent mold from collecting on it.

Greasy silk ribbon. Rub magnesia or French chalk on greasy silk ribbon, hold near the fire, and brush off the grease.

Chloroform is very useful in removing great stains from light silk and poplin. French chalk is also very good.

To clean black cashmere. Wash in hot suds with a little borax in the water; rinse in blueing water—very blue—and iron while damp. It will look equal to new.

Hartshorn will restore the color of woolen garments without injury. Turpentine removes grease or paint from cloth—apply till paint can be scraped off.

To clean black lace. Squeeze softly and often in skimmed milk; when it seems clean put it in clean skimmed milk, squeeze again, lay it on sheets of stiff paper, draw out scollops and edges with finger, cover with stiff paper and a heavy weight.

All the starch in potatoes is found very near the surface; the heart contains very little nutriment. Ignorance of this fact may form a plausible excuse for those who cut off thick parings, but none to those who know better. Circulate the injunction "pare thin the potato skin."

Richness Both Ways.

He had been sitting still so long that the mother expected to find him asleep, when she looked around and asked:

"Well, Harry, what are you thinking of?"

"Ma, are we very rich?" he solemnly inquired, by way of reply.

"In one way we are," she said; "your father says he values me at three million dollars, you at two millions, and the baby at one."

That closed the conversation on that subject, but next morning, as Harry was getting on his overcoat, he examined the new patch which had been added, and coolly observed:

"Well, I think, father had better sell off about half of you or the whole of the baby and get the rest of us some decent duds to put on."—[Detroit Free Press.

Another Good California Story.

The unusual spectacle of budding orange trees coated with icicles was recently noticed at San Gabriel, Southern California. A man left his revolving sprinker playing upon his nursery of orange trees over night, and in the morning was surprised to see them encased in glittering mail, some of the icicles upon them being twenty-two inches long and an inch in diameter a the base. Calla lillies and roses that stood near by were not touched by the frost, and the lowest point reached by the thermometer during the night was only 28°, or 6° above the freezing point. The cause of the phenomenon is probbly this: The air was cool and dry, and as the water was thrown off in a fine spray, inducing rapid evaporation, the atmosphere about the trees was made much colder and thus allowed ice to form,

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The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

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X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

READ our "ads."

SUBSCRIBE now.

MEETING to-night.

WEAR your ribbon.

WORK with wisdom.

REPORT your meetings.

THE meetings are largely attended.

BRO. DRAKE was in town Sunday.

SEND us short reports of your meetings.

LET us hear how you are getting along.

FLORA is holding revival meetings this week.

WE are indebted to Mr. J. N. Adair for favors.

AFTER February 15th, THE SIGNAL will be $1.00 per year.

THE Band of Hope meets at the hall this afternoon at 4:30.

A. M. GREEN will forward subscriptions from Terre Haute.

THIS number of THE SIGNAL will do to show to your friends.

COL. HURLBUT will make this city his headquarters for awhile.

THE people of Jefferson are figuring for the banner Clay boasts of.

DRUNKEN women are not unseldom spectacles to be seen in this city.

OUR Peru subscribers will hereafter get their papers at the post office.

LAFAYETTE will have a temperance ticket in the field at the spring election.

ALL our traveling agents carry with them written authority. Pay to no other.

"I CAN drink or let it alone" say the average moderate user. Well, leave it alone then.

MRS. COLLINS, a staunch temperance woman of Clinton, Iowa, is visiting in this city.

A MEETING was held at Glendale school-house, Adamsboro, Saturday evening last.

OUR Lord Potter gave an entertainment at Bethlehem church last Saturday evening.

THE work is improving, and grand results may be expected from the Logansport Union.

THE mum-festival last Friday night at the hall, was largely attended and enjoyable in every particular.

SOCIETIES desiring the services of Gen. Sam. A. Chambers ("Silver-Top") may address this office.

WE publish in another column Rev. M. Mahin's reply to "one Murphy," which will close the controversy.

THE saloon-keepers at Walton are at war with each other. It's a case of dog eat dog. Let the good work go on.

THE meeting at Spring Creek next Friday evening will be conducted by the boys of the union. That's right.

ELECT your delegates to the County Convention, and send their names to this office as soon as possible for publication.

A BUSINESS MEETING will be held Thursday evening, at which the resignation of President Murray will be considered.

BRO. FUNSTON, of East Sandridge, speaks from the heart. He will make a good President, and an effective speaker.

BRO. VIGUS reports the Marshall county unions flourshing grandly. He returns there to-day to continue the good work.

THE temperance cause has few more earnest and active advocates than H. B. Pershing, Esq., of Plymouth. Long may he wave.

THE irrepressible Lord Potter will give one of his enjoyable entertainments at Peru next Monday evening. He will please.

BRO. DAN. J. WOOD is an authorized agent of this paper. He will visit nearly all the towns in the state. Give him your subscriptions.

THE C. C. Executive Committee meets at the office of T. C. Barnes next Friday to complete all necessary arrangements for the convention.

THERE will be a Murphy meeting at the Lake School House, Jefferson township, Thursday evening, February 6. Let there be a full attendance.

WE will not be responsible for money payed to A. G. Murray for subscription for THE SIGNAL, as he is an impostor, and has no authority to take subscriptions.

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

SOCIETIES or individuals who desire extra copies of this number of THE SIGNAL can be supplied at the following rates: 25 copies, $1.00; 50 copies, $1.75; 100 copies, and upwards, $3.00 per 100,

HENRY HOWLAND, of the Washingtonian Home, Chicago, dropped in on the Murphys the other evening and made them an exceedingly pleasing address. He will be welcomed at all times.

STEHE R. SMITH, organizer of the Percy Band of Hope, who is incompetent in every respect, who has a "misunderstanding" everywhere he goes, is now having a rumpus at Terre Haute.

THE Temperance Monitor, Seymour, and the Blue Ribbon Journal, Mitchell, have consolidated, and will hereafter be published as the Monitor-Journal at Mitchell, Ind., with the frisky Ed. M. Shiel as editor.

AN entertainment will be given at the Brick Church, near Costenborder's mill, on Pipe Creek, on Thursday evening, February 6. Lord Potter and others will be present to make the occasion enjoyable.

A RUMMY purposed starting a saloon at Walnut, Marshall county, last week, but after the citizens told him the consequences which would be, he concluded to hie away and unfold his tent in a more congenial clime (to him).

THE veteran, Rev. M. Mahin spoke to a delighted audience at West Sandridge last Friday night. He handles the temperance subject with an ability worthy of his talent. Another meeting will be held at the same place next Friday evening.

THE "Last Chance" saloon has gone "up the flue." One by one the roses fall. Such events are chronicled with a steady pen. There's more to follow. May the shovel and pick of commonsense and sobriety dig a grave to contain the whole number of our despicable murder mills.

THE merchants, by a recent agreement, close their business houses at 8 p. m. We have great faith in our business men, and believe the clerks employed by them will pass their evenings otherwise than in saloons. The young man who spends his evening with billiards, and in drinking, is incompetent and untrustworthy.

OUR printer friend, Dan Comingore, made an excellent talk at the Hall on the evening of the 19th. From practical experience Dan has learned the value of total abstinence; and when speaking from the heart, as he did, the imprint of good purpose is left indelibly upon the minds of those who were his willing captives. Dan is now sojourning in Lafayette. Come again.

BRO. LEVI HORN said he entered saloons and drank, never thinking that it was wrong, or that his example was leading the boys to follow after him. There is a world of truth in that. Let us labor to show drinking men that they are doing WRONG, and when they see it in that way, nothing would induce them to indulge. Such a thought gives us more charity than anything else could.

Silenced With His Own Weapons.

THE late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to temperance, and his side-board was loaded with brandy, wine, etc. On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperance, dined with the bishop, who pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him.

"Can't do it, Bishop. Wine is a mocker."

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, Bishop. 'Strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the Bishop, becoming somewhat excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins: "You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you."

"No, Bishop, I can't do that. 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

AT a recent fire in Covington, there were two places where water could be had, while whisky could be obtained at just a baker's dozen.

MAHIN'S REPLY.

HE COMBATS THE ARTICLE OF "ONE MURPHY,"

AND REAFFIRMS HIS FORMER ASSERTIONS.

IN the last number of THE SIGNAL, I find an open letter addressed to me, in reply to my address to the late county temperance convention. The communication is anonymous, and for that reason does not deserve notice. A writer who addresses another publicly in criticism of anything said or done, ought to be willing to give his or her name. The style and composition of the letter show that the writer is a woman.

In answer to my statement that to John Wesley and to the Methodist church the world is indebted for the temperance reform, my correspondent refers me to the book of Jeremiah, and the history of the Rechabites, who 'centuries before Methodism was known 'stood loyal and steadfast to total abstinence." Does "one Murphy" suppose that I did not know that as well as she? Do not she and all others who heard or read the address know that I did not mean that the Bible did not teach total abstinence long before John Wesley was born? But I did mean, and I now reaffirm with decided emphasis, that in modern times John Wesley and the Methodist church were the first to bring this doctrine and practice into prominence, and that the scathing (not "scattering," as the types made me say) denunciations of the liquor traffic by the early Methodist preachers had much to do in originating and carrying forward the temperance reformation in this country.

My correspondent assumes that there is antagonism existing to-day between the Churches and the temperance organizations in almost every place in which there is a temperance organization, and insinuates that the church is responsible for that antagonism. I deny that any such general antagonism exists, and I especially deny that it exists on the part of the Methodist church. I do not wish to be understood as making invidious comparisons, but I speak of my own church because I have personal knowledge of its attitude toward this question. Some temperance orators, who have a small stock on hand, are in the habit, when they have nothing else to say, of denouncing the position of the church on the temperance question; and they do it in utter ignorance of the facts in the case.

"One Murphy" quotes Wendell Phillips as saying that "There never will be any real Christianity in this land until we cease to be everlastingly preaching it, and begin to learn it by practicing it. When Christianity has pointed out a sin, the church has stood in the way of its reformation." Wendell Phillips can give utterance, when he has a mind to, to as much brilliant and extravagant nonsense as any other man; and, whether brilliant or not, above quotation is sufficiently extravagant, and sufficiently wide of the truth.

My correspondent seems to find fault with me for speaking of my own church alone, and wishing other ministers to speak for theirs. She says:

"You, sir, speak for your church alone, and would be glad to hear from others on this question. Aye, there is the rub; it is my church, and your church; John Wesley's, Martin Luther's, the Pope's, and the Liberals'. Some peculiar plank in platforms must be looked after, ecclesiastical councils called to behead some luckless offender for a transgressed law of theology, tho' the world perish."

What ails my correspondent? What is she talking about? Is not each division of God's people building its own portion of the walls of Jerusalem, as the Jews did in the days of Nehemiah? Have I said anything against Presbyterians, Baptists, Lutherans, or Episcopalians? Is it a crime to speak of what I know concerning the relation of the church and temperance, and to leave others to speak of what they know and I do not? I happened to have at hand documentary evidence of the position of my own church from the beginning, on this question; and I had nothing from which I could quote the action of other ecclesiastical bodies concerning it. My correspondent must have been eating sour bread, and dreaming bad dreams when she wrote her letter, or she never would have penned the above paragraph.

In my address I did not mention the Sunday night meetings at Murphy hall, but I have always had a very decided opinion concerning them. They have seriously interfered with the work of the church, and done more harm than good. By running in competition with the churches, and of necessity alienating, to some extent, those whose business it is to carry forward the work of the church, they have damaged the cause of temperance.

Perhaps it would be well for those who complain that the ministers and members of the churches have not given the Murphy organization the help they should to put themselves in the place of those they criticise, and inquire what they would do in the same circumstances. They should remember that while the organization is a "Christian Temperance Union," and the help of God is invoked in the very pledge we sign, Christian men have been criticised and really insulted for talking in the meetings about Christ and the help of God. Is it any wonder that some of them did not feel like going again? Yet I have attended the meetings whenever I could, and have given to the organization and the cause the benefit of whatever influence I could exert, in the pulpit and out of it, as I shall continue to do.

My correspondent says:

You have had time enough, and we have sat in the dirt and discomfort of ignorance and intemperance, waiting your Calvin brooms and Wesley dust-pans until we are tired.

Well, you had no business to do it. If you had come to the aid of the ministers and churches in their efforts to save men from all sin, intemperance included, instead of sitting down in the dirt like a slatternly housekeeper, the condition of the world might have been better than it is. It ill-becomes those who have been sitting in the dirt and doing nothing, to find fault with those who, with broom, dust-pan, and mop-cloth in hand, have been trying for a long time to clean up.

M. MAHIN.

We Want Prohibition.

PROHIBITION is a failure!

It is?

Why?

Because saloon-keepers say so?

Because THEY oppose it?

Because rum organs speak against it?

WHERE?

Is it a failure in Maine?

Is it a failure anywhere?

No!

The opposition of the saloon-keepers is the best argument that can be produced to prove that it is a success.

Where millions of dollars were spent before the prohibitory law, less than hundreds are now spent.

If there is so much surreptitiously sold in that state, as the opposition say there is, why don't the public drinking houses of whisky states close up their mills, remove to some dark and gloomy hole in the earth, and thus secretly carry out their ungodly designs and the nefarious traffic?

Bah!

Only fools, whose extreme want of common sense is a source of annoyance to their friends, can abduce such outrageous nonsense for argument.

WE want a prohibitory law.

Because it will save the coming drunkard.

Because it will reduce taxation.

Because it will lessen crime.

WE WANT prohibition because the saloon-keepers DON'T WANT IT.

It has saved Maine.

It will save Indiana.

We want prohibition.

A Political Issue.

THE Lafayette rummies are discussing the expediency of a whisky ticket at the spring election.

We hope they will make such a move and that the temperance people will be thoroughly prepared to meet and thwart them

Lafayette is in favor of sobriety, and a test will prove it.

The sooner it is made an issue the sooner will the whisky power be annihiliated.

Let the friends be ready.

Let the enemy attack, but be ready to give them a warm reception.

Temperance will win, and by this intemperance will be prohibited, totally, in the entire city.

Improve every opportunity, and stand by right to the last.

Cass County Convention.

The Cass County Temperance Union will meet in convention, at Murphy Hall, Logansport, on Thursday, February 20th, 1879, and continue in session two days.

Each union in the county is entitled to one delegate for each ten of its membership, or fraction thereof.

The purpose of the convention will be announced hereafter.

It is expected that all unions will be represented.

By order of Executive Committee.

W. H. LEEDY, Pres.

J. H. IVINS, Secrerary.

MUM, yum, yum—festival last Friday night.

BEER DRINKING.

A Source of Deliberate, Cold-Blooded Murder—Reasonable Argument.

How often do we hear men of learning and influence say that the best way to suppress the evils of intemperance is by encouraging the use of beer and other of the lighter liquors; and we notice that there is a growing tendency in this country to substitute beer for whisky, etc. It seems to be thought that beer is nutritious, and that its use is not liable to beget intemperate habits and an alcoholic appetite.

We believe that the use of beer as a beverage is very injurious. Long ago, before the moral sense of mankind had been aroused to the terrible calamities of intemperate habits, Sir Ashley Cooper, one of the best medical men of his time, condemned beer-drinking on the ground that it was injurious to health. He based his opinion upon his experience and observation in the hospitals of London. He testifies that although the habitual beer drinkers appeared to be the finest specimens of sound health yet so vitiated was their blood that they were not able to bear the slightest surgical operation without danger of death. In many cases they died even where the wounds were very insignificant.

If beer does not produce intoxication it does what is nearly akin to it. It makes one who has been accustomed to its use stupid, languid, lifeless. "Even in moderate quantities its pronounced tendency is to dullness and sluggishness of body and mind."

The use of beer, if we may judge from the experience of many, create an appetite which is quite as bad as that produced by alcohol. Beer-drinkers are unceasing drinkers. They take enormous quantities and never seem to be satisfied. They give themselves no chance to recover from the injuries done their system.

An exchange thoughtfully says:

"Of all intoxicating liquors beer is the most animalizing. It dulls the intellectual and moral sensibilities, and feeds the sensual and beastly nature. Beyond all other drinks it qualifies for deliberate and unprovoked crime. In this respect it is much worse than distilled liquors. A whisky-drinker will commit murder only under the direct excitement of liquor—a beer-drinker is capable of doing it in cold blood."

And a writer in a leading medical journal testifies:

"Long observation has assured us that a large proportion of murders deliberately planned and executed without passion or malice, with no other motive than the acquisition of money or property, often of trifling value, are perpetrated by beer-drinkers."

Excessive beer-drinking causes, "A morbid state of the mind, leading to irksomeness and disgust with life. The Teutonic race are inveterate drinkers of beer, and no people are so given to suicide as the Germans. The thoughtful and observant reader of the daily press will not fail to note the preponderance of German names in the record of suicides. Are not beer and suicide direct cause and effect?"

We cannot believe, when we carefully consider all the facts, that the extensive use of beer will promote the cause of temperance, virtue, morality, or religion. We look upon all this advocacy of beer as an attempt to perpetrate intemperance.

Who Are the Drunkards?

THE report of the Washingtonian Home, Chicago, shows that 273 inebriates were admittted during 1878. The occupations are represented as follows:

Artists	4	Firemen	1	Oyster bus	2
Acconntants	2	Farmers	4	Painters	6
Agents	1	Furriers	3	Printers	11
Audit'r Cl'ks	2	Flour dealer	1	Physicians	3
Barbers	2	Fish inspctr	1	Plumbers	1
Bartenders	3	Furnitre dlr	1	Plasterers	2
Book-keep'r	16	Grocers	8	Paper deal'rs	1
Bd Trade ins	1	Hrdware dlr	1	Pork pack'rs	3
Brokers	5	Hair dealers	1	Railroaders	8
Butchers	4	Hotel keep'r	1	Reporters	1
Clk US Court	1	Insurance	1	Restaurantrs	2
Clergymen	1	Journalists	1	Real est men	2
Clerks	32	Jewelers	2	Sailors	1
Caulker	1	Liquor d'lers	1	Stone cutters	1
Carpenters	3	Lawyers	6	Salesmen	15
Collector	1	Law student	1	Shoemakers	2
Car-builder	1	Lumbermen	3	Soap mfr	8
Com. men	2	Locksmiths	2	Saloon keepr	6
Cement men	1	Liverymen	2	Teachers	2
Canvassers	6	Merchants	4	Tinsmiths	5
Cattle dealer	1	Machinists	1	Tailors	4
Druggists	3	Med student	4	Teamsters	1
Dentists	1	Mechanics	1	Tr'v salesmn	10
Editors	6	Manufactr'rs	2	T Operators	12
Engineers	4	Music dealer	1	Upholsterers	1
Elevator mn	1	Moulders	3	Vet surgeons	1
Expressmen	2	Watchmen	2	Vinegar bus	1

Thus it is seen that the "liberty" so much harped for by the rummies tends to the enslaving of persons in every department of life.

Shall they be granted more liberty?

No, is the answer of every soul-respecting man, woman and child.

The above report is only one of the many.

Other institutions make a coroborative showing.

THE Executive Committee have engaged Bro. M. Swadener to carry the temperance move to localities where it is not in operation. The action of the committe is unanimously endorsed. A better selection would be hard to make.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Cass Co. Christian Temperance Union.
WILLIAM H. LEEDY, President.
Vice-Presidents:
G. P. McKEE, Bethlehem Towsnhip;
STEPHEN MELLINGER, Clay "
C. A. BRANDT, Noble Township;
MAHLON TRUSH, Jackson "
J. B. DRAKE, Tipton "
H. C. CUSHMAN, Eel Township;
J. M. VIGUS, Washington Townshp.
W. H. MEHAFFIE, Harrison Township.
Secretary—JOS. IVINS.
Treasurer—BENJ. F. CAMPBELL.

Logansport Christian Temperance Union.
WM. E. MURRAY, President.
Vice-Presidents—H. C. MEHAFFIE, W. J. POTTER, T. B. LOUIS, T. C. BARNES, G. W. GOFF.
ED. TAYLOR, Secretary.
CHARLES LUMBERT, Ass't Secretary.
CHAS. KAHLO, Treasurer.
Trustees—Isaac Himmelberger, D. L. Overholser, J. M. Justice.

Lake Cicott Christian Temperance Union.
L. E. ROGERS, President.
JOSEPH VANATTA, Vice-President.
R. A. STEWART, Secretary.

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

AN EXCELLENT WAY.

To the Editor:

THE temperance work is alive here, and unless our petitions are heeded by our Representatives, this winter, we will elect men next time who are in sympathy with us, and who need no persuasion to carry out the wishes of a majority of our citizens. R. M. W.

Argos, Ind., Jan. 27th.

TEMPLETON.

To the Editor:

OUR club is doing well. The meetings are becoming more and more interesting every week; our officers for this term are:

W. L. Templeton, President.
Geo. Lawn, Vice President.
W. W. Cooper, Secretary.
Wm. Ashton, Treasurer.

W. W. C.

January 27.

FLORA.

To the Editor:

OUR Murphy union had an election of officers last night, which resulted as follows:

President—Wm. Masters.
Vice President—C. Keyes.
Secretary—John M. Little.
Treasurer—Mrs. Standley.

We will commence a series of meetings Tuesday night and continue them through the week. F. C.

Flora, Jan. 22d, 1879.

JEFFERSON TOWNSHIP.

To the Editor:

WE will have a Murphy meeting at the Lake School House, on Thursday evening, Feb. 6. We are doing a good work. We had one of the best meetings last Sunday evening that we have had for a long time. I think if we could get a little help from the city, we could get quite an addition to our numbers. Yours, truly,

JOHN READ.

Lake Cicott, January 27.

VEEDERSBURG, IND.

To the Editor:

AFTER several unsuccessful attempts to organize a Murphy club, we have at last succeeded. Four weeks ago we started with thirty signers; we now have about ninety, and we are in good working order. The people are beginning to see the need of temperance work, and are determined to bauish king alcohol from our midst. Wishing THE SIGNAL every success, I remain yours, respectfully. A. THOMAS.

January 16, 1379.

CLAY TOWNSHIP.

To the Editor:

OUR temperance work is progressing finely. We organized Dec. 7th and have had three meetings and now have fifty members. We had a rousing meeting again last night (the 10th); the house was crowded to its utmost extent and we had good order and good speeches, and when the call for signers was given eleven came and took the pledge. We adjourned to meet in two weeks. A general good feeling prewailes. Yours truly,

J. H. B.

Brick School House, Jan. 11th, 1879.

SHELBYVILLE, IND.

To the Editor.

The temperance meetings are still in progress, 1,700 have signed the pledge. The temperance people are enthusiastic over the results. Silver Top is here lecturing. The people are highly pleased with him. We are holding the fort and gaining ground. Let the temperance people rejoice throughout the land, and go forth in this glorious cause until this terrible enemy shall forever be blotted out. Mr. Dart has accomplished what no other temperance lecturer has ever done in Shelbyville, and we recommend him to be one of the best temperance workers that has visited that place. W. D. S.

Shelbyville, Jan. 25th.

WALTON.

To the Editor:

WE have a Murphy meeting every Saturday night, with good audiences. A great deal of interest is manifested in the good work of reform. We had a splendid meeting Saturday night. Several persons spoke in favor of temperance, and all went home as happy as larks. The saloons have had a live-ly time here for the last four week sbetween themselves. They have been lawing, and paying the costs. That is just what we Waltonites want. They will soon play out, and we will do all we can to help them. Later the star has gone down as the mules ear and we see the bright rays shine over our little town. One saloonatic has come to the conclusion that Walton is not the place for him, and acting on the spur of the moment has skipped with his traps to parts unknown.

J. B. D.

Jan. 27th.

JEFFERSON TOWNSHIP.

To the Editor:

I AM glad to be able to report some progress in the temperance cause in this part of the vineyard. We are at work holding meetings from once to twice a week, and God is blessing our labors with additions at nearly every meeting. A week ago last night three good additions; last night one. Next Saturday night we meet at the Herman school-house, and on Sunday night at the lake again. Our worthy President is laboring very hard for the good cause, for which he deserves much credit. Some of our old Christian brethren are becoming very unattentive, for which they deserve a little censuring, but it is not our purpose to chastize; but we would say, please, Brothers, come and aid in the good work; two or three cannot do all the work, nor do we wish to reap all the reward. At a meeting held at Lake Cicott about a month ago the following officers were elected.

President—Joseph Vannati.
Vice President—L Shaw.
Secretary—Wm. Ritchey.
Treasurer—Henry Young.

Our meeting last night was well attended and a good interest manifested. Speeches by President Vanatti, Bros. Wm. Chapple, Patrick Burk and L. Shaw. More anon,

L. SHAW.

Lake Cicott, Jan. 20th, 1879.

THOMASBORO, ILL.

To the Editor:

PERHAPS some of the readers of THE SIGNAL would like to hear from this quarter. The N. C. T. U. at this place is a permanent organization, it was organized as such, and by the help of God it shall continue. The society has not failed to meet every week, except two evenings during the extreme cold weather, since we organized last February, while the majority of the unions outside of the large towns suspended during the heated term last summer Thomasboro union had too much to contend with to suspend meetings. We have in our village one of those tippling beer shops. It is controlled by a German that has lost his arm. He is upheld by his friends, the Germans, there being a large settlement of them n the surrounding country: but notwithstanding all this "The way of the transgressor is hard." He was arrested in last fall's court, and until he got out, it cost him $300; so reported. I think he will quit the business before next spring's court commences. Let every temperance advocate do his whole duty to try and induce some one to quit the detestable business by moral suasion if possible, and also by the same means get the retail dealer to abandon his nefarious calling, but if that fails then resort to legal means. I think the latter will not be necessary if the former is brought to bear in the right manner. May God bless the cause everywhere; which he is doing by reclaiming hundreds every day from the life of the drunkard, to that of reformed temperance men.

R. P. GRABLE.

Thomasboro, Ill., Jan. 20th, 1879.

THE MOVEMENT AT MIAMI.

To the Editor:

THE Murphy movement was organized in our village Dec. 10th, 1878. From that time up to date we have held seventeen meetings; all of which except two have been sustained by home workers; Dr. Landry, of Galveston, lectured for us on the eve of Dec. 27th, 1878. We consider him a very able lecturer and well worthy the patronage of all lovers of scientific lectures. He handles the temperance subject scientifically with a force which proves a master mind and deep study of the subject. His lecture was listened to with rapt attention by the large audience which had crowded the church to listen to him. We hope to have him with us again soon. Last Saturday evening we had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Wm. Daily, of Peru, who was kind enough to visit us. He is an earnest worker and an able talker; eleven persons came forward and signed the pledge at the close of his remarks. Sunday evening, the 12th, the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. Thirteen were induced to sign the pledge, making a sum total of 259. With but very few exceptions the boys are sticking to the pledge manfully, and a good feeling seems to predominate both in the society and out of it. We could work much more advantageously had we a larger room. The members of the Christian church very kindly threw open their doors to us, but the house is not large enough to accommodate the crowds that nightly flock to hear the good news. The M. E. church would accommodate us at any time but the doors are closed against us, for what reasons we know not. We would be glad to welcome help at any time. Our regular meetings are held on Saturday evenings of each week.

ANONYMOUS.

Miami, Miami county, Jan 15th.

MARSHALL COUNTX.

To the Editor.

HAVING just returned from a trip through Marshal county, Indiana, I wish to say a few words in relation to the temperance work in that section of the State. At Argos, Walnut, and other points, I found the people thoroughly alive to the importance of the work, and earnestly looking for the success of the cause. A more enthusiastic and earnest set of temperance workers than live in Marshal county can nowhere be found. Ever ready to receive and welcome in their midst any efficient advocate of the temperance cause, they at the same time are active and earnest in their efforts to sustain the tottering and uncertain steps of such among them as are trying to quit their cups and lead a sober life. At Walnut, a town of several hundred inhabitants, they will not suffer any one to sell intoxicating liquors, and their only druggist is a member of the Murphy organization and would suffer his hand to be severed from his body before he would deal out the infernal stuff to be used by anyone as a beverage. The Murphy organizations throughout the county are in good working order and are accomplishing a glorious work. The writer never has had the good fortune to meet with a more whole-souled and energetic set of workers in a good cause than he found in Marshal county, and he takes these means of tendering to all such his warm thanks for the aid, encouragement and hospitality extended to him in his late tour through the county. May the Murphys and Murphy organiations of that section of the State, "Live long and prosper."

J. M. VIGUS.

Logansport, Jan. 25th.

Stephen R. Smith.

Consideration for the feelings of the temperance people who have feebly and hesitatingly defended him, has been the only cause which has prevented the Gazette for several days from doing the public a service by shedding a little light on the character and purpose of Stephen R. Smith, the originator of "The Percy Band of Hope."

The determination to follow inclination in the matter has been formed too late this afternoon to allow more than a brief mention. Smith shall not be allowed to claim that he was first attacked after he left the city, and this protest against him is, therefore, entered while he is still here.

Conversation with a number of church people, and those interested actively in the temperance work, reveals the fact that they are only tolerating him; that he has filled them with disgust by the scurrillty of his cards, his offensive egotism, officiousness, familiarity, garrulity, and the apparrent gauziness of his religious and Christian pretensions. The Gazette has never seen Smith's letters of introduction. He came into this office and made himself extremely familiar before the formality of an introduction had been made.

But to any one who has seen or heard him or associated with him for any length of time his character is evident. He proposes, by the aid of the Ringgold Band and the Drum Corps (if he can get them to consent), and the parents of a number of little children in his charge, to raise "a big hurrah" to-morrow afternoon, in the name of Christianity and temperance, at the Opera House, and pocket the proceeds, and then go to Evansville and repeat the experiment. Let those who wish to contribute to the support of this tramp adventurer be present.—*Terre Haute Gazette.*

THE WHOLE "DOG."

FACTS, PLAIN AND UNVARNISHED—BRIEF AND UNANSWERABLE.

THE murder advocate of Lafayette sent to a friend of ours at Valparaiso for a copy of THE SIGNAL.

It wanted to "see a specimen bark."

The paper was sent.

Alas for human hopes!

It not only contained "barks," but BITES.

In fact, from the yelping, and howling, it must have received bark, bite, canine and all.

Like a dog with the hybophrobia, it can't bear a contact with water, and the receipt of the cold water SIGNAL threw it into violent convulsions.

The publishers of the machine, sharp and co., should be in better business.

We shall hope to dance on the grave of the accursed whisky organ and the doubly accursed whisky traffic.

The sheet advocates the "freedom" of the liquor-dealer, and the BONDAGE of the drinker.

It admits and asserts that no person has a MORAL right to get drunk, but that each has a LEGAL right to drink

A MORAL WRONG CANNOT BE MADE A LEGAL RIGHT.

A moral wrong may be LEGALIZED, but not made a legalized right.

Its the point in question.

Prohibition hangs on that thread alone.

If its wrong to drink, its wrong to sell.

If its wrong to get drunk, its wrong to make drunk.

The whisky organ admits that its wrong, morally, but because they can, may do it; because they are not driven away like jackals, wolves, and carions; because the law permits them, they suck the last drop of blood from their victims, and leave them to the charities of the world.

They want "liberty" to do this.

No honor they possess prompts them to do right.

No feeling of justice prevents them from sacrificing the most promising intellect and manhood.

Though it be your father or mine; your son or mine; your friend or mine, he must be sacrificed upon their altar of greed, selfishness and inhumanity.

The drinking man, who loves freedom as his life, is helplessly fettered by the gratification of the wish of the saloon-keeper.

They ask for free liberty to do this.

They are not satisfied with their annual 60,000 murders.

But their thirst for blood urges them to ask for the lives of all; that the government shall bind the hands of their victims, that they may more easily accomplish their destruction.

They do not ask for the liberty of the drinking men.

Only for themselves.

The murder advocate wants the people to "see both sides of the question."

So do we.

The people have been looking at the rum side of the question for the last century, and the more they see of it the worse they hate it.

The saloons and penitentiaries are twins—where you have the first you must have the other.

And as the temperance side swings around to view, bringing with it peace, happiness and contentment, the shout of rejoicing from the millions of hearts shows its universal approval.

The whisky traffic dies hard.

But die it must.

In the last throes of dissolution it writhes and wriggles and gasps; and now, in its last vigorous kick, may the many victims it has slain arise from the sepulchre to witness, and haunt the parents of their adversity, the rum-venders.

The True Way to Success.

IN New York City there have been two widely different classes engaged in promoting the cause of temperance. The one has been led by Francis Murphy, who devotes himself exclusively to the reformation of the victims of strong drink. The other is under the leadership of such men as Wm. E. Dodge, Howard Crosby and Noah Davis. These men represent the wealth, the scholarship and jurisprudence of our great commercial metropolis. They have succeeded in interesting, to quite an encouraging extent, many of the heaviest tax-payers and most influential citizens in a consideration of the burdens resulting from the use of intoxicants.

In these different laborers, laboring for the same end in different ways, we have a good illustration of the way in which the temperance cause must be made most permanently and widely successful. So long as men drink there will be needed such warm hearted, sympathetic, skillful and earnest workers as Mr. Murphy and Dr. Reynolds. The intemperate can be reformed and saved only by personal, hand to hand work. Somebody must go to them in their wretchedness, and darkness, and discouragement, and inspire them with hope, kindle new and higher aspirations and give them a strong hand of help. While men are in the gutter we need other men to go and pull them out.

But can the temperance cause ever be truly successful, although tens of thousands of inebriates may be rescued, if the gutters are continually supplied with victims? If it is a good thing to reform the drunkard, is it not a great deal better to have no more drunkards? To accomplish this, the influence, the sagacity, the power of men like Messrs. Dodge, Crosby and Davis are needed. When we have the two great classes of society, the rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant, the lawyer, merchant, and scholar, all united in one persistent crusade upon intemperance we may be sure of the best success. All these must labor in their own field and in the way which they think most effective. And we are greatly encouraged, since intemperance is pre-eminently a social evil, that the different classes of society are beginning to perform their duty.

A Fortunate Town.

THE town of Lexington, Ill., is organized under a special charter, and following is the language of section 17. An election was recently held on the question of the repeal of the section, and after a most exciting campaign it was emphatically decided to keep rum out. The section reads:

"The town council are hereby expressly and forever prohibited from granting licenses to any person or persons in said town of Lexington to sell, traffic, barter, exchange, or give away any strong beer, ale, lager beer, wine, rum, gin, brandy, whisky, or intoxicating liquors, drinks or beverages of any kind whatever, including Hostetter's stomach bitters, plantation bitters, or any other bitters of whatever name or kind containing intoxicating liquors; and no person shall be permitted to bring into the said town of Lexington, or keep about his, her, or their premises, saloon, cellar, dwelling house, outhouse, or in any other place in said town, or within a mile thereof, any of the above-named drinks, liquors, or intoxicating beverages, for the purpose of trafficking therein in any way whatever."

Such a law. properly enforced, would place Indiana far ahead of the present unenvied position.

The Young Ladies.

THE purpose of the Young Ladies' Christian Temperance Union is thus briefly set forth by the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

"They have organized for their own sake and for the sake of the world in which they live. They intend to do their utmost in assisting the temperance cause. They will begin systematically by studying the temperance literature so as to do their good work in an able and intelligent manner. All of the members have taken the pledge to abstain, with God's assistanee, from the use of liquors, wine, beer, or cider, and will try to induce their friends to do the same for the good of the cause and as an example to intemperate persons, the ladies recognizing the fact that there are drunkards among both sexes. The different members will keep albums in which their friends will, at appropriate times, be asked to subscribe to the temperance pledge. The ladies have been informed by a prominent physician that liquor can be dispensed with as medicine, that drugs exist which possess the same medicinal cure, without the intoxicating quality. One lady from each church in the city will be solicited as a member of the executive committee, while any lady can become a member of the association.'

The Aim of Prohibition.

THE purpose of prohibitionists is very clearly stated in the Lewiston (Me.) Journal, of which ex-Governor Dingley is editor, in these words:

"No sensible friend of temperance proposes to make prohibitoty laws take the place of moral agencies. All that is claimed for law is that it supplements and strengthens moral agencies, and fortifies and holds the ground that they have gained. The wise father understands that virtuous tnoughts and habits are to be instilled into his son by moral means, but he also understands that while he thus strengthens his son's power to resist temptation, he would be false to his trust if he did not insist that the law should do its best to put out of the way brothels gambling places and dram-shops, and thus diminish the power of temptations to be resisted."

At East Sandridge.

A Union was organized at East Sandridge, Saturday evening, with the following officers:

President—Wm. Funston.
Vice-President- W. O. League.
Secretary—Wm. Stoton.
Treasurer—A. L. Randolph.

The house was well filled, and the short speeches of Messrs. Shilling, Burnett, Horn, Newton, Funston, Leedy, and Larimore were received with close attention.

Several signed the pledge.

Another meeting will be held Saturday evening next.

TIME FLIES.

Times flies:
But with what wings?
With wings of butterflies
To joy it clings.
Now here, now there. Who sighs
For joy, finds joy and dies.

Time flies:'
But with what wings?
With wings of bees it hies.
Who works and sings
In rich content all day,
Will bear bright gold away.

Time flies:
But with what wings?
With wings of birds to skies
Where sunlight flings
Wide open heaven's door.
Life! light! who cares for more?

Time flies:
But with what wings?
With angel wings it tries
To lift low things
Up from the heavy sod,
Up from earth's griefs to God!
—Sunday-School Times.

A RESCUE FROM CANNIBALS.

Hulda came down into the bowels of the earth to find me, as she usually was compelled to do. There was no necessity for her remaining amid the rust and roaches, the gloom and interminable steam, of that cavernous kitchen floor of ours on Brooklyn Heights. We had kept boarders now for years and years, or perhaps the boarders had kept us, or it might have been a mutual eking out of existence. But I took care of the cooking, because in that the main strength of success lay, and I didn't want to keep boarders all my life.

When we began it was to please Brother Bob. He was a well-to-do salesman then in the city, and used to come down to the dear old homestead with so many airs and graces about him that we grew to look upon him with a sort of awe, and wondered if this prinky gentleman in the high hat and linnen duster could be our Bob that used to kick all the bottoms out of the chairs and never had a whole knee in his breeches; that robbed the birds' nests, worried the schoolmaster, was nearly drowned in the millrace and had his leg broken by a fall from the hay rick. Nobody would dream he had ever a kink in his leg, now that he had got to be a commercial man. He was as straight and tall as the finest of our scarlet-runner poles, and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, he was that smooth and sleek and soft-spoken. How surprised we were when he proposed himself to go and hear David Devine' first sermon, holding the hymn-book all the way, and carrying Hulda's best shawl on his arm! I used to be his favorite in the good old days when he didn't know a snub nose from a Grecian one, and Bob found my carroty hair and freckles much finer than the silken locks and delicate complexion of Hulda. He used to call Hulda a milk-and-water baby, and I was the one he came to in all his scrapes and short comings. But, somehow, after he got to the city I never could find much favor in his sight, and had no relish for a dead delight. The boy was gone from me as utterly as if he lay in the old churchyard by Sister Betty's side. The memory of him was far sweeter than any present delight in his prosperity.

I was always opposed to giving up the homestead when father and mother died and going to the city to keep house for Bob. But Bob persisted, and won over Hulda, as he always did. I think he had a sneaking design from the first that Hulda should win the admiration of one of his employers—the batchelor member of the firm of Marley & Brothers. He came out with Bob in one of the vacations, and certainly seemed to admire Hulda, as one might say, ravenously. He ate more in a quiet way than any person I ever saw; and it seemed a very high complement, in Bob's eyes, that while he was eating, his grave, owl-like eyes where fixed upon Hulda, though why I can't say, as I always did the cooking. I used to tell our young preacher, Davy Devine, that he couldn't expect the hot place would have the terror for me it had for others, seeing that I was used to the hottest corner, and rather liked it. David made some kind little reply in his pleasant way; and I must say my choice for Hulda had always been this handsome, fair-worded, pure-hearted, God-loving young neighbor of ours. He had always cared for her since they were children together; and I knew father and mother would have been well content to have Hulda the parson's wife in the old Dutch church where they had gone together year in and year out, and now ay resting close by.

Hulda was little more than a child, but was taking kindly to the wonderfully pleasant ways of Providence just then; and after mother died she clung more and more to me and David. He and I used to talk the matter over, even to the furnishing up of the old parsonage, never dreaming but that all would be right. It seemed as natural to me as seed-time and harvest that Hulda should marry David, and walk up the aisle in her plain silk gown and close bonnet, and everybody should say what a sweet wife was the young pastor's.

But in the meantime Bob married a fashionable city girl, and in the hot seasons he brought his wife and children home. I couldn't find much fault with the girl, though I tried to hard enough; she spent too much time distorting her pretty hair out of its natural comeliness, and put as many queer artificial humps about her as a camel; but had a winsome, cheery way with her, and I always had a weakness for beauty, be it in man, woman or beast; and, besides, she always had a good word for the young parson, often luring Marley away with her coquetry and wiles, so that David could have a word with Hulda.

"He's worth a dozen of that bald, blinking Marley," she would say, "and I'll do what I can Magda, to foil Bob's plans."

She was such a good-natured creature I wished it had been God's will to spare her to her young brood, of which she was over-fond; but while they were three manikins the gay young mother got cold and died, and nothing would do but we must go to the city to keep house for Bob. Hulda's tender heart was wrung for Bob's widowed and lonely condition, but I could see under his stiff, hard melancholy a bitter quantity of worldly forethought and speculation.

I knew what was coming, and, indeed, was prepared for anything. What did it matter now that the blessed old homestead was out of our hold? I had kept some of the mahogany furniture, much to Bob's disgust, who seemed to cheapen the richest acres we had, and spoke slightingly of the knots and gnarls in our dear old apple trees that every body knew made the fruit all the sweeter. Bob sniffed with disdain at my holding the mortgage for my share of the estate.

"Ready money would be much better, Magda," he said; but I had my way, thank God! And I told Bob up and down I wanted it understood that there was to be no obligation on either side—Hulda and I would take the city house, and he and the three children should board with us. To help along with the expenses I took a few more boarders, and still a few more, for one brought another. I had a sort of faculty for cooking, and if there's one weakness in the human race more prevailing and besetting than another, it's gluttony. I used to do my best to tempt the jaded yet voracious palate of that yellow dyspeptic Marley, and gave him many a grim hobgoblin for company after he'd left my sweet Hulda, for I couldn't forgive his winning her consent to marry him, when he knew the core of her heart was another's. The coming to the city and finding out how pretty she was had turned Hulda's head.

Bob's will and cunning were strong and untiring, and anyway Hulda gave up poor David Devine, and agreed to marry that grim and greedy Marley. I lay awake at night worrying about it—my heart was so sore perplexed for poor David, and wrathful against Bob, and distrustful of Providence. I grew desperate and wicked, but David stuck to his faith, dear fellow, though he hadn't strength to stick to the old spot where he had been so happy and so miserable. He went out as a missionary to some of those cannibal islands, where I wonder the women didn't eat him—he was so handsome and so good.

The very name of Marley became an abomination to me, and I forced a promise from Hulda that she wouldn't marry for a couple of years, during which time I hoped for heaven knows what that was strange or remarkable. I had small doubt but that poor David was food for the fishes or the canibals, for I had heard no word from him; but I kept on praying and hoping for a hurricane that might sweep every Marley off the face of the earth. Whenever Marley took Hulda out he brought a carriage, and as it wasn't Bob's way to waste any luxury, he used very often to occupy the spare seat—he and a sister of Marley's, a high-nosed, high-colored, big-toothed young woman called Judith. I saw what was coming, and I told Bob he'd regret it to his dying day, but he married Judith Marley within that year. She disliked the trouble of housekeeping, so he brought her to board with me. They took a suite of rooms on the second floor, and before she had been in the house a month she began to raise Cain, as I knew she would. Of which I was very glad. I should have been sorely disappointed if she had forced me to love her, as did the fond, flighty first wife of Bob; for to hate the Marleys had become my soul strength and tonic during the days of endless labor and weariness of body and soul. The spite I had against the whole Marley race, that had spoiled my Bob for me, and wheedled my sister into a perfidy that broke the manly heart of David Devine—the spite I held for them one and all kept life in me when I should otherwise have fainted by the way. Bob saw that we couldn't live together, and took a furnished house down the street; for Bob was a big man now, and one of the partners of Marley & Brothers; but before Judith went away she gave me what she called a piece of her mind. By the grace of heaven it so happened that Hulda said one little word or two in my defense, when the termagant turned upon her, and, among other insults, accused her of entrapping her brother into a marriage. Hulda did not reply, but there was something in her face that frightened Judith. She tried to eat the mischievous words, but I knew that the Marley link was broken. Poor Bob took up his wife's quarrel, though one could see this second honeymoon of his had rather a bitter flavor. I felt sorry for him and the three poor little step-children as they went soberly down to their fine new house.

I had Hulda to myself now, and will confess that I left no stone unturned to accomplish my purpose. I spared neither her suitor's age nor his infirmities, and repeated, with many a shy exaggeration, the taunt of Judith. So all poor Marley's entreaties, and the threats and wrath of Bob, were unable to mend the mischief of one woman's tongue. Hulda gave up Marley, and settled down with me to old-maidenhood and the dreary monotony of keeping boarders. Even Hulda was past middle age when she came down to me that morning on the kitchen floor. As I said, there was no necessity for Hulda's remaining among the rust and roaches, the clatter of the dishes, and the bustle of the black serving-maids. I had kept Hulda the lady manager of the house. Her laces were real, while mine were any two penny cheatery that came to hand; she rustled in her silks, while I got about in a gingham gown; but we worked together, Hulda and I, and the time had come now when we could shake the dust and ashes of this drudgery from our feet. It was growing hot for that season of the year, I had thought all the morning of the budding larches out on the old homestead, and the tender green of the willow slips down by the meadow. It seemed to me I could hear the young lambs bleat, and catch the milky breath of the cows as they chewed their early cud. It might have been the steam of the boarding-house breakfast that dimmed my eyes as I whispered to Hulda:

"It's all settled. The boarders must be told to-day. We're rid of all this din and drudgery. I've paid the last cent on the homestead, and it's our's, dearie, to have and hold forever."

"And shall we live there alone, Magda?" she said—"only you and I?"

"I shall take Chloe to help about the house," I said; "but as to living alone that's what I thought we'd been working and praying for. You certainly don't want to take any boarders along? Mrs. Post wants to bring her sick baby out for the summer, and that young student on the second floor back is pestering me to spend his vacation with us; but surely, Hulda, you would not begin our new life with boarders?"

"No, Magda, no," she said, with that little melancholy, deprecatory, exasperating smile of hers; and as she went away she left the germ after her of rather a bitter misgiving, which ripened into full maturity when we got settled into the old homestead, with all our household goods about us. These deities wore a rueful and rusty air. There was something out of joint. It was time himself, no doubt. The tall clock in the corner didn't tick in the old cheery way, but put Hulda in mind of some weary jingle she had read, with the one refrain of "Never, forever—forever, never." I never could see, myself, the use of reading rhymes—either they are too silly or too grave—but Hulda had always been what they called romantic. I began to hate the approach of a moonlight night, for she would sit out-of-doors and run the risk of the ague; and when the air grew chill enough to have a comfortable fire on the hearth, Hulda spoiled it all by begging me not to light the lamps, and there she would sit in a blindman's holiday. I began to get the rickets myself; and though I wouldn't have owned it for the world, was sorry I hadn't brought out with me Mrs. Post and her baby, and the young student on the second floor back. For one thing, I hadn't enough to do. Chloe did all the kitchen work, Hulda attended to the bedrooms, and the cooking that was left to me wasn't worth mentioning. It was enough to break one's heart to see the dishes come and go untouched and untasted. I would almost have been glad to see that greedy Marley come in for one hearty meal. There was nobody to brew or bake for; nobody to mend or make for; and, ah me! what a bitter cry I had one day when I stupidly stumbled into Bob's snuggery up under the eaves of the garret, and saw there the broken fishing rods, the old rabbit hutches, the bird traps, kites, marbles, and heaven knows what and all! I couldn't get the boy out of my mind, and began, now that I had plenty of time, to think that I might have been a little hard myself, and grew to wondering about the children of Bob's first wife that I'd given over to the clutch of Judith Marley without one word to cheer or comfort.

The hard northern winter came on apace. All the little brooks froze tight, the tender green of the larches and willows had given way to red and gold, and at last there was no color or substance left them but their skeleton branches against a leaden sky. The snow came down in whirling drifts, and day in, day out, the clock ticked the doleful refrain. I got out some patchwork, but put it away again—for who would inherit my handiwork?—and made up my mind we'd have no Christmas dainties that year to stare us dolefully out of countenance. Poor Chloe was getting dyspeptic already with overfeeding, and even her wool didn't tighten up in the old vigorous way.

It was the third day before Christmas, when a storm set in of hail and snow and sleet, so that it was all we could do to get the dumb creatures about the place housed and fed. When all was done I set the logs to blazing upon the hearth, and happily kept a warm drink in the ashes for Chloe, who was still fussing about the kitchen. The wind roared around the house, swinging the branches of the trees against the weather-boarding; and said I, "Hulda, God save any poor creatures at the mercy of this storm to-night!"

"Amen!" said Hulda.

At that moment we both heard something like a human voice strained to the utmost, and Hulda started to her feet.

"Be quiet, Hulda," I said, myself far from easy; "it's only the shrieking of the wind."

But again we heard the voice, and again we heard my name. I reached for my cloak and hat, and buckled on my rubbers, while Hulda stood trembling by, when suddenly the door flew open, and a great gust of storm and sleet came pelting in, driving before it a man and some young children he was huddling before him like sheep in a tempest. They were blinded with the storm and half frozen, but the boy dragged his sister by the hand, and poor Bob held the youngest child in his arms.

"Don't you know us, Aunt Mag?" said the little fellow. "I'm Bob, you know. The wagon all broke down, and we're jolly glad to get ho-ome." Here the little man began to cry, for his brave heart was over-burdened, and the child in Bob's arms took up the refrain. Bob himself was white as the snow outside, and seemed dazed and bewildered.

"See here, Mag," he stammered out, "I've brought the children to you to board for awhile. Everything's at sixes and sevens in the city; Marley & Brothers have gone to smash; but I'll get something in the way of a clerkship again, and pay the children's board, you know; they shan't be a burden to you, Mag."

A burden! It didn't seem much like a burden. Such a glad commotion as those little ones created, Hulda and Chloe putting dry clothes on them, and tricking them out as if for a baby masquerade. The hot posset was poured down their little throats, and a bountiful supper was given them of hot milk and buns.

"There'll be something grand for breakfast," I said, looking upon them as greedily as ever poor Marley did upon Hulda. How the old kitchen echoed with their romps and capers! They were all handsome, every one of them with Bob's fine made and build, and beautiful eyes like their pretty dead mother's.

"Bob," I said, choking yearningly over the thought, "if you'll give them to me, the whole three, I'll spend my whole life in making them happy; and after I'm gone, they shall have the homestead, and every penny I've got in the world."

"Yes, yes," said Bob, who had never ceased shivering, and was now as hot and red as he had been white and cold, "I'll pay their board, Magda; this is only a temporary trouble. I hope to get a clerkship, quite a lucrative clerkship; but little Bob will never get through the storm—never! Keep hold of your sister, Bob," cried my poor brother, in a loud voice, "and keep the tail of my coat firm in your other hand; don't let go, my son, for God's sake, Bobby—don't let go!"

He got upon his feet, and seemed to be plodding through the storm, and as he made his way to the kitchen door I coaxed him on up to bed in his own old room, that I had kept a red and comfortable to lighten my own aching heart. When the morning dawned and the doctor could get to us, poor Bob was wild in delirium; the only words he muttered or called aloud were about bonds and bills, dollars and fractions of dollars. His long white fingers seemed to hold a pen, and scratch, scratch the weary figures upon the counterpane till my eyes and brain ached for very pity.

For two wretched days and nights he struggled with this sordid misery, the fiend of commercial fret and disaster never letting go his grip; but Christmas morning dawned clear and bright, and before the eastern sky had quite lost its glory Bob fell into a deep, untroubled sleep. How white and wan he looked! How thin and bloodless were the once busy fingers that now lay limp and still!

At noon-time the sky was all one blaze of cloudless sunny blue, and to keep the room dark I strove to fasten an extra shawl over the window. Suddenly I heard Bob whispering my name in such a strange voice that I got down quickly and went over to the bedside, and was puzzled to hear a low laugh from his trembling lips.

"Say Mag," he whispered, "don't let mother know. I crept in through the window, and left some of my pants on the gooseberry bushes below; you'll patch 'em up, won't you, Mag? And keep mum about it. Such a lark as we had last night! Dave Devine and I painted the deacon's horse white and red; but keep mum, Mag—not a word for your life!"

I kept mum. God knows I couldn't speak. I had got my boy Bob back again, but there was a sore tugging at my heart-strings. The doctor came and lingered long, then he turned to me—"My work is done," he said. "I was afraid from the first it would be useless; a higher and better work has begun. There is some one down stairs—a stranger in these parts, but no stranger to you or me, or this dear lad lying here. I wouldn't like to bring a new face among you just now, but this one will do. "Bob," he said leaning over my poor brother—"Bob, here is an old friend to pray with us on this dear day that Christ was born."

Then there came into the room a man with brown skin and lusty growth—his hair was almost white, but his eyes had a familiar loving glow dear to the olden time. I did not care to question who he was or whence he came, but knelt silently at the bedside while he prayed.

Bob's lips moved, but only with some boyish memory, and hour after hour went by. The day was at last waning; I was alone with my brother. I heard the light breathing of his children, and mine now, in the room close by; the low voices of David and Hulda reached me once in a while from the lower floor. I might have been a hard and bitter woman, but at last the day went out and took Bob with it, I felt a delight in my sore and aching heart that he may be beyond the reach of the Marleys.—[Harper's Magazine.

One-Half to the Informant.

An "Old Doctor" contributes to the Charlottesville, (Va.) Chronicle the following amusing story:

"In colonial times, when Colonel Archibald Cary was a magistrate, living at Williamsburg, a man who was much disliked by his neighbors on account of his vindictiveness and general meanness came before the old Colonel, and informed him that his neighbor, John Brown, had violated the game law by killing a deer before the 1st of September. Now, although Brown was a good, honest, poor man, much esteemed by his acquaintances, Esquire Cary was bound to issue a warrant for his arrest, and when Brown appeared before him he confessed that he had killed the deer, knowing at the time that he was violating the law, but that his wife had a great longing for venison, and knowing that deer daily frequented his cornfield, she gave him no peace. He had begged her to wait a little while, till the 1st of September, but she vowed she could not wait. So he killed the deer. The old magistrate, seeming full of compassion, said:

"'Brown, the law is explicit; you will have to pay the fine, which is £5.'

"'Lord bless your heart, Colonel Cary,' said Brown, 'all I have on earth would not sell for £5.'

"'Well, then,' said the Justice, turning to the law and reading, without paying strict attention to punctuation or the exact position of the words, 'Whoever shall be guilty of shooting, snaring, trapping, or in any way killing a deer within this, His Majesty's Colony of Virginia, at any time between the 1st of May and the 1st of September, shall pay a fine of £5, and if he is unable to do this, the punishment shall be awarded by thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, well laid on, one half to be given to the King.' 'Mr. Constable,' said his honor, "as we are enjoined to do justice and love mercy, and where an odd amount, which is not capable of an equal division is to be divided between a rich man and a poor man, I always give the poor man the larger share; you will, therefore, give the informant in this case the twenty lashes, and whenever you catch His Majesty, the King, in this colony, you will then give him the nineteen.' So the majesty of law was maintained, much to the satisfaction of all who knew odious informant."

A Streak of Good Luck.

The recent address of John S. Miley at the instance of his employers, Robertson & Perry, for embezzlement, created a little excitement among the merchants on the street. Miley had been brought up in the grocery business; beginning with R. S. Foster, he had, at one time or another, been employed in nearly every grocery house in the city. His peculations of late were a matter of gossip, and it was an open secret that his accounts needed careful watching, but he was a man of such fine address, and his success as a salesman was so marked that grocers preferred to watch him rather than to dispense with his services altogether. A remark made by his disgraced father to Mr. Robertson the day of his arrest, furnishes a strange key to his present troubles. Said Mr. Miley, "That $5,000 lottery prize is what ruined my son."

In one of the Louisville public lotteries Miley, then traveling for Conduitt, Cook & Co., invested in several chances. He was a winning holder, and drew nearly $5,500 in prizes. This money was wasted in riotous living among fast women and men. It went as easily as it came, and left its late possessor with several ugly habits quite firmly contracted. Gambling and drinking became passions with him, and to satiate these he stole from his employers. From Conduitt, Cook & Co., he went to Syfers, McBride & Co.; leaving with a balance of $600 on the wrong side of his account. This money was paid by his father. Syfers, McBride & Co., were his creditors to the same amount before he left their employ. His father paid that also. He next went to Arkansas with his father and remained there several years, engaged in the lumber trade. It is said that his father suffered heavily from his excesses while they were in business together. Upon his return, he found no difficulty in obtaining a situation with Robertson & Perry, the ending of which is well known to the readers of The News. He is now lying in the county jail at Paris, Illinois, in default of $800 bail.

In the same lottery, and at the instigation of John Miley, Chas. C. Crawford, a young traveling man employed by Conduitt, Cook & Co., invested in one-tenth of a ticket with nine other young men living near Columbus, Indiana. He was also successful, and his share of the prize was $7,500. Of this amount he invested $7,000 in the house of Conduitt & Cook and was made a partner. In a little over a year his habits had changed so rapidly for the worse that Messrs. Conduitt & Cook were glad to pay him back his original money with interest, and he left the store. He took the money and invested it in the retail dry goods business. Where it went is not known. At any rate it went and a few days ago Mr. Cook gave enough money to send him to his home in Ohio. At last accounts he was a common wandering tramp without home or friends, character or money.

Ten years ago the future of these two young men was considered as bright and promising as any one in the city. They were intelligent and competent, and had the confidence of their employers and associates. Now one is a tramp and the other a felon, and all through what at the time was considered "a fortunate thing," drawing prizes in a lottery.—[Indianapolis News.

Listen to What the Red Men Say.

In response to resolutions recently adopted by the stock men at Omaha, pledging themselves to purchase no ponies stolen from the Indians, the following was received:

The talk you have sent us is good. We think you believe an Indian has rights as well as a white man, and that is a good thing on the right road because that will make peace and good friends. We will do what we can to help you get back stolen horses. If they came into our camp we will take them and let you know so you can get them. If we see them driven forth we will stop them and report to our agent. We have asked him to make the same bargain with good men in the Black Hills and Deadwood. When we started out to try to be white men we mean it, and now we mean to tell you these things. When an Ogallala goes over the Nebraska line to look for his horses with a pass in his pocket; don't shoot at him until you know what he is there for. If a bad Indian should steal a horse don't say Red Clould is on the warpath. We don't say that you are making war when your bad men steal our horses. Send the brands of as many of your people's stock as you can, and we will have it nailed up in the council-room so we can all see it. We hope you will not look upon this as a "bald-headed treaty," but as an understanding between men who want to be honest and do the fair thing. Your friends,

His
RED ⋈ CLOUD,
mark.
and all the chiefs and head men.

"A growling nuisance"—The Newfoundland pup next door.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share its joys with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an human sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust or cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals, in nature's plan,
Are the genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that droops on his slumber deep,
Brings sleepy draughts to the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
But he his simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And life with the great and good of yore;
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empire fade away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
When all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister or wife;
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heavens's decree.
The blessings that never were bought nor sold,
And center there, are better than gold.

ASPIRE.

W. D. GALLAGHER.

A word with the New Year for old and young.

I.

If Youth looks forward, why should Age look back?
True life is aspiration. Yet the track,
Mankind pursues is filled with many a soul
That halts and staggers, prone upon the earth,
The infinite stars, that in their orbits roll
Teach other lessons. Now, as at their birth,
They trail their robes of glory never dim,
But bright throught all things with the light of Him
Who made them, and appointed each its place,
So ought it to be with us; yet we can trace
Our course, along its whole broad, devious line,
By many a halting step, and many a sign
Of earth-born terrors, and of faltering faith
And feeble purposes that end in death.

II.

Aspire! Who does so, rises; it may be
Not much, but somewhat; high enough to see
Further and clearer and a little more
Than his eye compassed where he stood before
And it is well with him, who, glancing back,
Can see below, in the way he came, the track
He made in coming. He ascends? But high
Above all height we know, where never eye
Of man hath seen yet, there our source and goal
Are, with the Infinite, Aspire! The whole
Bright firmament—the universe—aye, all
Things grand, or beautiful, or holy, call
From out that Infinite, and bid the soul
Look up. Whate'er the height attain'd a higher
Still from the unattained calls out—"ASPIRE!"

Selected for THE SIGNAL.

RATTLESNAKES.

A TEMPERANCE SKETCH.

HE was a cheeky young man, who wanted every one he met in the country to know he was from the city. He proclaimed himself a politician, also, and to prove it, he not only carried a stock of liquors with him, but "sampled" every tavern within his reach, while sojourning in the town of Mapleshade, going in every direction, as he said, to find the best.

The consequence of all this was, that when he went with a select party to the famous fishing waters of Hardenburg, he was in rather a shaky condition. He asked numerous questions as he rode through the wilderness on his way to the trout streams about bears, wolves and panthers. Some of the party made him still more nervous, by telling him thrilling bear and panther stories, but one of them went on snakes. He told of dens of rattlers, with "millions in them," in the great rocky hills overhanging the streams. Copperheads and blue racers were plenty, but the rattlers took the palm.

Mr. Slack, our hero, swallowed every word and had he not taken courage from his convenient whisky-flask, there is no doubt he would have deserted the party long before it reached its destination.

After a fearful day's drive, just at dark the party reached a shaky old shebang kept by one Wormsley, near the fishing grounds, and put up for the night. They indulged in a supper of rancid pork fried soft, a few heavy slap jacks, and some tea, which tasted very herby; smoked a few cigars, and went to bed under the bare rafters of the low-roofed chamber.

There were four beds in a row, and Mr. Slack, by his own desire, was assigned one very near the open window.

The party were all tired and sleepy, and soon all but Slack were asleep. He lay awake, cogitating over a problem. Could rattlesnakes climb trees?

That was the question. A huge basswood tree, at the end of the house, extended its limbs almost into the window close by his head. He woke one of the party by shouting his name:

"Billy Feun! Billy Feun!"

"What's the matter?" growled Billy, angry at being waked from a pleasant dream.

"Do rattlesnakes ever climb trees?" asked Slack.

"Yes—darn it—yes! Now let me sleep!"

Slack said no more, but he went to sleep with troublesome thoughts on his mind. Meantime the wind began to freshen, and the limbs of the trees which touched the window, of course moved, and one branch protruding further than the rest, touched and brushed the cheek of the sleeping politician. Half wakened, he heard the rattle of the wind-shaken leaves.

The next instant he was out of bed, all disrobed, making for the stairs shouting:

"Rattlesnakes! Rattlesnakes!"

In a second he was down stairs in the midst of Wormsley's family, who were yet up inspecting the fishing gear and other properties of the visitors.

"Put on your clothes! There's no snakes here!" shouted Wormsley.

"There is! there is! They were on my bed! I heard 'em and I felt 'em!" shrieked Slack.

"They came out o' your boots, then!" cried Wormsley. "Get out o' here, or I'll kick you out, you shameless beast!"

And Slack afraid to go up stairs again, went out of doors, and waited there till Wormsley brought him his clothes; and there he staid on the doorstep till daylight, when he struck the back trail, left the party, and started for Mapleshade. Arriving there, he did not wait for the return of the fishing party, but packed up and left for the city.

Suffice it to say that no rattlesnakes was ever seen in Hardenburg, and only now and then a striped gartersnake.

Mr. Slack prefers the city now, where rattlesnake's poison is more plenty than in the country. He sees snakes yet at times, but they come from his "boots" and whisky flask.

Oh, George.

They were on the ice yesterday afternoon, he in the glory of his new found love, and she with a bran-new pair of skates on her pretty feet. They were very sweet on each other, and skated hand in hand, now forward, now backward, gliding smoothly and gracefully, totally unconscious of the smiles of the spectators, and the chaffing of the bad small boys. He was skating backward, and had hold of her hand—a strong hold, with just the least more pressure than would have been desirable under other circumstances. He was pulling her along and talking, the meanwhile:

"Darling Celeste, shall we always glide together through life as smoothly as we do now?"

"Oh, George, dear, I hope so!" smilingly.

"And shall we ever be to each other as dear as we now are?"

"Oh, George, always!"

"And, Celeste, shall our clasp of the hand be as warm in the future as it is now?"

"Oh, George, it will!" lovingly.

"Dear Celeste, you are so kind to keep me first in your affec—"

"Oh, George!"

There was a crash before that last exclamation. George was skating backward and they were looking into each other's eyes. His skate caught in a crack in the ice and there was a fall—Celeste on top. A series of mild shrieks, a vision of dimity, and then two skaters left the ice. George has a lump on the back of his head as big as a prize pumpkin, and Celeste's nose looks like a ripe fig and skewed around like a mule's jaw. Oh, George!—[Bradford Breeze.

Reasons of Fashion.

It is always possible in looking up the origin of a reigning fashion to find a reason for it; cause and effect go hand in hand even amid fashion's vagaries. This winter we hear of the prevalence of pearls as a fashion; a recent traveler notes the finding of a new pearl bank in the Persian Gulf early last year; therefore, some one stood behind the crank that turns out the Paris fashions who was interested in some "corner" in pearls. At recent English high-life weddings a bunch of pinks from the village of Celarine in the Engadine has been a much prized wedding gift, above price, because it needed all the persuasion of tourists to make the peasant yield up his cherished flower, and it had lately been much famed. Suddenly the breast of the pellican became the much wished-for articles for muffs, and Russia imported these skins by the cart-load. In Paris, ladies have their writing paper stamped with the crests and mottoes of their family; or they eschew these and invent devices to suit their own tastes. The idea of having a swallow in flight with "Le froid me chase" emanated from the pen of a well-known French authoress, whose example has been copied by many other women. In this country, where fashions are followed with ardor, it will be well for those unversed in heraldry to remember that no woman has a right to a crest. Her lozenge-shaped device may quarter the arms of the family, but she has no reason for engraving a lion passant or a ram trippant, on her paper, unless she wishes to be laugned at by foreigners.—[New York Evening Post.

A Choctaw Wedding.

Dr. Charles Nelson, of 172 Fulton street, Brooklyn, is a Choctaw Indian, over six feet tall, massively built, and as red-skinned as Indians ever are. He is sixty-two years of age, but he seems hardly forty. Six months ago he came to Brooklyn to practice medicine with his Indian remedies. On Saturday night last he married a comely young woman, Miss Elizabeth Doyle, who had paid him a casual visit a few weeks before, and had fallen in love with him on the spot. The marriage was speedily arranged. The young woman has some well-to-do relatives in Brooklyn, as well as in Fall River, Massachusetts, where she was born, and although a Catholic, the religion espoused by the Indian as well, she would not consent to have the banns published, as is necessary when a priest conducts the ceremony; and so to avoid publicity, the Rev. Lindsay Parker of the Sands street Methodist Church, was engaged. The ceremony was performed in the rear of the Doctor's medicine shop. The Indian's costume was a pair of buckskin breeches with fringe down the sides, a short beaded and braided jacket, and a beaver cap, beaded in rows of pink, white and blue glass beads. The bride wore a sealskin cap, also beaded with Indian handiwork. The ceremony was that usually employed by Methodist ministers, but after the minister was gone an Indian ceremony was begun, which lasted far into the night. None was admitted to the festivities except those whose veins contained Indian blood and who could appreciate them.

Last night when a reporter called to get some further account of the peculiar ceremonies, an Indian maiden sat by a red-hot stove in the doctor's shop. She said that she was the doctor's daughter.

"Then your father has been married before?"

"Yes," she said. "This is the thir or fourth time."

"He habitually marries pale-faced women, then?"

"You bet. My mother was a white woman. I wouldn't marry an Indian."

The maiden spoke a little Choctaw, but the most of her conversation was in improved latter-day English. She said that her father kept on the go so much that she didn't get a chance to marry, and she didn't choose to do the business up so rapidly as he had done it. A heavy step was heard approaching, a curtain in the partition was pushed aside, and the Indian doctor appeared. He has a quick eye, a stolid manner, and a sanguinary caste of features. He wore a sealskin cap, beneath which glistened his long black hair, done up in queue fashion. He was wrapped in a heavy coat made of the tawny skin of a young buffalo and trimmed with beaver fur. He was provoked at the publicity his marriage had obtained. He said that as for himself he didn't care, but "the other side of the house," nodding his head toward the back room, objected on account of her folks. As to the Indian ceremonies, he said that they had a war dance and a good time, but he refused to go into details. He liked a speedy marriage.

"I knew a fellow," he said, "who was on a spree in South Carolina. He was in a hotel half drunk, when a young widow from the country came in. As soon as he laid eyes on her he said: 'Are you married?' She said 'No.' 'D——n me, neither am I,' he said; 'will you have me?' 'Yes, I will,' she said. They linked and marched off to the 'squire's, and I never knew a happier couple."

Nelson was born in Hamburg, South Carolina, his father being a Choctaw Indian living on a reservation there at that time. His mother was an English woman, who was a widow with children when Anthony Oliver, the Choctaw, married her. Oliver was a medicine man, and Nelson chose his own name. When the Indians of South Carolina were moved West, Nelson, then an infant, was stolen. His step-sister followed the tribe, recovered him, and carried him back to his mother, traveling 100 miles on foot with him on her back.

"All my wives," he said, "have been white women. An Indian will choose a pale-faced woman every time. An white man may marry a negro woman but you never heard of an Indian doing it. I admit that a young squaw, when she is well dressed, is a mighty nice creature, but give me a white woman for a wife."

Nelson is a migratory physician, and rarely stays long in a place. This is his first visit to Brooklyn. "I came," he said, "because I wanted money and a wife."—[New York Sun.

Aunt Anarky's "Conjured" Soap Pot.

Detroit Free Press.

"Da'aint no use a talkin' de ole abarseer's in dat pot o' soap! Here I'se ben a bilin' an' a bilin' dat pot continentally fur three days han' runnin', an' it came yet yet, and Aunt Anarky looked dolefully into the pot of boiling soap, that wouldn't "come." Fact o' de trufe is, dat pot conjured.

These last words were spoken with the mysterious solemnity of the occasion demanded. Among plantation negroes "conjured" is an awful word, for in every neighborhood is one with an "evil eye" to whose fearful power most of the disasters of the community are attributed. When a darky has any strange or lingering disease he always thinks he is conjured and medical skill is of no avail; nobody but a "conjure doctor" can effect a cure. Uncle Josh pondered his wife's solemn words, and, after looking around to be certain that no one was within hearing, he asked: "Is any of yo' frien's enemies?" Aunt Anarky also gave a keen glance around before she replied, impressively, 'Yes; ole Cindy."

"Ole Cindy? What she got arry grudge again you fur?"

"Well, she's as covetchus as a cow in a manager cos I kin beat her makin' soap. She tunned up dat ole yalle nose of hern, and say, 'Yes, fools fur luck;" den I say, 'Whew! ef fools has luck, you orter be pow'fle lucky!' And den I telled her as how I don't 'pend on luck to make soap, when de woods am full o' sassyfras an' dere's a good ole 'liabul moon in de hebbins to go by. Her's a mean, underminded nigger, an' I'se been so mad fur de las' week I d'no wedder I'm standin' on my haid or my heels. I can't recollect my senses. Dis soap's tricked, my collards is split, an' de cow's gone plum dry—all tricked."

"De cow's gone dry becaus you biled some o' her milk las' week. I tole you how it was gwine to be. Nebber seed milk biled in my life but what it made de cow went dry."

"Well, what you reckin's de matter wid dis heah soap?"

"Conjured, Anarky, conjured! Ole Cindy's ben snakin' round, drappin' some o' her trick powders in de soap. Dat's how come"

At this juncture Phrony made her appearance with a large bucket in her hand.

"Here's yo' soap grease," she said. "'Pears to me like dat lye's biled long 'nuff by itself." There was the key to the mystery,

"Mussy live! Heah I'se ben bilin' dat lye 'dout de udder grejunces fur three days han' runnin'. No wonder dat soap wouldn't come," said Aunt Anarky, as she tilted the grease into the pot. "I tole you 'twan't conjured," said the Colonel, as he walked off. "I tole you so."

ROAMING ROBERT.

How He Stuffed the Inquisitive Man

Burlington Hawkeye.

Do you remember some weeks since, I was greatly annoyed by an inquisitive man down in Maine, and abruptly closed my letter for the purpose of stuffing the aforesaid man.

Well, I stuffed him.

"Much of a place your town?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," I said, with the matter of course carelessness of a citizen of the great western metropolis, "about forty-five thousand, I guess."

The man eyed me with keen, awakening interest. "So great as that?" he said.

I nodded, and he presently said, "Well, I had no idea there was such a large city in Iowa. State must be pretty well settled up, I reckon?"

I said, "Yes, it was. Some portions of it pretty wild, though."

"Any large game in the state?"

"Herds of it," I said. "I killed deer last winter not two miles from Burlington court house."

I pacified my conscience for this lie by explaining to that rebellious and vociferous monitor that there was no Burlington court house, that it was burned down seven years ago, and the county was waiting until it could buy a second hand court house for $1.75, before replacing it. Therefore, I could truthfully say that I killed all the deer that came within two miles of our court house.

"I want to know," the native exclaimed.

"Do you, though?" thought I, "then I'll tell you." And so I went on, "Why, the wolves only two years ago, made a raid right into Burlington and killed all the chickens on South Hill.

Conscience raised a terrible protest at this, but I hushed it up too quick, by citing the well known case of Meigs Schenck's wolf that got loose and in one single summer night ate up every thing on South Hill that wore feathers. The native looked astonished and doubtly interested.

"Any Indians?" he said.

"Land, yes," I told him, yawning wearily, as one who talks of old, stale things. "Sitting Bull was educated at the Baptist collegiate institute, in Burlington, and was expelled for trying to scalp Professor Wortman with a horse shoe magnet."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the native in wild amazement. By this time I was perfectly reckless and told conscience to keep its mouth shut and give me a chance.

"Oh yes," I said, "Yellow Wolf's old medicine lodge is still standing, right out on West Hill. The Indians come into the city very frequently, tearing through the streets on the wiry little ponies."

"Ever have any trouble with them?" the man asked.

"Oh, no," I said, carelessly, "the citizens seldom do. The cow boys, who come up from Texas with cattle, hate them terribly, and occasionally drop one of them in the street jnst for revolver practice. But no body else interfers in their fights."

"I suppose," the man said, "you all carry revolvers strapped around you out there?"

"Oh yes, I replied, "of course. We have to; a man never knows when he is going to have trouble with somebody and in case of some little misunderstanding; it wouldn't do for a fellow to be heeled."

I think the man shuddered a little. Then, fearing he might ask to look at my revolver, I casually remarked that I never carried my barkers when I came east.

He said, no, he supposed not. Then he looked out of the window a long time and said nothing. Finally I asked him in what part of Maine he made his home. He looked up at me in surprise.

"Me?" he said, "Lord I don't live in this rock patch. I'm only on here visiting some relatives."

In a feeble voice I asked him where did he live then.

The man yawned, and again looked listlessly out of the window.

"Oh," he said, "I live on a farm just out by Leffler's; about six miles out of Burlington. I wish I was back there now."

So did I. So did I. I wished he had never left there.

We didn't talk together any longer. Shortly after that the weather changed, the car grew very cold, and I went into the smoking car to look for a fire.

R. J. B.

A Cat in Love.

Frederick H. Balfour, an Englishman, writes to the London Spectator that he has seen a cat give evidence of being in love with a terrier, and that the "spooning" going on between them was very comic. On one occasion. he says, in my presence, the dog (who was seated on a lady's lap), feeling dissatisfied or aggrieved at something or other that was taking place, vented his feelings in a long, low whinning or howl. The cat, who was on the hearth-rug, turned her head and gazed with a wistful sympathetic expression at her suffering friend for some seconds; at last, unable to listen to his weeping any longer, she sprang upon the lady's knee, put her paws around the dog's neck, and kissed his cheeks with her lips. This occurred twice, the dog responding to her caresses by licking her back in the tenderest manner conceivable.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

It is a great art to be able at all times to tell less than you know.

The wealth of the soul is measured by how much it can feel; its poverty by how little.

It was a common saying among the Puritans, "Brown bread and the gospel is good fare."

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best. In matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

As riches and favor forsake a man we may discover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

There are few wild beasts more to be dreaded than a communicative man with nothing to communicate.

There is many a man strong enough to hold a bull by the horns, and yet not strong enough to hold his own tongue.

John Wesley says: "Get all you can without hurting your soul, body, or neighbor; save all you can and give all you can—being glad to give and ready to distribute."

Could we rightly and duly reflect on the misfortunes of other men, we should be much more thankful than we are for the many undeserved blessings which we daily enjoy.

The love of glory and fear of shame, the design of making a fortune, the desire of making life easy and agreeable, and the humor of pulling down other people, are often the causes of that valor so celebrated among men.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last, and the heart which asks but for another heart to make happy, will never seek in vain.

A head equal to the greatest events, and a heart superior to the strongest temptations, are qualities which may be possessed so secretly that a man's next-door neighbor shall not discover them until some unforseen occasion calls them forth.

An upright life.—Nothing is more certain than that human conduct produces its effect upon human character and determines its future weal or woe. Virtue and uprightness give the pure heart and clear conscience, whose working is an ample reward for effort and sacrifice. Vice and wrong inevitably leave their marks on the soul and tend to misery. Retribution follows as the night the day upon human action. Goodness hath its reward; sin hath its punishment.

Looking for That Boy.

Detroit Free Press.

A few evenings since a lady living on Clifford street answered the bell to find a bulky boy with an innocent red face and peach-colored ears standing on the steps. He explained that he wanted to see her husband, and she answered that her husband had left for his office.

"I'm the boy who sweeps out all the offices where he is," said the boy as he backed down the steps, "and this morning I fonnd a letter in the big scrap sack."

"Well, you can leave it," she replied.

"I—I guess I hadn't better," he half whispered as he showed the small pink envelope.

"Boy—that is—boy, let me see that letter!" she said as she advanced and extended her hand.

"Oh, 'twouldn't be 'zactly right, ma'am, 'cause I know he gin me fifty cents."

"See here, boy," she said, as she felt for the dollar bill left her to buy coffee and tea, "you take this, give me the letter, and don't say a word to Mr.—— about finding it."

"I don't believe it's much of a letter," he remarked.

"Never mind—hand it over—here's your money!"

"Mebbe there haint a word of writing in it, ma'am."

"Here—give me the letter—now go!"

She took it and entered the house, and the boy with the peach-colored ears flew down the street like a cannibal going to dinner.

In about forty seconds the woman came out, looked up and down the street, and the expression around her mouth was not happy and peaceful. The boy had seemed to doubt that there was any writing inside the envelope, but she was not quite prepared to tear it open and find a printed document commencing: "Whereas, default having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage—" etc. She wants to hold another interview with the lad. If this meets his eye, he will please call between the hours of 8 and 10 a. m., when she feels the strongest.

The Courage of the Prince of Wales.

London World.

The Prince of Wales and Dr, Lyon Playfair were standing near a caldron containing lead which was boiling at white heat. "Has your Royal Highness any faith in science?" said the Doctor. "Certainly," replied the Prince. "Will you, then, place your hand in the boiling metal, and ladle out a portion of it?" "Do you tell me to do this?" asked the Prince. "I do," replied the Doctor. The Prince then ladled out some of the boiling lead with his hand, without suffering any injury.

It is a well known scientific fact that the human hand may be placed uninjured in lead boiling at white heat, being protected from any harm by the moisture of the skin. Should the lead be at a perceptibly lower temperature, the effect need not be described. Let no one underrate the courage of the Prince of Wales.

Monsieur Le Duc says that the proper way to treat hog cholera is to wrap the patient in a hot blanket and apply mustard plasters to the stomach and soles of the feet.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, IND., JANUARY 29, 1879.

THE STATE.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE STATE UNION IN CONVENTION.

TWO INTERESTING SESSIONS—THE DELEGATES—RESOLUTIONS.

Full Proceedings—Congratulatory, Etc.

The State Temperance Union met at Indianapolis, January 15, at 2 p. m.

The convention was called to order by President John W. Ray, and prayer was offered by Bro. Williams, of Hagerstown.

Upon call, reports of delegations were received.

Delegates reported present as follows:

Indianapolis—Col John W Ray. D. B Ross, S C Crane, R F Kennedy, C E Miller, Judge H W Harrington, Dr A May, J O Swigert, Dr L Abbett, Dr H H McCabe, John H King, Mrs R T Brown, Mrs A B Thomas, Mrs M E Crane, Mrs I B Ross, Mrs W McKeeman, Miss E D Eagle, Mrs M E Miller, Mrs Sarah Smith, Miss A M Smith.

Shelbyville—Webb T Dart, Geo Higgins, A P Bone, James Gerton, Thomas J Smith, J C Litsinger, Wm Craycraft, David Wright, Chas Neighbors.

Morristown, Shelby Co—Jesse Ray, John Dobbing, Tyre Stafford, George Gray, U S Harrell.

Crawfordsville—G W Paul, Miss Tilla Laflesh, Miss Mollie Hoover, Miss Eliza Harmon.

Barnes, Shelby Co—Jeff Humphries, David Worland, Wm Lee, jr.

Wayne County—Ed Willis, W H Williams, Mrs Helen V Austin, Mrs Margaret Dennis, James Smelser, Z P Hotchkiss.

Bartholomew County—Jos Critchfield.

Wells County—D T Smith.

Marshall County—G W Boyd, R M Williams, James Reppeto.

Jamestown—W B Gibson, Smith H Corbin, Wm H Orear.

Morristown—Robert Hudgins, James Carmenes, George Spurier.

Shelby County—A P Wortsman, F Teager, J Boker, Jas Tillison, A P Hester, W R Zike.

Franklin—Thos W Harris, R Phillips, W B Ellis, John Dillon, Dr W M Snider, Mrs Barlow, Mrs Overbay, Mrs McMurry, Wm Phillips, N Rodgers.

The minutes of the previous meetings were read and approved.

The corresponding secretary's report showed an indebtedness of $34.80. A few minutes were devoted to raising the money to cancel the debt; it was quickly raised by a liberal contribution.

Five residents of Indianapolis were appointed to co-operate with the committee appointed by the State Alliance to wait on the legislature in behalf oi the temperance bills.

At this stage of the proceedings a telegram containing congratulations was sent to the Iowa State convention, in session at Waterloo, Iowa.

Moved, that all the weekly newspapers in the State be requested to devote one column each week to temperance.

The convention then devoted one hour to three-minute reports from the delegates.

On motion, it was declared the sentiment of the convention that no temperance man can consistently vote for a man who indulges in intoxicating drinks.

EVENING SESSION.

John W. Ray in the chair.

Prayer by Ed. Willis, Richmond.

In view of the temptation to which our young men are continually exposed by the attractions of the present system of open dram-shops, protected by law, it was

Resolved, That we, as temperance workers, assembled in convention, do pledge our influence to training the minds of the rising generation to the principles of prohibition and total abstinence, believing that thereby we can do a lasting good to the cause we advocate.

On motion, an order on the treasury for the amount of the union's indebtedness was authorized.

An hour was devoted to consulting in regard to the best method of organizing the state.

R. T. Brown explained a temperance bill now before the legislature.

He was followed by I. N. Davis, G. W. Paul, W. H. Williams, and others, on the same subject.

The committee that was to act with the State Alliance committee was appointed, namely; John W. Ray, Col. A. T. Whittlesey, Judge H. W. Harrington, Dr. L. Abbott, and William A. Lowe.

On motion, each county in the state was recommended to organize a county union, subordinate to the State Christian Temperance Union.

Luther Benson being present, was called upon, and gave one of his characteristic speeches, and was followed by Joe Critchfield, J. E. Cowan, I. N. Davis, and others; also, a song by Capt. VanEtten.

The convention adjourned, to meet in three-days' session the second Wednesday in May, 1879.

At the close, Col. Ray made a stirring speech.

Just as the convention was closing, the following telegram was received from the Iowa State, Temperaace Convention:

"Iowa State Convention of Reform Clubs return the greeting of the Indiana State Convention. Stick."

Wives for Bar-Keepers.

Some one asks how the bar-rooms can be closed. Bar-rooms are not kept for amusement. There is not a man in the State who would keep a bar if there was no hope for a profit. Let every man who has brains enough to attend to his own business determine not to drink at a bar, and the bar-rooms will soon be closed. Men who are ashamed of their habits of drinking, and who must have a screen to hide them, will not often have an opportunity to drink elsewhere, and one great step in the temperance reform will have been taken.

Bar-keepers in this city pay, on an average, $2 per gallon for whisky. One gallon contains an average of sixty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink the poor man pays six dollars and a half per gallon for his whisky. In other words, he pays $2 for the whisky and $4.50 to a man for handing it over a bar. While it would be better for all not to drink, some men will have whisky, and my advice to them is this: make your wife your bar-keeper. Lend her $2 to buy a gallon of whisky for a beginning, and every time you want a drink go to her and pay ten cents for it. By the time you have drank a gallon, she will have $6.50 or enough money to refund the $2 borrowed of you, to pay for another gallon of liquor, and have a balance of $2.50. She will be able to conduct future operations on her own capital, and when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, shunned and despised by respectable people, your wife will have saved enough money to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave. But had you paid all this money to a bar-keeper he would not have given a cent to bury you, or a crust to keep your children from starving.

Few people ever stop to calculate the cost of dram-drinking. At ten cents per drink, one drink per day will cost $36.50 per year, two drinks per day will cost $73, three drinks $109,50, and four drinks $144 per year. A man came to me the other day to pay the interest on a note for $100 I hold against him. Said he, "I only receive $600 a year, and with a family to support I am not able to pay my debts." I asked him to take a pencil, to make a slight calculation for me, and then asked how often he drank at a bar. His average was three drinks per day, which, by his own calculation, amounted to $109.59, or enough to have paid both principal and interest of the note, and have $1.50 left. He was astonished at this discovery, and is now determined to never drink at a bar again.

Shot Himself.

Simon Wyans, a saloonatic of Walton, created a little sensation in that pious burg on Sunday by accidentally shooting himself through the thigh. He was engaged at the time in extracting the cartridges from a revolver, when one of them exploded, causing him a severe flesh wound. It is thought that the wound will do no other harm beyond letting some of Simon's bad blood out. It will be remembered that Wyans was fined before 'Squire Shaffrey a short time ago for violation of the liquor law. His fine was stayed, but the 'Squire getting wind of the fact that Wyans was about to leave the country, sent constable Snively and Marshal Rodabaugh after him yesterday. They found him suffering much from his wound, and upon a responsible citizen of Walton becoming surety for the amount, he was left undisturbed.

Congressional Whisky.

A DISPATCH to the Inter-Ocean has this to say of "Wheeler's war on congressional whisky."

"But when Wheeler came in he sent for the restaurant-keepers, and told them that they would be removed the first time he knew of wine, or liquors of any kind, being sold over their counters. They evaded the order and furnished whisky to Senators and members free—served it in teacups—and charged it in with the lunches. Wheeler heard of this, and discharged the keeper of the Senate restaurant without a moment's warning. He sent for Speaker Randall, and the keeper of the House restaurant was also discharged. New men came in, and when they refused to sell whisky the Congressmen rebelled; but Wheeler was obdurate, and all the whisky-drinking done in the Capitol now is in the committee rooms and one of the cloak-rooms of the Senate, which the Vice-President cannot prevent, as the Senators have their private bottles."

WE earnestly desire a live agent in every community. We will pay a larger commission than is offered by any other paper. Write to us, and we will forward you samples free of charge.

Chas. Longwell & Co. have just received a large stock of Snowflake, Eastlake, Transparent, &c., Visiting Cards.

IT is stated on statistical authority that there are six miles of drinking houses in Cincinnati.

The Globe variety shop of this city has suspended, at least for a time.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

A new stock of Seidenberg cigars just received at Meek's.

Honest John Gray, dealer in Dry Goods of all kinds. Honest goods at Honest Prices is his motto. He does no boasting, but asks customers to call and examine.

Do you smoke the "Daisy?"

Choice line of fine Havana Cigars of the Best Brands at **John Cost's** Drug Store.

All the new and choice Odors in bulk and bottled Perfumes at **Cost's Drug Store** 321 Fourth street, 3m2-521

Meek's for cigars.

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas repaired: 171

GO TO HICKS' FOR A 15 CENT DINNER. Next to Murdock Hotel

Try the "Daisy" Cigar and you will always buy it.

Geo. W. Hoffman, City Drug Store, keeps pure drugs and patent medicines. Also a full line of toilet goods, perfumes, brushes, combs, etc, Fourth street.

Lord Potter is always prepared to kinds of Painting. Do not forget him when you want artistic work done.

Isaac Shideler sells lots of goods, in fact it keeps old Bill Grace trotting while he goes away to purchase more, because there is so much demand. The reason is because you can depend on what they say.

Culp's band is always on ready to play for parties in the country as well as in town. It is a good band. Go and patronize them. You can find them on Sixth street.

Ask for Markley's "Daisy," the best 5-cent cigar in America.

Leffert & Co., Tailors, will make to order plain or fashionable suits at reasonable terms and promptly. Goods are the best. Cor. Sixth and Broadway. 4t20*

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Harry Denbo, 419 Twelfth St. manufactures and sells choice cigars and keeps always on hand the favorite brands of tobacco. Harry insists that his stock, prices and goods cannot be beat anywhere.

John Winch, Boot and Shoe maker. All work done in approved manner; Repairing of all kinds done neatly, promptly, and at lowest rates; Shop on south side Broadway, opposite Howe office. 3m2-521

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LIVERY, FEED, —AND— SALE STABLES.

Buggies, Carriages and Rigs, for all occasions promptly furnished, Prices Reasonable,

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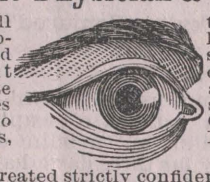

Would call the attention of the public to his unparalleled success in the treatment of all diseases both acute and chronic. He gives special attention to Catarrh and the lungs, Heart and Stomach. All private diseases treated strictly confidentially.

Office—127 Sixth Street, near the corner of North.

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If you have any

Real Estate

You want sold or exchanged, call on

ALDRICH & GRELLE, 3m3 In McTaggart's Building:

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas!

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Rooms over Murdock's Store, corner Fourth and Broadway, Logansport, Ind, 1y2-4

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RELIABLE INSURANCE.

Office over Post Office:

DR. A. MYERS,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE—416 Market street, three doors from Pearl street.

FRANK SWIGART,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Logansport, Indiana.

All matters left with 'given given proupt attention. 19-3m521

MISS R. E. BOWMAN,

MUSIC TEACHER,

Lessons in Vocal and Instrumental Music given at reasonable terms.

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Treats Ladies and Children.

303, Northwest Corner of Broadway an Seventh streets. 3m19-021

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NEW GOODS at Very LOW PRICES.

Ladies' Gold Watches	$20.00;	$25.00,	to	$60.00
Gents' Gold Watches	30.00,	40.00,	"	85.00
Silver Elgin Watches	10.00,	15.00,	"	25.00
Ladies' Neck Chains	2.50,	5.00,	"	25.00
Crosses	1.50,	3.00,	"	10.00
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Gold Guard Chains	22.50,	25.00	"	50.00

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HAVE JUST RECEIVED A FINE STOCK OF

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THE BEST MURPHY TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK EVER PUBLISHED !!

THIRD EDITION—THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

Contains, besides **thirty familiar, soul-stirring Murphy songs**, a condensed history of the movement, its principles and purposes, how to conduct meetings, modes of action, etc., etc.

DR. J. E. MCFARLAND writes: "*It is just* THE *song book for revival meetings.*"

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Special attention given to Repairing all kinds of old Machines. Please give them a call, and don't forget the place, just opposite the p. o. 3m1-521 GEO. W. WERNER, Agt.

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PLEDGES By mail, postage paid, 40c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

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Trunks, Traveling Bags, Satchels, & Shawl Straps

To be found in the city. Trunks and Sample Cases made to order. Our prices are always the lowest. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. 3m17-002

FOR SEWING MACHINES. I have selected the IMPORTED SINGER that is manufactured in Montreal, Canada, being the very best in the market, with all the latest improvements, having a loose balance wheel so that the bobbin can be wound without running the Machine. Bear in mind that these Machines are NOT made by the Singer M'f'g Co. They are superior in every respect, and are all new, none of them being old ones made over. Respectfully, G. P. WASHBURN, 506 Broadway. 3m17-521

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INDIANA STATE LIBRARY

H. P. Biddle

The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE.—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., FEBRUARY 12, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 4

CORRUPTION !!

A Circular Issued by the Whisky Sellers Association, Showing the True Inwardness of the Traffic.

THE LAST VIGOROUS KICK OF THE DYING RUM POWER—HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!—IT WRITHES, AND WRIGGLES, AND GASPS—AND LIES.

Too Good to Keep—The Most Encouraging Sign of the Times—Something Every Honest Man Should Read.

THE annexed circular, issued by the Indiana Whisky Association, is given to our readers for their reflection. It proves two things: First, That the temperance work in this State has in an honorable manner completely disruptured the whisky power; Second, That the saloon-keepers are without honor,and are capable of stooping to the most degraded position. Honest and honorable men, read and reflect. And give a grand shout for the victory so near at hand.

Thus, word for word, reads the death warrant of rumism:

FREEDOM AND RIGHT!

INDIANAPOLIS, Indiana, January 25, 1879.
Headquarters: 20 N. Delaware Street.

LIQUOR DEALERS, AWAKE !

Keep This Amongst Yourselves, Strictly So!

CATILINA is at your doors, and you deliberate! With these words, Cicero, the Roman Consul, roused the sleeping Senate of ancient Rome, where the conspirator Catilina was standing with his hostile troops before the walls of the eternal city ready to plunder and burn it.

Liquor Dealers of the State of Indiana, the fanatical hordes of temperance howlers are now daily and hourly besieging, surrounding your Senators and Representatives, demanding of them the passage of laws which will virtually destroy your business, render valueless all your investments, and force you into other channels of industry. Both wholesale and retail liquor dealers and brewers stand in imminent danger of being virtually and practically swept away by the raging torrent of fanaticism.

The local option laws, the remonstrance privileges embodied in the half-dozen Bills presented by temperance advocates will place you, if enacted, in a worse plight than you were under the defunct Baxter Law. They are so cunningly drawn up, that, while they do not prohibit the retailing of spirituous, vinous and malt liquors, they render it practically impossible to obtain a license. To carry out their plans and purposes, the temperance leagues throughout the State have for months past been gathering funds. It is said they have as much as fifty thousand dollars to carry on the campaign. They are gathering here during the session of the Legislature, their orators, wire-pullers, lobbyists—men and women—from this and neighboring States; they hold nightly temperance meetings, and next week, commencing January 27, they will hold their nightly meetings in the very room occupied in the day time by the House of Representatives; and, as they announce it themselves, by means of speeches, praying, singing, and music, glee clubs and minstrel performances, endeavor to create among the people at large, but chiefly among the Legislators, feelings favorable to the prohibitory measures they are trying to enforce under the guise of a simple local option or remonstrance law.

Liquor Dealers, Manufacturers, Brewers, Tobacconists of the State of Indiana, what have you done, what are you doing now? Comparatively nothing at all! The whole amount contributed thus far to the Treasurer of the State Central Executive Committee of Freedom and Right, counting in the Indianapolis Association, does not reach two hundred dollars! To oppose the combined temperance associations of the State in active every-day conflict,with their thousands of howling men and women,their fifty thousand dollars on hand, and the thousands more ready on demand, the Association of Freedom and Right of the State of Indiana, who are not only maintaing a principle, but are pushed and driven to fight for their very existence, have not even contributed two hundred dollars. Our Committee has made three appeals to the Liquor Dealers throughout the State, and a dozen to the Indianapolis wholesale and retail dealers, with the above result. We have nothing more to say, except this:

We cannot fight your battles without men and money. We want some men here from almost every county, and of every political color, who are well acquainted with their respective Senators and Representatives, and can post them as to the real and true feeling of the majority of their constituents. We also want some money, and we must have it immediately or it will be too late to use it to advantage. Ask not of us, "For what purpose do you want money!" If you cannot understand why without being told now, or, if you do not have confidence in our management, then let it alone. But if you intend to do anything, do it quickly. Every hour of delay is fraught with danger

THE STATE CEN'L EX. COMMITTEE.

INDIANA STATE LIBRARY INDIANAPOLIS v.2#4

SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS—NOTEWORTHY EVENTS.

THE WORK AS IT IS PROGRESSING EVERYWHERE.

—Attica has 1,500.

—A tight fit—delirium tremens.

—Evansville has 14,000 Murphys.

—Mooney, Jackson county, has 252.

—Cloverdale, Putnam county, has 400.

—Over 1,000 Murphys in Green county.

—Seymour has five temperance societies.

—Boston has eight miles of grog-shops.

—They have a splendid reading room at Attica.

—Dr. Reynolds held good meetings at Cairo, Ill.

—A good work is being done at New Castle, Penn.

—St. Joseph, Mich., reports the work prospering.

—Indianapolis has a temperance Sunday-school.

—Shelby county holds a county convention to-day.

—John W. Drew is still laboring with success in Iowa.

—Baltimore, in 1878, had 500 saloons less than in 1877.

—A county convention will be held in Martin county soon.

—P. T. Barnum, the great showman, is temperance all over.

—Murphyism is getting better and better at Corydon, Ind.

—Let's see,—when did our minister preach on temperance last?

—Baltimore, Maryland, has three large temperance tabernacles.

—Kankakee, Ill., has recently been favored with a rousing revival.

—The Murphy movement at Neosho, Mo., is not abating in the least.

—The Corydon Republican devotes considerable space to temperance.

—Beer ought to be cheapest in the month of Freebrewery.—Graphic.

—The friends of temperance in Adams county are earnestly at work.

—There is now no place where liquor is sold, for love or iucre, at Midgeville, Illinois.

—Auburn, Maine, with a population of 17,000 people, has but two night policemen.

—Phœbe Cousins lectured on temperance at Newport, Ind., last Monday evening.

—The physicians in London have protested against the use of alcohol in medicines.

—"Early closing"on Saturday nights is the next step proposed in Parliament for Ireland.

—Vigo county has twenty-six temperance unions, with not less than 12,000 members.

—It is estimated that there are 7,000,000 pledged temperance people in the United States.

—The temperance work is again "looming up" in Waldron, Ind. Let it "loom" everywhere.

—An old lady, writing to her son out west, tells him to beware of bilious saloons and bowel alleys.

—Ohio has ninety-nine criminals in her penitentiary for life. Whisky put nine-tenths of them there.

—Sunday closing in Ireland is a success. Crime has diminished and arrests have fallen off 65 per cent.

—Hon. B. Gratz Brown, the great temperance worker of Missouri, has recently fallen heir to $45,000.

—The annual meeting of the Connecticut State Temperance Union will be held at Hartford on the 18th.

—Owing to its local prohibition law, Missouri has sixteen counties in which there is not a single liquor saloon.

—The liquor traffic has no regard for honor, knows no truce, hears no cry of remonstration, or appeal for mercy.

—The electors of York county, N. B., recently voted, by a majority of eight to one, in favor of the permissive bill.

—There were 78,441 arrests in New York the past year. About sixty-five per cent. were for "disorderly conduct."

—If you want to keep a dead man put his body into whisky; if you want to kill a living man, put the whisky into his body.

—John Brown,whose "soul is marching on," never used profane language, intoxicating beverages, or tobacco in any form.

AMONG the banners borne in a temperance procession in a country town was one reading: "All's well when daddy's sober"

—Warren county, N. J., elected temperance candidates for senator and sheriff,after a hard-fought battle against the combined liquor traffic.

—It is stated that ninety per cent. of 210,000 men in Michigan who put on the red ribbon two years ago are still wearing it and living up to it.

—The ladies of Cedar Rapids are out with a petition to Congress for a commission of inquiry on the liquor traffic of the country. They are meeting with success.

—Josh Billings: Cider may be a good temperance drink, but I can manage to get so drunk on it that I kant tell one ov the 10 commandments from a by-law ov a base-ball club.

—An old sailor finding a corked bottle floating on the sea, opened it, with the following soliloquy: "Rum, I hope; gin, I think; tracks, by jingo!" and then threw them back into the water.

—Maine Temperance Journal: According to Gov. Garcelon it is not the liquor traffic that is corrupting the people of this nation—it is the spruce gum traffic! Down with the "spruce gum."

—Sir Wilfrid Lawson has given notice in the House of Commons that he will move a resolution in favor of entrusting the local rate-payers with a veto on the issue of licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

—In the early days of temperance Gerrett Smith and Mr. Delevan gave a thousand dollars each to aid the cause. Mr. Smith was not only a firm believer in total abstinence, but the entire prohibition of the liquor traffic.

—There were, says the New York Tribune, over fifty women, representing almost every class of society, at the Jefferson Market police court, charged with drunkenness or disorderly conduct, the day after New Year's.

—The Canada Temperance Act is causing agitation all along the line. From almost every province in the dominion come reports that temperance people are taking the preliminary steps to submit it to popular vote.

—The villages of Woodbury, Hampden, Mount Washington, and Warren, Maryland, with nearly 12,000 inhabitants, have not one single licensed liquor shop, and drunkenness is almost entirely unknown in these villages.

—That bell punch in Virginia has been vindicated. The State Auditor says it netted the state $110,000 last year, and with a little modification of the law the punch would be a "most powerful agency for raising revenue."

—A resident of Washington, Ky., took a vow that if ever he got drunk again he would whip himself all the way home from the tavern. He got drunk, and fulfilled his vow with such vigor that he could not stir out of bed for two weeks.

—From temperance papers received from New Zealand we find the friends active and alert. The order of Good Templars is prosperous and considerable interest is shown in Juvenile Temples. New Zealand has now thirty-one Juvenile Temples.

—A workingwoman says that if the sturdy, industrious girls should stop marrying and supporting the fellows who stand on the street corners and smoke fifteen cent cigars for a living, there would be ten tramps on the road where there is one now.

—A dispatch from New York says Cool Burgess, the famous minstrel,who has been thirty years in the profession, astonished the cold water audience at Cooper Institute the other evening by taking the pledge, amid a furious clapping of hands, and his example was followed by several men and women.

—In all parts of Kansas the temperance work is being carried forward with vigor and success. Local organizations have been effected where they never had any encouragement before; public opinion is being educated up to the evils resulting from the liquor traffic, and prohibition is gaining friends every day.

—Harper's Weekly has never been a friend of the temperance reform, but it has lately admitted this much: "The fact that the country is spending annually between $600,00,000 and $700,000,000 in intoxicating drinks, and that an equal amount is spent as the result of their use, appeals irresistably to every tax-payer."

—"No license" works well in New London, Conn. In the month of October last forty-nine persons were sent to the lock-up for drunkenness. During the month of November, under no license, only six arrests for drunkenness. In the month of October there were sixty-seven arrests for breach of the peace; in November only two.

—Joseph Cook measures the advance in temperance in this country by two facts, which he puts in juxtaposition thus: "Sixty years ago Lyman Beecher attended an ordination at which forty dollars' worth of liquors were drunk by New England ministers. To-day Mrs. Hayes—whom may God bless!—expels intoxicating beverages from the Presidential mansion.

—J. A. Forney is doing good service to the cause of temperance in New York through his three model coffee houses. About a year ago he started one at 58 Charham street: since then one at Nassau,corner Fulton street,and recently another at 17 Bowery. All are conducted on strictly temperance principles. No liquor or tobacco are sold; forty different dishes at five cents each. It is estimated that he feeds 3,000 or more every day.

—The Vermont temperance legislature, after defeating a liquor license bill, adopted a clause adding lager beer to the list of prohibited drinks. Whereupon the rummies, thinking to make the law ridiculous, moved to add "cider after thirty days old," and were taken at their word. Thus in Vermont the troublesome question as to whether lager beer is intoxicating is settled, as well as the age at which the law says cider becomes a contraband article of sale.

WEBB HAYES is said to be something of a wag. At one of the Western receptions given Mr. and Mrs. Hayes last fall, while hundreds were shaking hands with the couple, he pulled his hat down over his face, drew his coat tight around him, and, falling into line, gravely walked up to his mother, and, taking her hand to shake it, as the others did, stood for a moment and gravely said, in a clear, raised tone, so that all might hear, "God bless you, Madam, for your noble adherence to the temperance cause." Mrs. Hayes, though taken unawares, thanked him gravely, without any appearance of recognition, and he passed on with the crowd.

"Wedding in High Life."

THE Mitchell Monitor-Journal thus tearfully announces the conspiracy:

"Silver Top has fallen in love with our good friend Leedy, of the Logansport MURPHY SIGNAL, and Leedy has fallen in love with Silver Top. No invitations will be given to the wedding. Ed. Shiel will be master of ceremonies. and to make the affair complete, and please Leedy and Chambers, the 'immortal J. N.' will pronounce the benediction. No cards, no cakes, no pop, no nothin'."

We assume the pressure. If Silver Top can stand it, we can. Won't we make him fly around, though! His gory locks will be scattered to the four winds, and his "humble come tumble down three pairs of stairs"-form will go into executive session with the outlines of the "family persuader"—the broomstick—indelibly traced thereon. May Shiel's (master of ceremonies) every individual and distinct hair stand on end "like quills on the fretful tomato vine," as Adeler would say, if ever we forget his participation in the vile scheme to rob us of our single-blessedness.

Shelby County.

OUR good friends in Shelby county hold a county convention to-day, at Shelbyville. County unions are almost a necessity for the successful promotion of the temperance work, and we hope to publish full proceedings of their deliberations, that the matter may be brought more practically before the people.

INTERPRETATION.

RICHARD REALF.

A dreaming Poet lay upon the ground,
He plucked the grasses with his listless hands,
No voice was near him save the wishful sound
Of the sea cooing to the unbosomed sands.

He leaned his heart upon the naked sod.
He heard the audible pulse of nature beat.
He trembled greatly at the Word of God
Spoken in the rushes rustling at his feet.

With inward vision his outward sight grew dim,
He knew the rhythmic secret of the spheres
He caught the cadence, and a noble hymn,
Swam swan-like in upon the gilding years.

—Scribner for January.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

In the town of Kilmare, in the north of Ireland, reside many families of distinction. The head of one of these was a Mr. Bell, a young gentleman of twenty-five. He inherited a large estate from his uncle, and soon after removed from his former abode to take possession of the family mansion in Kilmare. He married the only child of a wealthy East India merchant residing in Liverpool, by whom he had two children. In the fourth year of their wedded life Mrs. Bell was taken suddenly ill, and expired the next day. The symptoms were of a peculiar nature, and the limbs so increased in size immediately after death that a magnificent diamond ring of great value could not be removed from the lady's finger, and was buried with her. Of course, this fact was well known to the inhabitants of Kilmare, as Mrs. Bell was the wife of the most considerable man thereabout, and naturally, therefore, all concerning her was matter of conversation and rumor.

The old churchyard of Kilmare stood on the side of a hill, and immediately in the rear of the church and adjoining the chancel was the tomb of the Bell family. Here, in accordance with immemorial usage, the body of the deceased lady was to repose, and there it was deposited on the third day after her demise. After the ceremony the key of the vault was put in its usual place by the sexton in the vestry of the church.

The day had been gloomy, and as night drew on a thin rain fell, which increased at about midnight to a smart shower. Mr. Bell, who was about retiring, went to an open window, and as he did so, fancied he saw a white figure crossing the lawn in front of the house. The next moment it disappeared, and, satisfying himself that he was the subject of a delusion, he commenced to undress. Suddenly the clear tones of the door-bell rang through the building. Mr. Bell paused and moved toward the door of the apartment to listen. In a few seconds the sound again reverberated through the house, and Mr. Bell opened the door and stepped out into the corridor. At that moment, as he glanced down the stairway he saw the housekeeper moving toward the front door. Then he heard her set the small lamp she carried on the table, and open the lock and bolts of the massive door. Then a dreadful and prolonged shriek followed, and at the same moment Mr. Bell's butler ran along the hall toward the front door. Mr. Bell had reached the head of the stairs, and was in the act of descending, when the butler reached the spot where the housekeeper lay on the floor, apparently in a swoon. What was Mr. Bell's surprise to see the butler raise his hands, fix his gaze upon the door, and then sink to the floor as though struck dead.

Utterly bewildered and confounded, Mr. Bell hastened down stairs. The sight that met his gaze when he reached the center of the hall almost froze his blood. There stood the figure of his wife in her grave clothes, leaning against the pillar of the door, with one hand thrown across her breast. For a moment Mr. Bell was almost overcome. Then he remembered the white figure which he saw crossing the lawn a few seconds before the bell rang, and another glance showed him that the garments of the figure before him were dripping with rain.

"Julia, my darling, my wife!" Mr. Bell exclaimed, and stepped toward the figure.

It made a movement toward him, and the next instant it was enfolded in his arms. The scene that ensued baffles all description. It was indeed the wife but that day buried, who was restored to the arms of the bereaved husband and children. The explanation which she offered was very imperfect and unsatisfactory. For a short time after her supposed death she was aware of all that went on around her, but before she was placed in the coffin she lost all consciousness. She said the first sensation of consciousness she had was of pain, Then she saw an indistinct glimmer, and finally a severe pang shot through her frame. With a powerful effort she rose and saw a woman standing by her side. The woman shrieked and fled, and then Mrs. Bell discovered that she was lying in a coffin in the family vault. Fresh strength came to her every moment, and releasing herself from the shroud she stepped to the ground and passed out of the vault, the door of which was wide open. Down the churchyard path she passed to the main street, along which she walked for half a mile, until she reached her late home. Fortunately the large gate of the park was unfastened, and she hastened up the roadway to the dwelling. She rapidly regained her health, and lived to a good old age.

But who was the woman who stood by the side of the coffin, when the corpse suddenly arose and started her into sudden flight?

Next day the lamp was found extinguished on the floor of the vault. It was identified as one which usually stood in the vestry, and was used by the sexton. It had doubtless been removed at the same time when the key of the vault was taken. Beyond that all was mystery.

The object of the woman, however, was easily discovered. As already stated, Mrs. Bell was buried with a valuable diamond ring on her finger. The design of the woman was to steal this from the supposed corpse. Finding it impossible to remove it, the daring thief had raised the hand of the dead woman to her mouth, and in her attempt to withdraw the ring with her teeth caused the pang which went through the frame of the evident victim of a trance, and roused her to consciousness. On the finger, just below the ring, the mark of teeth were discovered visible for several days after Mrs. Bell's resuscitation.

Every effort was made to keep this remarkable circumstance a secret from the gossip of the neighborhood; nevertheless, every exertion was used quietly to ascertain who the robber of the tomb was. The general impression was that the garb of a female was assumed as a disguise, and that the depredator was in reality a man, and probably a professional body-snatcher.

It was thought that the remarkable circumstances attending Mrs. Bell's supposed death had aroused the desire of some medical expert to possess the body for the purpose of an autopsy; that he had employed a person to steal it, and that the body-snatcher, discovering the valuable jewel, had resolved to gain possession of it for himself.

Soon after this extraordinary occurrence the vicar of the parish resigned his living and removed his family to England. Several years passed away, and the incidents herein recorded were almost forgotten. Mrs. Bell's father died, and Mr. Bell and his family quitted Kilmare and took up their residence at Toxteth, near Liverpool.

And now for the sequel.

During the Chartist riots, in 1840, James Binns was arrested for murder and lodged in Lancaster jail. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. Before the last sentence of the law was executed he made a confession of many crimes, and, among the rest, of his exploits as a professional body-snatcher, in which business he had been engaged for many years. The following facts are taken from his confession:

In July, 1820, he was living in Belfast, having fled from England to escape punishment for his offenses. He had done several small jobs in Belfast for doctors, and on the night of July 20, in the year named, a well-known physician of Belfast sent for him and told him that he had a very delicate piece of work for him to perform. A Mrs. Bell, a lady of great beauty, and the wife of a rich proprietor, had just died of a very peculiar disease, and the doctor and his associates desired the body to invesitgate the cause of death. They paid him so much money down, and dispatched him to Kilmare with such instructions as were necessary. He was to secure the corpse, and a coach would be ready at the churchyard gate in which there would be two assistants who would be ready to assist him at a given signal.

He went to Kilmare on the day of of the funeral, at which he was present. He examined the lock on the door of the vault, and was satisfied that he could easily remove it. At midnight he went to the churchyard armed with wrench, a pair of shears, and a picklock. First satisfying himself that the coach was in waiting, he entered the churchyard and proceeded to the vault. The night was dark and rain was falling. Creeping up by the side of the church, he approached the tomb of the Bell family. To his surprise he saw that the door was open and a faint light burning inside. Stealthily drawing near, he glanced in. A second glance showed him that the woman was at work trying to remove a ring from the finger of the dead. A sudden thought struck him, and slouching down, he reached in at the door with his shears, which he had brought to rid the corpse of its cumbersome shroud, cut a piece from the skirt of the woman's dress, and retired unobserved. As he remained for an instant peering into the strange scene, to his horror and astonishment he saw the corpse arise and raise the hand which the woman was apparently in the act of putting to her mouth. The woman gave a shriek, rushed through the door and fled, leaving the lamp burning on the floor. The body-snatcher guessed at once the woman's design, and, impressed with the conviction that she was a person above the ordinary rank, he resolved to follow and see where she went to. He had no difficulty in tracking the rapidly retreating figure. It passed out of the churchyard at a small wicket on the north side of the church and entered the parsonage. Satisfied that he possessed an important secret, out of which he could make money, he returned to the vault. The light was still burning and he signaled the men in waiting. They were soon on the spot, but on entering the vault they discovered, to their utter amazement, that the coffin was empty. The body-snatcher kept his secret, and the mysterious disappearance of the body was a matter of unmixed surprise. Extinguishing the lamp, the men quit the churchyard, the body-snatcher returned to his quarters at a small inn and the assistants going back to Belfast in a carriage.

The next morning the news of Mrs. Bell's restoration to life was abroad in town. The body-snatcher lingered in the neighborhood until he ascertained that the clergyman had quitted home for a friend's house. Then he called at the parsonage and asked for the lady of the house. It was with some difficulty that he obtained an interview as the domestic informed him that the lady was indisposed and confined to her room. "My business," he said, "is of very great importance, and it is absolutely necessary that I should see her." After the lapse of half an hour a middle-aged, handsome, stately lady entered the parlor, and gazing with considerable dignity at her visitor, said:

"What is your business with me, sir?"

"Let me shut the door, ma'am," he said, and quickly stepping behind the lady, closed the door. "I think we have met before, ma'am," he said in a firm but respectful tone.

"Sir?" the lady exclaimed, in offended accents.

"I am sure we have met before, ma'am," the man said.

"You are mistaken, sir," the lady replied, "utterly mistaken, sir; you will oblige me by quitting the house immediately."

"You forget last night, ma'am, in the vault," the man said in a low tone.

The cheek of the lady evidently blanched, and she gave a gasp for breath. Instantly recovering herself, she said:

"I don't understand you, sir. You are laboring under a mistake."

"Well, I may be," the gentleman replied; "that's a fact; but my impression is that I saw you last night in the vault when you were trying to remove the ring from the finger of what you supposed to be a corpse."

The lady had sunk into a chair, and was deadly pale. By a powerful effort she overcame her momentary weakness, and said in strong tones: "I don't know, sir, what you speak of. You are either laboring under a mistake or you are a lunatic."

"Do you happen to have a dress like this, ma'am?" the man asked drawing from his pocket the piece which he had cut from the dress of the occupant of the vault the night before.

The lady's lips grew white and dry. She tried to speak, but her tongue cleaved to the roof of her mouth, and utterance was impossible.

"I am reasonable madam," the man said. "I know your secret, but will keep it if you will make it worth my while."

"How much do you require?" the lady asked acquiring the power of speech by a great effort."

"Twenty pounds down will satisfy me for the present," the man said, "and more at another time when I need it."

The money was paid, and within a month the man returned and demanded more. The lady evidently revealed the story of her disgrace and crime to her husband, for he paid the money, and soon after resigned his living and retired to England.

H Hoosier Girl in the Mexican War.

Was there ever a war in which fair woman did not seek to do her part? I think not. When we were about to start it became known to us that the best looking soldier among a thousand of us was disguised by the uniform so completely that no one suspected her in the least. She was a real Hoosier girl, from some of the back counties. I would be delighted to give her name, but cannot as it is forgotten. Shingling her hair and putting on male attire she came into camp and enlisted so earnestly and at the same time so unconcernedly, that her own brother did not find out her identity for several days—and not till she made the confession to him. He, as one may suppose, was in a deep state of embarrassment, and tried hard to persuade her to return home. She would not do any such thing; and had, so she said, just as good a right to go as a soldier as he had. It was only brother and an only sister. Their parents were dead, and the warmest filial effection existed between them. She would go home, only, if he would; and he was sworn in, so was she. But the oath with him was as strong as a band of steel. with her it was weak as a rope of sand. Delicacy forbade them from letting the truth of her being a sister be known, if possible to keep the fact concealed. But something had to be done. She was bound to go with him unless he returned with her. The little vixen was firm as a mountain. Like the woman of the West she did not plan one day and counterplan, the next. Finally he proposed to take a walk—not daring to tell his plan, for she was now distrustful of him, lest he would turn the cards against her. He brought her to head-quarters and dashed her into a state of confusion by stating the facts in the case. She sank into a seat and burst into a flood of tears. Colonel Dumont questioned her very kindly as to her motive, and found out that love for her brother, and her being a lone orphan with no near relatives, was the true cause of her enlisting. He then told her that it was out of the question for her to be a soldier, and advised her to go home to her friends and promised to look after and care for her brother as a father would. The brother then gave her all the money he had, while Dumont made it a joke to insist that she should have her pay for being a soldier. At this hint the small but needful amount of thirty dollars was collected off the officers on the spot. And thus our heroine, whose name ought to have an honorable mention, was abruptly, and yet politely discharged from the service.

Sanitary Uses of Gunpowder.

A correspondent writes us from the Sandwich islands saying that during a long life spent in tropical fever districts he has been able to escape infection and miasma by the use of gunpowder, supplemented by a few simple precautions against sudden changes of temperature, sunstroke, bad water, and the like. He used no water that has not been boiled and afterwards kept from air contact; but his main reliance is upon the practice of burning a thimbleful of gunpowder in his bedroom and very small quantities in his trunk wardrobe, etc., so as to keep his clothes in an atmosphere feebly charged with gunpowder gas. In Madagascar, Reunion, Mauritius, the east coast of tropic Africa, and other fever-smitten lands he has found such simple means a sure preventive of epidemic and endemic diseases, and has thereby been often brought to the philosophic reflection that gunpowder is destined to invert the aim intended by its fabrication.—[Scientific American.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Witty Sayings Culled From His Farmers' Allminax.

I have finally cum to the konklushun that if I kant prove a thing without betting $3 on it, the thing has got a dredphull weak spot sumwhere.

Q. What is the best religious kreed to hav?

A. Charity. If a man will swop off all the religious kreed he haz got on hand, and invest the proceeds in charity, he will allwus be proud ov the job.

Q. Will you pleze define an enthusiast?

A. An enthusiast is a party who believes about four times az much az he kan prove, and kan prove about four times az mutch az enny boddy else believes.

Allmost enny phool kan prove that the Bible ain't true; it takes a wise man to believe it.

It iz a wise man who profits by hiz own experience—but it iz a good deal wizer one who lets the rattlesnake bite the other phellow.

Yung man, set down and keep still; yu will have plenty ov chances yet to make a phool ov yourself before yu die.

Take all the phools out ov this world and there wouldn't be enny phun nor proffit living in it.

I would as soon think ov pulling the feathers out ov a peokok's tail, az to interfere with the innosent vanity ov a man.

Married life iz a little game, in which the woman, if she iz called, iz allmost sure tu hav a strate flush.

The man who knows a thing, and can tell it in the fewest words, iz the hardes kind of a man tu beat in a kross exemination.

The things that I kant prove I believe the most; I believe that one apple is sour and another sweet; but I will give enny highly eddikated man a span ov matched mules who will tell me what makes them so.

The smartest thing about enny man iz hiz conschience; he may outrage hiz reason or stultify hiz faith, but he kant beat his conschience.

The best thing I kno on is a fust rate wife, and the next best thing is a seekond rate one.

Thare aint nothing that a man will thrive so well on az abuse that aint merited.

Whenever yu cum akrost a man who distrusts everyboddy, yu hav found one whom it iz safe for everyboddy to distrust.

It iz the surprizes ov life that add most tu our plezzures; one man iz surprized with a legacy from a ritch unkle; another that the old spekled hen haz just cum off the nest with twenty-seven chickens.

Gamblers nor infidels haven't faith in their profeshions to teach it tu their children.

Madison's Musical Prodigy.

About a year ago we mentioned the precocity of Master Charley Gebest, son of Prof. Gus Gebest, as a gifted musician, and on a recent visit to the home of the Professor we found our prediction regarding the child's advancement more than verified. Little Charlie is now five years old, and is probably the most accomplished musician of his age in America. We frequently hear of infantile performers who excite the wonder and admiration of the public by their performances upon one particular instrument, but little Charlie evinces a greater breadth of talent by his renditions upon the violin, guitar and piano. To show his proficiency he played for us first upon the violin (he has a small one with a fine tone) several pieces ranging in time from a hornpipe to the long-stroke bowing in the "Blue Bells of Scotland," his father playing accompaniments upon the piano. Then the Professor took his own violin and played second while Charlie led upon the piano with "The Devil's Dream," "Suwanee River" and several new pieces and medleys. His little cherub fingers can not reach an octave, yet he manages to produce the music, and any slight deficiency in time or tone is more than compensated for by the cuteness of the infantile performer. His next marvelous performance was upon the guitar. He played a pretty march, skipping up aud down the stave with his little hand from the lowest to the highest fret, and concluded his exhibition by tuning the guitar properly for the "Siege of Sabastopol," and playing that difficult piece with all the harmonics! The little fellow don't worry and struggle to accomplish these feats but does it with an ease of action which proves him possessed of a soul blended with sweet sounds. His father contemplates giving a public performance in the spring, and will probably make a tour with the gifted and handsome little musician.—Madison (Ind.) Courier.

Some of the Trials of Tall Men.

Just after I left Honcove Falls, a tall man sat down in the seat in front of me. I had noticed him standing wearily about on the platform, and I pitied him. My heart was full of sympathy for him. I am always sorry for a tall man. Sometimes when I get before an audience and have to stand on my tip-toes to look over the footlight, I wish I was a trifle taller than I am. But this longing is only momentary. It passes away as soon as I see an unusually tall man. You see, a very tall man is always pursued, haunted by one unvarying joke. Every short or ordinary-sized man that approaches him, throws back his head, affects to gaze up into the heavens with a very painful effort, and asks, "Isn't it pretty cold up there where you are?" Just watch the next short man you see meet a tall one, and see if this conundrum doesn't follow the first greeting. Just watch and see if you do not ask it yourself. And this must be dreadfully wearing on the tall man. I have observed that as a rule big men, tall men are good-natured. It is we little men who have wapish tempers. So the tall man never resents this venerable joke by sitting down on the man who gets it off. He smiles drearily, and with a weary effort to appear interested, and tries to look as though he had never heard it before. It must be a perfect torture for the tall man to hear this quest fifty times a day for thirty or forty years. Sometimes, when I hear a dozen men ask a tall man of my acquaintance this question in direct succession, and see him endure it so patiently, I wish I was the Colossus of Rhodes, and a little man, four feet, eleven and a half, would come up to me some day when I felt right good, and stare up at me with a grin longer than his body, and ask me "if it wasn't pretty cold up there?" and I would hold him up by the neck, and I would swing my brazen leg until got the motion and impetus of a walking-beam, and then I would kick the little fellow so high that he could read the names of the streets on the street lamps in Uranus, and I would sarcastically shout after him, "No, it's red-hot!"

Have tall men no rights that we, who live eight or ten inches nearer the earth, are bound to repect?—[Burlington Hawkeye.

Purchasing a Horse.

It is very easy for any person of judgment to learn to know, when he is buying a horse whether the animal is sound or not. Blemishes speak for themselves, but unsoundness requires a close inspection and some knowledge for its detection. The feet are the most usual seat of unsoundness in work horses. From the general careless habit of caring for horses, and the reckless manner in using them, there is a large proportion of them unsound in the feet. But disease of the feet is easily detected, although there may be no apparent lameness. An intending purchaser should have the horse brought out before him, and watch the animal as he stands at rest. If the owner is continually starting the horse into motion and urging him to "show off," something may be suspected; because it is when the horse is at perfect rest that his weak points are divulged. If the horse is sound, he will stand squarely on his limbs, without moving any of them, the feet being placed flat on the ground, and all the legs plumb and naturally posed. If one foot is thrown forward with the toe pointing to the ground, and the head raised, or if the foot is lifted from the ground and the weight taken from it, disease of the navicular bone may be suspected; or at least tenderness, which is a precurser of disease. If the foot is thrown out, the toe raised and the heel brought down, the horse has suffered from lameness—founder—or the back sinews have been sprained, and he is of little future value. When the feet are drawn together beneath the horse, if there has been no disease, there is a misplacement of the limbs at least, and a weak disposition of the muscles. If the horse stands with his feet spread apart, or straddles with the hind legs, there is weakness of the loins, and the kidneys are disordered. When the knees are bent and the legs totter and tremble the beast has been ruined by heavy pulling, and will never be right again, whatever rest and treatment he may have. Contracted and ill-formed hoofs speak for themselves.

If the eyes are of a bluish or milky cast, they constitutionally tend to opthalmia, and there will be certain trouble there. If the ears are thrown backwards the temper is bad; if they are thrown forward, and the horse starts nervously at every movement or sound, he will probably be a shier, and unsafe to drive. If the hind legs are scarred, he has been a kicker. If the skin is rough and harsh, and does not move easily and smoothly to the touch, the horse is a heavy eater and has poor digestion. Whene these peculiarities are absent and there is nothing to cause suspicion in any other way, the horse may be taken to be all right, so far as soundness of foot, limb, and digestive organs are concerned. Disease or imperfection of the respiratory organs may be discovered by pinching or holding the throat, by observing the behavior of the horse when he is speeded, or by placing the ear at the side of the chest, when any sound heard other than a clear, resonant one is indicative of trouble.—[Rural New Yorker.

The Young Ladies.

THE purpose of the Young Ladies' Christian Temperance Union is thus briefly set forth by the Chicago Inter-Ocean:

"They have organized for their own sake and for the sake of the world in which they live. They intend to do their utmost in assisting the temperance cause. They will begin systematically by studying the temperance literature so as to do their good work in an able and intelligent manner. All of the members have taken the pledge to abstain, with God's assistanee, from the use of liquors, wine, beer, or cider, and will try to induce their friends to do the same for the good of the cause and as an example to intemperate persons, the ladies recognizing the fact that there are drunkards among both sexes. The different members will keep albums in which their friends will, at appropriate times, be asked to subscribe to the temperance pledge. The ladies have been informed by a prominent physician that liquor can be dispensed with as medicine, that drugs exist which possess the same medicinal cure, without the intoxicating quality. One lady from each church in the city will be solicited as a member of the executive committee, while any lady can become a member of the association.'

The manure from a ton of clover hay is estimated to be worth $9.64, or about as much as the hay is worth in many places. It should be well understood that clover hay ought to be fed on the farm and never sold; if any hay is to be sold let it be the English meadow, the manure from which is worth only about half as much.

THOU DOST ABIDE WITH ME.

MARY A. GOODWIN.

Outside the night is dark, the winds are wailing,
The storm is sobbing at my chamber door,
And tempests beat with efforts unavailing
To break the lock and cross the threshold o'er;
It matters not the leafless world is dreary,
And storms are sweeping o'er the land and sea,
That this frail dust is worn with travel weary,
Dear Lord, Thou dost abide with me.

I hear afar the sound of bitter weeping,
From those who shut on Thee their household door,
And now through every room the flood is creeping,
And all their treasures swept the waves before;
But I like some blest child so sweetly sleeping,
Through some wild storm upon a mother,s knee—
I, in my room am golden sunlight keeping,
For Lord, Thou dost abide with me.

I know not where my pilgrim staff will take me,
The future seems a dark and barren land,
I only know that Thou wilt not forsake me.
I still will feel the preasure of Thy hand,
If through the desert Thou wilt go before me,
And still support me on the troubled sea,
Then never can the billows cold go over me,
For, Lord, Thou dost abide with me.

Oh, shelter from the storm! Oh, priceless blessing,
To entertain a guest so sweet and fair,
To him the wealth of heaven and earth possessing,
I surely can my richest chamber spare,
But that is not enough where all is owing,
My soul throws open every door to Thee,
And sings, my cup of life with joy overflowing,
Dear Lord. Thou dost abide with me.

—[Zions Herald.

OLD SONG WITH NEW WORDS.

There was a young woman of Worcester,
She petted an old Shanghai rorcestor;
When asked what indorcestor;
To fondle the rorcestor,
She blushed, for the question confurcester.

But with scorn and with slight he abercester
With cold disregard he repulcester;
He laughed at her charms,
And he fled from her rms.
And roamed about just as he urcestor.

Burlington Hawkeye.

Selected for THE SIGNAL.

THE FIRST DRINK.

I HAD often noticed when we were in any party of pleasure amongst our own companions, how Cyrus Greyson avoided liquors. The merriest occasion, the hottest day, or the coldest evening found him strictly temperate—a cold water man of the most rigid type. And yet, he made no strong professions of temperance, and in his life there was every temptation to mere pleasure-seeking.

He was wealthy, an artist of no mean standing, a favorite in society, and would have been eminently handsome, but for an expression of sadness that never left his dark eyes, a reserve that hung over his speech on all occasions. But that he loved me, that we had become like brothers in five years of close intimate friendship, I should never have learned the secret of his sadness, or the cause of his strict practical temperance habits.

I remember well the morning when he came into my studio quite early, to find me lying upon a lounge, nursing a splitting headache, instead of finishing the picture upon my easel.

It was but seldom I allowed good company or great occasion to lead me into drinking, but my headache that day was most certainly to be attributed to a free flow of champagne on the previous evening, and Cyrus knew it. He made no comment, passed about the room a little, and then sitting near me, he said, in a voice that, to me, proved that he had nerved himself to to some great effort:

"Will, old fellow, I am going to make you my father-confessor, to tell you the story of my life."

His face was so deadly pale, and his whole appearance so shocked me, that I cried:

"Not if it troubles you to tell it, Cy!"

"Never mind that. I want to tell it. You will respect my secret, Will, I know: I was a boy of five years old, I think, when my father suddenly disappeared from our home. I cannot tell you what his business had been, I never knew, but we had always lived in comfort, and my vague memory of father recalls only kindness and love for my mother and myself, the only child.

"After he left us my mother sank into a most despairing sorrow, weeping convulsively at all times, often praying fervently, wasting away to a mere shadow of herself. She was absent from home a great deal, and my grandmother came to care for me. They would be gone for hours at a time on alternate days, always coming home weakened and prostrated by sorrow. I cannot tell how long this lasted, but one day they went out together, were gone till late at night, leaving me with the servant. When they came home mother was carried into the house insensible, and my grandmother seemed scarcely more conscious. All night, from my little crib, I could hear them sobbing and praying in what, even my childish comprehension told me, what was the extreme agony of despair and grief. The next day my father was brought home dead, in his coffin, and I kissed him for the last time.

"I remember a long illness of my mother's, and her death. Then we traveled, grandmother and I, a long, long distance to a new city.

"Here I was sent to school, and for the first time I heard myself called by the name I now bear, Cyrus Greyson. I questioned my grandmother about this, remembering my mother had always called me 'her darling Freddy,' but she told me sadly I must try to forget my old life, my old name, and something in her white face and hushed voice compelled my awed submission.

"There are my childish impressions of sorrow, soon forgotten in my happy life. For, in spite of the unalterable sadness of my grandmother's face, I was very happy. My home was very pleasant, with every comfort wealth could give, and I was allowed all childlike indulgences, while my restraints were only judicious and kindly ones. I went to good schools, and when I wished to be an artist, every advantage of study and travel was given to me, till, at twenty-one, I was legally put into possession of my father's share of my grandfather's property, and learned—"

Here Cyrus paused, great beads of prespiration standing on his face, but after a momentary struggle, he said:

"The night before I came of age, Will, some of my friends were in my studio, and we sent for champagne to celebrate my birthday. I had, years before, promised my grandmother never to touch liquor, but, carried away by my companions' urging and example, I took, on that night, my first glass. Before the party broke up I was intoxicated, for the only time in my life. I have a dim recollection of my grandmother's cry of horror, as I reeled up stairs, after my friends left me, and my own pang of shame as I heard it, but I slept heavily, and awoke late the next day.

"I expected a reproof and lecture when I went to my grandmother's room, but she did not speak one word referring to my condition the previous night.

"'Cyrus,' she said, sadly, 'before you go to the lawyer's I wish you to read some papers I have here.'

"Old newspapers they were, dated sixteen years before, and the columns intended for my reading were heavily marked in pencil. My grandmother left me alone, and I read all she had marked. It was the history of a murder committed in the heat of passion, and while the murderer was under the effect of strong drink. He was described as a handsome man, under thirty years of age, of talent and promise, and not addicted to liquor. At some festive gathering he had been led into intoxication, and while crazy with drink had become involved in a quarrel, striking his opponent with a poker, and killing him instantly.

"I read every word of the long trial, where the best talent of the country defended the criminal, where money was freely spent, and every effort made to save the guilty man. I read the appeals to the Governor for pardon, after he was convicted and sentenced, praying for pity in consideration of his youth, his previous good conduct, his position and his family. I read his own letter, pleading his bewildered brain at the time he struck the fatal blow, and the entire absence of any intent to kill the man who had been an utter stranger to him two hours before he lay dead at his feet. I read the Governor's refusal of the prayers and petitions of some of the most influential men in the country.

Then I came to the prison scenes, the last days and hours of the condemned man. I read every word of the harrowing accounts of the parting with friends and family, the sickening details of the execution and closing scene of the funeral. In the last paper there was simply the notice of the death of the murderer's wife a few weeks later.

"When my grandmother returned to me, she said, in a low, pleading voice:

"'Cyrus, you see how drink brings strong men to the gallows,' and she shuddered, turning white as ashes.

"I tried to brave it out!

"'This is an exceptional case,' I said. 'I am a gentleman, grandmother, and drink cannot lead me to murder. It is a beastly habit, I own, but it need never become habitual. A glass now and then will hurt no one.'

"She put her shaking hands on the papers.

"'I have heard that argument from this man whose trial you have just read, who gave up on the gallows a life that might have been noble and useful, because in his youth he would not give up the occasional glass of good fellowship and socialibility.'

"'You knew him?' I cried, astonished.

"'I knew him well. I have pleaded with him as I plead with you'—and here to my horror, she knelt at my feet—'to entreat him to leave untouched and untasted the fatal glass that leads to crime. Oh, Cyrus, do not read this story with careless heart, do not turn from my prayers and tears.'

"I raised her up, and held her tenderly in my arms.

"'You take my state last night too much too heart,' I said. 'I shall never become a drunkard, and really, grandma, it is not very flattering to suppose I shall become a murderer and die by hanging,' and I laughed aloud in my pride of strength.

"'I must tell him! I must tell him!' my grandmother moaned. 'I have kept it from him all these years, but I must tell him now. 'Cyrus,' she said, rising to her full height and looking down upon me where I sat, 'you say you are in no danger of this man's fate. You are a gentleman! He was from one of the best families in the country, a scholar and man of wealth and refinement. You are young! He was not thirty. I say to you, stop now! Make a vow, and keep it, that you will never again touch liquor, for I tell you that this man, who gave up his life to expiate his crime was MY SON AND YOUR FATHER!'

"'My father!' I gasped, feeling as if the hangman's rope was already knotted at my throat.

"'Frederick Carroll was your father. You must have learned your name today, but the lawyer mercifully promised me to tell you no more. I tell you, because I see you hovering on the verge of the precipice over which your father was hurled by the demon of drink. I tell you, Frederick Carroll, that if with your father's name and wealth you inherit his careless disregard of the dangers of the path on which you have taken your first step, so also will you inherit the fate that gave him a murderer's grave, that killed his young wife, and drove his widowed mother and only child to seek a home in a distant city, and hide their shame under a false name.'"

Cyrus paused for a long time after he quoted his grandmother's passionate appeal, and lay very quiet, inwardly resolving that the painful sacrifice he was making for my sake should not be made in vain.

After a time he spoke again.

"I took up my burden, Will, from that hour, the curse that I will carry to my grave, that no deed of mine can ever efface. I am the son of a murderer, who was hanged on the gallows for his crime. I can never tell you what I suffered, carrying the secret ever hidden in my heart.

"The sharpest pang of all was when I saw Grace Dyer. You remember her, Will?"

I nodded assent. Only too well I remembered that episode of my friend's life. Grace Dyer, one of those gentle, beautiful girls who seem too pure and good for the struggles of this life, had been one of a party of young girls from a popular seminary who sat for a funny picture of the "Muses," to commemorate their graduation. I had noted from the first sitting how Cyrus would linger longer over this fair face than he did over any of the other lovely ones surrounding it. She had been chosen to represent Enterpe; and Cyrus, I think, unconsciously made her the most prominent figure of the group, as she was certainly the most beautiful. In the white dress, the classic arrangement of her rich hair, the pure oval contour of the face, the large uplifted eyes, the very spirit of music seemed to breath.

But, alas! as Cyrus painted, he reproduced upon his heart this glowing picture, in unfading colors. I knew his love. I read it in every look he gave the beautiful girl. I saw it in the unwearied toil to make the lovely face perfect upon the canvass, lingering over it, retouching and perfecting it before the others of the group were completed.

And I fancied, too, that the gentle girl would be no unwilling listener to the suit of the handsome and wealthy artist. I had seen her soft eyes droop when Cyrus spoke, and a brighter flush sprang to her pure round cheek. I had noted how her whole face irrodated when Cyrus talked to them all on subjects he hoped would draw expression to the faces apt to be set and stiff, during his task.

In those days I wondered why Cyrus starved his own heart, kept aloof from the companionship I was sure was precious to him; why he refused Mr. Dyer's gracious invitation to visit him, after Grace left school; why, hardest task of all, he refused to duplicate the picture for the father, or even to reproduce the figure of Enterpe alone.

I understand why Cyrus paused after he spoke the dear name, and waited silently until he spoke again.

"I loved her, Will, how deeply I can never tell you, and because I loved her I let her go from me, when my heart told me I might have kept her by my side. I would ask no woman to bear my burden. I would give no woman the pang of knowing her children could never bear their father's name without sharing the heritage of shame that clung to it. Still less would I deceive any woman who trusted in me. I let her go out of my life forever.

"Will, dear friend," and Cyrus took my hand in his own, "do you know why I tell you all this? Because I love you! You are dear to me as a brother, and I would not have you tread the path that might blight your young life, as my father's was blighted, curse your son as I am cursed!"

"And you have not told it in vain," I cried.

"God bless you for the words," he said: "it will be some comfort in my weary life if I can think I have snatched you from the perilous path where so many young feet stray to crime. I will add one more secret to my story, Will. My physician tells me that my earthly pilgrimage is nearly over. When the coffin lid closes over me, Will, when no heart can be torn by the story I have told you, will you use my confidence to try to win others as I have won you, from the demon of drink?"

I promised compliance with his wish, and in this sketch, prayerfully and tearfully recorded, I keep the pledge, and tell the story of Cyrus Greyson's FIRST GLASS.

Talmage's Tabernacle.

The trial of the suit of William H. Gelston, formerly Treasurer of the Brooklyn Tabernacle to recover $1,342 loaned by him to the church, was continued at the Brooklyn City Court, before Judge Neilson, yesterday. A number of witnesses were called by the defense to prove that the subscriptions received for the liquidation of the debt were given in good faith, and with no secret understanding as to the time and manner of payment. The Court excluded all testimony offered as to arrangements, private or otherwise, for the payment of the debt not made on the 17th of February, the day on which Mr. Kimball, the debt-raiser, obtained the subscriptions from Mr. Gelston and others which liquidated, as claimed, the greater part of the church's debt. Mr. Kimball testified that he was requested to assist in raising the debt of the church by Mr. Talmage and Major Corwin; he believed that the debt was stated to him as $69,500. Witness did not think that the terms of the subscriptions required them to be paid within six months, as claimed by Mr. Gelston; he thougnt an arrangement for a longer period had been made for the larger subscriptions. Mr. Silcox, one of the Trustees who resigned with Mr. Gelston, testified that he subscribed $5,000 on the Thursday preceeding the day on which Mr. Kimball appealed for subscriptions; the pastor induced witness to subscribe that amount, the arrangement being that $2,000 should be paid the first year, and $1,000 on each of the following years. The testimony was ruled out, as the arrangement was made prior to the 17th of February. Mr. Pearsall, for the plaintiff, offered to show that the debt was $97,805 on the 17th February, when it was falsely announced to be $69,500 The offer was ruled out, as not material to the case.

Albert Latham testified that his name was put down for $500 on the 17th of February without his authority, and while he was at home sick in bed.

Mr. Talmage was called by the plaintiff, who desired to show by the witness that private arrangements were made with certain of the subscribers as to the manner in which their subscriptions were to be paid. The plaintiff claimed that these private arrangements deceived people who openly subscribed in the church, intending to pay the money within the six months, in ignorance of the fact that many of those who were pledged for subscriptions and whose pledges had been handed up before the congregation, had already made private arrangements enabling them to pay by installments in 4 or 5 years. These private arrangements, it was claimed, released those who were deceived by them from pledges to pay made in good faith. As Dr. Talmage's testimony related principally to conversations prior to the 17th of February, with different persons, during which private arrangements were made for the payment of sums to be subscribed, it was ruled out by the Court. Mathew Arbuckle, the cornet player, testified that he subscribed $500 toward paying the debt of the church, but he had prior to his subscription made a private arrangement with the trustees by which he was to have a complimentary benefit, out of the proceeds of which the $500 subscription was to come. But little time was occupied by counsel in summing up, and, after a brief charge by the Judge, the case, at 5 o'clock, was given to the jury, who, after an absence of two and a half hours, disagreed and were discharged. The jury stood six for and six against the plaintiff.—[New York Times.

Another Merry Medium.

A wonderful exposure of spiritualism has been given in Edinburgh by a young American, Mr. Irving Bishop. He performs all the tricks commonly done by mediums, such as escaping from confinement, writing with his hands tied, playing a guitar when strapped to a chair; and he closed the demonstration with the following wonderful trick: He used, he said, no confederates whatever, and he should produce out of the corner of the room an old man a young lady who had been dead a hundred years, and who being in search of her affinity, gentlemen had better be careful as she wandered round. A narrow, open-fronted cabinet was forthwith produced, and the performer, having taken his seat within, had his hands secured with tapes passed through holes in the back and firmly tied. A net was then drawn over the whole and fastened with a cord, the free end of which was nailed to the floor. The gas having been turned down and the curtain drawn as before, the usual manifestations with bell and tamborine forthwith commenced, and undefined objects appeared from time to time over the top of the screen. Presently there rose a venerable, grey-bearded figure in white robes, who raised his hands as if pronouncing a benediction, and then ducked down again. A minute or two more and a female form, robed in white and with copious hair streaming down her back, slipped out from behind the curtain, paused for a moment, and, with a courteous salutation, slipped back again. When the gas was turned on again Mr. Bishop was found fast under his netting with a handbell between his teeth, and he lost no time in explaining to his astonished audience how simply the marvels had been produced. It is to be hoped that we shall see Mr. Bishop in London very soon.—[London Court Circular.

How to Utilize Old Fruit Cans.

Perhaps one of the most appropriate uses of an old fruit can that can be devised is to make it contribute to the growth of new fruit to fill new cans. This is done in the following manner: The can is pierced with one or more pin holes, and then sunk in the earth near the roots of the strawberry or tomato or other plants. The pin holes are to be of such size that when the can is filled with water the fluid can only escape into the ground very slowly. Thus a quart can, properly arranged, will extend its irrigation to the plant through a period of several days; the can is then refilled. Practical trials of this method of irrigation leave no doubt of its success. Plants thus watered flourish and yield the most bounteous returns throughout the longest droughts In all warm localities where water is scarce, the planting of old fruit cans, as here indicated, will be found profitble as a regular gardening operation.—[Scientific American.

A coroner's jury down south rendered this verdict: "We, de undersigned, being a koronor's jury to sit on de body ob de nigger Sambo, now dead and gone before us, hab been sittin' on de said nigger aforesaid, did, on de night ob de fourteenth ob November, come to deff by fallin' from de bridge ober de ribber, where we find he was subsequently drown, and afterwards washed on de ribber side, whar we s'pose he was froze to deff."

A Pleasant Set of Princes.

A writer who signs himself a Russian Nihilist and who is evidently quite familiar with his theme, draws a terrible picture of the demoralization and corruption of the Imperial Russian Government in the number for February of the North American Review. We extract his portraits of two of the brothers of the Czar, one of whom is well known in this country in connection with ex-Under-Secretary Fox's remarkable picnic to Russia.

The education received by the princes of the Romanoff family mostly stands on a level with that of a groom in civilized communities. Their habitual assiciates are the most despicable and unprincipled snobs among the jeunesse doree of the capital of French courtisanes.

More or less all the Russian princes come up to the level. They pass their whole life in brutal idleness, whiling away their time with drinking gambling and hunting. As far as education and knowledge are concerned, there is perhaps but one exception to this general rule: that is the Grand Duke Constantine Nicolajevitch, brother of the Czar, President of the Conncil of State, the supreme legislative body of the empire, and Admiral-General of the Russian fleet. He is a man of more than ordinary intellectual ability, well informed, and possessing a keen appreciation for the fine arts; his palace is the constant rendezvous of artists, literatteurs, musicians and sirgers. But on the other hand, the Russian people have to pay for the luxury of possessing a well educated Romanoff. Among the studies which Constantine has pursued with the most complete success the science of bribery stands paramount. He has managed to discount his influence as President of the Council of State in the most profitable manner. Every new railway, manufacturing or banking company which applies to the Government for incorporation has to pay Constantine, of course not personally, but through half a dozen agents and sub-agents, a handsome tribute. Also the accounts of many a shipbuilding firm might, if published, tell curious tales about how expensive an article a clever and educated member of the Romadoff family actually is.

This remark, however, does not imply that stupid and badly educated grand dukes prove less expensive to the country than clever ones. A recent example has proved the contrary, that of the Grand Duke Nicolajevitch, the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army during the last Bulgarian campaign. The general opinion about that man in Russia before the war was, that he was a thoroughly ignorant, stupid, but honest and brave soldier. Recent events have proved, however, that if the former part of this judgment is correct the same cannot be said of its latter part. The fact is now generally known in Russia that the Grand Duke Nicholas, the brother of the Czar, the generalissimo of the army, not only brought this army to the verge of ruin by his utter imbecility as a commander, but actually robbed the miserable, hungry, dying soldiers of 7,000,000 rubles, of which he gave a handsome share to his mistress, a former opera-dancer. I must earnestly request the reader to bear in mind that this is not idle gossip; the fact has been officially proved and reported to the Czar by General Greigh, the present chief of the Russian Finance Department, who was sent by the Czar to Bulgaria to investigate the terrific cases of corruption which occurred during the war. Greigh went earnestly to work, and the very first result he obtained from his investigation was that the Czar's brother was the chief criminal. Horror-stricken, he started at once for St. Petersburg and reported to the Czar—the truth. The investigation was immediately closed, and Gen. Greigh received the Finance Department as price for his silence.

These examples, drawn from the life of two of the most prominent members of the Czar's family, will suffice to characterize the latter as a whole. With one or two exceptions (among these the Czaravitch, who, under the benificent influence of his wife, the Danish Princess Dagmar, has as yet held aloof from the filth surrounding him), not one single prince of the Romanoff family can be named whose existence is not a burden to the people and a nuisance to society.

A Few Precepts from Confucius

"Be severe to yourself, and indulgent to others; you thus avoid all resentment."

"The wise man makes equity and justice the basis of all his conduct; the right forms the rule of his behavior; deference and modesty mark his exterior; sincerity and fidelity serve him for accomplishment."

"Love virtue, and the people will be virtuous; the virtue of a great man is like the wind; the virtue of the humble is like the grass; when the wind passes over it the grass inclines its head."

"Children should practice filial piety at home, and paternal defference abroad; they should be attentive in their actions, sincere and true in their words, loving all with the whole force of their affection."

"Return equity and justice for evil done to you, and pay goodness by goodness."

"Without the virtne of humility, one can neither be honest in poverty nor contented in abundance."

"Real virtue consists in integrity of heart and loving your neighbor as yourself."

"What I desire that others should not do for me, I equally desire not to do to them."

"Think not of faults committed in the past, when one has reformed his conduct."

The saloonatics of Royal Center will have to answer to sixteen indictments at the next term of the Circuit Court for violation of the liquor law.

The Murphy Signal.

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OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

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$1.00.

WORK!

ORGANIZE.

BEER bloates.

SAVE the boys.

HOLD meetings.

WE are gaining.

SUBSCRIBE now.

READ our "ads."

NO COMPROMISE.

MEETING to-night.

THE rummy's quake.

WHERE do you stand.

REPORT your meetings.

ATTEND the convention.

SILVER TOP is at Shelbyville.

PROHIBITION means freedom.

WINE and wisdom won't mix.

WHEN Silver Top comes, hear him.

THE meetings are still well attended.

SEND us short reports of your meetings.

BRING your friends to the convention.

THE boys are preparing to give a play.

CLINTON township is without a society.

LET us hear how you are getting along.

A BOLD policeman has been appointed for the hall.

BETTER be a temperance fanatic than a whisky-bloat.

HE serves himself best who serves his neighbors best.

IRVIN GARDNER went to Richmond, his home, last week.

A MEETING was held at Anoka last Wednesday evening.

TO BE sober and industrious is to be happy and prosperous.

MAKE the convention interesting by contributing a thought.

A meeting will be held at East Sandridge next Saturday night.

THE Y. M. C. A., of Lafayette, hold Gospel temperance meetings.

ALF. KELLY had charge of THE SIGNAL office one day last week.

THE reformed clown, "Silver Top," will probably speak here next Monday evening.

ALL well-disposed persons are invited to attend the convention on the 20th and 21st.

SEE to it that your union has a full representation at the convention on the 20th and 21st.

ON the 20th the convention will meet promptly at 10 o'clock. All delegates should be present.

FOR the general good, Saturday evening entertainments will be given at the hall, hereafter.

BRO. BRANDT reports the work at Shiloh flourishing finely in every respect. Shiloh is firm.

OUR worthy president, Will. E. Murray, has withdrawn his resigna tion, of which we are highly pleased.

The Chronicle is not near as mad as it would have it appear. Don't get angry at us, mr. chronicle man.

SOCIETIES desiring the services of Gen. Sam. A. Chambers ("Silver-Top") may address this office.

THE executive committee will have an interesting programme prepared for the convention the 20th and 21st.

LABOR and saloon-keepers are strangers. Laboring men should also keep aloof from those who live off of them.

SAM, why is the snow under de street lamp like THE MURHY SIGNAL? Don't know; guess cause it is read with de light.

THE Murphys, by the resignation of W. G. Brimson, Supt. L. C. & Sw. Ry., lose a valued and accommodating friend.

THAT funny Silver Top will speak here again soon, and no hall in Logansport will hold the crowd.

WILL GRACE is a very lucky man, he has been blessed with twins. A little Dick and a little Daisey. O happy Bill Grace.

PROF. WILL MCCLAIN, of Kokomo, talked temperance to the Murphys of Lincoln on the evening of the 2d, with good results.

BRO. DAN. J. WOOD is an authorized agent of this paper. He will visit nearly all the towns in the state. Give him your subscriptions.

IT is said that there are 1,300 convicts in the two penitentiaries of this State. Pour on more whisky and the number will be increased.

THE "liberty" of the seller means the bondage of the drinker. Do you approve of it, reader? Then labor to curb the power of rumism.

PROHIBITION means a reduction of taxes 33 per cent. It means the absolute abolition of the need of a Superior Court. It means prosperity.

THE Chicago Inter-Ocean is the best daily paper published. It is recommended as a staunch temperance advocate, and a paper in every way first-class.

THAT great farce, Stephe R. Smith, is now "vindicating" himself at Vincennes. The first thing he did was to "rush into print"—and into trouble. Poor Smith!

WE will not be responsible for money payed to A. G. Murray for subscription for THE SIGNAL, as he is an impostor, and has no authority to take subscriptions.

IT is said by Jimmy McSheehy, of the Chronicle, that he never drank a drop of liquor, or in any way used tobacco. Jimmy is a better boy than we thought he was!

THE telegraph reports of the last two weeks contain the usual number of accounts of licensed murder and crime. Do the people approve of a law that makes murder so common?

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

HON. B. F. CAMPBELL, representative, writes from Indianapolis: "There is a strong temperance sentiment in the House. Several bills have been introduced, and numerous petitions have been presented—some of them very large," Gratifying news.

FATHER TILMAN, of Noble township, was buried last week He has been an earnest temperance and Christian worker during his entire life, and by his consistent efforts great good has resulted to the cause he so nobly espoused. His decease is deeply regretted by all who knew him.

THE 31st day of May is the second anniversary of the temperance movement in this city—and county. We urge action looking to its proper observance, as the occasion is auspicious for several reasons, chief among them the fact of the great good done to individuals and to public morals and sentiment. The arrangements, if made, should not be delayed until too late a day.

THE SIGNAL concerts given by Lord Potter throughout the country are very successful and pleasant in every respect. Thursday evening last, the one given at Lewisburg was no exception to the rule. Bro. D. B. Graham, than whom there are few better talkers anywhere, delivered one of his most telling speeches; Lord Potter elicited immense applause by his numerous well-rendered songs, and J. C. Bridge contributed no little to the success of the entertainment. Twenty-five signed the pledge, and twenty-one subscribed for THE SIGNAL. Another meeting will be held at the same place on the evening of the 20th, which will be addressed by Mr. Graham and the editor.

The Brick.

LAST Friday evening the best meeting ever attended, says Bro. Burnett, was held at the brick school-house, on the north pike. The room would not near contain the large number who came, and in every other way the meeting far surpassed all others that have been held there. Thus it would seem from every quarter comes the good news that the temperance work is growing and will not be put down. Long may the "Ould Brick" report such progress. They appointed the following delegates to the convention: Levi Horn, J. J. Stevenson, H. B. Shilling, Mary McDowell, Jonathan McDowell, Newton Iniard, J. H. Burnet.

Schwartz' cheap store is again located in this city at 405 Broadway and is offering goods lower than ever.

RUM ON THE RAMPAGE.

THE CIRCUIT COURT DEALING OUT JUSTICE TO CROOKED RUMMYS.

"TALL SWEARING" AND SHORT-MEMORIED WITNESSES.

THE circuit court has been in session and has disposed of a considerable number of cases, especially of The State vs. liquor sellers.

The result has generally been a conviction, and the vender fined from $10 to $20, and the costs.

It is noteworthy that this is only the commencement of the dishonest s.-ks' troubles, and it is probable that the next session of the grand jury will rattle up the dry bones to a superlative degree.

May the good work go on.

The law which regulates the sale of rum should be kept as sacredly as any other law, aud the men who persist in its violation should receive its fullest sentence.

No other name will describe a law-breaker, and nothing but law honestly meted will curb their propensity.

Let law do justice to peaceable citizenship, by the severe punisbment of those who will not honor or respect or maintain the majesty of such law.

Hon. Dudley H. Chase, the presiding judge, is not a "temperance fanatic" nor a saloon bummer; unprejudiced, the questions before him will be met fairly and squarely on their merits.

But it is wonderful to note the twisting and twirling of oathes by the witnesses who are called to testify in whisky cases.

Young men with nothing in the creation to recommend them but their apparent uprightness and words of honor, deliberately perjuring themselves by attempted evasion of a direct reply.

Young men who prefer swearing to a lie rather than adhering to the truth.

But there is only one term that can be applied to such testimony.

It is the warst kind of perjury.

Perjury for a glass of forty-rod rum.

Hypocritical perjury.

Thus those who have evaded direct replys to what they KNEW, have stigmatized their character, blotted their conscience, lied to man and God and sworn to it.

Let them be marked!!

The man who denies the truth while under oath will betray every confidence upon every occasion.

The loss of memory is also a subject of much remark.

Thus:

They drank at such a time.

At such a place.

They called for beer.

They do not REMEMBER whether it WAS beer, gin, rum, brandy, whisky, small beer, cider, milk, or water!!!!!!! !!!!!!!!!!

Etc., etc., etc.

THUS THEY DELIBERATELY LIED!!

Should the prosecuting attorney file a bill of perjury against two or three of them they would regain their memory with little delay.

Let it be tried.

The Right Ring.

THE blue ribbon temperance societies of Iowa have recently held a convention. Among other resolutions the following were adopted:

Resolved, That we depricate any attempt to prostitute the temperance thought, and the temperance workers of this State to the purpose of partizanship, that we claim our right as temperance men to be Republicans, or Democrats, or Nationals, and we propose to carry our temperance principles, as individuals into politics, and to assert them when and where we deem it best to do so, and with this view we urge upon the temperance men of the State the duty of securing in their respective organizations the nomination for official position, of such men as have the promotion of the temperance cause at heart, and in whose hands its great interests will be safe.

Resolved, That keeping in view the results secured to our cause, by the influences of moral suasion, and the preaching of the gospel of love, and still intent upon persevering in our efforts in the use of these means, yet for the purpose of preserving the fruits of these efforts, and saving still others from the grasp of the destroyer, we declare it to be our conviction, that the prohibitory liquor law of the State, ought to be rigidly enforced, be made yet more effective by statutory and constitutional amendments that will prohibit the manufacture and sale, as a beverage within the State, of all liquors that contain alcohol.

Work.

THOSE two able and energetic workers, Bros. Mellinger and McKee, will proceed at once to organize unions throughout the county. Those wishing meetings held in their school district may leave word at this office and speakers will be sent. Let us organize everywhere, and the good it will do will fully repay for the little trouble required. No well-regulated neighborhood can afford to be without a good, live Murphy union, and each can have one if they will but take the initiary steps. Let us hear from you.

To the Public.

THE SIGNAL is now $1.00 per year.

It is cheap at that.

It is larger, and we have tried to make it better, than three-fourths of the $2-papers published.

The former price would not pay for the white paper and postage.

This is our apology.

Our unprejudiced friends will understand the justice of the increase.

We don't care whether our enemies, the s.-k's, do or not.

We ask our friends to help us make the paper a power for good.

By taking it.

By recommending it.

By contributing to it.

We ask those who have subscribed, and whose time has expired, to renew.

We ask those in arrears to remit.

We expect to use every effort to keep the paper up to its present standard,—the neatest, positively the best, and cheapest temperance paper published.

Prohibition Does Prohibit.

"THERE has been no licensed saloons in Bloomington, Indiana, since 1871, yet more liquor has been consumed in that town and vicinity during those eight years than there was in the twelve preceding years; and yet we are told by the fanatics almost daily that it would be such a grand thing if the license system was done away with. This, we should take it, is a fair illustration of what would be the result all over the country if the license system should be put down. A man may be reckoned something after the make-up of a mule. If you say he shall not sell liquor it is most likely he will do it anyhow; and the result is, the State or corporation loses the revenue derived from license."—*Murder Advocate.*

Then why do you so strenuously oppose prohibition? If there is so much more rum sold in Bloomington under the prohibitory system, *why do you not advocate a similar law* for Lafayette and other places. The truth is, when statements like the above are made, by rum organs, it shows that the law is a success, and by falsifying, they would create a false impression. Reader, put all such trash down as lies, every time.

The Delegates.

Logansport union has appointed the the following delegatss to the convention:

J C Davis,	Rev H L Stetson.
W E Murray,	Rev A W Hawkins,
M S Pettit,	Rev McKaig,
George Shideler,	Mrs A A Truman,
T B Louis,	" John Redd,
H C Mehaffie,	Mrs Kingman,
D B Graham,	Mrs C A P Smith,
D B Stevens,	Mrs S Posey.
John Winter,	Miss Jacobs,
John Stohl,	Mrs Willitts,
Wm Custer,	Mrs Wm Marshall,
W P Marshall,	Mrs Bergers,
Richard Burns,	Mrs M M Humes,
Sol Smith,	Mrs G W Goff,
W J Potter,	Mrs C P Wright,
— Works,	" H C Cushman,
A A Cook,	" C Gray,
I Himmelberger,	" Knight,
D Middleton,	" Stohl,
H J Roach,	" Clem Kern,
J R Drysdale,	" Nessenger,
M Fields,	" H J Roach,
Dr J M Justice,	" R Johnston,
Rev C P Wright,	" I Himmelberger,
Rev M Mahi n,	" Jane Carter,
Rev R O Post,	Miss Nellie Jackson.

Answer This Question, Mr. Rummy.

"The saloon-keepers at Shelbyville, Ind., should look out for one R. D. Flitz, and treat him as he deserves. He indicted several parties in that city on the 12th of this month."—[Rum Advocate.

But WHY should the rummys "look out" for Mr. Flitz?

Did he indict them because they complied with the law?

No, indeed!

Law-abiding citizens need have little fear of the law.

Go in, Bro. Flitz.

It is your "liberty," and the law will protect you in it.

We prosecute thieves and murderers, and their manufaeturers should not receive a less dose.

Sobriety Won.

THE question, "Resolved that the use of intoxicating liquors causes more destruction of life and property than any other one evil, and should be prohibited by law," was debated in Smithtown last Thursday evening by several able debators. The affirmative, headed by M. S. Pettit, won a complete victory, and it was unanimously decided in their favor. The people of Smithtown will now vote for prohibition.

Local Option for Indiana.

A LOCAL option temperance law will probably be passed by the present legislature. While we desire a prohibitory law similar to that of Maine, we believe a local option law far better than the present one now in force. If it should pass, Crawfordsville could easily free herself of every drinking saloon by an overwhelming majority.—[Saturday Mercury.

Schwartz' cheap store—only a few days—call at once—405 Broadway.

Inebriate Asylums vs. Personal Exertions.

NOT many years ago the founding of inebriate asylums was hailed with general delight. Great things were expected of them. The brightest hopes of their usefulness were entertained. In some of the States, so strong, was the feeling in their favor that money was given them by the Legislature.

What are the results. Not such as to make us feel that they have done what they claimed. Undoubtedly they have accomplished not a little good; but upon the whole the judgment of the public is against them. In his last message the Governor of New York says that they are used simply as depositories for drunkards whose rich friends do not wish to be bothered by their presence, and that they are little better than saloons where any amount of all kinds of liquors are abundantly furnished. So strongly is he convinced of their inutility that he recommends the withdrawal of state aid.

One very important thing is emphatically illustrated by this experience, namely that the drinking man cannot be reformed by inducing him to lean upon others for his salvation. No man ever was or ever can be reclaimed from the power of an alcoholic appetite who does not really and earnestly wish to reform and who is not willing to bear any inconvenience and suffering that may come to him as he struggles to escape from his evil habit. Honestly, earnestly, and in the fear of and by the help of God, he must give himself to this work of saving himself. If a man be unwilling to enter with his whole heart into the conflict of self-salvation, submit to self-denial, and right manfully grapple with himself and resist evil he can never be saved. Every man must resist his own temptations before he can ever become their conqueror. If he puts his trust in inebriate asylums or medicines he will fail. Well may we look with great suspicion upon any of the drugs which are advertised to cure drunkenness. The injury which one has done his physical system by intoxication may be partially corrected by a judicious use of the right medicines; but no mere medicinal treatment can effect a thorough and permanent cure. The injury which the drinking man does himself is far deeper than the flesh, and unless a remedy is used which goes beyond the stomach, which lays hold of the moral nature and renovates that no complete recovery can be accomplished. Just as a man by his own deliberate, free act made himself the victim of strong drink, so by the same kind of an act must he be saved. He must work out his own salvation by the grace of God. From friends he may receive sympathy, and from his physician he may obtain medicines, that shall help him much, but he must not depend on these agencies to save him. If he should the black river of death will sweep around him and carry him down to the terrible blackness and awful darkness of the drunkard's doom. All history, all science, all reason testify that nothing can be substituted for a man's own personal exertions in effecting his reformation.

Silver-Top at Logansport.

OF his visit to this city, Silver Top writes to the Monitor-Journal:

"I arrived here Jan. 11th; had a very inleresting meeting. The Logansport Murphys are wide awake. Met Bro. Leedy, of THE MURPHY SIGNAL, and found him a jovial, good fellow (a good deal like you, brother Ed.) He does not keep a menagerie, consequently has no lion's den in which to stow away his friends (and other animals). Suppose we will have to call his apartments 'the wood-pecker's nest.' The immortal J. N. finishes up the glory and good feeling of all occasions and very kindly lets everybody know about it in a mild way; all a hearer needs is plenty of time; money is no object."

They Admit It.

A writer to the Lafayette murder advocate says:

"The time has come when every saloon-man should awaken to a sense of pride, to elevate our business before a prejudiced community, and convince this world that the liquor traffic can be conducted in as legitimate a manner as any other branch of business."

Thus they practically admit their business is the very lowest, and needs renovating. That is what we have telling you. Now let us eradicate it entirely, like an eating cancer.

Snake Stories.

THE murder advocate, of this state, tells what it terms "the boss snake story." But it has no reference to snakes in the boots, and yet a great many sad stories of this kind are created by the inhuman advocacy of whisky guzzling.

Prohibition in Massachusetts,

THE prohibitionists of Massachusetts are making a rigorous effort to have the prohibitory law of 1867 re-enactod. It is claimed that the State Senate is favorable to prohibition.

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405 Broadway.

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

FLORA.

To the Editor:

WE are getting the Murphys awakened again, here. Our future looks bright. The boys are all keeping the pledge yet. We had an excellent meeting last Tuesday evening with good speaking. We propose to "hold the fort" until every man, woman and child is a solid Murphy. Our town, now, is all peace and harmony. If any person should become intoxicated here under the present circumstances, it would create more excitement than a Chicago fire. W. M.

February 2d, 1879.

VEEDERSBURG, IND.

To the Editor.

THROUGH the columns of your valuable paper, we desire to tell of the good work done here by the Murphy movement. We organized with but thirty signers. We have kept increasing ev ery meeting. Prof. Furtich, of Muncie, favored us with a very interesting lecture of the evening of the 30th, and through his assistance we secured sixty signers, which makes a total membership of two hundred and five, in the five weeks we have been working. The people here are thoroughly aroused to the great need of the temperance reform and especially of the proper education of the rising generation, and have determined to have their children grow up in a temperance town. We wish the temperance people everywhere the greatest success, and your paper unlimited patronage. Respectfully,

THOMAS & BROWN.

February 3d:

CLAY TOWNSHIP.

To the Editor:

CLAY still bears the banner. Since you last heard from us we have been having very good meetings all over the township; still having some success in the way of getting signers to our pledge. We held a meeting at Adamsboro on the 25th of last month. We succeeded in starting an organization with the following officers:

President—G. N. Berry.
Vice President—N. J. Morgan.
Secretary—M. J. LaRose.
Treasurer—Rees. Morgan.

Their society numbers sixteen; they are confident they will have over twenty before the convention. Their delegates are M. J. Morgan, G. N. Berry and N. J. LaRose. The Spring Creek delegation consists of persons whose names I cannot give. Spring Creek numbers 115 members. The Old Brick have not selected delegates up to this date; they number fifty members. Bethel numbers ninety-five members; their delegates are J. White, J. J. Julian, Helen Julian, A. A. Cook, G. D. Custer, E. Ball, S. F. Demoss, S. C. Skinner, T. Johnson and Mrs. T. Johnson. Yours truly,

S. J. MELLINGER.

BETHLEHEM TOWNSHIP.

To the Editor:

TEMPERANCE seems to be the one and most important question that is agitating the minds of the people. It is a theme of daily conversation, especially since the last county convention. The questions that were discussed at that convention have been discussed by the people ever since that time. They have put many men to thinking and talking that would have otherwise kept silent; therefore, I believe these county unions to be the means of advancing this great temperance enterprise.

The following persons were appointed delegates at Twelve Mile, on last Saturday evening, to attend the county union to be held at Logansport, Feb. 20th and 21st.

Dicatur Eurit, George Leffel, George Anderson, Ike Crider, David Crider, William Metz, Frank Howe, Oliver Leffel, Cornelius Kinsey, Mr. and Mrs. Kinnaman, Misses. Thurse Leffell, Ida Eurit, Cintha Grable, Nancy Leffel.

Meeting next Tuesday evening at Metea. The temperance movement has accomplished a great deal of good in this township, and we are determined this good work shall go on. Wishing the Murphys success everywhere I close. G. P. MCKEE.

February 10th, 1879.

THE WORK AT LEWISBURG.

To the Editor:

Perhaps one of the best and most effective meetings held in the country for some time past, was the one held by Lord Potter and Bro. Graham at the beautiful Brick Church, on the farm of Dr. Adrain, near Lewisburg, on Thursday evening, February 6th, 1879. Owing to a slight misunderstanding in relation to the occupancy of the house, the crowd was not as large as it would otherwise have been, but still the audience was quite large, intelligent-looking, and very enthusiastic. It was composed of the best portion of the community, and consisted largely of the young people of the neighborhood, whose highly intelligent countenances and earnest attention during the meeting, indicated that their young hearts were deeply interested in the progress of the temperance work. Brother Graham made one of his best speeches, and for about three-quarters of an hour held the undivided attention of his hearers. Lord Potter followed with a short address, and then with some of his specialities, in which he is simply immense. Mr. Bridge and assistants of your city sang some excellent songs in a way to do credit to themselves, and to secure the approbation of the house. The Misses Puterbaugh also sang a beautiful duet in a highly creditable manner. Lord Potter as a worker for THE SIGNAL, is the right man in the right place, and the success of that paper, financially and otherwise, can not suffer while he is interested in and advocates its claims. At the conclusion of the meeting, twenty-five good substantial citizens signed the pledge and donned the blue. A meeting to complete the organization was appointed for the evening of Februray 20th, at the same place. Success to the meeting and to the cause, and may THE SIGNAL live long, grow fat, and prosper.

Februray 8th, 1879.

FT. WAYNE, IND.

To the Editor:

THE meetings of the Reformed Men's Club at the "Little Church Around the Corner," held three times a week, are accomplishing much good. We are endeavoring to extend the temperance work all over the county, and with God's help we will do it, too. A call has been issued for holding a county convention at this place on the 17th inst. Delegates from the different organizations throughout the county will be in attendance. The citizens of Fort Wayne are getting more interested in the glorious work, and are encouraging us onward. We are determined to dethrone King Alcohol, and are slowly but surely accomplishing our work.

The following are the officers of the club:

President—John C. Kinsell.
Vice-President—A. A. Davis.
Secretary—Mrs. Etta Francisco.
Treasurer—Mrs. J. C. Kinsell.

Our meeting on last Monday evening was well attended, and a great deal of interest manifested. Speeches were made by President Kinsell, F. E. Shandrew, of Chicago, and a gentleman from Michigan, and others. Our club now numbers 150, and we are adding new names every day.

I endorse every word in the communication of "One Murphy," in your paper of Janurry 15th. She speaks the truth, and nothing but the truth. We are opposed in this city, and that, too, by one or two churches—one of which is a Methodist church. But, thank God, the majority of the ministers are with us—more especially Rev. J. R. Stone, Rev. W. H. McFarland, Rev. Frost Craft, and Rev. J. M. Seymour. God bless them for their efforts in our behalf.

Mace Long starts "on the war-path" in Michigan, on the 16th. He is doing good work.

More hereafter and oftener.

G. W. JONES.

Feb. 7th.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

To the Editor.

I LONG to see the day that every voter will realize the fact that it is not only the grog-seller that is the cause of more than one-hundred thousand drunkards graves being filled every year, but the little papers they drop in the ballot box; the ballot box is the corner stone and foundation of every licensed murder mill in the United States, and the votes are recorded not only on our poll books but in the Lord's book of remembrance, and should be cast with an eye single to the glory of God. Nothing short of the strong arm of our God will ever exterminate the rum curse from our land, and unless we vote and act in a way that we can honestly ask the blessing of God in precept and example we cannot expect his blessing to rest upon us; therefore, I wish you to say, beware, O ye voters, how you vote away the liberties of our beloved country and bring down the wrath of God on your heads whilst you strive to keep up party lines at the hazard of the reputation and lives of your sons. Every man that casts a vote in favor of the whisky curse is a party to nearly every crime in the State. And in the world to come the dreadful sentence, "Depart from me; I know ye not." Our birds are protected by law, murder mills are licensed to poison our boys. Congress offers large rewards for the discovery or cause of milk sick; quarentines against yellow fever and diseased cattle, and for a few paltry dollars sell indulgencies to corrupt and poison our dear boys. O, glorious consistency, thou art indeed a jewel. We have just completed an organization called the Christian Temperance Alliance, auxilary to State Alliance at our Capitol. This gospel temperance move we believe to be the last wave and hope ere another year passes away that every county in the United States will be thoroughly organized and in good working order; then we can speak in thunder tones to Congress, expecting to be heard, and receive a favorable answer to our requests which will be to rout the rum curse forever. Now let me urge every sister that reads your wide-awake paper to get at least one subscriber to THE MURPHY SIGNAL, and thus be the means of doing great good in the temperance cause in way of making miserable families happy, and save many dear mothers, sons and husbands from drunkards graves. Just get the mothers influence to work for your welcome weekly visitor, and success is sure. May God bless you in your efforts to save men from drunkards graves. JOS. CADWALADER.

FACTS AND FIGURES.

A Practical Subject Demanding the Practical Thought of Practical Men.

AN interesting showing is made by the published statement of the expense of the circuit court.

This statement shows that the avererage cost is about $15,000 per year.

The Superior court, by a recent statement of the Clerk, costs little less.

The Mayor's court, and Justices' courts, cost fully as much as the two first mentioned.

Thus we see that justice in Cass county necessitates an expense of $50,000 annually.

Let us glance at the most potent cause of this expense.

Statistics prove that seven-tenths of the crime originates from rum.

Here is not an exception.

Then $35,000 of the $50,000 expenses are the direct results of licensed whisky.

What are the returns?

The county has about fifty-eight saloons,—but we will say one hundred.

The license money paid by each, for county, state and government, will not exceed $100.

Thus we have for licenses, $10,000.

Extra court expenses, $35,000.

Actual annual deficit, $25,000.

But is this the only loss?

Is it a comparative portion of it?

The labor that is idle through the indisposition of drinking men.

The incompetency and loss sustained by such.

Ill-fed families.

The poor farm.

The county jail.

The city jail.

Insurance.

Danger to life and property.

Support of state reformatory institutions.

County physician.

Fifty-two deaths per year, an estimate of a reliable physician, etc.

Loss to improvement and domestic comforts, $300,000.

Moral and physical degradation, beyond computation.

Does it pay?

Study the subject.

When we rid ourselves of saloons we free ourselves from the above.

Other counties are like afflicted.

The remedy for the one is the remedy for the other.

The rum traffic has no merit.

Education?—Blood money!

Shall the souls of men be lost because we have no other way of educating the young?

Shame on a people so ignorant!

CLUB US.

Club Us Hard—Club Us All Over—Club Us Everybody.

THE SIGNAL will be furnished at the following rates, to societies and individuals getting up clubs:

One copy, one year	$ 1 00
Five copies, one year	4 25
Ten copies, one year (with extra copy)	7 00
Fifteen copies, " " "	10 50
Twenty-five copies, " " "	15 00
Fifty copies, one year, " " "	25 00

Every union in the state should take advantage of the above offer.

It will pay you to circulate temperance literature among your people.

The cash must accompany each list.

Address all communications to the editor, box 411.

Responsible agents wanted in every county in the union.

BOYS AND BEER.

FOUR UNFERMENTED FACTS—FEARLESSLY STATED.

Another Appeal to Parents—Anathemas not Out of Order.

BOYS, twelve years old and under, are not uncommonly seen at the bars of our gin-mills, taking their beer and and gin as complacently as any bummer of the city.

It shows four facts;

1. That the people are ignorant of the true status of affairs, or are grossly negligent of their duty.

2. That the boys are entirely forgetful of their training, teaching and example, or else they are of a very low character, naturally.

3. That the officers who are employed to execute the law, are unfit and unwilling persons to do anything but to loaf around and "spunge" off the boys.

4. That the saloon-keepers are not, nor will not be unless compelled by force, law-abiding citizens.

The latter complain of the anathemas hurled at them by the terrible temperance fanatics.

Phew!

Poor innocents!

While they dishonor every law on the statute books, they ask us to recognize in them law-abiding citizens!

While they rob from the inebriate his last dime and kick him into the street, they ask us to call them charitable!!

While they entice from our homes its inmates, and disrobe them of honor, manhood, and self-respect, they want us to meet them as brothers!!!

Never!

No tongue can express too strongly the contemptible purposes of the damnning scourge and its abettors.

No one, unless with a heart as black as midnight, as vile as a crawling, slimy viper, as corrupt as the seething, polluted bowels of hell, can engage in the rum business, feeling that he is doing right.

Our protestations go for nought.

Our prayers and entreaties avail no more.

What is left for us?

LAW!

COERCION!!

If they will not abide by law, we must make them.

The boy of to-day is the drunkard of to-morrow.

And the man or woman who can unaffectedly see the rapid work of rum among the boys and young men ought to put themselves in the place of the parents whose sons are now subjected to the wiles of the worst beings that ever disgraced a people.

Can we, as human beings, permit the wholesale slaughter of our fellows to gratify the "personal liberty" of a few conscienceless rummys?

The parents of Indiana should look after their boys.

They are being educated in a species of crime that bodes them no good.

From neglect they are allowed an access to the haunts and dives.

We have called attention the matter previous to this time, and now insist on action.

Can it be said that we regard our sons with so little affection?

Are they worth so little?

If they are lost, and you make no effort to save them, no small crime will stand marked against you!

Lake Cicott.

WE are called upon to record the progress of the work at the above place, and the unbounded success which is attending the efforts of its laborers. It seems that every meeting is the best, and the one held on last Thursday evening was pronounced by all the grandest in every respect of any of the many that has been held in that place. The work was started here last spring, amid snow and rain storms, but so determined have been its friends that the society has constantly grown in interest and strength, and it has now become one of the most finely established unions in the State. No small amount of energy has been expended, and no little credit should be given its officers and members who have so ably stood by and advanced it by consistent and determined work. Long may Lake Cicott Union live.

It Amounts to Something.

THE following from the Blue Ribbon News indicates the strength of the temperance movement in Iowa:

"Never before has a State temperance convention in Iowa attracted so much attention as did the recent one at Waterloo. Nearly all the leading daily journals in the state had representatives in attendance; hitherto they have not deigned to have reporters on hand to send by dispatch the deliberations of such a body. But the temperance movement in Iowa has so aroused the people that the politicians are eager for every straw that flies in the air that they may comprehend the public sentiment. When a temperance convention will attract special attention from the Des Moines Register, Dubuque Times, Burlington Hawkeye, Sioux City Journal, and the Dubuque Herald, the people may safely draw the conclusion that the politicians are trimming their sails to get ready to turn the prow of their craft to the point of the compass that the people may suggest."

"Men and Money We Must Have."

ON the first page will be found an address of the Indiana Prison Supply Association to the rummies of the state.

It is bona-fide.

It is intended for 'private circulation' among whisky men, but we feel it a duty to aid the poverty-stricken martyrs ["who have contributed less than $200"(?)] by giving it publicity.

It can no more hide its inconsistencies than the ass who composed it can cover his ears or disguise his bray.

But read it.

Read it through.

Read it twice.

Then think over it.

And sift it down.

Then decide where you will stand.

Do you realize?

Have we told you the truth?

When we said nothing was too low.

Too mean?

Too dishonorable?

Too bestial for an s.-k. to stoop to.

Let honest men think.

And act.

The circular means bribery.

Corruption.

Perjury.

Watch your senators.

And representatives.

If they are influenced by the "men and money we must have," brand them forever.

Read it again.

Show it to your neighbor.

War in Missouri.

AT its last semi-annual meeting the Worth County Temperance Alliance issued an address which concludes as follows:

"We declare that the agitation of the liquor question of to-day is the most vital question connected with our present civilization, and that we believe the time has now come, as predicted by the great Chancellor Walworth, when he said that the time would come when reflecting men would no more think of making and vending ardent spirits than they would now of poisoning a well from which a neighbor obtained water for his family, or of arming a maniac to destroy his own life or the lives of those around him; that it is the duty of every church, school, Sunday-school, and temperance organization in America to accept the challenge thus thrown at our feet, with which legalized vice assails them to our shame, and fight it out on the line of prohibition, the only remedy for this crying evil, and we ask statesmen and philosophers, as a matter of state policy, to join and fight out this issue and save our nation from drunkenness."

Just Right.

NOTHING has lately given us more pleasure than the punishment of several of the saloon-keepers for selling liquors on the Sabbath. For a long time these men have kept their places of business open in defiance of the law, and have done more to demoralize morals of the city than all other agencies combined. They have met their just deserts.

Why cannot this be followed up? Why cannot these men be prosecuted every time they violate the law until they shall find it more profitable to be law-abiding citizens than law-breakers.

Cash Customers.

"IT is said that in one of the Logansport saloons, on the wall behind the bar and confronting the customer is a motto: "In God we trust; all other customers cash." It may be that as this man has trusted, justice will be meted out in the day of rendering up accounts. "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the coming of Christ," etc. Judgment is pronounced upon the scoffer and profaner of God's name unless repentance and forgiveness reaches the heart."—*North Manchester Journal.*

THE National Temperance Society has just published another of Canon Farrar's admirable addresses, entitled, "The Duty of the Church." It is a very able presentation of the duty of the Church of Christ in relation to the greatest obstacle in the pathway of its progress—intemperance, and the drinking customs which lead thereto. Every minister and every temperance worker in the land should have it. Price 10c; $1 per doz. Address J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade st., New York.

Delays are dangerous. Go to Schawrtz' cheap store at once, and get goods for the lowest prices ever heard of. Call at once, and take a look at goods.

Schwartz' cheap store—405 Broadway.

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay NO postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A GONZALES (Texas) family has six pair of twins.

MOBILE talks of giving up her charter to void her debts.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie leads the quietest and most monotonous of lives.

A NEW YORK lady, of fond disposition, has nineteen cats, each of a different shade.

DAVID PURKEY, of Morristown, Pa., aged 25, has married his stepgrandmother, aged 60.

BLUFF as he is, Bismarck is said to relish a joke, and to go into a coughing fit over aparticularly good one.

A MEMPHIS paper said the other day: "We have all been heroic; now we've had enough of heroism; let's have drainage."

WOMEN in England did not acquire the right of choosing husbands for themselves until the tenth century, and, in other European countries much latter.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S grave is guarded against resurrectionists by two men, day and night. The wives of the Prophet rarely visit his tomb, and many have remarried.

A NEW YORK baby, three months old, gets a salary of ten dollars a week for its nightly appearance on the stage of one of the theaters, in a play now running. All it does is to cry.

THE horse that bore Wilkes Booth out of the fray at Ford's theater, Washington, thirteen years ago, is owned and cherished by a gentleman in Pomret, Conn. He is eighteen years old.

THE Pope has permitted a young lady, who for some time past has been in the Convent of St. Marie, Hochelaga, near Montreal, to quit convent life. She begged by letter to be let off, and he let her.

THE highest salary ever paid in Boston was that of J. Wiley Edmonds, who, at the time of his death. was receiving $50,000 per annum as treasurer of the Pacific Mills. The highest salary paid to a bank president in Boston at present is $10,000; the highest to a cashier is $3,500.

MISS LEE, the eldest daughter of the late Confederate General, is said to be an energetic traveler. She was not long ago entertained by Lord and Lady Napier, at Gibralter, and a few weeks before was within the Russian lines in Turkey.

A WELL-KNOWN divine, in his wise old age, once said to a newly married pair: "I want to give you this advice, children—don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her; but just go quietly on, and do your duty, and she will come to you."

AN Illinois farmer has told his rat story. He was going out to his corn crib the other morning, he says, when he saw a large rat with head erect, carrying a full-sized ear of corn in his mouth, while at the same time his tail was wrapped around another large ear, which he was dragging behind him.

AN excelent lady of Cincinnati tells what a trial her first husband was, being a scoffer at holy things, and how, after vainly remonstrating with him for years, she at last organized a prayer campaign concerning him, "and in less than three weeks from that time his horse ran away with him and he was thrown out of the wagon and killed.

THE handsome Windsor Hotel, in Fifth avenue New Yord, is to be sold under foreclosure of mortgage next month. It cost $800,000, and until recently rented for $125,000 a year. A present annual rent is $110,000. The former owner and builder committed suicide in May, 1876, his mind having been affected by his business troubles.

THE London Times in a recent leader, spoke of the Hebrew as "a language which possesses but a single volume of literature." A correspondent points out that there are 10,000 printed Hebrew books in the library of the British museum, and that the catalogue f the Hebrew books and manuscripts in the Bodiean library is a small quarto eight inches thick.

CONGRESSMAN ACKLIN is a young man, scarcely more than eight and twenty, and is a native of Nashville, Tenn., born literally "mid pleasures and palaces." He has been the especial pet of fortune, and his life one of ease, elegance and luxuriant leisure. His mother, at present Mrs. Dr. Cheatham, of Nashville, was formerly Miss Adelicia Hays, whose nephew, J. Addison Hays, of Memphis, about one year since married the daughter of Jefferson Davis, President of the late Confederacy. Mrs. Acklin was twice a widow before her marriage to Dr. Cheatham.

IN the Bethlehem Church, Philadelphia, there is a "pastor's box" into which communications may go, apprising him of sickness or death in any family, or other matters. If any one desire a sermon on a particular subject the wish may also reach him through the box.

MUSKRAT farming is a rural industry in Iowa. A good pond or marsh, well stocked, is said to yield a profitable return after two years, the trapping being done in winter, when there is plenty of leisure, and affording much amusement to the younger members of the family.

WHEN Sierre Nevada stock began to go up, Mr. Mackey, the Bonanza King, made an investment for the benefit of Gen. Sheridan's twin babies, meaning to surprise them with a gift of a fortune. For a while it kept on mounting, and the unconscious little ones were in a fair way to become millionaires, but alas! the fatal tumble came and the fortunes of the twins faded.

THE Queen of England is, it is said, the only sovereign in the world who does not hold a State reception on New Year's day, or who does not receive a military serenade on New Year's eve. At St. Petersburg, Vienna and Berlin there is almost a treble serenade—one with drums only, another with bugles and trumpets, and the third with the brass bands of ten or twenty regiments playing together.

EX-GOVERNOR HARTRANFT, of Pennsylvania, has been appointed postmaster of Philadelphia.

CONGRESS has passed the bill allowing women to practice law in the Supreme Court of the United States.

DURING the year ending June 30, 1878, the Union Pacific railroad reduced its bonded debt $601,000, and closed the year with a surplus in the treasury, over all expenses, of $2,765,-142.

EDISON has succeeded in sub-dividing the electric light and in measuring the current. The only thing that bothers him now is the corrosion of the platinum in his lamps. As soon as that difficulty is overcome, gas monopolists will begin to tremble.

THE plague seems to be eluding the vigilance of the military cordon which surrounds infected districts in Russia, and Meditteranean ports are to be quarantined against vessels coming from the Black Sea, showing that fear of the disease has extended to Western Europe.

THE Senate Committee on Territories will recommend the establishment by Congress, of United States courts in the Indian Territory, the representation of the five tribes by delegates in Congress and the repeal of land grants to railroad companies owning lines in the territory.

THE Comptroller of the Currency reports that the total amount of bonds held by national banks as security for circulating notes on the 1st of February was $348,939,200. Of this amount, $67,961,650 was 6 per cent. bonds. The banks also held $184,856,300 of 5 per cents. There are also held by the banks $43,578,550 of 4½ per cents. and $52,542,-700 of 4 per cents. The amount of the national bank circulation outstanding on the 1st instant was $322,930,849.

A CONTROVERSY has arisen in Terre Haute which has led to a discovery which it it said invalidates the municipal title to an alarmingly large scope of territory both north and east of the old lines, probably including two-thirds of a section of land, and unseating two of the Councilmen—Messrs. Mohan and Hendicks—elected from the Sixth ward. For five years the numerous residents of this large strip of land have been paying city taxes and voting in city elections, when by law they were neither forced to the necessity of one nor entitled to the privilege of the other.

THE Russian physicians report the following as the characteristics of the prevailing plague: A swelling of the size of a hen's egg appears under the groin. This is accompanied by a general indisposition and violent headaches. From these signs of the disease to its complete development only a few hours elapse. Immediately afterward ensue severe internal pains, copious vomitings, and soon after black spots break out on the body, mostly on the breast, the forearm and the top of the back. In an hour or two more the patient is dead.

HONEY sent from America to England in the comb, for the first time, reached Liverpool safely on the 5th inst., and the experiment is pronounced successful. There were eighty tons in one ship, stored by the bees themselves in a half million neat little glass-sided boxes. This honey was the partial product of twelve thousand swarms of bees, in which a large mercantile firm is interested, and which are distributed throughout the honey-producing sections of the United States in apiaries of one hundred swarms each.

DOUBLE WOOING.

Making Love to a Two-Headed Girl.

Millie Christine, the two-headed colored girl, has been relating her experiences with lovers to a reporter. She claims to have ten proposals. She says: "Why, I have had—let me see (counting fingers on two hands with two other hands)—why, ten outright proposals, and perhaps many more suitors, who never asked me to marry them, but spoke of love. White! You forget, sir, that I have been abroad for many years and saw no colored people, although my first love affair was in this country. You can't expect that I could tell you of them but in a general way. I don't mind saying that my suitors have been of every profession and condition of man, with the majority leading toward speculative showmen, who thought to impose upon me with professions of a passion that they might realize upon my value as a curiosity. I sent them to the right-about mighty quick."

"Who was the first suitor?"

This time the other head talked: "Why, the first was an old gentleman in Boston, very rich, but a little loost here (the other head was touched by its own set of hands, illustrating a mild form of insanity). He presented me with boquets, two at a time, brooches and ear-rings, boxes of gloves (the story shifted on to the other tongue now). Oh, he gave me lots of things. You see, I am an expensive girl to make love to. Well, the old fellow in Boston used to call on me brimful of love and whisper in my ear. He didn't know which set of ears to whisper to. He would say to me, very softly: 'My d r ing, listen to me.' Then I would look round (interrupted the other head) and say, 'What's that?' and he would come round to the other side and begin again. It was tremendously funny, and although I wanted to be kind to him I couldn't, for very mischief, resisted the opportunity. Finally, in desperation, he fell on his knees—he was the only one that ever knelt to me—and exclaimed: 'Darling, or darlings, I love you dearly, and would like to make you my wife of wives.' It was too funny, and I held out four hands to help him to rise. He wanted to kiss one, but while making up his mind which one I made my escape. I never saw him again, but just as I was about to leave for England he sent me a set of bracelets—four makes a set for me. Here they are. They are all inscribed; see." She unclasped two at once and passed them about. Neatly engraved inside of each were the words: "To the only woman I ever loved."

Then a friend of the Nightingale took up the story—one who knew whereof he spoke—and remarking that these love affairs of Millie Christine had not been the least interesting part of her history, told how a young Frenchman, who always had plenty of money and was certainly a man of education, had followed the Nightingale for two years all over the continent, and never ceased his solicitation of her hand. "He sent her presents and letters, attended her performances with regularity, and was present at fifty-five in succession in half a dozen different cities. He pestered the life out of her and me. Then a circus agent in this country wanted to marry her, and pressed his suit with much ardor, and half a dozen side-show men wanted to join with her in matrimony. People often ask queer questions on this subject, and will not credit it that she has received bona-fide offers of marriage! She has had as many lovers as fall to the lot of the average young woman, and here is one now—Count Rosebud, gentlemed."

The Count is a very small man—about as long as an umbrella—and in years more than thirty. He is one of the attractions in the company of which the Nightingale is the bright particular star, and has traveled in the company with her for son e years. His love was of slow growth, and only became a passion that he could no longer restrain the expression of two years' acquaintance. Then love took fast hold of him. He watches her every movement; is miserable when she talks to anyboby else; is ferocious when she smiles on another, and is in a perfect agony of despair when she smiles not on him.

"Do you love her, Count?"

"As my life, monsieur; but ah, she no care for me as I for her. She is my life-light. What care I if the world know my love?"

"Would you marry her?"

"To-day, could I be made so happy."

The Count passed to an adjoining room, where Millie Christine sat, and through the half-open door an inquisitive eye could have seen him standing on tiptoe in front of her, reaching with one hand to each side of her face as if to caress her. The case forms, in fact, something of a parallel to the story told by Victor Hugo in fiction of "The Man Who Laughs," and who despite his terrible mutilation, was much loved.

A Romantic Lawsuit.

Paris Correspondence of the London Telegraph.

A curious case has just been engaging the attention of the Paris tribunals. A young man, who lived in a small town in the wilds of the Russian steppes many years ago, gradually improved in his business until he at length emerged on the Bourse as the great M. Meyer Carfunkel, the happy possessor of a fortune of several millions of francs. He had married a Muscovite of rare beauty—Mlle. Rosalie Loury—and he ended by adopting another Mlle Loury, whom his wife gave out to be her sister. In 1876, M. Garfunkel died, leaving the bulk of his fortune to his wife and his adopted daughter, but excepting therefrom the sum of 1,500,000 francs, which was bequeathed to Mme. Rabinovitz, living at the town of Bodmiz, in Russia. Now, this Mme. Rabinovitz has a curious history, according to her own showing. She declares herself to be the only daughter of Mr. Garfunkel, by a widow named Taoule, whom he wedded in his poorer days, when he was known as Meyer. In support of her pretensions Mme. Rabinovitz presents several letters written to herself by the millionaire, in which he addresses her as ma chere unique et bienaimee fille, and on the strength of it she claims not merely the million and a half left her by M. Garfunkel, but also the money bequeathed to the two Lourys. It appears that, according to the French law as well as the Russian, no one is allowed to adopt a child while he has one still living. Hence, M. Garfunkel's act was utterly illegal, supposing Mme. Rabinovitz, or Rebecca, as she was called, to have been his child. A most romantic and sensational lawsuit has, therefore, originated out of this case, which has, as I said, already engaged the attention of the Paris tribunals.

"Cuss the Woodchuck."

In 1646 Rev. Samuel Whiting, D. D., was minister of Lynn, Mass. One Obadiah Turner, kept a journal at that time, in which occurs the following:

"1646, June ye 3d: Allen Brydges hath been chose to wake ye sleepers in meeting, and being much proud of his place, must needs have a fox taile fixed to ye end of a long staff wherewhith he may brush the faces of them that wilhave naps in time of discourse; likee wise a sharp thorne wherewhith hl may prick such as be most sounde. On ae laste Lord his day, as he strutted bout ye meeting house, he did spy Mr. Tomlins sleeping with much comforte, his head kept studie by being in ye corner, and his hand grasping ye rail. And soe spying Allen did quicklie thrust his staff behind Dame Ballond and gave him a grievous prick upon ye hand. Whereupon Mr. Tomlins did spring upp much above ye floor and with terrible force strike his hand against ye wall, and also, to ye great wonder of all, prophainlie exclaim, in a loude voice, cuss the wood chuck; he dreaming, as it seemed, yt a woodchuck had seized and bit his hand. But on comeing to know where he was and ye great scandell he had committed he seemed much abashed, and did not speak. And I think he will not soone againe go to sleepe in meeting. Ye women may sometimes sleep and none know it by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr. Whiting doth pleasantly say from yt from ye pulpitt he doth seem to be preaching to stacks of straw, with men jotting here and there among them."

Regent Street, London.

Londoners hold that Regent street, the chief thoroughfare in the richest quarter of the wealthiest city in the world, is not what it ought to be in all respects, and there is now on foot a scheme for its improvement, which at first sight appears more of a dream than a practical project. The promoters have it in their minds to cover the whole street with a glass roof stretching above the eaves of the houses on either side, thus affording complete protection from rain, while at the same time insuring good ventilation. After dark the huge arcade would be illuminated by electric sunlights placed at regular intervals along the center of the arch, thereby diffusing a more pleasant and equal light than under ordinary circumstances. One of the greatest defects of Regent street at present is its macadam pavement, which in wet weather produces seas of slush, and in dry, clouds of dust. This, also, would be taken in hand for improvement, the object sought being the substitution of some form of pavement which shall be noiseless, clean, safe for horses, and not so liable to fall out of repair. With a view to render unnecessary the constant breaking up of the streets, the gas and water pipes would be carried up to the roof, where they could be repaired without difficulty. Such are the salient features of the scheme.

Well Answered.

"Have you ever been in prison?" asked a lawyer of a witness, whom he was disposed to badger and bully, as the profession are apt to do.

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"In 1863."

"Where?"

"In Andersonville."

There was a momentary pause for breath, then a round of applause that shook the court-room

Be respectful to all men, that you may command respect.

PHUNNYISTICS.

Probably the happiest combination in all this wide world, during these merry winter days, is half a mince pie with a boy around it.

The young man who wrote and asked his girl to accept a "bucket" of flowers became a little pale when she said she wooden ware it.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

It is said that a human being has seven millions of pores, through which perspiration and exhausted particles of the system escape. We are all pore creatures.

"What," said an inquisitive young lady, "is the most popular color for a bride!" We may be a little particular in such matters, but we should prefer a white one.

A colored divine down in Kentucky wanted communion wine, and when asked by the dealer what kind, he answered that "Some ob de ladies of de congregation had desired a preference fur gin."

Epitaph on a tombstone in South Carolina: "Here is the body of Robert Gordin, mouth almighty and teeth accordin'; stranger tread lightly over this wonder, if he opens his mouth you are gone, by thunder."

"How like its father it is!" exclaimed the nurse, on the occasion of the christening of a baby whose father was over seventy, and had married a young wife. "Very like," replied a satirical lady, "it hasn't a tooth in its head!"

Actual occurrence in a Chicaco street car: Stylish lady holding a lap dog, is about to leave the car. Dog manifests impatience. Lady says, in her sweetest tones, "Wait, darling, till mamma puts on her glove." Passengers roar with laughter.

"I'm a ruta baga, and here's where I plant myself," said a tramp, as he entered a farm house near Freeport, Illinois, and seated himself at the table. "We allers bile ours," said the farmer's wife, and soused him with a dishpan-full of boiling water.

"Oh, heavens, sake my wife!" shouted a man whose wife had fallen overboard in the Hudson river recently. He succeeded in rescuing her, saying: "My dear, if you'd been drowned what should I have done? I ain't going to let you carry the pocketbook again."

"First class in astronomy, stand up. Where does the sun rise?" "Please sir down in our meadow; I see'd it yesterday." "Hold your tongue, you dunce. Where does the sun rise?" "I know, in the east." "Right! and why in the east?" "Because the east makes everything rise."

"Mamma," said a wicked youngster, "am I a canoe?" "No' child, why do you ask?" "Oh, because you always say you like to see people paddle their own canoe; and I didn't know but maybe I was yours." The boy went out of the door with more reference to speed than grace.

"Is there any thing that will make grain come up quick?" asked the gentleman farmer of the old husbandman. "Well, no; I don't know ot nothin' tha'll do it," was the genial old fellow's reply, "unless it's crows." Then the gentleman farmer wanted to know where he could get some.

After the unique and cautious verdict rendered recently by a Coroners jury, at Tunbridge Wells, all disbelievers in the jury system should be converted. The verdict referred to was: "The child was suffocated, but there is no evidence to show that the suffocation was before or after death."

The proudest moment of a mother's life is just after she has trimmed the hair of her young hopeful, using the edge of the bowl to guide the shears evenly around his intellectual forehead. 'Tis then she gazes on him with the fondest maternal hopes, and sees the future Congressman standing out in bold relief.

At a Methodist conference meeting in New York a man got up and said he had long wished to speak, but his wife wouldn't let him. His wife had died, however, and having his liberty at last, he proposed to exercise it. In about two minutes the entire conference wept over the death of the lady as over the loss of a personal friend.

A little three-year old girl who volunteered to say grace at the table did so as follows: "Oh, Lord, bress the things we eat; bress mamma and papa and gamma and gampa"—and here, casting up her eyes to her grandfather in the next seat, and discovering that he was smiling, the little one closed her prayer by saying: "Behave yourself, gampa—for Christ's sake, Amen.

A reckless fellow prove to us to-day that every man who chews tobacco is of Hebrew descent. He said. "A man who takes snuff is a snuffer, a man who smokes is a smoker, and the man who chews is a chew sir." Then we knocked him down and trampled all over him, and wiped our feet on him. It's dreadful to think where we are drifting to.

At a dance party the other evening, Nelly, after a delightful waltz, being, of course, very warm, her partner devoted himself to cooling her off. Turning around and facing him she asked, "Why am I like a certain animal in a menagerie?" "He didn't know," he said. "Why, I'm a Nelly-fanned!" she said. He immediately asked for the position of keeper, and their engagement has since been announced.

"Oh, I suppose he loves Sarah, and would be glad to marry her," she was saying to another woman in the post-office corridor, yesterday, "but I dunno." "Isn't he a nice young man?" asked the other. "Well, he's nice enough, but very reckless with his money. At Christmas time he made us a present of a French clock for the parlor, and there's not one of us in the house could speak a word of French. He might just as well have presented us with a German thermometer or a Spanish umbrella! We had to trade it for a barrel of molasses."

AN UNRECORDED BIT OF HISTORY

Benedict Arnold's Narrow Escape from Death at the Hands of a Woman.

The recent death of Mrs. Ann Hinman Kellogg, of Fairfield, Connecticut, in the ninety-third year of her age, recalls an unrecorded incident of the Revolution. Mrs. Kellogg was the daughter of Captain Elisha Hinman, of the United States Navy, and her mother was the only American who remained in New London when the town was destroyed by the traitor Benedict Arnold in 1781. At that time Captain Hinman's ship was hourly expected to arrive at New London, and it was hoped that he might come in time to save the town. Mrs. Hinman was well acquainted with Arnold, as he had often dined at her house, and had been a friend of her husband. Induced by anxiety for her husband's safety, she remained after all others had fled, and watched the entrance of the British from the doorway of her house. As Arnold rode up he saw and saluted her, and said that if she would point out her own property it should be spared. She pointed out the houses of several of her neighbors as her own, and thus saved them from destruction. Arnold remained on horseback near her house nearly all day noting the battle that was raging at Fort Griswold. on the Groton side of the river, where the tall monument commemorating the event now stands. Three times were the British driven down the hill by the deadly fire from the fort. Then the ammunition of its defenders became exhausted, and they were obliged to surrender. The British officer in command of the storming party was so enraged at the desperate defense of the fort, that, as he entered it, he asked, "Who commands here?" Col. Ledyard replied, "I did, but you do now," at the same time surrendering his sword. The officer received the sword and instantly plunged it into the heart of the gallant Colonel. An American officer, standing beside his Colonel, snatched his own sword from its scabbard and in a moment the cowardly Briton lay dead beside his victim. An indiscriminate massacre of all within the fort followed, and thirty of the wounded Americans were piled into a wagon that was rolled down a steep hillside to the bottom, where it was dashed in pieces against a tree. Then hurried preparations were made to evacuate their position by the British, Arnold having learned of the expected arrival of Captain Hinman.

Mrs. Hinman, having witnessed these outrages from her housetop, became so incensed against the traitor that she hurriedly descended from the roof, took a musket from a closet where it had been left the day before by an American soldier, and leveled it at Arnold as he sat on his horse in front of the house. Taking a long, steady aim, she pulled the trigger, but the piece missed fire. Hearing the snap of the lock, Arnold turned and asked what that noise was. With great presence of mind she had dropped the gun, so that he did not see it, and she answered that it was the breaking of a chair. This incident formed the subject of a painting by Huntington, the artist, whose wife is a grandniece of Mrs. Hinman. This painting is now in possession of Mr. Thomas Day, of Bergen Point, N. J. In it Mrs. Hinman is represented as leveling a musket at Arnold from a window of her house, and the burning town is seen in the background. The remains of both Captain and Mrs. Hinman now lie in the Cedar Grove Cemetery, at New London, where their monument is one of the finest to be seen.—[New York Times.

A Choctaw Wedding.

Dr. Charles Nelson, of 172 Fulton street, Brooklyn, is a Choctaw Indian, over six feet tall, massively built, and as red-skinned as Indians ever are. He is sixty-two years of age, but he seems hardly forty. Six months ago he came to Brooklyn to practice medicine with his Indian remedies. On Saturday night last he married a comely young woman, Miss Elizabeth Doyle, who had paid him a casual visit a few weeks before, and had fallen in love with him on the spot. The marriage was speedily arranged. The young woman has some well-to-do relatives in Brooklyn, as well as in Fall River, Massachusetts, where she was born, and although a Catholic, the religion espoused by the Indian as well, she would not consent to have the banns published, as is necessary when a priest conducts the ceremony; and so to avoid publicity, the Rev. Lindsay Parker of the Sands street Methodist Church, was engaged. The ceremony was performed in the rear of the Doctor's medicine shop. The Indian's costume was a pair of buckskin breeches with fringe down the sides, a short beaded and braided jacket, and a beaver cap, beaded in rows of pink, white and blue glass beads. The bride wore a sealskin cap, also beaded with Indian handiwork. The ceremony was that usually employed by Methodist ministers, but after the minister was gone an Indian ceremony was begun, which lasted far into the night. None was admitted to the festivities except those whose veins contained Indian blood and who could appreciate them.

Last night when a reporter called to get some further account of the peculiar ceremonies, an Indian maiden sat by a red-hot stove in the doctor's shop. She said that she was the doctor's daughter.

"Then your father has been married before?"

"Yes," she said. "This is the th ir or fourth time."

"He habitually marries pale-faced women, then?"

"You bet. My mother was a white woman. I wouldn't marry an Indian."

The maiden spoke a little Choctaw, but the most of her conversation was in improved latter-day English. She said that her father kept on the go so much that she didn't get a chance to marry, and she didn't choose to do the business up so rapidly as he had done it. A heavy step was heard approaching, a curtain in the partition was pushed aside, and the Indian doctor appeared. He has a quick eye, a stolid manner, and a sanguinary caste of features. He wore a sealskin cap, beneath which glistened his long black hair, done up in queue fashion. He was wrapped in a heavy coat made of the tawny skin of a young buffalo and trimmed with beaver fur. He was provoked at the publicity his marriage had obtained. He said that as for himself he didn't care, but "the other side of the house," nodding his head toward the back room, objected on account of her folks. As to the Indian ceremonies, he said that they had a war dance and a good time, but he refused to go into details. He liked a speedy marriage.

"I knew a fellow," he said, "who was on a spree in South Carolina. He was in a hotel half drunk, when a young widow from the country came in. As soon as he laid eyes on her he said: 'Are you married?' She said 'No.' 'D——n me, neither am I,' he said; 'will you have me?' 'Yes, I will,' she said. They linked and marched off to the 'squire's, and I never knew a happier couple."

Nelson was born in Hamburg, South Carolina, his father being a Choctaw Indian living on a reservation there at that time. His mother was an English woman, who was a widow with children when Anthony Oliver, the Choctaw, married her. Oliver was a medicine man, and Nelson chose his own name. When the Indians of South Carolina were moved West, Nelson, then an infant, was stolen. His step-sister followed the tribe, recovered him, and carried him back to his mother, traveling 100 miles on foot with him on her back.

"All my wives," he said, "have been white women. An Indian will choose a pale-faced woman every time. An white man may marry a negro woman but you never heard of an Indian doing it. I admit that a young squaw, when she is well dressed, is a mighty nice creature, but give me a white woman for a wife."

Nelson is a migratory physician, and rarely stays long in a place. This is his first visit to Brooklyn. "I came," he said, "because I wanted money and a wife."—[New York Sun.

A Puzzle for the Lawyers.

A well-known barrister, says an English paper, who makes a point of keeping the conceit of his pupils down by language more forcible than elegant, recently came, says the Examiner, into his pupils room with a "case for opinion" which had given him much trouble and occupied much of his valuable time. He proceeded to read it out, in order that such of the young gentlemen as were not too lazy might look up precedents in point. The case, he said, came from a solicitor whose name was unknown to him, but it was indorsed with a respectably fat fee, and dispatch was requested. It ran as follows: A seaman in the merchant service, who had long suffered from a severe complaint, finding himself in a state of great weakness at a time when his ship was many hundred miles from land, requested the Captain to provide him with a pen, ink and paper in order that he might make a will disposing of his savings which amounted to about £300. The Captain, who is alleged to have been a brutal fellow and under the influence of liquor, refused this request, and ordered the poor man back to his berth. There he was surrounded by his shipmates, who took counsel together as to the best means of gratifying the desire of their fast-sinking comrade. In the end they turned the sick man gently on his face as he lay in his berth, and one of the number tattooed the dying man's intentions on his back, in the manner common to seafaring men, by a few words rubbed in with gun powder. This will was attested in the same fashion, and soon after the testator died. By sacrificing their allowance of spirts, the men managed to preserve the remains of their messmate in an improvised coffin, and they have now been landed in England. Counsel is requested to advise as to the proper method of obtaining probate of the above mentioned instrument, and his attention is particularly directed to the fact—which must be admitted—that the will was made behind the man's back. The pupils gravely promised to search the authorities on the subject; but hardly had the learned counsel left the room when the peals of laughter which arose informed him that he had been hoaxed.

An Indian Thermopylæ.

Are there twenty-five white men anywhere in the world who can do what was done by the handful of Cheyennes recently hunted down and killed by four companies of United States troops? Probably there are not; but it is certain that if white men had done this, if any squad of heroic pale faces had called upon their oppressors in this style to "make way for liberty," and, burdened with their wives and children, had burst from prison, gone through the fire of the guards and, pursued by a whole battalion of trained, disciplined and well armed cavalry, had maintained their flight and resistance for twelve days and only been subdued when the last man was shot down, the world would have been clamorous with wonder and applause over such gallantry, such courage, such adroitness in the ruses of war, such devotion to freedom and such an unconquerable spirit. But the world will probably say less of these things done by the red man than it would have said if they had been done by the white man. And yet is not such conduct more rather than less remarkable in the savage? Practically we regard it as commonplace for the men of a race reputed inferior to do acts that would have conferred immortal glory on their paler brothers. How the ages have chanted in the sweeping lines of "Chevy Chase" the achievements of "the Percy out of Northumberland," and yet if either Percy or Douglas had encountered what the Cheyennes were compelled to face it would have been so prosaic a butchery as to have left no stuff for a ballad. Even the comparison with the three hundred Spartans—the most famous of all battles against odds—leaves plenty of honor for these Western savages, for the Spartans were the most warlike people of their time and the best trained and also the best armed soldiers of the people, while the Asiatic levies of the great kingdom were a rabble by comparison. But the Cheyennes, poorly armed, owed all their success to their personal qualities, and made a severe fight, not against sheep-like levies that had to be driven up with whips, but against first-class troops. In whatever way it may be contemplated this fight has no parallel save in the other episodes of Indian history, and the annals of war may be searched in vain for a more brilliant display of all the qualities that ennoble the ever grand struggle for freedom.—[New York Herald.

Chased Nine Miles by a Locomotive.

Jim Wyatt glories in the ownership of a horse that can beat the Central Railroad's best schedule time. La Friday night he mounted a negro on the animal in question and sent him to Lovejoy on an errand. Returning, he was overtaken by the 11 o'clock through freight, which so frightened the horse that he became perfectly wild, and, throwing his rider, struck out down the railroad track like a streak of greased lightning, with the rapidly advancing train close upon his heels. The engineer sounded the alarm whistle, opened the steam-cocks, and did everything else to frighten the already terrified animal from the track, but failed. He then pulled the throttle wide open, thinking to overtake and knock him off, but Pegasus gathered fresh strength as the object of his terror approached, and, letting himself out, soon left the locomotive far in the rear. The race was continued until Sunny Side was reached, when he left the track, having run the entire distance (nearly nine miles) in less than forty minutes, and beating the train by several car-lengths. This statement, incredible as it may seem, is actually true, and will be vouched for by reliable witnesses, the engineer among the number.—[Henry County (Ga.) Weekly.

That If.

If a man is on the cars and sees a young lady he doesn't know from Eve, and never saw before, trying to let down the window, he throws down his paper, takes off his hat, bows himself double, smiles clear round to his after collar button, says sweetly: "Allow me?" and closes the window with graceful skill and charming courtesy. If his sister says, "Tom, won't you please let this window down for me?" he tucks his paper savagely under his arm, and stalking across the aisle, stands on her feet while he bangs the window down with a slam that fills her face and her hair with dust. And if his wife, holding the baby in one arm and a lunch basket on the other, tries to let down the window, and says timidly and suggestively, "Oh, dear, I don't believe I can get it down," he grunts and says "eh? oh!" buries himself deeper in his paper. That's what your coming to, Laura.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

Irish Belles.

An Irish girl of the world—and by no means let me imply worldly—can say more "soft nothings" and leave an enchanting impression that "strong somethings" were meant than any girl on North Charles street. There is an inductive process in the parleying of the Dublin belle that is susceptible of doing what Paddy's gun had the unique ability of accomplishing. Her jokes shoot round one corner just in time to meet her pathos coming round the other, and then occurs such an amazing and charming concussion that you are like the man with "Hobson's choice." Her direct sallies of wit and bon mots, her sympathetic circles, like the First Book of Euclid with all the angels thrown out, not only interest but charm your attention. I am sure Venus was from Dublin.—[Baltimore Sun, Dublin Letter.

Death of an Odd Genius.

A most peculiar ceremony over the remains of a very peculiar personage was held in New York on Wednesday, under the auspices of the First Society of Spiritualists. The subject was Dr. Robert Hallock, aged 84, a distinguished farmer, Quaker, mesmerist, magnetic physician, homœpathist and spiritualist. The handsome drawing-room was crowded with venerable long-haired men, emotional and trance speakers, and inspirational orators of both sexes. John Tyerman a converted clergyman of the Church of England, a resident of Australia, delivered the opening address. Miss Nellie Brigham, thirty years of age, and genteel looking, prayed and preached.

"Brisoner, loog on de Coard," said a Cincinnati justice who had occasion to sentence a man guilty of contempt. "Brisoner, you haf been guildy of a grade grime. You haf been lucky in your lawyer. Brisoner, I know dat lawyer ven he vas a leedle poy. Brisoner, ven I vas a yoonk man I vas a bainter. Brisoner, I baint dot lawyer's fadder's house. Brisoner, I know ven he vas a leedle poy he would be a grade man. Brisoner, ko be like him, and sin no more. I discharge you now, you bay the gosts." The brisoner baid the gosts und vas burged of his gonetmbt.

Ex-Governor Seymour: "If all the banks in New York failed their failure would not inflict so great a loss on the nation as the failure of dairying for a ingle year."

AGRICULTURAL.

Japanese farms average about one acre each in size.

Twenty-five gallons of water to twelve and a half gallons of sulphuric acid will dissolve bones.

Sheep fatten quicker when loose in ens of half a dozen, than by any method of stalling or tying up each sheep.

It is a singular fact that this season nearly as many hogs were packed for the six warm months as for the six cooler ones.

The price of wheat is so low in England that an agricultural paper advises farmers to feed it (wetted and allowed to ferment) to stock.

Do not grumble at the low price of your products. It don't help the matter a bit. Just go to work and see if you can not lessen the cost of production so as to leave you a margin for profit, even at low prices.

Sheep growers in England claim that a feed of cotton seed and turnips is not only the safest for fattening sheep, but will put on the most fat and make the best mutton at the least cost. It also produces the strongest manure.

Do not attempt to keep too many fowls together. One hundred in a single yard will not produce half the eggs they will if driven into four parts. It will cost no more for feed, but it will be a little more trouble to attend to them.

Parsnips contain about twice as much dry matter or real food as turnips, and this of a superior quality. Carrots again, contain about as much dry substance as mangolds, but are richer in sugar and of better feeding quality.

Trees received in a frozen condition should be placed, without opening the packages, in a cellar or similar place where it is cool but free from frost, until perfectly thawed, when they can be unpacked, and either planted or placed in a trench until convenient to set them out.

It will take a long time to make anything like a radical change in our style of farm horses, but it will be done so surely as men have sense enough to see that a 1,400 pound horse costs no more to raise or keep than the veriest scrub.

If adjacent farmers will allow their boys to exchange labor—"exchange works," in farm parlance—the result will be to create a spirit of emulation that will make the boy love his home and endeavor to excel in the work he is to perform.

The manure made from a ton of corn meal is estimated as worth $6.65, and as the meal is now worth only $20 per ton, the value for feeding would be reduced to $13.35 per ton, at which price it would almost pay to feed to hogs, even at the very low price of pork.

The average age of sheep is ten years. Cows have an average of fifteen years. Hogs have been known to live forty years. The average of the horse is twelve years. The elephant lives to a very great age. There is a white elephant now living in the Imperial menagerie in Russia that is said to be over 150 years old.

In many parts of England sheep are extensively employed in maintaining the fertility of extensive breadths of light soil, by directly consuming on the ground the common grasses, as well as the ordinary green crops, in conjunction with grain and linseed cake. This practice might be adopted with remunerative results in many parts of Pennsylvania.

Women are beginning to be successful as farm managers. Why not? Because farm work is the prerogative of the male sex. Now we have a high respect for the woman who, at the expense of hard hands and sunburned cheeks, goes into her fields and directs the labors of her employes. We are proud to record the fact that they usually are successful. "May their tribe increase."

Dramatic Interruption of a Marriage Ceremony.

Society circles of a middle upper class are just now agitated by a rather romantic episode which occurred on Franklin street, near Columbia avenue, on Thursday evening. As a prologue to this act of a drama in real life, it may be said the principle characters first appear on the scene in Lancaster some six or seven years ago. A young lawyer then and there courted a pretty girl, who was living with her uncle and aunt, who are very respectable people in easy circumstances. While the young lady listened to his suit with favor, the uncle and aunt set their faces against it, and finding that quiet remonstrances were of no avail, peremptorily bid the lawyer to depart and never set foot in the house again. He did so. Unknown, however, to the uncle and aunt, the girl kept up a clandestine correspondence with her lover, and after a lapse of a couple of years he, at this time a practicing lawyer of this city, induced her to leave Lancaster and cast her fortunes in Philadelphia. She did so and secured a position in a well-known dry goods establishment, on Eighth street, near Market, where she was enabled to maintain herself in a very respectable position and to secure rooms in a select boarding house of unquestionable character. The lawyer also boarded there. During the two or three years that the young lady had lived in this city, the lawyer's attentions had been most marked, and he had formally proposed marriage and been accepted; no time, however, being set for the ceremony In November, 1877, his attentions began to decline, and his visits, too, became less frequent. By this time he had accomplished the girl's ruin. After a series of exciting scenes between the betrayed and betrayer, the girl besought him to fulfill his promise of marriage. This he declined to do.

After hearing his final determination, the young lady placed her case in the hands of a lawyer, and the matter went into Court, before Judge Thayer, in the December term of Common Pleas Court No. 4. On Thursday last he Judge fixed the bail of the accused at $2,500 to answer the charge of breach of promise of marriage. But an hour afterwards however, a startling report reached the girl, her lawyer and her intimate friends. It was that her betrayer was to be married that very evening to a lady of eminent respectability and considerable wealth, residing on Franklin street. Prompt action was necessary. A capias was taken out, and Deputy Sheriff Lennon taking the document in hand, started in pursuit of the lawyer. At the Franklin street house all was in readiness for the ceremony. The friends invited to the marriage feast were assembled; the bride was in a superb toilet; and the clergyman was on hand to perform the ceremony. Concealing his mental anxiety, the lawyer waited anxiously the approach of the happy moment. Suddenly the loud peal of the door bell went reverberating through the house, the Deputy Sheriff entered, and advancing into the startled group, arrested his man just on the eve of his happiness. The sureties offered for his appearance were not considered satisfactory, and the lawyer, instead of starting on his honeymoon, passed the night in prison. The legal proceedings which will follow will reveal the names of the dramatis personæ in this drama of real life.—[Philadelphia Press.

A Boy's Composition on Owls.

I live in Madison with my pa and ma and the baby. I love the baby but not some of its capers, but it can't help having the colic, sometimes, the little thing can't, cos everybody had it themselves when they was babies.

One morning my pa and ma they both went to market an left me to rock the baby. They was going through market, and ma she see some cabbages and she said pa we want some cabbage, and the man what had the heds for sale says he 10 cents a piece. Then my pa sed not enny at that price, for there's no nuterment in cabbages, especially at 10 cents per hed. They passed on an by an by they cum to a man what had a unmerciful big owl boxed up fer sale. My pa sed what's he wuth? and the man sed 75 cents, and my ma said she thot it was too hi, for there wa'nt no nuterment in owls at that price. But pa said they was good rat catchers, owls was, and he had the owl sent around to our house. It had ofel big eyes and claws and a appetite to match, and pa put him in the stable to catch rats. He was deth on rats for a few days, but after he cot a few all the other rats got skeered and lit out for places where there wa'nt no owls. Our owl got hungry and dissatisfied like, an used to look thro' the cracks of the stable at me and blink his eyes as much as to sa I like little boys. One day our hired girl she went out in the back yard to kill a chicken, and just like a woman, she whacked its hed off and then run ten feet awa. But the ole owl he come happing down from the mow and fastened on the chicken an you bet he held it from flopping. The girl she try to shoo him off, but he looked at her powerful feerce as if he sed lay not your lily white hand on this fresh meet. Then the girl she cryd and come to tell my ma. Then they both went out to give battle for the chicken like brave Jones of Arks. They takled the owl with a close prop an a broom, and after a fite of half a our the owl he had the chicken all eat up & the wimens aperns tore ofen them. Thay then quit the fite and got in the kitchen and took turn about laffin and cryin, but wen my pa come home to dinner thay both had teers in their eyes, and sed: "The owl is the cos of our greef! He now has the chicken wich you sent in his stumick; he now contains nuterment, but we are in distress!"

My pa he heerd their wails and then he took his gun and blowed a hole clean thro' the owl, which prodooced death instant! and as he put his gun away he sed something, but its no yuse fer me to repeat everything wich I heer. I hate owls. Blow the owls. —[Madison Courier.

Silenced With His Own Weapons.

THE late Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, was strongly opposed to temperance, and his side-board was loaded with brandy, wine, etc. On one occasion, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the Sons of Temperance, dined with the bishop, who pouring out a glass of wine, desired him to drink with him.

"Can't do it, Bishop. Wine is a mocker."

"Take a glass of brandy, then."

"Can't do it, Bishop. 'Strong drink is raging.'"

By this time the Bishop, becoming somewhat excited, remarked to Mr. Perkins: "You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you."

"No, Bishop, I can't do that. 'Woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

The London World recites how revenge was had by one of the most eminent pianists in that city. He had suffered much from the irrepressible conversation of drawing room audience, and devised the other day a means of giving a little lesson to the town. He arranged with his violin, his violoncella, and the rest that the music should come to a sudden stop in the midst of the loudest passage of the peace, at a given signal from him. It was done. The bawling and shouting voices were left, in the twinkling of an eye, high and dry, as it were, upon a shore of silence. Joyous, clear, and distinct, above them all rose a voice from the foremost seats, the voice of Lady——. These words of hers were ringing upon the startled air: "We always fry ours in lard!"

The chief art of attaining is to learn but little at a time. The widest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, IND., FEBRUARY 12, 1879.

Comparative Drinking in England and America.

A correspondent of the Liverpool and Southport Daily News presents the following interesting facts and figures:

"We constantly hear from travelers in the United States that the use of alcoholic liquors in that country is much less frequent than in our own, but I have not seen that this general impression has been brought to the test of actual comparison by a reference to official statistics.

"In order to enable me to make this comparison I applied to Mr. Nimmo, the chief of the bureau of statistics at Washington, and he has kindly supplied me with a detailed statement of the consumption of alcoholic liquors in the United States, compiled from official sources for the year 1877.

"The statement is as follows; the prices quoted are the average retail cost in the states:

UNITED STATES.

Whisky and other spirits, 56,848,525 gallons at $6 (24s.) retail	$341,091,150
Fermented liquors, 9,074,306 barrels at $20 (80s.) retail	181,486,120
Imported brandy and other spirits 1,386,670 gallons at $10 (40s.)	13,866,700
Wines, 5,723,469 gallons at $6 (24s)	34,340,814
Domestic wines, brandies &c	25,000,000
Total dollars	$595,784,784
Or in sterling £	£113,156,957

"The excise returns for the United Kingdom have recently been issued for last year, from which it appears that the consumption of alcoholic liquors in the United Kingdom was as follows for the year 1877, the prices quoted being average retail cost:

UNITED KINGDOM.

British spirits 29,889,176 gallons at 20s	£29,889,176
Foreign spirits, 10,618,564 gallons at 24s	12,742,277
Wines, 17,671,273 gallons at 18s	15,904,146
Beer, 30,267,641½ barrels at 54s	81,722,632
British wines, cider, &c., estimated 17,5000,00 gallons at 2s	1,750,000
Total	£142,008,231

"In order to make a comparison of the total quantity consumed in each country it is necessary to take the consumption in each at the same standard of value. I have therefore compiled the following table, showing American quantities at English prices:

Whisky and other spirits, 56,848,525 gallons at 20s	£56,848,525
Fermented liquors, 9,074,306 barrels at 54s	24,500,626
Imported brandy and other spirits, 1,386,670 gallons at 24s	1,614,004
Wines, 5,723,469 gallons at 18s	5,151,123
Domestic wines, brandies (American estimate)	5,000,000
Total	£93,114,278

"Taking the population of the United States as forty-five millions and the consumption at ninety-three millions sterling, we see that a pro rata consumption in the United Kingdom with a population of thirty-three millions would amount to sixty-eight millions sterling, whereas the consumption is actually one hundred and forty-two millions sterling, showing an excess of seventy-four millions; and that the consumption of alcoholic liquors in the United Kingdom is more than double that of the same population in the United States.

"Since 1870 the consumption in the United States has diminished, whereas during the same period that of the United Kingdom has grown from one hundred and eighteen millions to one hundred and forty-two millions.

"These facts have an important bearing upon the severe international competition which is now taking place, and may with advantage be considered in connection with the necessitous condition of a large proportion of our population."

How to Make a Successful Temperance Meeting.

1. LET no effort be spared to make the meeting successful in point of numbers. Interest the clergymen, and induce them to urge attendance upon their congregations. Visit personally, and invite those whom you especially wish to be present. Make the entrance, if possible, free. Advertise well by means of the press and handbills.

2. Have your singers on hand early, and in as large numbers as possible. Try and get suitable temperance songs, and let some of them be of such a kind that all can join. You cannot have too much good singing.

3. Get a firm, self-possessed presiding officer, and make sure that there shall be no disquieting noises. A small committee distributed through the audience will be found very efficient.

4. Let every meeting be opened with prayer. Have a number take seats on the platform, and help the speaker by their near presence.

5. Do not forget the pledge, good pens and ink. No meeting should break up without obtaining some signatures.

6. The points of the address should be taken for the papers and published. If the speaker says anything, it should go as far as possible. The editor or reporter, or some one appointed to take a synopsis of the lecture, should be present for this purpose.

7. Where there are no temperance organizations, one should be started on the evening of the meeting, or at some time as nearly subsequent as possible. —*Northwestern Review.*

Murphy Movements.

The convention of the County Union, to be held in Murphy Hall, on the 20th and 21st of this month, is being talked up, and is eliciting considerable attention all over the county. Delegates have already been appointed by several of the unions, and other unions will act the present week, consequently a large representation is eyident. A programme, both interesting and instructive, will be arranged, and presented by the Executive Committee, and no doubt the people of the county generally will be benefitted by the interchange of thought and the honest discussion of problems, which should be made plain. These conventions, if properly conducted, bode no evil to the cause of temperance in particular, and morality in general.

Sunday evening, at the hall, President Wm. E. Murray discussed the subject of "Bible Wines." He was listened to with close attention for forty minutes, and all will concede that he handled the snbject with a master hand.

Mace Long.

A KANSAS correspondent in the *National Prohibitionist* has this to say of Mace Long:

"Among the other workers who remained, or returned to labor with us in this State, is Mason Long, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who has recently made a trip through this State and Colorado, over the line of the Kansas Pacific railway, speaking at all the principle towns.

He is a grand man and a fluent speaker, and is devoting his entire time and energies for prohibition."

Things that Never Happen.

You never see a rummy kick a man out of his saloon while he had a cent in his pocket, be he ever so low.

You never see a refined, respectable gentleman selling rum.

No temperance fanatic ever died a drunkard.

No rummy ever desired the education of his neighbor's children.

Taylor & Velsey, resident dentists, office, 312 Market St., over Ball's stove store. Guarantee work in dental surgery to give satisfaction. The public will do well to consult them when wishing dental work performed. *

Schwartz' cheap store will be in this city but a short time. If you want bargains never before heard of, call at once.

FRANCES MURPHY, the great temperance reformer, will speak in La-Fayette, on the evening of Feb. 25th.

Before purchasing an Organ be sure and consult H. C. Cushman.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Meek's for cigars.

J. A. Hoffman's for Groceries.

Do you smoke the "Daisy?"

Honest John Gray, dealer in Dry Goods of all kinds. Honest goods at Honest Prices is his motto. He does no boasting, but asks customers to call and examine.

J. W. FULLER, dealer in Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Robes, etc. etc. Harness repaired on short notice, and work warranted. Market street, between Bridge and Fourth.

CONRAD & BEAMER:
A good Lunch for 10 cents.
Sell oysters the cheapest.
Keep the best, warrant full can
Corner Fourth and Broadway.

For fine photographic work go to Miller's Gallery corner Fourth and Broadway. They can please all who look at their pictures. See samples on the corner.

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be as he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

For Ladies and Gents. Furnishing Goods, go to Schwartz' cheap store, 405 Broadway, where he is almost giving goods away.

T. P. SWIGART manufactures the Purest CANDY of all kinds —sells at wholesale and retail. A good square Lunch, 10c. Dinner, 20c.

The New Goods are now arriving at FRANK HARWOOD'S Fashionable Tailoring Establishment. Persons contemplating purchasing goods should call while the stock is fresh and unbroken.

H. A. Thomas, dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries. Goods pure, and sold at low prices. 125 Sixth street, two doors north of Steckel's.

Wm. Englerecht, Boot and Shoe Maker, formerly with Chas. Horning, has located at 321 Pearl St., and would be pleased to see those wishing first class work done in a first class manner.

Choice line of fine Havana Cigars of the Best Brands at **John Cost's** Drug Store.

Cullen & Martin keep all kinds of Feed. Delivered to all parts of the city. They should be patronized. Sixth st.

Tanguy & Barnheisel of the old reliable established dry goods house, wholesale and retail, have received a laree stock of goods which they can sell as low as any other house in the city.

Chet Gridley repairs Watches, Clocks and Jewelry on the shortest notice. He warrants his work to give satisfaction. At Lee Redd's drug store, Market st.

All the new and choice Odors in bulk and bottled Perfumes at **Cost's Drug Store** 321 Fourth street, 3m2-521

Parlor Suits,
Beds and Lounges, Mattresses,
And everything in Furniture Line, at
GEO. ASH'S,
519-521 Broadway, Logansport.

A new stock of Seidenberg cigars just received at Meek's.

J. B. WINTERS, 411 Broadway, is receiving a large stock of BOOTS and SHOES, which he will sell at the lowest prices. His goods are first-class in every respect, and you can be suited in every particular.

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas repaired: 171

GO TO
HICKS'
FOR A
15 CENT DINNER.
Next to Murdock Hotel

Try the "Daisy" Cigar and you will always buy it.

Geo. W. Hoffman, City Drug Store, keeps pure drugs and patent medicines. Also a full line of toilet goods, perfumes, brushes, combs, etc, Fourth street.

Lord Potter is always prepared to to do kinds of Painting. Do not forget him when you want artistic work done.

For Queens and Glassware, Groceries and Provisions, as good goods and at as low prices as any square-dealing house in the city, go to J. A. Hoffman's, Market st.

Ask for Markley's "Daisy," the best 5-cent cigar in America.

Leffert & Co., Tailors, will make to order plain or fashionable suits at reasonable terms and promptly. Goods are the best. Cor. Sixth and Broadway. 4t20*

Thomas Pierce, cor. Fifth and Broadway, wholesale and retail dealer in GROCERIES, Provisions, etc. His goods are pure, and honest weight and measure should commend to him unlimited patronage.

The "Daisy" is the favorite of all who have tried it. Nothing can compare with it. Smoke it once and you smoke it always.

John Winch, Boot and Shoe maker. All work done in approved manner; Repairing of all kinds done neatly, promptly, and at lowest rates; Shop on south side Broadway, opposite Howe office. 3m2-521

Deboo can make a lame horse walk good, and it is all done in the shoeing. Shop on North street, above canal. Everything in his line done promptly. Give him a call.

TO FIND OUT WHAT 10c WILL DO toward getting a SUBSTANTIAL LUNCH, call around at **Swigart's** Candy Manufactory, and if you ain't satisfied you can't be.

S. W. Ullery, dealer in Hardware, of every description, cutelry, saws, ropes, belting, etc. Market street, next to Fuller's harness store.

E. Steckel, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, etc. Goods sold at lowest prices. Corner North and Sixth street. Call and examine goods and learn prices.

Old Indiana—Slow but Sure.

H. Ball, Jr., is now settled in his new building, 312 Market st., with a full stock of Stoves, Tinware, Pocket and Table Cutlery, and House Furnishing Hardware. Goods all well selected. He does not make the broad claim that he will sell goods lower than anybody else, but in all cases his prices will be as low as the lowest.

TAYLOR & VELSEY.
DENTISTS,
Office: 312 Market Street, Up Stairs,
LOGANSPORT, IND.

All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.
Teeth extracted positively without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, or Protoxide of Nitrogen, the safest and pleasantest anæsthetic known. 4-1y 004

MISS R. E. BOWMAN,
MUSIC TEACHER,
Lessons in Vocal and Instrumental Music given at reasonable terms.
Rooms: Over Peters' book store. 3m19-021

FRANK SWIGART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Logansport, Indiana.
All matters left with given given proupt attention. 19-3m521

M'NARY & LEEDY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTING AG'TS,
All business promptly attended to.
No. 410 BROADWAY.

THE SINGER M'F'G CO. have REMOVED their office to a room OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, where they will keep on hand a large stock of Machines of every style. Also, all Parts, Attachments, Twist, Linen, and Cotton at greatly reduced prices. Needles, 25 cents per dozen, etc., etc.
Special attention given to Repairing all kinds of old Machines. Please give them a call, and don't forget the place, just opposite the p. o. 3m1-521 GEO. W. WERNER, Agt.

MURDOCK BARBER SHOP.
WM. KRAUT, Proprietor.
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING
In most fashionable style.
BATH ROOMS CONNECTED

DR. OVERHOLSER'S
DENTAL ROOMS,
Cor. Fourth & Market St., [Entrance on Fourth
LOGANSPORT, IND.
All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.
Teeth extracted positively without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, or Protoxide of Nitrogen, the safest and pleasantest anæsthetic known. 173m120

20
OF THE
Finest Visiting Cards!
Only 10 Cts.
Chas. Longwell & Co.,
Logansport, Ind.

'WE STORM THE FORT."
BLUE RIBBON TEMPERANCE
"GEMS OF SONG!"
THE BEST MURPHY TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!!
THIRD EDITION—THIRTIETH THOUSAND.

Contains besides **thirty familiar, soul-stirring Murphy songs**, a condensed history of the movement, its principles and purposes, how to conduct meetings, modes of action, etc., etc.

DR. J. E. MCFARLAND writes: "*It is just* THE *song book for revival meetings.*"

It is neat and handsomely printed and bound, and has been sold in nearly every state. Every Murphy union that is alive to the work should use them. Sample copies, by mail, 6c.

Single Copies, 5c. Per Fifty, $2.00. Per Hundred, $3 50,
Address, W. H. LEEDY, or H. C. EVERSOLE, Logansport, Ind.

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WILLARD N. HALL,
Printer, Ruler and Binder,
Has removed to Hall Building,
Cor. Fourth & North St
Old Pharos Building, where he is prepared to do all kinds of
Job Printing, Ruling, Binding.
EVERYTHING NEW.
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H. BRUNER,
DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES.
CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
RUBBER BOOTS REPAIRED AND WARRANTED.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.
No. 324 Market-st., T. P. Swigart's old stand.

Fountain City Rubber StamP Co.,
Bank, Railroad and BUSINESS STAMPS.
Date Stamps a Specialty.
FLORA, INDIANA.
Agent's Outfit, $1.00.

MRS. M. E CORNELL,
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN.
Treats Ladies and Children.
303, Northwest Corner of Broadway an Seventh streets. 5m19-021

A. M. CHORD, M. D.,
Eclectic Physician & Surgeon

Would call the attention of the public to his unparalleled success in the treatment of all diseases both acute and chronic He gives special attention to the lungs, Catarrh and Heart and Stomach.
Office—127 Sixth Street, near the corner of North.

ATTENTION!!
If you have any
Real Estate
You want sold or exchanged, call on
ALDRICH & GRELLE,
3m3 In McTaggart's Building:

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas!
H. T. MANLOVE,
DENTIST.
Rooms over Murdock's Store, corner Fourth and Broadway, Logansport, Ind, 1y2-4

The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co.'s manufacture of Instruments are pronounced the very best in the market, and can be bought on monthly payments, or cheap for ready cash.
MRS. C. B. LOUIS, Agent,
225 Broadway, West Side.

DR. A. MYERS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE—416 Market street, three doors from Pearl street.

THE REASON WHY
WALKER, RAUCH & CO.,
SELL MORE
BOOTS and SHOES
Than any other house in town is because they sell the best goods
THE CHEAPEST.

CHAS. HORNING,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Is about to **Close Out all His Made-Up Goods** at
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H. J. LARIMORE
LIVERY, FEED,
—AND—
SALE STABLES.
Buggies, Carriages and Rigs,
for all occasions promptly furnished, Prices Reasonable,
Stable on Alley, Bet. 6th & Broadway, West of 6th

I. N. CRAWFORD,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DALER IN
HARDWARE, GUNS,
PISTOLS, SAWS, CUTLERY, GLASS,
CHAINS, BELTING, SASH,
Doors, Blinds, Mechanics' & Farmers' Tools of all kinds,
No. 84 Broadway, - 1y2-4p - *Logansport.*

PLEDGES By mail, postage paid, 40c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

A Splendid Chance for a Home.

The award of the following fine property will be made at Logansport, Ind., on

Saturday, February 22d, 1879.

The net proceeds of these sales are set apart and applied for the benifit of a most worthy and afflicted lady of this city.

GLANCE AT THE OFFERS.

LIST OF PRIZES.

7,500 Shares of $2.00 Each.

1 Premium Farm of 320 acres	$ 3,200 00
1 Premium lot, corner North and Eleventh streets, Logansport	2,000 00
1 Premium lot, next to the corner of North and Eleventh streets	1,700 00
1 Premium farm of 160 acres	1,600 00
1 Premium farm of 80 acres	800 00
1 Premium tarm of 40 acres	400 00
2 Premium lots in South Brookside addition, Indianapolis, ($700 each)	1,400 00
1 Premium lot in Atkinson's addition, Logansport	300 00
1 Preminm lot on Clifton avenue, Logansport	300 00
1 Premium buggy	175 00
1 Premium horse	100 00
1 Set premium buggy harness	80 00
1 Premium sleigh	25 00
54 Premiums Logansport M'f'g Co's Stock, $50.00 each	2,700 00
1 Premium cash	50 00
2 Premiums cash, $25 each	50 00
4 Premiums cash, $10 each	40 00
10 Premiums cash, $5 each	50 00
15 Premiums cash, $2 each	30 00
100 Premiums, aggregating	$15,000 00

Agents Wanted Everwhere.
J. N. BOOTH, Sec'y.
DR. J. B. SHULTZ, L. G. PATTERSON, A. R. SHROYER, } Com. on Award.
jan16d&w1m

The Largest Assortment of
Trunks, Traveling Bags, Satchels, & Shawl Straps
To be found in the city. Trunks and Sample Cases made to order. Our prices are always the lowest. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. 3m17-602

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—OF—
Fine Visiting Cards!
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CHAS. LONGWELL & CO.,
BROADWAY, OVER POST OFFICE.

20 No 9 Chromos, same as No. 8, only a larger size, and different color, five tints mixed	10 cts
20 Marble	10 cts
20 Oriental	10 cts
20 Morning Glory	10 cts
20 Plain White Bristol	10 ct
20 Black, name in Gold	10 cts
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The Murphy Signal.

H O Riddle

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE.—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., FEBRUARY 26, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 5

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

PROF. McCLAIN AT TWELVE MILE.
To the Editor:

PLEASE announce through your paper that Prof. Will. McClain, of Kokomo, formerly of your city, will lecture on temperance at the M. E. Church, Twelve Mile, Bethlehem township, on Saturday evening, March 8th.

G. P. McKEE.

VEEDERSBURG, IND.
To the Editor:

I AM glad to say to you that the grand work still moves on with good success, and that the number who have signed the pledge reaches now close to 400. Our meetings are largely attended, and great enthusiasm prevails.

GEO. H. PATTERSON.

Feb. 14th, 1879.

BROWNSVILLE, NEBRASKA.
To the Editor:

JOHN B. FINCH has recently concluded his meetings here. He lectured eight nights, and seven hundred signed the pledge. We formed a red ribbon club, founded a reading room, and organized a lodge of the Knights of Honor with one hundred and thirty-six charter members. Some of the leading drunkards have signed the pledge. Two saloons have closed as a result of the red ribbon work, and the remainder will soon be obliged to close for the want of custom. We mean business. I. N. L.

Brownsville, Feb. 16th.

FROM INDIANAPOLIS.
To the Editor.

I was just a few minutes ago at a temperance meeting. Judge Warren, of Maine, was the speaker, and a good one at that. Thirty persons joined this afternoon. The house was crowded, and good attention. One man signed the pledge who had been a toper for forty years, and there was a general hand-clapping when he went forward. The meetings will be continued for some time. The brethren are enthusiastic, hopeful and persevering. We have accomplished nothing in the way of legislation, but will try it this week, (I mean on the temperance question.) Yours,

B. F. CAMPBELL.

Indianapolis, Feb. 23.

GOOD NEWS FROM LEWISBURG.
To the Editor.

BRO. MELLINGER and myself organized a temperance society of fifty members, at the above place on Thursday evening the 20th.

The following officers were elected:

President—Wm. Pearson.
Vice-Presidents—John Costenborder, D. K. Zartman, and Bro. O'Donald.
Secretarys—Charles Thomas, Maggie Richason and Carrie Young.
Treasurer—E. Duchess.

We had a splendid good meeting, and everything looks favorable for a flourishing society. Uunder the leadership of Bro. Pearson, with the co-operation of the other officers and members, we hope and believe they will accomplish a good work. G. P. McKEE.

Feb. 22d, 1879.

HARRISON TOWNSHIP.
To the Editor:

BROS. G. P. McKEE and S. R. Mellinger met a goodly number of Harrisonites at Zion, on last Saturday evening, and succeeded in reorganizing the temperance work at that place. Although a larger portion of the inhabitants of this township belong to some temperance organization, yet the temperance work in this vicinity had begun to lag. But the work of the past has not been in vain. Many young men who were giving themselves up to dissipation, have donned the ribbon and are now becoming an honor to society.

The organization will be well represented at the county convention.

E. C. ROGERS.

Feb. 19th, 1879.

RISING SUN, IND.
To the Editor:

ABOUT three-fourths of our entire population have signed the Murphy pledge. Our organization has not failed in but one stated meeting in eighteen months. We have recently, in order to awaken a greater interest in our stated meetings, introduced a paper, one number of which is read at each meeting,—called "The Temperance Monograph." It is a written document, containing eight pages of foolscap paper. Each number contains an editorial, two or three communicated articles—all original; a selected article or two, local items and gems of thought.

It takes well; it draws; it cuts with a keen edge. We are hoping it will do a good work for our city and community. J. F. McCLAIN.

Feb. 18th, 1879.

WALTON.
To the Editor.

The Temperance work here is still progressing. We had a meeting Saturday, February the 15th. Brother Watkins preached a live sermon on Temperance and reminded the professors of religion the duty they owe to temperance, which I think had a good effect. Intemperance showed itself yesterday (Sunday), on the streets. What has become of the Sunday law? Is a man allowed to sell liquor on Sunday, for Sunday drunks. If there is not, they had better look a little out, or it will be investigated, and they will have to pay for their blood money. Their time will come, and that shortly; and we expect to see a good deal of knashing of teeth, etc. We won't say anything personal this time, but look-out hereafter. We expect to meet Saturday evening, and expect to have a good time. Everybody is invited to attend. J. B. D.

VALPARAISO, IND.
To the Editor:

I WISH to inform you that the Murphys are alive at Valparaiso and are doing a great work. The Temple of Honor here is showing its work in the rescuing and reformation of the most inveterate drinkers. They are a band whose sole work is for God and humanity. They have organized unions in almost every school-house within eight and ten miles of the city. They not only work on the out skirts, but carry the work "into the enemy's camp." The reformed men are doing the work. In company with J. H. Skinner, mayor of the city, and eight other reformed men, I was permitted to assist in organizing a society at Kooks Corners, two miles north-west of Valparaiso, and we met with grand success. Thirty names were taken and the officers elected. J. H. Skinner made a powerful speech, followed by Barnes, Bownanand and McNay, all of whom have been redeemed by the blue ribbon workers from a drunkard's doom.

I had the pleasure of visiting the northern prison at Michigan City last Thursday and Friday, and found nearly six hundred convicts incarcerated there. Among that number, from what inquiries I made, there is over four-fifths of them brought there, either directly or indirectly, through the influence of drink.

The cry here is prohibition. The people demand it, and that is just what will bring it. Your paper is an honor to the State and a power to do great and lasting good in the temperance work.

May God bless you in the noble cause in which you are so earnestly and devotedly engaged.

Fraternally,
GEO. A. MURPHY.

Valparaiso, Feb. 21st, 1879.

FLORA, IND.
To the Editor:

IN order to let the people of Cass county know that they are not alone in the temperance cause, I wish to report that little Flora has an organization that means business from the word "go," with a number of about two hundred members standing constantly at their post and working like Murphys. We meet once every week, on Tuesday evenings, and through the kindness of some of the Logansport friends we have been held right to our post, and are glad to say that the older we get the stronger we are, and besides all this our streets are clean of all drunkenness. We have not had a drunken row in our village for very nigh a year, and seldom see a drunken man on our streets, and while Flora can say this, she regrets to say that she is the only organization in Carroll county to my knowledge, excepting a lodge of Good Templars at our sister village Bringhurst, which is in good working order. For our present president we can say (like L. Shaw of Jefferson township), he is a Murphy clean through and through and is laboring hard in the cause and deserves great praise.

Our meeting on last Tuesday night was a success; through the kind appearance of Bro. James Vigus our Murphy boys was stirred up to such a pitch that through hard work and moral handling we received six more good members, I believe, for they are good, honest men and boys, but like a great many others they loved this deadly poison called rum. They were sincere and knew what they were doing. They will stick close and make good temperance men. So we will close by giving all Murphy men an invitation to all our Murphy meetings.

J. S. L.

Flora, Feb. 29th, 1879.

LAFAYETTE MURPHYISM.
To the Editor:

THE good workers of temperance are yet charging on the crime of drinking. There are three meetings held every week—Sunday afternoon, Tuesday and Friday evenings. Last Sunday Mr. Lingle spoke, and the hall was crowded; in fact, the hall is always filled on Sundays.

Hon. J. S. Williams, the president of the club in the city, Col. DeHart, and other good speakers, have held meetings throughout the county during the winter, and last evening reported that they met success at every point; from twenty-five to fifty signed at every meeting; that the people in the country had become so earnest in the work that it was almost impossible to get houses large enough to hold the audiences.

Francis Murphy, the father of the Murphy movement, will lecture here on the 25th. It is expected that everybody will go to hear him.

Hughes and Ward, the starters of the movement in this city, are expected here on next Sunday, when a temperance revival will be commenced. I think, from the outlook, that there is plenty of room for work.

Our club and reading-rooms, under the management of our kind and good matron, Mrs. Weaver, are always a welcome place for us strangers.

I am sure that the many friends of Bro. Streeter will be pleased to learn that he is here, willing and ready to take hold and work in the cause of temperance.

The great question now with the saloon-keepers is, "What are we going to do at the spring election." The only answer that is given is that we'll not vote for any man who drinks, buys, or in any way deals in liquor. Our star is one of purity, and with the strength we are gathering around us daily we will never stop until it is reached.

Wishing the good work of THE SIGNAL to go onward, I am, etc. D. C.

Lafayette, Ind., Feb. 12.

PROFANITY.
To the Editor:

MY witness is in heaven, and my record is on high. My friends scorn me, but my eyes poureth out tears unto God! Yet a little while, then I shall go the whence I shall not return.

Then all will be well.

God says swear not at all. Swear not by thine own head, for thou canst not make one hair neither white nor black; swear not by heaven, for it is God's throne; swear not by the earth, for it is his footstool. Let your communications be yea, yea—nay, nay; any more is sin.

Profanity is a brutal vice. He who indulges in it is no gentleman. I care not what his stamp may be in society; I care not what clothes he may wear, or of what culture he boasts. Despite all his refinement, the light and habital taking of God's name in vain betray a coarse nature, and a brutal will. Profaneness is an unmanly and silly vice.

It certainly is no grace in conversation, and it adds no strength to it.

There is no organic symmetry in the narrative that is ingrained in oaths; and the blasphemy that bolsters an opinion does not make it any more correct. Nay, the use of these expletives argues a limited range of ideas, and a conscienceness of being in the wrong: and if we can find no other phrases in which to vent our choking passion, we had better repress that passion. Again, profaneness is a mean vice. It indicates the grossest ingratitude. According to general estimation he who repays kindness with contempt—he who abuses his friends and benefactors is deemed pitiful and wrecked. And yet, oh, profane man, whose name is it you handle so lightly? It is that of your best benefactor. For whose blood would boil to hear the venerable names of your earthly parents hurled about in scoffs, jests, abuses, without compunction and without thought the name of your heavenly father.

M. A. S. B.

Lake Cicott.

BLOOMINGTON, IND.
To the Editor:

WE simply defeat license by law. We have an attorney constantly employed, and as soon as an application is filed for license, he (our attorney) and the temperance people, feel that they have a case. They at once set about the work as any business man who has a case in court. They hunt evidence against the character of the applicant, and meet him in court. The case is there dealt with as any case of business. In this way we have defeated some thirty applications within the last five years, consequently there has been no licensed saloon in Bloomington within five years. This is probably what is meant when you say prohibition. It is prohibition as far as licence is concerned, but not the prohibition of the traffic. For, under our iniquitious laws, men may sell by the quart and upwards, without license from the State. So men are selling here and have been through all our temperance labor. The result is we have necessarily more or less drunkenness, though methink much less than if saloons were "licensed to sell by the small!"

The sentiment of our place will sustain total prohibition by an overwhelming majority.

The "woman's union" canvassed the town a year ago, asking signers to one or the other of the following:

"We the undersigned citizens of Bloomington desire the liquor traffic to cease in our town."

"We the undersigned citizens of Bloomington desire the liquor traffic to continue."

Almost seventy signed the first, for every one that signed the latter. Thus 'tis clear we are overwhelmingly for prohibition. So in my opinion, and many others of the State, if the vote could be taken on the naked issue; but when men vote as Democrats or Republicans, they are for or against, just as their party is for or against. Hence we must smite this beast the liquor traffic, as temperance voters, not as partizans. Respectfully,

G. W. H.

February 20, 1879.

SHILOH STILL LIVES.
To the Editor:

OUR organization at Shiloh still lives.

Our members seem to be determined and are working faithfully.

On last Sunday evening an election of officers to serve for three months was held, and resulted in the choice of the following named persons to the different offices.

President—Phillip Wolford.
Vice President—D. W. Shreckendghaust.
Secretary—Miss Mary Edgerly.
Treasurer—James Lattourette.
Chaplain—P. K. Dill.
Choirster—D. W. Shreckendghaust.

We have thought best that new officers be elected every three months, and think the plan works well. Although not getting many signers to cards the interest in our meetings does not lag; although the great amount of sickness in our township has at times somewhat diminished the attendance. Two meetings were called at West Sandridge, the first was poorly attended and without results, the second one was a flat failure. At the East Sandridge a good organization was effected and the people of that locality are willing and capable of carrying on an organization. Could we, in Noble township, have the help and hearty co-operation of all professing christians it would be but a short time till the materials of which to make Murphys would all be used up. So mote it be.

I attended the county temperance convention and was highly pleased with many things I saw and heard while there, and especially so while listening to the able and eloquent arguments for prohibition and local option. My doctrine is, cut the beast's tail off as close the ears as possible; at any rate lop off what you can. I did not like the disposition manifested by some to shirk work. I think the financial system adopted by the last convention will be more satisfactory to the temperance people of Cass county than the stand and deliver plan adopted at the previous one. I think the change from delegate to mass convention a good one. Every worker will now feel called on to attend and give his views. In a multitude of counsel there is strength. I have been familiar with the temperance work in Cass county for over thirty years, and I believe if we keep out of politics as a party all will be well. C. A. B.

Noble township, Feb. 22d, 1879.

SILVER TOP SPEAKS.
To the Editor:

I AM still here. We are having a grand revival of temperance in Shelby oounty. I have been almost all over the county, talkfng temperance in churches and school-houses, to immense crowds every night, and giving the same kind of chin-music to every person I met through the day on the streets. They are in earnest here on the question. Capt. J. E. McGuire (Mayor of the city) is president of the union, and he is the right man in the right place—he is a "wheel-horse" for temperance.

I have organized a union at

FAIRLAND

with 342 members. Dr. Tull is their president.

A young man that is bound to make his mark in the cause of temperance is Jeff. Humphries. He is in earnest, and is heart and soul in the cause; and he is one of the few who think the laborer is worthy of his hire. Would to God more of them were like him. So many think that temperance lecturers are either Vanderbilts or National Banks. While they appreciate and appland his remarks, the fewest number ever contribute a nickel for his support; and he is expected to go well-dressed and in good society. Now, why is it thusly? For my part, I will have to go back to my profession, for I can't live on wind And just listen to them: "I told yon so; I knew he would go back!" From the very men who never contribute a cent to the cause, nor never will, I am compelled to make a living; and those who know me best know my situation, and how I stand on the temperance question. With God's help I will keep pledge while life lasts; and to those who say "I knew he would fall," I say to them it is just such men that have compelled me to return to my old associates. I wish that every community had a Bass in it as good as Hiram Bass of Blue River Chapel. He is a whole team. So is Mr. Walker, of Marion, and Wm. Hendricks, of Lewis Creek. They will never be forgotten by your friend and well-wisher,

SILVET-TOP.

P. S.—I expect to get a call (I say, ain't that kind of preacher-fied?) down in Warrick county. What do you think, a lady mistook me for a priest, on the train, the other day, and made a confession that she was rather bashful to talk to a crowd, but she was a snollagoster when she got a man by himself; and giving a short history of herself she admitted having buried three husbands. I am not very "skerry," but I do love life since I have something to live for, so I excused myself, as I had business in another car. I never want to see Edison's talking machine—she will do. But God bless the women; we must have them.

SILVER-TOP.

Shelbyville, Feb. 14th.

WOE.
To the Editor:

"WOE unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." Oh, the woe that drink causes is unlimited, and yet some persist in continuing to give to their neighbors and friends woe. Woe unutterable is stealing down even upon their own dear ones, and the debris of their own ruin has been left on their hearthside. Their very hearts have been poisoned. The footprints of this woe are everywhere, stalking through the world, and carrying woe to myriads of hearts and homes. A dark tempter is working, gathering names from the angels' records; making fathers and sons devils, and homes hells; and he knows it; but woe will follow his footsteps and he will be LOST with his victims. Nothing can balance the guilt

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The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, IND., FEBRUARY 26, 1879.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

A PIGEON valued at $500 was stolen from a recent poultry show in London.

THE salary of the Governor of Maine has been reduced from $2,500 to $1,500.

THE Massachusetts Senators have cut their pay for the session from $550 to $500.

RAMPAGIOUS small boys stoning the telegraph wires cost England $50,000 last year.

NEW ORLEANS fired fifty guns in honor of the repeal of the charter of the Loisiania State Lottery.

IT is estimated that fully one fourth of the sheep in western Texas have died during the last cold spell.

Two little boys in Ceylon found a sapphire which weighed two pounds. Its value is estimated at $50,000.

THE Scientific American has just discovered a new substance called uranine, a single grain of which will color 300 gallons of water.

CINCINNATI papers record with evident pride that nine foundlings have been found on door steps in that city since New Year's Day.

ONE little boy at Hartford, Conn., devoured 102 story books from the Pubiic Library during the last six months of 1878, and one little girl 112 novels.

MANY people get their best health in latter life. The nonagenarian poet Rogers said he never had three consecutive days of good health till he was past forty.

So much black silk has been ordered by dealers in England for the mourning for the late Princess Alice, that an appreciable improvement in the trade of the South of France is felt.

TURKOMAN horses are said to be unsurpassable for endurance, and thus, although not handsome, are coming into high favor for military purposes. They are mainly of Arabian blood.

THE entire sale or public lands—government, railroad and State—during the last year was 11,292,246 acres. This is a large excess over the sales of 1872, the year preceding the panic.

THE wife of Rev. Jesse Boring died in Augusta, Ga., aged 63. She crossed the plains on a mule when her husband went to california and established the first Methodist church on the Pacific coast.

OUR clerical customs seem to have invaded England. One of the questions in reference to the qualifications of a candidate for a curacy was, "Is he likely to get into scrapes, amatory or pecuniary?"

THE St. Louis Common Council is petitioned to stop the ringing of church bell, some of which are so ponderous and gloomy and in such continuous action that "real estate in their vicinity is depressed."

THE Dodge family are to have a convention of all there name at Salem, Mass., the 30th of next July, the 250th anniversary of the landing of William Dodge, of Salem. The call is signed by Wim. E. Dodge and others of that name.

THE Social Science Association of Boston publishes the startling, if true, statement that several mills in New England are grinding stone into powder, to be used in adulterating sugar, soda and flour. The locations of these mills are not given.

BEFORE Christian, of Demark, come into his kingdom his income was only about $10,000 a year, and the princess of Wales, in common with his other daughters, was brought up to make up to make her own bonnets and clear-starch her own collars.

THERE is one woman in Maine who has lived a good deal in a year. This is her story: "She lives in Fairfield, is 40 years of age, and is the mother of seventeen children. Inside of a year she gave birth to two at different times, married off two, and lost three by death. One of the two married sons lost his wife and was remarried within the same year."

IN the State of New York there are about 6,000 canal boats, and in addition to the adults that float in them in summer and live on board all the year around, there are from 6,000 to 10,000 children, who attend no school except for a portion of the time in the winter season. England has 100,000 people living in this way on canal boats, and in an unhealthy condition.

AT the recent visit of the Marquis and Marchiness of Lorne at Niagara, the Princess attired in a black dress, hat, jacket and mitts, trimmed with fur, and armed with a black walking stick with a silver head, outwalked every lady and gentleman of her suite, and seriously affronted the hackmen by ignoring them altogether.

THE baby carriage is condemned by Berlin physicians in cases where the little one sits facing the nurse and is pushed backward. The natural desire of the eye is to draw nearer to what it sees, and the practice of reversing this normal order of things and causing surrounding objects to recede is liable to affect injudiciously the development of both sight and brain.

Mrs. Mary Holbrook died in Massachusetts a few days ago, aged ninety-three years. When seventy-five years old she began the manufacture of tidies, which found ready sale in Boston, and were so much sought for that she was obliged to employ several old ladies to do the coarser work, while she filled in the finer parts with her own hands. In this way up to her ninetieth year she netted $6,000 from her sales.

IT is rumored that this much favored country is to have another Cardinal.

IT is now said that the liabilities of Archbishop Purcell exceed three and a half millions of dollars.

MRS. FRED. BLOCH sued the Dayton and Michigan Railroad about a year ago for running over and killing her husband, and got a verdict for $1,700. The company appealed, got a new trial and $5,000 of a verdict.

SINCE the law to reward individuals for heroic conduct in saving life at sea was passed in 1874, the Governmeut has awarded twenty-five metals, ten of them to persons living on the shores of the great lakes.

A NUGGET of pure gold, weighing thirteen ounces, was dug up recently in Cabarrus county, North Carolina. The largest lump of gold ever found in the United States was picked up in that county, many years ago.

WHAT is supposed by some to be a volcano has just been discovered twelve miles north of Cawker City, Kan. Smoke and hot air issue from the ground, which is so warm that the snow has been melted from the bluff.

THE Commissioner of Pensions, who recently stated that, in his opinion, twenty-five per cent. of the pensions now paid by the government are fraudulent, fears the new law will greatly increase the number of spurious claims.

A WASHINGTON telegram says that the best estimates place the increase of population from 170 to 1880 at 8,500,000, which would give us next year 47,058,371 population. If anything, this estimate is below the mark, and is certainly safe to calculate upon. This will, under the present apportionment, give sixty-six additional members of Congress and electoral votes.

A HOMESTEAD bill has been introduced in the lower house of the Missouri Legislature exempting from execution 160 acres of land, not exceeding $1,500 in value; in cities of a population of 40,000 or upward, eighteen square rods of ground, not exceeding the value of $3,000, and in cities or towns of less than 40,000 population, thirty square rods of ground, not worth over $1,500.

THE Illinois State Board of Agriculture has decided to offer liberal premiums to induce an exhibition of dairy products at the next State Fair. Premiums will be offered for factory cheese, farm-dairy cheese, and sweepstakes cheese; for creamery butter, dairy butter, and sweepstakes butter; and a grand sweepstakes, open to all, for the best display of dairy products, both butter and cheese.

RELIGIOUS circles of Dayton, Ohio, are much excited over the case of a young girl who was converted recently and fell into a trance, in which she, in a vision, visited heaven. On her recovery she described vividly the appearance of heaven and those who abide there. The girl's name is Lily Weber. She is young, attractive, enthusiastic, and the daughter of the former minister of the German M. E. Church.

IN the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, a bill has been introduced appropriating $4,000,000 for the payment of losses of property occasioned by the riots in July, 1877. The bill provides for the appointment of a commission of three persons by the Governor, who shall fix the amount of the losses by a thorough examination. No person who assisted or participated in riots will be entitled to any compensation for losses. All claims must be presented and the investigation concluded before November 1, 1879.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

[Continued from First Page]

of the rumseller's conscience, for he will have only woe and make woe. The accursed of God, and loved by the devil as his equal. The moral law requires us to love our neighbors as ourselves. Is giving drinks to our neighbors a proof of love? No! For it brings him only woe. Don't do it. Don't add more woe to this community, I beseech you, but try to banish this woe by giving joy, and peace, and a holy influence will be around you, assisting in making a fair future for your neighbor, instead of misery and despair. You must be brave. You are needed in our ranks where love, truth and good will rule. Your destiny is in your own hands. Work it out by snatching others from depths of woe and shame; and making them true Murphy neighbors, seeking to save from woe all others. Everyone is your neighbor, and it is your duty to bring all from the ranks of the woe-givers, and get them aroused for Murphyism, and join the ranks by pledge and ribbon, until they are no more needed in assisting the people to secure prohibition as the law. Oh, dear readers, we trust this will not be very long, but let us be patient; trying to dissolve the woe that is around us, until it all will have been dissipated, for of all crimes, rum brings more woe than everything else combined. May God hasten the day when no one CAN "give his neighbors drink." L. L.

COLORADO LAW-MAKERS.

To the Editor:

THE importance of the temperance word is still at a discount in the estimation of our welfare dictators in Colorado, as was plainly made manifest by a decision of the House of Representatives January 31st, at Denver. Mr. Southworth presented a petition of the citizens of Arapahoe county, in connection with the bill providing, First, "That every wife shall have a right of action against a man that makes her husband drunk;" Second, that "Persons who rent buildings to saloon-keepers be held responsible jointly with the saloon-keeper for damages done;" Third, "That the leasor be at liberty to dispossess any saloon-keeper who unlawfully sells liquor." The petition consisted of a roll of names thirty feet in length, among which were the names of the most respectable people of the county. In the debate the bill was defended by Messrs. Southworth, Douglass, Mead, Mann, and Brush, and opposed by Messrs. Luther, Evans, and Livesay.

Mr. Evans would have them understand that he was a temperance man, in favor of any effectual means of reaching the evil (?), and proved the same by advancing the mongerel of theorys that nothing could be accomplished in the direction sought by the bill, from the fact that logislation was not the way by which to do anything, as the dealer would manufacture a worse quality of liquor to get even with prosecution!!!!—and then, in the capacity of a would-be moral adviser, recommends a law compelling a better quality of liquor to be sold; at the same time advising the ministry to address themselves to the evil by the right kind of influences. "Let them carry bread in one hand when they go to preach their reforms, and having given the victims of this unfortunate habit some substantial aid in advance, then address themselves to the task of rescuing them from their sins." Mr. Livesay, also, was "an advocate of temperance in all its phases, but opposed the bill on account of its impracticability, and argued from criminal statistics that as many convicts were sent to the penitentiary from places where temperance prevailed as from those in which liquor was sold.

Mr. Southworth and his colleagues made a vigorous defense of the bill, quoting many authorities to show tha the largest per centages of crime of every degree, the world over, have their origin in the habit of drinking; also proving that such law was both constitutional and practicable in other states, and that the legislature has the same right to regulate the sale of whisky as that of any other poison, and also the right to punish persons violating such law, and compel the payment of all damages entailed by such violation of the law.

In spite of the efforts of those who were not willing to fold their arms in indifference to the downfall of their unfortunate brother the bill was voted to the table, and the citizens of Colorado, whose names in one county alone form a thirty foot roll, and always have been employing the means dictated by their aristocratic, political monarchs for the accomplishment of their work, are left to work on the plan of "a half loaf better than none at all." While "carrying bread in one hand" in rescuing the victim from the jaws of the monster, the Levite legislator is licensing demons in human garb to snatch the same from their protection. We pray for more of the Clay township "boil over," through the instrumentality of which we are enabled to gaze into the distance, through the mist of opposition, and behold the political monarch bending the knee to the sceptre of sister temperance.

We need more substantial form of organization, and are more than rejoiced to learn thrt Bro. J. B. Hill is heading for Colorado with his new temperance machine. We shall welcome him with joy. Fraternally yours.

A. A. COOKE.

Leadville, Colorado, Feb. 10th.

HISTORY OF SHILOH UNION.

To the Editor:

THE Christian Temperance Union of Shiloh church, Noble township, was organized November 22d, 1877, by the election of the following officers, who served a term of six months:

President—E. Tilman.
Vice Presidents—I. N. Watts and Annie Grable.
Secretary—Mattie Busard.
Treasurer—C. A. Brandt.

Before the organization, and for some time after, the meetings were poorly attended, but by the persistent offorts of the temperance people a few names were obtained at each meeting; and at the close of six months our list of members contained the names of nearly the entire community, and on each meeting night the house was well filled. Speeches were made by the young men and boys, giving experience with the monster intemperance, and depicting the danger of even a moderate indulgence in intoxicants. The young ladies at each meeting contributed one or more essays.

The Murphy movement has been a benefit to our neighborhood in many ways. Beside that of being temperate, it has benefitted us socially, intellectually, morally, and some financially, besides it has better prepared many of us for the duties that may devolve upon us in later life. The meetings are still well attended and there seems to be a deep interest taken in and for the cause; and it is hoped that ultimately all will see the danger they are in, and convinced of the wrong they are doing by indulging in strong drink.

On December 6th, 1877, the first committee on programme was appointed, since which time that has been the order. The committee announced the following question for debate:

Resolved, That a law should be passed requiring every one who wishes to drink ardent spirits to procure a license for the same.

On April 4th, 1878, Messrs. Dan. J. Wood and D. B. Graham, of Logansport, addressed our union.

The second election of officers occurred on June 2d, 1878, and the following were chosen to serve for three months:

President—C. A. Brandt.
Vice President—S. Miller.
Secretary—Phillip Wolford.
Treasurer—S. Ross.
Chorister—J. Powell.
Chaplain—S. M. Blew.

On June 8th, a festival was given for the benefit of the union, which, however was a financial failure.

On August 18th the following officers were elected to serve three months:

President—Samuel Ross.
Vice President—S. Miller.
Secretary—Annie Grable.
Treasurer—Martha Miller.
Chorister—A. O. Brandt.

On November 22d, one year after the first organization, the following officers were elected:

President—A. O. Brandt.
Vice President—John Powell.
Secretary—Lydia Busard.
Treasurer—N. S. Brandt.
Chaplain—K. P. Dill.
Chorister—J. Powell.

The organization at this time is in a very prosperous condition. B.

Feb. 17, 1879.

Burdette is out in the Indian country, and he says: "I see the beautiful Indian leaning up against the fence calmly surveying his territory. And I am free to admit that the territory is a powerful sight more beautiful than the Indian. The Indian is chewing tobacco and swearing at a mule. He is six feet high, the Indian is, and his tail is full of burs, the mule's is. He wears butternut jeans and a fur cap, the Indian does, and you can hear him bray clear into the car, the mule, that is. He has a bushy head of hair and shock whiskers, tanned out by the sun, has the Indian: and he wears more flat leathern harness than he has hair, the mule does, he carries a blacksnake whip, the Indian does, and as he swears he larrups it over his hunkers. And every time he, the Indian fetches him, the mule, one he, the mule kicks down whole panel of fence. I trust that I ave made this clear enough."

DR. BUTT, the Irish Home Ruler, is endeavoring to commit the British Parliament to the doctrine that Irishmen of all religious persuasions shall be able to obtain a university education without compromising their religious convictions. He is strongly supported.

The early grave robber cheateth the worm.

PHUNNYISTICS.

When is a lawyer strongest? When he is fee-blest.

The Hindoo widow is the only one that cremates; the other remates.

S. Tate is a resident of a Nebraska town. He is the only real S. Tate in the county.

Lawyers are never more earnest than when they work with a will,—that is, if the estate is valuable.

Marriageable girls may choose their husbands, but a man running short of tobacco husbands his chews.

"I am thy father's spirit, as the pint flask said to the inquisitive urchin who had been investigating the cupboard."

They called the doctor in to staunch
The blood that flowed like rain,
But artery had tried a while
He said that it was vein.

Mr. Talmage having claimed that hell has four gates, the Buffalo Express hopes they open outward, so as to give easy egress in case of fire.

They were cousins, and he lisp-ed
From the summit of his chin,
"Can't I have a kith, Amelia?"
And she answered, "'course you kin."

Delicate consideration for the elephant: Considerate little girl—"Please, Mr. Keeper, will it hurt him if I give him a currant out of my bun?"

A one-legged man can never experience the thrill of pleasure which permeates every fiber of the being of the fellow who scratches one foot with the other.

A man will sit on a picket fence all day to see a base ball match, but put him in a church pew for three-quarters of an hour and he will wabble all over the seat.

It was the man who discovered that his affianced had an upper and lower set of false teeth, on gold plate, who wrote: "Rich and rare were the gums she wore."

A bashful and timid young Toledian in love, want to know if it wouldn't be a good thing for him to secure the services of the Teller committee. Well! well! well!

"Dey vos blay 'Tell' dis efending—don't you vant to go?" "Tell?" vot is dot for an opera—'Tell?'" "Tell?' Dot yos dat opera mit dot shooting gallery in—don't you know?"

Adolph to Araminta, on their way to church: "How I would I were the prayerbook you clasp so lovingly." Reply: "How I would you were, for then I could shut you up."

A temperance society up in Meriden dignifies itself by the appellation, "Mt. Ararat Lodge," because that noted mound was the dryest spot on earth when Noah anchored there.

Tongue can not tell the words or express the astonishment of the crippled soldier in Connecticut who awoke to find his wife using his wooden leg to pound the beef steak for breakfast.

There is nothing half so sad in life as the spectacle of an auctioneer attemping to sell $15,000 worth of goods to an audience whose aggregate and tangible assets foot up thirty cents.

"The rain has ceased, and in the room
The suushine pours an orange flood,
And on the church's dizy vane
The ancient cross is bathed in blood,"
And skirts are raised and fairy feet
In giant rubbers plough the mud.

Some crusty, rusty, musty, fusty, dusty, specimen of a man, proposed the following toast at a celebration: "Fire-engines—may they be like our old maids—ever ready, but never wanted"

Over twenty miles of blue ribbon has been cut into strips six inches long and given out to reformed Iowa drunkards during the year. By a little figuring you will find that all but two men in the State used to be drunkards.

I've a peanut in my pocket,
Emeline! Emeline!
I'll jerk the kernel from its socket,
In due time! In due time!
To the theater I'll go,
On the floor the shell I'll throw,
Then I'll munch to music slow,
Emaline! Emaline!

A wicked and inquiring subscriber writes to us to know if "the tune the old cow died on" was written in beef flat. Having never read or sung the tender lines, we are unwilling to steak our reputation on the subject.

It's all very well to talk of economy, but the difficulty is to get anything to economize. The little baby who puts his toes in his mouth is almost the only person who in these times manages to make both ends meet.

Said a Jersey boy, "Ma, why do they call that the pole star?" "Because it is always exactly over the pole." "Then, ma, that must be the top of the circus." By which the youth probably meant, if he meant anything, that this world is all a fleeting show.

A concert is to be held in an Indiana town next Friday night, and we are extremely desirous of attending it. One of the features of the programme is "Grandfather's Clock," to be sung by a young lady, and we have always had a strong desire to hear that song sung.

A Massachusetts woman was so jealous of her husband's first wife that when he died she refused to allow him to be buried beside her. She remarked to the undertaker at the funeral: "I ain't a-goin' to have that woman a-leanin' on Jim's arm at the resurrection day if I kin help it, you bet."

A little boy whose father was a rather immoderate drinker of the moderate kind one day sprained his wrist, and his mother utilized the whisky in her husband's bottle to bathe the little fellow's wrist. After a while the pain began to abate, and the child surprised his mother by exclaiming: "Ma, has pa got a sprained throat?"

Not bad for an infant of Illinois: "One day," writes our correspondent, "I was compounding a simple cough remedy for my little three-year-old, who had a severe cold. He stood watching the process, and asked if it was "good." On letting him taste, he exclaimed: "It's awful good, mamma. Let's keep it all for papa!"

A FEMININE CRUSOE.

Alone on a Dreary Deserted Island for Eighteen Years.

The Romance of "Robinson Crusoe," woven so ingeniously by the imaginative De Foe from the slender thread of Alexander Selkirk. who for over four years was the sole human inhabitant of the lonely island of Juan Fernandez, possesses a perennial interest. It appeals to the sympathies of the reader, and by the fascination of its style almost persuades him to accept it as veritable history. The story which we are about to relate, though true in every particular, possesses a remarkable similarity in many of its incidents to the tale told by De Foe, and affords another illustration of the adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." In the spring of 1835 the small schooner Peor es Nada, built at Monterey, was chartered by Lewis T. Burton and Isaac J. Sparks for an otter-hunting expedition from Santa Barbara to the coast of Lower California. The schooner sailed in May, but the trip not proving so successful as was anticipated, she returned as far north as San Pedro, where she remained at anchor during a portion of the month of August of the same year. It being known that the small island of San Nicholas, situated about seventy miles southwest of San Pedro and a little further southeast from Santa Barbara, was inhabited by a number of Indians, the Peor es Nada was dispatched to remove them to the main land. Nineteen men, women and children were taken on board the schooner, which was preparing to depart, when one of the Indian mothers discovered that two of her offspring had been forgotten and left on the island. With true maternal devotion she sprang into the water and swam to the shore in search of th missing children, one of which was three years of age and the other an infant unable to walk. Her hurried search was unavailing, and, abandoning all hope of finding the babes, she returned to the beach just in time to see the schooner sailing away with all her friends on board. She called frantically for some one to take her to the vessel, but received no reply but the one sad word, man yana (to-morrow), which never after ceased to ring in her ear and was repeated on her dying bed. The schooner never went back to the island, which was not again visited until 1851, when George Nidever, another hunter, stopped there for a few days. He was not previously aware that the place was inhabited, but on this occasion he became convinced that such was the case. He noticed three small circular inclosures about 200 yards from the beach and about a mile apart. They were about six feet in diameter, and made of brush, the walls five feet high, with a small opening on one side. Near these openings were sticks of drift wood stuck in the ground in the form of a tripod, supporting dried seal blubber. These inclosures appeared to be simply wind breaks, affording no protection from the rain. He also saw a mysterious footprint, ar d judged it to be that of a woman from its small size and arched center. An approaching storm obliged Nidever's vessel to leave the island without allowing him to pursue his investigations any further. Mr. Nidever having seen many otter on his trip to the island, made a second trip during the winter of 1852, and being requested by the Mission Fathers of Santa Barbara, he and a party determined to make a careful hunt for the supposed lone inhabitant of the island. Within half a mile of the head of the island they discovered a basket in the crotch of a bush or small tree, covered with a sealskin, and containing a dress made of shags' skins—a sea fowl common in that section—carefully folded up, and several square pieces of skin similar to those of which the dress was made; also a rope made of seal sinews, abalone shell fish-hooks, bone needles, etc. As it was late, and time for them to return to their boat for that night, Mr. Nidever scattered the contents of the basket on the ground, so that upon his return he could judge of the presence or absence of the owner by finding them gathered up or remaining as he left them. The following four or more days were spent in otter hunting, and before the search for the Indian woman was renewed a southeast gale compelled them to seek a more hospitable harbor at the island of San Miguel.

A third expedition, made to the island in 1853, by Nidever, Charles Brown and four Indians from the Santa Barbara Mission, was more successful. On the day after landing, Mr. Brown discovered the object of their search at a distance, and cautiously approaching in an opposite direction from the remainder of the party, got quite close to her without being observed. She was in one of her pens or wind breaks, clothed in a garment made of the skins of the shag, without sleeves, low-necked and, as observed when standing up, extending almost to the ankles. She was sitting cross-legged, skinning seal bluber with a rude knife made of a piece of hoop-iron driven into a piece of wood. There was no covering on her head excepting a thick mass of matted hair of a yellowish brown color, due to the exposure to the sun and air. The hair was short, looking as though the free ends had rotted off. She would occasioually raise her hand and shade her eyes and look toward the other men on a sandy plain near the beach, whom she evidently saw. The alance of the party were now signaled in order that she might be captured if she attempted to escape. To the surprise of all she made no attempt to get away, but greeted each one as they approached with a bow and a smile, and chattered all the time in a dialect that none ef them understood, although the Indians accompanying Mr. Nidever were acquainted with several Indina dialects. She was talking apparently to herself from the time Mr. Brown approached within hearing distance until she was made aware of his presnce. The expression of her face was leasing, her features were regular, and her complexion much fairer and her form more symmetrical than that of the Indian women on the main land; and she is believed to have belonged to a different and superior race. By signs and other means of communication she was made aware that they wanted her to accompany them, and without any apparent hesitation she made ready to follow. In their course to where the schooner lay at anchor they found a beautiful spring of water issuing from the bank above the beach, under a shelving rock. The cracks or fissures in this rock were stuck full of bones, and there were other evidences of an encampment of the lone inhabitant of the island. These bones were used for nourishment, obtained by sucking; they were dried and resucked many times, showing that occasionally she was put upon short rations, but at the time of her discovery appeared to have an abundance, such as it was. She retained all her teeth, but they were worn low, supposed to be due to her chewing tough and solid articles of food. Her age appeared to be about fifty years. Mr. Brown made her a skirt of ticking, with which, and a sailor's cotton shirt and a black necktie, her dress was complete. A severe storm arose, and embarking with their Island Queen, the men soon found themselves at sea in a storm. She made signs that she could stop the storm, and obtaining permission she knelt on the deck facing the quarter whence the wind came and commenced muttering something supposed to be a prayer. She soon got up, but continued the prayer at intervals during the day, apparently without fear, and when the wind began to abate she turned to her fellow-voyagers, and with a smile made signs that her prayers had been answered. She was taken to the house of Mr. Nidever, in Santa Barbara, where she became the center of attraction. The Mission Fathers took a great interest in her, sending to Los Angeles and other places, hoping to find some one who could converse with her, but failed. Even the Pepimaros Indians, who were said to have had an acquaintance with the Indians on the island could not understand her. Two offers, one of $1,000, for the privilege of taking her to San Francisco, were refused by Mr. Nidever. When found she was in excellent physical condition, strong and active; but the eating of fruit and vegetables brought on a sickness, which, in conncection with an injury to the spine received by falling from a porch, terminated her life four weeks later, or seven weeks from the time she landed. Her dress of shag skins, basket and trinkets were given to Father Gonzalez, of the Mission, who, it is said, sent them to Rome. Messrs. Nidever and Brown are still living, and it is on their authority that the foregoing strange narrative is given to the readers of the Chronicle—[San Francisco Chronicle.

Hungarians and Roumanians.

The Hungarians, as all who have traveled on the Danube know, are dandies in their own fashion. They delight in clean shirts, richly embroidered in red and black, in cotton drawers or trowsers, edged with lace or crochet work, such as our English ladies affect upon their clothes, and in magnificent Hessian boots. which are brushed to brightness at least once a week. The male roumanian, on the other hand, is dirty and careless in his attire. A filthy sheepskin jacket, swarming with fleas, is his chief garment; short trowsers, of leather or the coarsest cloth, and the everlasting conical woolen cap, together with some minor articles, among which the pistol or knife stuck in the waist-belt must not be forgotten, completing his attire. But when we turn from the men to the women, we find that the comparison is reversed. Nothing can well be more wretched than the dress of the Hungarian women on the banks of the Lower Danube. At Mohacs, for example, one saw them marching down to the river to get water, clad in a pair of their husband's enormous boots, a short petticoat, scarcely reaching to the knees, and a sheepskin jacket that also was the property of their better half. Again, at the frontier station, just before entering Roumania, my sensibilities were somewhat shocked at seeing a girl of 17 busily engaged in sweeping the veranda, and in nothing but a linen undergarment of very moderate dimensions, and this in spite of the fact that at least a dozen soldiers were lounging about close to her. In Hungary, in short, while the man is well dressed, his wife or daughter is dressed like a savage. In Roumania, on the other hand, the dress of the women is decidedly better than that of the men, and offers a most favorable contrast to that worn by their Hungarian sisters. In fact, after crossing the frontier, I saw no dresses which were not at least decent and sufficient, according to the Western standard, which is more than can be said of my experiences in some parts of Hungary.—[Fortnightly Review.

A Story by General Shields.

The new Senator from Missouri-General Shields, is telling some big Indian stories in Washington. At a literary reception which one of the reporters of the Post seems to have attended, notebook in hand, the General gave some scraps of autobiography in a quiet way. In the Spring of 1856, while traveling in Minnesota, near the Big Woods, about forty miles from St. Paul, he came to a lake of such picturesque surrroundings that he was tempted to explore it. Fastening his horse to a tree, he strolled on through the country, and, on trying to retrace his steps, found that he had lost his way. Night was falling when he descried a Sioux village of fifty tepees or wigwams. Entering the largest tepee, he saw some forty Indian warriors. They took notice of the traveler's entrance, and he approached a young and intelligent-looking Indian, and took hold of a string of beads which he wore round his neck, and pulled a trifle too hard, for the next moment the beads strewed the floor. The young man rose, seized his rifle, and, pointing to the beads, ordered a squaw to pick them up. He then motioned to the visitor to precede him, and they marched out of the village to a point opposite to where he had entered, and, either by accident or design on the part of the Indian, made a bee-line for his horse, which they found still securely fastened to the tree. After making his guide happy by giving him a $5 gold piece, the traveler made his way without difficulty to St. Paul. Delighted with the fertile spot he had discovered, he purchased the tract, including the lake and village, and returned after a few months with a party of ten, and formed a settlement, which is now a large and prosperous city.

HEREDITY.

A lecture by Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, being in the city, on her way from delivering a lecture at Mount Morris to Woodstock, where she lectures to-night, was given an informal reception last evening in the club-room of the Sherman House by about two dozen admirers, principally ladies.

Being invited to do so, Mrs. Stanton addressed the assembly on "Heredity," or, in Darwinian language, "Breeding of the Fittest." She said the law of inheritance should exclude many from entering the marriage relation. In selection of men for soldiers, or in training them for athletics sports the greatest care was exercised. Not so in choosing them to be fathers of families. The object of crossing was an important one in marriage. This is a law of vital as well as of chemical affinity which should be observed. Superior parents often have inferior children simply because they do not observe this law; and the reverse is also true that inferior parents, by being properly crossed in marriage, will have superior children. The third point in the lecture was the consideration of the transmission of acquired peculiarities from parents to children. A child will have good or bad qualities largely developed according as these were the ruling passion of the parents at inception. The next point dwelt upon was the influence of the mother's temperament during the prenatal period upon the child. So powerful is this that it could be truly said that the child was partially educated before birth. A mother can voluntariiy stamp upon her offspring future greatness. Hence a woman during this period should be guarded and nurtured with the tenderest care for the child's sake.

Mrs. Stanton said man, in the control of his passions, was governed by neither soul nor reason. She believed more children came into the world by accident then because the parents felt it their sacred duty to add to the population. A child's first right is to be well born; unless this is secured life is a hard struggle up hill; an easy slide down.

At the close of the lecture those present propounded many questions in social science, which were answered by Mrs. Stanton.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Three Distinguished Personages.

In Dean Stanley's address on America, recently delivered before the Birmingham and Midland Institute, he recalls to us the following "personal" of three personages who first sprang into fame in Virginia: "What can be more stirring or more primeval than the account of those brilliant adventurers who, in the dazzling glory of the Elizabethan age, were fired with the hope of perpetuating the name of the Virgin Queen on a new continent? Look at the first projector of the scheme—statesman, poet, historian, discoverer—Sir Walter Raleigh. He lies in a nameless grave at Wesminster, but his true monument is the colony of Virginia. Look at the strange figure, well-known in America—dimly, I fear, recognized in England—of him who, though bearing the homely name of John Smith, was the life and soul of that settlement, and whose career, both before and afterward, was checkered with a series of marvelous risks which might well have belonged to a Grecian Argonaut or a mediæval crusader. Thrice was his life saved by the interest which his presence inspired in three princesses whom he encountered in these various hazards—Culaneta, the lady of Hungary, Tragebizonda, the lady of the Turkish harem, and Pocahontas, the young daughter of the Indian chief Powhatan, who threw herself between him and her father's anger. It is by a singular fate that whilst Pocahontas, the earliest or almost the earliest Christian convert of the native tribes of North America, lies buried within the parish church of Gravesend, where she closed her life, the remains of John Smith, after his long and stormy career, should repose in the solemn gloom of the Church of St. Sepulchre, in the city of London. 'Here'—such was his epitaph—'he lies conquered who conquered all.'"

How a Big Estate Was Divided by Lot.

Mention was made recently of the lottery scheme for the partition of lands between heirs, and it was supposed that the division of the Bailey estate was made in this way, for the first time in this State. It appears, however, that one of the largest estates in Missouri was partitioned in 1863-4, under the direction of Mr. Britton A. Hill, counsellor for the estate of Peter Lindell, the real estate whereof was valued at about $6,000,000. There were ten heirs, each one being entitled to one-tenth of the whole estate. By virtue of a contract executed for that purpose between the heirs, the city and country lots, comprising the whole estate were accurately surveyed, numbered, and platted by W. H. Cozzens, Esq., and each lot was appraised by Commissioners Chas. K. Dickson, James T. Sweringen and Charles H. Peck. They then divided the lots into ten equal shares, and each share was bound with its plats and streets and descriptive calls. On the day of the allotment in 1864, the heirs met in the unfinished room in the second story at the south-east corner of the Lindell Hotel. The ten numbers of the shares were written on the respective shares from one to ten by the counselor, the ten numbers were written on ten square pieces of paper and placed in a hat; the names of the ten heirs were written on ten other square pieces of paper and placed in another hat. Neither one of the heirs knew the contents of either one of the bound volumes containing the several shares. When all was ready a crippled boy beggar, passing on Washington avenue, was called in, blindfolded under protest, and directed to draw one paper from each hat, thus designating the name of the heir and the number of the share, and to continue until the drawing of lots was completed. The blindfolded boy was released, and bright tears glistened in his eyes as ten golden half-eagles were dropped into his hand, and he was told that he had completed the division of the great Lindell estate to the satisfaction of all the heirs then present.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Social Drinking.

A few weeks ago, a notable company of gentlemen assembled in the ample parlors of the venerable and much beloved William E. Dodge in this city to listen to an essay, by Judge Noah Davis, on the relations of crime to the habit of intemperate drinking. The company was notable for its respectability, its number of public men, and the further fact that it contained many who were well known to be wine drinkers—unattached to any temperance organization. No one could have listened to Judge Davis' disclosure of the facts of his subject without the conviction that it was a subject worthy the attention of every philanthropist, every political economist, and every well-wisher of society present, whether temperance men or not. These facts, gathered from many quarters, and from the best authorities, were most significant in fastening upon the use of alcohol the responsibility for most of the crimes and poverty of society. Some of them were astounding, even to temperance men themselves, and there were none present, we presume, who did not feel that Judge Davis had done a rare favor to the cause of temperance in thus putting into its service his resources of knowledge and his pursuasive voice. How many were convinced by the facts detailed that evening that they ought to give up the habit of social drinking, we cannot tell. The probabilities are that none were so moved, for this habit of social drinking, or rather the considerations that go with it, are very despotic. The idea that a man cannot be hospitable without the offer of wine to his guests is so fixed in the minds of most well-to-do people in this city that they will permit no consideration to interfere with it. People in the country, in the ordinary walks of life, have no conception of the despotic character of this idea. There are literally thousands of respectable men in New York who would consider their character and social standing seriously compromised by giving a dinner to a company of ladies and gentlemen without the offer of wine. It is not that they care for it themselves, particularly. It is quite possible, or likely, indeed, that they would be glad, for many reasons, to banish the wine cup from their tables, but they do not dare to do it. It is also true that such is the power of the idea upon many temperance men that they refrain altogether from giving dinners, lest their guests should feel the omission of wine to be a hardship and an outrage upon the customs of common hospitality.

We have called these things to notice for a special reason. The company of wine-drinkers who made up so large a portion of the number that filled Mr. Dodge's rooms on the occasion referred to must have been profoundly impressed by the revelations and arguments of Judge Davis. They could not have failed to feel that by these revelations they had been brought face to face with a great duty—not, perhaps, the duty of stopping social drinking, and all responsible connection with it, but the duty of doing something to seal the fountains of this drink which has contributed so largely to the spread of crime and poverty and misery. A man must, indeed, be a brute who can contemplate the facts of intemperance without being moved to remedy them. They are too horrible to contemplate long at a time, and every good citizen must feel that the world cannot improve until, in some measure, the supplies of drink are dried up.

Our reason for writing this article is to call attention to the fact that there is something about this habit of social wine-drinking that kills the motives to work for temperance among those who suffer by coarse and destructive habits of drink. Temperance is very rarely directly labored for by those who drink wine. As a rule, with almost no exceptions at all, the man who drinks wine with his dinner does not undertake any work to keep his humble neighbors temperate. As a rule, too, the wine-drinking clergyman says nothing about intemperance in his pulpit, when it is demonstrably the most terrible scourge that afflicts the world. There seems to be something in the touch of wine that paralyzes the ministerial tongue, on the topic of drink.

We fully understand the power of social influence to hold to the wine cup as the symbol of hospitality. It is one of the most relentless despotisms from which the world suffers, and exactly here is its worst result We do not suppose that a very large number of drunkards are made by wine drunk at the table, in respectable homes. There is a percentage of intemperate men made undoubtedly here, but perhaps the worst social result that comes of this habit is its paralyzing effect upon reform—its paralyzing effect upon those whose judgments are convinced, and whose wishes for society are all that they should be. It is only the total abstainer who can be relied upon to work for temperance—who ever has been relied upon to work for temperance; and of Mr. Dodge's company of amiable and gentlemanly wine-drinkers, it is safe to concede that not one will join hands with him in temperance labor—with Judge Davis' awful facts sounding in his ears—who does not first cut off his own supplies.—[J. G. Holland, in Scribner for March.

How She Won Him.

Two beautiful young girls, though of different temperaments and style of beauty, were in love with the same young gentleman in a northern suburb, or—which comes to the same thing in effect—desired to marry him. One was a plump, robust and vivacious brunette; the other an etherial and sentimeutal blonde, of whom one admirer—a Boston young man—said that "fastidious critics might describe her as blanched and etiolated." The young man was rather taken up with the latter, who had a bewitching sigh and a far-away dreamy look, and, when refreshments were passed around, contented herself with pecking timidly at a maccaroon, like a dyspeptic canary, and the brunette felt that she must deliver a masterstroke ere the holidays, or else the young man was lost, and, in the present stringency of the matrimonial market, such a catastrophe was not to be contemplated with calmness. Accordingly, a week ago last night, she induced the young man to see her home from church, and on the way said: "What a darling girl Lucy is!" "She is, indeed," warmly answered the young man, pleased to hear the woman he was almost engaged to so warmly praised; "so dainty and delicate!" "Yes, indeed," resumed the apparently guileless girl; "and she would make a very nice wife for anyone who could afford it" "Why," said her companion, "it wouldn't cost much to board her—she doesn't eat any more than Molly Fancher." "Perhaps not," replied the temptress; "but even if she didn't the money wouldn't go into her husband's pocket, for the woman that keeps the boarding house would charge the same anyhow, and, in point of fact, it would cost her husband more, for the Bologna sausage, peanuts, fat ham-sandwiches, plum cake, and so on that she would eat between meals would have to be furnished by herself. It isn't like when you have your own pantry to go to." "Bologna sausage!" said the young man, somewhat nervously; "do you mean to say that an etherial angel like Lucy feeds on Bologna sausage between meals?" "They all do it," responded his companion, "and in that manner ruin their stomachs and lose their appetites, so that they look delicate." "But it would be different if she had a home of her own, where she could do her own housework, and have a sufficiency of plain food, which——" "But if she had a home of her own she couldn't do her own housework; she'd be too delicate for that, and her husband'd have to hire a servant girl that would eat as much almost as she'd carry away for her friends. Poor Lucy's poor dear elder sister tried it, and overtaxed her strength, and for nine years she has been an invalid, and has to be fed on liver, wings of chicken and dry champagne, three pints a day. Poor creatures! I pity them. I know I seem vulgarly coarse and unpoetical to many young men, because I eat so heartily, but since I was two years and eighteen months old I haven't cost mamma and papa a dollar for doctor's bills, I can carry a scuttle of coal in each hand heaping full, and I always get up before the servant girl in cold weather to light the fires—the sensation is so delightful; just like electricity and champagne." This last touch settled the young man; he cried in raptures, "Be mine!" and it was 2:20 a. m. on Monday before she let him out of the front door. On Monday afternoon he was seen at a well-known jeweler's getting a set of pearls and sapphires changed for something more becoming to a lady of dark complexion. Alas, poor Lucy! —[Chicago Tribune.

Zulu Valor.

For courage and other warlike qualities, the Zulus may fairly be called the Afghans of Africa, and many of their recorded exploits would do credit to any trained soldier. Some few years ago a Zulu hunter, hearing a young British officer speak somewhat lightly of native prowess, offered to give him a specimen of it by killing single-handed a huge lion which infested the neighborhood. The challenge was accepted, and the brave fellow at once set forth upon his dangerous errand, the officer and several of his comrades following at a distance. Having drawn the beast from his lair, the hunter wounded him with a well-flung spear, and instantly fell flat on the ground beneath his huge shield of rhinoceros hide, which covered his whole body like the lid of a dish. The lion having vainly expended his fury upon it, at length drew back a few paces. Instantly the shield rose again, a second lance struck him, and his furious rush encountered only the impenetrable buckler. Foiled again, the lion crouched close beside his ambushed enemy, as if meditating a siege; but the wily savage raised the further end of the shield just enough to let him creep noiselessly away into the darkness, leaving his buckler unmoved. Arrived at a safe distance, he leveled his third spear at the broad yellow flank of the royal beast with such unerring aim as to lay him dead on the spot, and then returned composedly to receive the apologies and congratulations of the wondering spectators.—[New York Times.

Two thousand Indians dwell in Lower Canada, one-half of whom are Catholics.

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, IND., FEBRUARY 26, 1879.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE SIGNAL is authorized to announce that W. H. Smith, formerly editor of the Star, will be a candidate for Clerk of the city of Logansport, at the spring election.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

$1.00.

WORK!

REVIVE.

PUSH the work.

SUBSCRIBE now.

READ our "ads."

MEETING to-night.

PREPARE for the 31st.

REPORT your meetings.

THE Zion union has been reorganized.

SEND us short reports of your meetings.

OUR friends in Lafayette are at it again.

THE convention was a success in every particular.

FRANCIS MURPHY spoke at Lafayette last night.

WILL the Fourth of July "bum" be repeated in '79?

SEVERAL contributions were crowded out this week.

OUR Colorado letter is unusually interesting this week.

BRO. GRIMES, New Waverly, made us a call last week.

THE prospects for continued success at New Waverly are encouraging.

OUR friends will pardon any deficiencies of this number of THE SIGNAL.

ALL professors of temperance are prohibitionists. Time will establish this fact.

MRS. REV. SNYDER and daughter, of Walton, sojourned in the city for a few days last week.

A. R. Woods, Principal of the schools at Flora, Ind., attended the convention. He is a jolly lad.

SOCIETIES desiring the services of Gen. Sam. A. Chambers ("Silver-Top") may address this office.

THE Davenport Blue Ribbon News by its inconsistent advocacy of party is making itself many enemies and no friends.

WE are indebted to the Secretary, friend Geo. S. Jones, for the proceedings of the Shelby County Temperance Convention.

President Murray went out to Clay township, to assist in the Murphy work, Sunday night D. B. Graham presided in his absence.

HON. B. F. CAMPBELL spent Sunday the 16th, at his home in this county. He returned to Indianapolis on Monday to continue his labors in the House.

A UNION was organized at St. Johns church, Clinton township, last week by Bros. McKee and Mellinger, with David Clymer as president. It will prosper.

WE will not be responsible for money payed to A. G. Murray for subscription for THE SIGNAL, as he is an impostor, and has no authority to take subscriptions.

THE editor held a meeting at Star City, Saturday night. Seventeen young men signed the pledge, making total membership of nearly 300. The good people there are determined.

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

A UNION was formed at Lewisburg, last Thursday evening, by Bros. Mellinger and McKee. Mr. Pierson was elected president. The society will flourish. Another meeting will be held to-morrow night.

THE Fairland Bulletin has come over squarely on the side of temperance, and hereafter may be classed a strict temperance "speaking-tube." We welcome the good editor and his excellent paper to the fold of right.

THE people of Cass county want prohibition. They see in it the crown to their final purposes, which shall be realized only when the rum traffic is completely within their power.

WE urge every honest-thinking temperance man to vote ONLY for temperance men. Endeavor to instill in your party temperance principles, but if you cannot do this, sever yourself from the intemperate portions of it.

THE "big two," Bros. Comingore and Streeter, came up from Lafayette, last Sunday, and greeted their innumerable friends. They contributed to the interest of our excellent Sunday night meeting by speeches of a cheering character. Long live the boys.

THE attention of the Grand Jury and authorities is called to the fact that the Murdock Hotel billiard saloon is open Sundays. Billiards are played from Saturday evening till daylight, Sunday, and later, and should be attended to. Put them through.

Another Failure.

THE desperate and cunning attempts of the whisky men to induce the present legislature of Maine to modify its stringent liquor law have been most overwhelmingly defeated. This failure is very significant. It is fair to presume that the temperance people of the Pine Tree State, including, as they do, a very large majority of that commonwealth's population, have common sense enough to decide, after all these years of trial, whether legal prohibition helps or hinders their cause. Having the balance of power they are easily able to secure any legislation they desire. If prohibition is the failure claimed by some, why should the efforts to change it ever so little be always met with a hearty and unanimous "Hands off!" Divided on all other public questions they may be, but they are firmly united on this. Parties do not ordinarily continue to block their way with their own legislative acts through a long series of years, especially when repeatedly their opponents try to secure a change. The temperance party in Maine can make any modification they wish in their statutes regulating the sale of liquors. It is the greatest absurdity to suppose that they would allow a law to remain in force which interfered with their interests. They certainly know what they want; they have ample power to secure the necessary legislation, and they have throughly tested every form of license and prohibition. They still say more strongly than ever that the latter serves temperanee better than anything else. Surely their judgment is worth more than that of their enemies.

Why also should the rummies make such frequent, ingenious and determined efforts to have the Maine liquor law changed, if it does not materially injure their business? They pour out money most freely and leave no means untried to have each legislature change the statutes. Why all this expenditure of time, money and ability, if prohibition is such a failure? Most certainly the course of the friends and foes of legal prohibition is utterly inexplicable if it is so injurious to the cause of temperance. We cannot believe that all the men in both parties are either fools or crazy as they surely are, if prohibition is not a reasonable success.

Are We Succeeding.

THE whisky organ says, "It is estimated that not less than 90,000 people have signed the temperance pledge in Indiana during the past eighteen months, and strange as it may seem, there are as many saloons running and just as many drunks now as there were before this last spasm seized hold of the people."

The report of the revenue department shows that the receipts of revenue were much less in 1877-8 than for many years previous. This is conclusive proof to us that the temperance work has not been in vain, or else the rummys have been defrauding the government of its revenue; but the better solution of the matter would be the former. Wherever the work has been introduced has been attended with a reduction of consumption of liquors and of drunkenness; and especially in the small towns and hamlets is the good results noticeable, where in many places they have been freed entirely from rum-shops and doggeries. But everywhere have the number of saloons been lessened, and cases of drunkenness less frequent.

The organ states what it knows is untrue, as it is evident to every person outside the lunatic asylum that total abstinence is a sure cure for drunkenness, and will show the utter uselessness of saloons as a "source of industry."

"INDUSTRY."

OPINION OF A CORRESPONDENT ON THE SUBJECT.

AND SPEAKS POINTEDLY FROM ESTABLISHED FACTS.

To the Editor:

WHEN THE SIGNAL came only a glance was given the first page, thinking there could be little to interest or spend time to read in a whisky circular. In another column the earnest request "to read, read twice, think over and sift it down," compelled me to again turn to the first page. Well it was read to "channels of industry;" could there be any use in reading further! "Think over!"

"And force you into other channels of industry." Is this the 19th century? Is this a nation whose public schools are daily opened with a bible lesson? whose every non-sectarian college and university has its choir of philosophy to teach truth and moral forces? A country with millions of untaxed church property, where every little village has its one or more house of God, with spire pointing heavenward; and that annually sends men and women with the Bible in their hands to distant lands, supporting them there, to teach the gospel to benighted heathen. And here at home, in this gospel land, this land of civilization, of education, in the year of our Lord, 1879? A State committee cooly and calmly calls the whisky traffic "a channel of industry." Well may it be asked, where are we drifting? Would the untutored savage of the plains when he slays the body only of his enemy call it industry? Total depravity was an iron creed that could not be believed, and some pity had been felt for saloon-keepers, thinking unskilled hands, lack of employment, or some unfortunate circumstances had led them into their unrighteous business, and that if the way were opened they would gladly engage in honorable work. Nor can we yet believe, that the majority of them, if they will stop and rationally think, are so lost to all sense of shame, as to call the breaking of hearts, the dishonoring of homes, the ruining of souls "industry." That depravity is left for the State Central Executive Committee of the Liquor Dealers of Indiana. O, ye idlers of the world, must rum and desolation sit at every hearth-stone ere you will arouse yourselves, and in the majesty of numbers sweep from the land this whisky-demon?

O, the senseless fallacy with which we blind ourselves, that revenue from whisky is needed for educational purposes, to pave streets, to help keep the wheels of government in motion, insane asylums, prisoners, county infirmary's, homes for the friendless, orphans' homes. Are they supported by sunshine, air and the free winds of heaven? Does the red tape that guards them cost nothing? Add up the long columns, then balance with your whisky tax, ever remembering this same whisky makes necessary two-thirds of them, deduct that and where do you stand.

Well has it been said, "Shame on the ignorance of a people that souls of men must be lost because there is no other way of educating the young."

Recently in Chicago, Professor Swing, in preaching upon public duty to minors, has this to say:

"We are lulled into a dangerous security by the feeling that the millions of our youth are receiving education in the common schools. The sooner we re-open and re-examine that word, education, the better, for it is barely possible that our three thousand grog-shops and low resorts are surpassing the school-house in bending the twig and inclining the tree of the future; and, if so, then the State which boasts of educating its children is beaten along its own streets by the equally free schools of vice. There are other educational powers than the school-house.

"In the old classic books the inventive fancy was wont to describe the many labors and sorrows of the infernal world, and by helps of this revelation through imagination, it was found that all the inconsistent or visionary men of earth were doomed to follow in Hades a pursuit which constantly came to nothing. One man who had on earth constantly spoken words which never came to pass, and made promises which he never performed, was condemned to carry water to fill a tub which had a bottom bored full of holes, and these holes were nicely adjusted to the size of the bucket with which the poor soul was to carry the deceitful water. When we see the school-houses of our city and then the gambling and drinking-houses which garnish this education, the classic story comes back to memory and we seem to be for the hour in that "Inferno," where a mistaken old citizen was patiently carrying buckets full of water to that tub whose holes were graded to his footstep and his bucket.

"The doom of another ancient was yet more vain and humiliating. He had spun vain theories for his fellow man. He had unfolded a philosophy, perhaps, which no one could practice, or, he had perhaps consumed the people by his plans to save them. At least he was a fruitless mind, and it was his fate to make a rope of hay and while he was twisting in the sweet new grass at his end, a hungry ass was set to consume the rope at the other terminus. And as the consuming brute had been divinely gifted with an appetite that never abated, as he was hungry and immortal, the race of the rope-maker and the rope-consumer was painfully even. You will have no difficulty in applying to modern times this fable, for our public twists in the sweet grass of education for the young and then sets the whisky force, always hungry and equally unmortal, to consuming the sweet rope at the other end. That the consumer is almost equal to the producer few can doubt.

Is the world not ready for prohibition, to poor as yet, and this industry must flow deeper, giving a harvest of disease, gaunt hunger, untold wretchedness and crime, that revenue may be collected to lay streets with flagstones, light with gas, and support free schools. What will be the verdict upon such economy by the more enlightened who will tread the earth a hundred years from now. The blush of shame should mantle the cheek at the thought of bequeathing such false reasoning, such childish economy, such sin-stamped history to the future.

Rest assured, to-day, that unless you mend your ways in this respect, to-morrow, will surely write over the door of your soul, "Thou art weighed in the balance, and art found wanting."

May prohibition be the watch-word, the battle cry that shall ring from the broad Atlantic to the warm sands of the Pacific, the answering shout from the south to the north, the golden cord, that stronger than sectional or party feeling shall unite all in peace and unity to battle for this living principle, which gained will place us among the nations of the earth, the youngest in years, but oldest in wisdom.

For this end may we unceasingly work, counting all things as nought until these men, the foes of their country and their race, are won or forced into honest channels of industry, saved from themselves, and this nation free indeed.

F. M. F.

SHULTZTOWN.

A Serious Charge of Crookedness Against a Groceryman.

WE have received communications and information from Shultztown, implicating a groceryman in some crookedness which needs investigation. An informant writes:

"A groceryman over here is selling alcoholic drinks, under cover of cider. Several persons have been made drunk in the past two months, and he has sworn them not to divulge the doings at his place at night."

Another says:

"——— has heard that he is watched by a committee from the city, and so he inspects his customers before they enter his store at night. He then locks the door, and "gives" away whisky, cider and beer, while gambling is carried on till twelve and one o'clock."

Thus the matter is placed before our readers, by persons who could have no object in misrepresenting Mr. ——. If Mr. —— can satisfactorily explain himself, well and good; we desire only to do justice to all parties. In the meantime we call the attention of the city and U. S. authorities to the case. If he is innocent an honest investigation will do him no harm; if he is guilty he should be prosecuted to the fullest extent. The United States does not look upon the transgressors of her laws with a particle of leniency, and if Mr. —— has been trampling upon her statutes he may rest assured that he will have to dance to a different tune. Let the matter be investigated at once.

Hearty Endorsement.

THE Hon. James Black, of Lancaster, Pa., the prohibition candidate for President in 1872, has written a letter heartily endorsing the Woman's Home Protection movement. He truly says, "Without the ballot we can neither repeal license nor enact prohibition of 'the crime of crimes'."

Ex-Vice President Colfax likewise approves the work and object of Home Protection. He says:

"And it is not without significance that, in the Lord's Prayer, the invocation not to be led into temptation precedes the appeal to be delivered from evil. I hope that your society may bring about a more through protection for the rising generation than now exists. Every measure for the prevention of the innumerable evils of every kind, resulting from intemperance in every state and by every agency, has my warmest wishes for its success."

Galesburg, Ill., Feb. 16.—Over 2,700 persons who had never previously taken the pledge, signed during the temperance revival here, under the management of the Hon. A. B. Campbell, of Bloomington. The meetings closed last night with a grand love feast at the Opera House.

A PERT LETTER.

In Which a Murphy President Sets Down on a Whisky-Guzzling Lie-Peddler.

THE president of the Crawfordsville blue ribbon club speaks in the following plain terms to the editor of the Lafayette murder advocate:

"In your issue of 30th of January you say that 'The Murphy followers at Crawfordsville recently had a fair, ostensibly for the benefit of the club. They realized a considerable sum of money, but when it came to divide they could not agree, and their organization 'busted wide open.'' Now, my dear sir, I wish to correct the above statement in the interest of justice and 'right.' The Murphy club at Crawfordsville is not 'busted wide open,' but is united and gathering strength every day; it now numbers over 3,000, and has in its treasury over $500, being more than double the amount of money in treasury of the entire state organization of Freedom and Right.

We hold large and enthusiastic meetings twice a week in the court house. I have been laboring in the cause of temperance for over thirty years, and I never saw before so much zeal manifested in the advancement of temperance as to-day. The signs of the times are propitious. That victory will ultimately crown our efforts is as certain as that God is just.

Rally, if you will, your deluded and blinded followers beneath the golden words, 'freedom and right,' but that conscienceness that inher in the human heart, through the inspiration of man's divine nature, cries aloud against the wickedness of your cause, and humanity turns aghast at the horrid spectacle. Believing that the circulation of your paper will advance our cause, I enclos one dollar," etc.

The Convention on Legislation.

THE convention on Friday afternoon considered the probale measures of restraining the traffic, and the extended debate developed the knowledge that the temperance people of the county are decidedly in favor of prohibition. However, it was argued by a great many that as a law of that kind would be unconstitutional until the State constitution had been amended a local option law would be preferable until prohibition could be secured. While the resolution endorsed at the time mentioned is rather indefinite, we believe it was intended to express a wish and prayer for the best law possible. Radical prohibitionists will compromise under no consideration, while the more liberal are anxious to secure a good law for enforcement until prohibition can be reached; yet every temperance man and woman in the county are extremely solicitous for the complete and entire prohibition of the curse. There was no question as to the success of such law, but as to the expediency of petitioning for it at a time when there was so little hope of getting it. It is believed that if local option can be secured the sale of intoxicants in this county will be confined to one or two wards. The convention was composed of some of the ablest and most substantial men in the county, and representing as it did 16,000 people, its deliberations should be regarded by the legislature as the sentiment of our citizens. Their action will be watched closely, and if they are honest representatives, actuated by honest purposes, they cannot fail to see the justice of affording relief by proper legislation.

The bill introduced by Mr. Shields seems to meet the requirements of a license law, and would be a great improvement on existing laws, but the majority of our people desire a law that will give the people the right to regulate and restrict liquor selling. Therefore, our representatives at Indianapolis are urged to favor, first, prohibition; second, local option.

An Excellent Bill.

THE Hon. Mr. Shields, of Jackson county, has introduced a bill (H.B.415) in the legislature which contains many provisions of real merit.

It provides that the vender shall be moral; give notice of his intention to apply for license; pay a fee of $100; and give bond in the sum of $2,000, as a guarantee of faithful observance of law.

He is prohibited from selling on Sundays, holidays, and election days.

He shall not sell to habitual drunkards.

He shall not sell to minors.

He shall be liable for damages to person and property resulting from his sales.

He shall in no way employ minors or permit them in places where liquor is sold.

In fact, the bill would seem to meet the requirements of the liquor traffic under the license system.

Last Week at Lafayette.

Our friend Dan Comingore, of Lafayette, writes us thusly:

"Our meetings are crowded and jammed every evening, the excitement is high, from forty to sixty signers every night, 120 signed Monday. These meetings will be kept up for two or three weeks yet."

REGULATORS,

OF EVERY KIND, MEET TO SYSTEMETIZE THE WORK.

INTERESTING SESSIONS OF THE CASS COUNTY TEMPERANCE UNION.

The Cass County Temperance Union met in Murphy Hall, Thursday morning at half past ten o'clock, with President W. H. Leedy in the chair.

A Scripture lsson was read by Bro. Murray, and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mahin.

The morning session was devoted to hearing reports, appointment of committees and general business.

The reports of the Vice Presidents show that the temperance work is gradually gaining ground at every point.

Messrs. G. P. McKee, Hudson McKee, Revs. Mahin, Rohrer and Julian were appointed a committee on programme.

Messrs. Cushman and Mellinger, and Mrs. White were appointed a committee on resolutions.

Messrs. Johnson and Horn were appointed marshals.

Remarks of interest were made by several of the delegates.

AFTERNOON.

Convention called to order with Vice President Mellinger in the chair.

After prayer and scripture lesson, the report from delegations showed a good representation.

The report of the Executive Committee was received and placed on file.

Two bills now before the Legislature, (House bill 194, introdnced by Mr. Reicheldafer; and House bill, 415, introduced by Mr. Shields,) were read and considered.

The first received little attention, and the latter seemed to contain points of merit above the existing law.

A committee consisting of Dr. Justice, Revs. McKee and Hawkins, was appointed to draft a suitable resolution expressing the sentiments of the convention regarding legislation, and of instruction to Representative Campbell.

The committee retired, and afterward reported, in substance, as follows:

The Majority Report — "Resolved, That we desire the representatives of Cass county at Indianapolis to urge the adoption of laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors."

Minority Report—"Resolved, That this convention deems it advisable, in case a prohibitory liquor law cannot be obtained, to request the representatives from this county at Indianapolis to advocate the passage of a local option law.

After extended debate, the matter was laid on the table until three o'clock this p. m.

The next topic, "should the law be enforced and does the principles of Murphyism prohibit members from enforcing it," was taken up and debated at length.

The discussion was concluded by the unanimous adoption of the following resolution, offered by Rev. Rohrer:

Resolved, That the principles of Murphyism do not prohibit members from using every possible effort to enforce any or all laws of our State or nation.

After further consideration of topics, the convention adjourned, having completed an excellent work, and gaining many points of information.

EVENING SESSION.

Gen. Chambers, better known as "Silver Top," delivered a lecture to a fair audience, which appeared highly pleased with the speaker's amusing anecdotes, pathetic recitals and earnest appeals in favor of total abstinence.

FRIDAY'S SESSIONS.

The exercises were commenced at 10:30 a. m., with G. P. McKee in the chair. One-half hour was devoted to the business of the Union.

The topic for the morning discussion, "How best to promote the work throughout the county," received the attention of the convention for the remainder of the morning session.

Addresses were made by many of the delegates.

Rev. J. H. Rohrer offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That we pay out of the funds of the treasury the sum of $5.00 for the organization of a union on new territory in Cass county. The money to be paid to the person or persons organizing snch union three months after the date of the organization, if said union is in good running order at the expiration of the said three months.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The convention was called to order, with S. R. Mellinger in the chair.

Secretary Ivins offered his resignation, which was accepted, and G. P. McKee was elected to fill the office pro tem.

One-half hour was devoted to business.

On motion Dr. J. M. Justice was elected Assistant Treasurer.

The following resolution laid on the table at a previous session, was taken up:

Resolved, That we favor prohibition, and instruct our Representatives to favor a prohibition law.

The resolution was presented by Messrs. Justice and McKee as a majority report.

The following was offered by Rev. A. W. Hawkins, as a minority report of the committe on resolutions:

Resolved, That we instruct our Representatives in the Legislature to procure a Prohibitary law, if such can be secured, if not secure local option as the next best measure.

The resolutions were warmly discussed for one hour and a half, when a vote was called and the minority report was received and adopted.

On motion of Rev. Hudson McKee, it was decided that the next meeting of the Union should be a Mass Convention.

A motiou to hold the next meeting at Spring Creek, was lost.

On motion of W. E. Murray, it was decided to hold the next convention in this city, on May 30th and 31st, 1879.

After disposal of other business, the convention adjourned until 7:30.

EVENING SESSION.

The evening session was called to order with President W. H. Leedy, in the chair.

M. S. Pettit was elected Permanent Secretary.

D. B. Graham offered the following resolutions, which were adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that the Cass County Temperance Convention now about to close, has been a complete success, and has been the means of doing great good in pushing forward the temperance reform.

2. That the Murphy Signal, of Logansport, Ind., is the very best temperance paper published in the West, and is worthy of the earnest support of every true friend of the temperance reform.

3. That the Murphy Signal is worthy of the support of every temperance man, and ought to be taken and thoroughly read by every temperance family in the State.

4. That we, as a temperance convention of Cass county, Indiana, earnestly recommend that each and every temperance family in the State of Indiana, so soon as practicable, subscribe for, sustain and read the Murphy Signal of Logansport under the editorial management of Bro. Will Leedy.

Messrs. Rohrer, Graham and McKee were appointed a committee on programme for the next convention.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to short addresses by several members.

The convention then adjourned, having transacted a large amount of important business.

An Outrageous Bill.

A BILL has been introduced in the House by a modern Gambrinus—Mr. Reicheldafer, of Allen county—which the author has the audacious effrontery to style "the most reasonable and sensible measure ever brought before a State Legislature," and "one that will meet the approval of both the temperance and whisky elements"—as if such a thing were possible!! The bill virtually provides for free whisky, and it is so framed that it excludes every hope of afflicted families and neighborhoods from redress and protection from rum's ravages. It was introduced at the solicitation of the whisky dealers, and they are bringing every power at command to bear upon its passage. But we are assured that even with their money on hand for corrupt purposes they will fail in their efforts to push it through. Every honest man in the state hopes so.

However, if the people will send such beer-bloates as Reicheldafer to the legislature, they may expect unsatisfactory legislation in every respect. The war is now between the people and saloon-keepers. The legislature should be careful to do the greatest good to the greatest number, and the passage of the bill referred to would be a direct insult to every sober citizen of the state.

The Teachers' Reunion.

THE reunion of the school teachers, held in this city week before last, was an occasion of rare profit and pleasure to all in attendance. We are almost tempted to transgress and give the full proceedings, so interesting were they, but want of space, more than anything else, forbids this great pleasure. The reunion was under the management of County Superintendent Harry G. Wilson, and in attendance were some of the most prominent and successful educators of the state, including all the teachers of the county and city schools. Harry Wilson deserves no little credit for the successful affair.

It is also worthy of mention that with two or three exceptions the teachers of the county are pledged, TOTAL abstainers.

BRO. CHAS. MORGAN, of Jordan society, Marshall county, made us a brotherly call last Monday.

Indiana will not be in the rear.

SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS — NOTEWORTHY EVENTS.

THE WORK AS IT IS PROGRESSING EVERYWHERE.

—The cause is not losing ground at Coal Valley, Ill.

—Rousing meetings are held at Bloomington, Ill.

—The prohibitory law of Eldora, Iowa, is a success.

—Temperance societies are being formed in Germany.

—Maine puts her corn in cans; Kentucky puts hers in bottles.

—Nearly 2,000 signed the pledge, week before last, at Galesburg, Ill.

—At the last election in Ohio 5,674 votes were cast for prohibition.

THE Legislature of Connecticut is considering a bell-punch liquor law.

—Dr. H. A. Reynolds will soon commence a new campaign in Michigan.

—A prohibition party convention is called to meet in St. Louis on the 3d of March.

—The temperance movement has struck the town of Mitchell, Iowa, in earnest.

—A dodge to "oust" the prohibitory ordinance of South Evanstan (Chicago) has been "nipped."

—Atlantic, Iowa, has had a grand temperance revival, which resulted in closing every saloon.

—The commonest proof we have that man is made of clay, "is the brick so often found in his hat."

—Rev. S. Cole, of Columbia City, recently talked to the temperance people of Tyner City, Marshall Co.

—The Prohibitionists will hold a convention in Indianapolis on the first of May to nominate a full State ticket.

—The acting Mayor of Milwaukee is determined to enforce the stringent laws in relation to the saloons of that city.

—Why are many harbors dangerous places for seamen? Because the first thing the sailor comes across is the bar?

THE City Council of Chicago has authorized the Mayor of that city to employ twenty special policemen in the suppression of the sale of liquor to minors.

—The Yankees say that a drunkard's nose is a light-house, warning us to keep clear of Maderia, Holland and Bourbon.

—Moral suasion is an exeellent tonic for drinkers, but when you come to use it on liquor-sellers, you might as well try to shoot a rhinoceros with a pop-gun.

—The Philadelphia city editor, who had written about Gen. Hancock's "smelling the battle from afar," was mad when he saw it in type, "smelling the bottle from a bar."

—The Congressional Temperence Society, which was organized forty-six years ago, held a meeting Wednesday in Washington, and elected Secretary of War, McCrary, President.

—Eminent physicians say that eight-tenths of the people who died from sunstroke were drinkers, and most of them excessive drinkers. Comment is hardly necessary.

—An exchange says there are 10,995 grog-shops in New York City; the receipts for license are about $300,000 a year, and it costs the city $7,000,000 for its paupers and police bill.

—Michigan University has organized a Student's Temperance Society, with Prof. Onlay as President, and about 600 have joined under pledge, of whom eighty-five are young ladies.

—A young man in Providence who had been out of work for months, after carrying his tools half a mile to do a job, refused it, when he learned it was to fit up a liquor store. All honor to him.

—The Clinton, Iowa Herald declares prohibition to be a failure. It editorially in another column says: "All the available liquors in Parkersburg were recently spilled in the street according to law."

—The grand jury of Floyd county, at its last term, indicted four men for being drunk in a public places. This is the first instance where the grand jury has indicted persons for being drunk.—[Mitchell Times.

—A city ordinance went into effect in Cincinnati, Wednesday last, forbidding candidates for municipal offices "treating" voters, under penalty of $50 fine, ten days in jail, and the forfeiture of the right to vote at future municipal elections.

AFTER two years of litigation the Monroe county Circuit Court, last week, refused to grant four applications to retail spirituous liquors. There have been no retail saloons in that county since the murder of John Moore, in a saloon at Bloomington, in 1871.

—Says Hon. Wm. Baxter concerning Indiana: "Between the years 1860 and 1870 under license, while the population increased 24 per cent. the manufacture of intoxicants increased 305 per cent. (more than twelve times as fast), pauperism increased 130 per cent. persons actually in prison 220 per cent. This was followed by one year of local option, when saloons decreased one-third; drunkenness, 33 per cent.; and convicts committed, 25 per cent.

—The Cocoa Public Houses, established as an antidote to the drinking-houses continue to prove successful in Liverpool. Their recent annual report showed that they had earned a dividend of ten per cent. besides an additional ten per cent. set aside from the profits for depreciation. Those interested in them, seeing the readinets with which the working men patronize them, are beginning to think that they have heretofore been driven into the drinking houses for want of a better place to go to.

—A new "sour-mash" shop was opened in Chicago yesterday, and the proprietor made himself a common nuisance by hiring a corps of poor drummers to march and counter-march through the principle streets, deafening people with an unearthly din. Such "openings" need not excite alarm, for we presume the "closings" number about as many as the "openings." At least it is to be hoped so. The only difference is that the latter affairs are not made manifest by any drumming.—*Inter-Ocean.*

CLUB US.

Club Us Hard—Club Us All Over—Club Us Everybody.

THE SIGNAL will be furnished at the following rates, to societies and individuals getting up clubs:

One copy, one year	$ 1 00
Five copies, one year	4 25
Ten copies, one year (with extra copy)	7 00
Fifteen copies, " " "	10 50
Twenty-five copies, " " "	15 00
Fifty copies, one year, " " "	25 00

Every union in the state should take advantage of the above offer.

It will pay you to circulate temperance literature among your people.

The cash must accompany each list.

Address all communications to the editor, box 411.

Responsible agents wanted in every county in the union.

Wrong Again.

The Tribune, of Chicago, never fails to misrepresent the practical results of the temperance movement. If it were a whisky organ it could not more blindly and maliciously oppose prohition. On this subject it never tells the truth. Recently it said that in all the New England States prohibition had proven a failure. The utter falseness of this most wicked statement has been incontestably shown by L. F. Chamberlain, of Norwich, Conn. From facts, sufficiently strong and weighty, to let a little light even into the editorial management of *The Tribune* if it were not cased in an armor of prejudice harder than adamant. This gentleman proves that prohibitory laws succeed as well in his city as do any other legal enactments, even better than some.

Murphy Movements.

Probably one of the best Murphy meetings held in the city for many weeks was that of Sunday evening. The audience was large and attentive. D. B. Graham occupied the chair. Addresses were made by Messrs. Middleton, Woods, Streter, Roach, Stoll, Comingore and Leedy, which were unusually interesting. At the conclusion several signed the pledge.

The evident social feeling added much to the pleasure and profit of the occasion, and it is probable that a general revival will follow the active work which is promised. The convention of Thursday and Friday contributed greatly to creating the singleness of purpose now evinced, and if the wish of the workers is gratified, the people may expect good news from the Logansport Temperance Union.

"SILVER-TOP" admires the Marion temperance people above all others in Northern Indiana. He writes from Seymour that Stephe R. Smith, who is now at that place, has done the cause more injury in the past week than any other influence has done in six months. Smith is a hindrance to the work.

Hughes and Ward will probably be here to-night.

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It must be hired for not less than six months, but it may be returned at any time after that. If retained until the price of the Organ is paid, it will become that person's property without further payment.

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MUSICAL MERCHANDISE Kept

Also, Agent for

WEBER PIANOS.

N. B.—Lessons given at reasonable rates. 5.3m.10

PAPA'S LETTER.

I was sitting in my study,
Writing letters when I heard,
Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma musn't be 'isturbed.

"But I's tirred of the kitty;
Want some ozzer fing to do,
Writin letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I write a letter too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty now."
"No, no, mamma, me write letter—
Tan if 'ou will thow me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait,
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in port I pasted
'Mid the waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away and bear good news;"
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee;
"Mamma's writing lots of letters—
I's a letter, Mary—see!"

No one heard the little prattler
As he once more climbed the stair,
Reached his little hat and tippet,
Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened,
Till he reached the office door,
"Its a letter, Mr Postman;
Is there room for any more?"

"Cause dis letter's doin' to papa;
Papa lives with God 'ou know,
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou fing 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered:
"Not to-day my little man."
"Den I'll find annozzer office;
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening,
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right,
And a pair of maddened horses
At that moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the morning air.

'Twas too late—a moment early
Stood the beauteous vission there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair.

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Growing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a foot had trod;
But the little life was ended--
"Papa's letter" was with God.

DAVID SWAN.

BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are other innumerable events—if such they may be called—which come close upon us yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach by the reflection of any light or shadow across our mind. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocer line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmantown Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise until nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming of the state coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh bubbling spring, that it seemed never to have sparkled to any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a stripe cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet rise from the road, after the heavy rain of the day before; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, on horseback, and in all sort of vehicles, along the road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right nor to the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected the venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when no one else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the road side. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments, when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a stand-still nearly in front of David's resting-place. A linch-pin had fallen out and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned only a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in a carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple trees and there espied the bubbling fountain and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took good heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

"How soundly he sleeps," whispered the old gentleman. "From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind."

"And youth besides," said the lady. "Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his than our wakefulness."

The longer they looked the more did this elderly couple feel interested in the youth, to whom the wayside and the maple shade were as a secret chamber, with the rich gloom of damask curtains brooding over him. Perceiving that a stray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face the old lady contrived to twist a branch aside so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began to feel like a mother to him.

"Providence seems to have laid him here," she whispered to her husband, "and to have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we wake him?"

"To what purpose?" said the merchant, hesitating. "We know nothing of the youth's character."

"That open countenance!" replied his wife, in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. "This innocent sleep."

While these whispers were passing the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated. Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth, except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases, people sometimes do stranger acts than to act the magician and awaken a young man to splendor, who fell asleep in poverty.

"Shall we not waken him?" repeated the lady persuasively.

"The coach is ready, sir," said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in his carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two, when a pretty young girl came along, with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was panting in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused—is there any harm in saying it?—her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth—if silk it were—was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing red as any rose that she should intrude into a gentleman's bed-chamber, and for such purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tip-toe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead—buzz, buzz, buzz—now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shadow, till he finally appeared on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath and a deep blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling a dragon in the the air.

"He is handsome" thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten up his face! she was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom in all his vague but passionate desires he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love—him only, could she receive into the depths of her heart—and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy lustre would never gleam upon his life again.

"How sound he sleeps!" murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened at that identical time to be looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here again had good fortune—the best of fortunes—stolen so near that her garments brushed against him, and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dress were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals who got their living by whatever the Devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villainy on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But finding David asleep by the spring one of the rogues whispered to his fellow—

"Hist! Do you see that bundle under his head?"

The other villian nodded, winked and jeered.

"I'll bet you a horn of brandy,' said the first, "that the chap has either a pocket book or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket."

"But how if he awakes?" said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waist coat, pointed to the handle of a dirk and nodded.

"So be it!" muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David aud while one pointed the dagger toward his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villians glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never wore a more tranquill aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

"I must take away the bundle," whispered one.

"If he stirs I'll strike," muttered the other.

But at this moment a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple trees and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, and then at the sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

"Pshaw!" said one villian. "We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind."

"Let's take a drink and be off," said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust the weapon back into his bosom and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills at a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor with a block tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram and left the spot, with so many jests and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now he stirred, now moved his lips, without a sound, now talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday spectres of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber; and there was the stage coach. He started up, with all his ideas about him.

"Hallo, driver! Take a passenger?" he shouted.

"Room on top," answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily toward Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters, nor that one of love had sighed softly to their murmur, nor that one of death had threatened to crimson them with his blood; all in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our paths, there should be regularity enough in mortal life to render foresight even partially available.

The Code in France.

New York Times.

The practice in France of fighting duels is likely to continue as long as the Government not only give its sanction to them in the army, but compels officers, under certain conditions, to have recourse in them. A case in point recently occurred in Algeria. Two officers had a quarrel at mess, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have resulted in nothing more than a few days or weeks of misunderstanding. But the quarrel having been a public one, they were required by their superior officers to fight a duel—a method of settlement which neither was personally desirous of entering into. However, in obedience to command, the various formalities were proceeded with; sabers were selected as the appropriate weapon, and at the first louge, one of the combatants fell, mortally wounded. As the contest took place under official sanction, the survivor will not be held liable to the penalties which usually attach, even in France, to this species of murder; but the effect on public sentiment of such a course of action must be any thing but beneficial. It is held by the militiary authorities both in Germany and France that the custom is necessary in order to maintain in the army a higher degree of esprit de corps; but this opinion is shown to be unsound by the military experience of several modern nations, particularly that of England and the United States.

In driving a hen a woman is slow but shoo-er.

Ideas as to Sunday-School Picnics

The next peculiarity of our Peculiar Teacher manifested itself during the preparations for our annual September picnic. It had been the custom from time immemorial so far as I know, for the picnic, which was held in the woods, to begin early in the morning and continue all day, which required the preparation of two meals for everybody concerned. And how tired we all were at night! and what slaves we teachers were, on whom the burden of entertainment fell! I had often felt that the day was productive of more fatigue than pleasure, and some of the children were always ill after the picnic—frosted and fruit cakes, and pickles, rich meats, lemonade, strong coffee, preserved fruits, ice cream, raisins and so forth going into their stomachs pell-mell—no wonder! Lady Hungerford said it was murderous. Well, as all these things were arranged in the teacher's meeting, it was necessary for the sake of form to fix upon an hour for the beginning of the picnic when Mrs. Hungerford aroused a general buzz of dissatisfaction by naming "one o'clock in the afternoon." It was a very full meeting that day, a good many church members and Sunday-school scholars being permitted to take part in the picnic arrangements. The murmur of disapproval would have disconcerted a mind less serene and self-poised than Lady Hungerford's. She was a blonde New England beauty, and if you have ever seen one of the true type you have an idea of the calm imperturability of our Ralph's stately wife.

"Of course, none of you will vote in favor of my motion," she remarked after the buzz had subsided. "I made it with no such expectations. But I wish to give you my reasons for naming one as a good hour at which to come together. The picnic will not disband before six and that will give you five hours; quite enough to be fully enjoyable without weariness. It is always better for children to feel at the end of a festivity that it was too short, rather than too long. It leaves in the mind a keener relish for coming ones. Then, too, the physical health of the children should be taken into consideration. Coming at one o'clock, they will all have had dinner at home, eating accustomed food, and the supper at the picnic, although it be anything but wholesome, would produce less ill effect than would two meals. Moreover an all-day's session entails so much hard work upon the teachers, upon whose shoulders parents shift the entire responsibility of the children, and children should be taught consideration for the comfort of others as one of the Christian virtues. Having said so much, I withdraw my motion and move that the picnic convene at nine a. m."—[Sunday Afternoon.

Mr. Greeley's Clothes.

Mr. Greeley throughout life was twitted with his slovenliness of person, and many people were made to believe that he incurred the risk of being sold for a bag of ancient rags whenever he passed into Ann street. The fit and quality of his clothes were not what Grammont or D'Orsay would have recommended; but he was always scrupulously neat—Beethoven himself having no greater passion for the bath. His linen was ever immaculate; his boots, though often coarse, well blacked; his face carefully shaven, and his hands as daintily kept as those of a fine woman. His cravat had a tendency, it is true, to assume the shape of a hangman's knot, and his trousers were often suggestive of required continuance; but that he was really slovenly was palpably false. The idle tales that he disarranged his toilet before the looking glass, and carefully squeezed his pantaloons into the leg of his boot, ere he appeared on the street, were purposely told to annoy him, and strange to say, they had the effect intended. He was sensative on the subject of his dress, and seldom received advice thereupon with becoming equanimity. Oddly enough, he believed himself a very well attired person, and that few men in his station went better clad. Sartorial comments were wont to draw from him sharp and stinging replies.

When a city editor of the Tribune once suggested the reformation of his necktie, Mr. Greeley answered: "You don't like my dress, and I don't like your deportment. If you have any improvements to make, please commence at home."

James Watson Webb, while editor of the Courier and Enquirer, was fond of criticising the costume of his neighbor, who, referring to the fact that Mr. Webb had been sentenced to the State prison, and pardoned, for fighting a duel with Thomas F. Marshall, made this extinguishing rejoinder: "Assuredly, no costume in which the editor of the Tribune has ever appeared would create such a sensation in Broadway as that James Watson Webb would have worn but for the clemency of Governor Seward."

To another journalist, noted for his untidiness, and his ridicule of Mr. Greeley, the latter responded: "If our friend of the ——, who wears mourning for his departed veracity under his finger nails, will agree to surprise his system with a bath, we may attempt a clean discussion with him."

The illustrious editor was simply careless of his attire, though fastidiously neat. He was always so busy that when he rose in the morning he put on the first thing he found, and sometimes he did not put it more than half on. His clothes never seemed to fit him, or, rather, he never seemed to fit his clothes. The wonder with many of his acquaintance was where he bought them, or whether they did not grow, so unique often were their cut and pattern. Clothes, I repeat, were a tender theme to him; and he displayed the highest breeding by never alluding to what he wore. It is supposed he got his garments ready made (I have been told his wife was in the habit of purchasing them) and to save time, he took the first articles offered. He was the only New Yorker of note who repeatedly appeared in the street in the morning in a dress coat. But he made ample atonement for this by presenting himself up town at formal dinners in a paletot or some peculiar garment that defied identification. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Greeley's quaint raiment, he was excellently dressed according to the Brummel canon, because, after being with and listening to him, one could not remember what he had on. He could talk away his clothes in the briefest space.—[Junius Henri Browne, in Harper's Magazine.

Points on the New Pension Act.

Very many ex-soldiers in the Northwest, and, in fact, in all the country, are just now particularly curious as to the amounts of money which they will receive on account of the recently passed and signed Pension Arrears act, when Congress shall have appropriated the necessary money. The estimates of from $50,000,000 to $150,000,000 made on the total amount which will be needed to meet the requirements of the new law do not interest the pensioners nearly so much as estimates on what the separate "bits" will be when passed over the Pension Agents' counters into the veterans' hands. To get at this with at least approximate accuracy requires only that each man now drawing a pension shall look up the date of the time when he succeeded in getting his pension allowed, and date back from that time to the date of his discharge from the service. This will give him the period for which he has received no pension, and for which loss the new act especially provides that he shall be compensated at the same allowance per month for which his pension was originally granted. Multiply the months by the amount of the monthly allowance—whether $24, $12, $8, $6 or $4, the average sums—and the amount of back pensions due will, of course, appear.

A remarkable feature of the pension business is the fact that thousands of ex-soldiers, with cause for having their names placed on the list of recipients of Government aid did not apply for pensions for five, ten or fifteen years after the war was over. This fact accounts for the fear which was expressed by many during the argument on the Pension-Arrears bill, that the demand on the Treasury would mount up to a startling figure, and, perhaps, embarrass the Treasury and interfere with resumption. Added to this, there can be no doubt that every non-pensioned ex-soldiers will at this late day be led to take steps for placing their names on the rolls, the prospect of receiving a handsome purse of arrears-pension being the motive. The diseases and disabilities traceable to the service will every one now be brought to the attention of the Government examining surgeons and Pension Commissioner. Thus, the man who proves his claim to a pension of say $8 a month—having suffered injuries in 1864—will, for example, be entitled to fifteen years' pay—180 months—which equals $1,440. The $4-a-month men would receive half the foregoing amount, naturally, and those of other classifications proportionate sums.

The heirs of soldiers will come in for a goodly share of the money which will be appropriated to carry out the new bounty provisions. There is a general provision in the bill that the heirs shall be paid these arrears. Heretofore when a pensioner had died no arrears for pension could be paid except to the widow, if he left one, and if he left no widow to children under sixteen years of age. The act provides that if pensioners have died, the persons entitled to the arrears shall receive the same. Still this point is open to dispute.

Some time will elapse before the extra business made by the Pension-Arrears act can be reached. Just how long a time can not be conjectured at present, but due publicity will follow every step to that end. The pensioners will then have simply to write to the Commissioner of Pensions at Washington, and full instructions will be promptly sent as to procedure, the aim being to do away with the costly interference of pension sharks. Until the appropriation is made by Congress there can be nothing gained in burdening pension agents and newspapers with inquiries as to personal cases, and when the approriation is provided the only sure test of one's claim will be its presentation in the form of an application made directly to the Commissioner of Pensions at Washington.

The Afghans.

The Afghans are tall, of large and well-knit frames, muscular and hardy. Their strong, heavy features and dark skins give them a fierce expression of countenance; their black eyes—"their lids tinged with antimony to add force, beauty, and dazzling brilliancy to them"—are full of fire, so that their swift, bold, and flaming glance is very impressive. They wear their hair shaved from forehead to the top of monthly steamer from San Francisco to Hong Kong takes from $100,000 to $1,000,000 worth of treasure to China, a greater part of which is shipped by Chinese merchants. In return we receive Chinese food, which no one but a Chinaman will eat; and it is only intended for their consumption. The tea and silk is paid for in a different manner.

Now, is there any State in the Union that can stand a drain of from $200,000 to $400,000 a month and not begin in a very short time to find ready cash getting short. This drain has been going on here for years past, and is caused, too, by a people who have no sympathies with us, who are totally indifferent in every respect, and who, while they make their money here, not only do not put any in circulation, but hold the whole of us in hearty contempt.—[Boston Globe.

THE tariff protectionists in France are active and aggressive.

OLD CHURCH BELLS.

Ring out merrily,
Loudly, cheerily,
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower,
Hopefully, cheerfully,
Joyfully, tearfully,
Moveth the bride from her maiden bower.

Cloud there is none in the bright Summer sky;
Sunshine flings benisons down from on high;
Children sing loud as the train moves along,
"Happy the bride that the sun shineth on."

Knell out drearily.
Measure out wearily,
Sad old bells from the steeple gray,
Priests chanting lowly,
Solemnly, slowly,
Passeth the corpse from the portal to-day.

Drops from the laden clouds heavily fall
Drippingly over the plume and the pall;
Murmur old folks, as the train moves along;
'Happy the dead that the rain raineth on.'

Toll at the hour of prime,
Matin and vesper chime,
Loved old bells from the steeple high—
Rolling, like holy waves,
Over the lowly graves,
Floating up, prayer-fraught, into the sky.

Solemn the lesson your lightest notes teach!
Stern is the preaching your iron tongues preach;
Ringing in life from the bud to the bloom.
Ringing the dead to their rest in the tomb.

Peal out evermore--
Peal as ye pealed of yore,
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day,
In sunshine and gladness,
Through clouds and through sadness,
Bridal and burial have both passed away.

Tell us life's pleasures with death are still rife;
Tell us that death ever leadeth to life;
Life is our labor, and death is our rest,
If happy the living, the dead are the blest.
---[Dublin University Magazine.

A Lady's Wonderul Nerve.

Mrs. Isadore Middleton, a very beautiful woman, and of the acknowledged leaders of fashion in Mobile, can certainly boast of the possesion of as much nerve and true moral courage as are often vouchsafed to any of her sex.

On the evening of September 19, she was in her boudoir putting away some articles of jewelry, when she noticed that the peculiar position of a library lamp that was burning upon a chair in the back part of the room had thrown upon the floor, almost directly at her feet, the shadow of a man who was crouching under a broad-topped ornamental table in the center of the room. She also remarked that the open hand of the shadow had but two fingers, and remembered that several desperate burglaries had recently been committed in the neighborhood, suppositiously a negro desperado, who was notorious as having lost two fingers of his right hand.

Mr. Middleton was absent from the city, and, besides herself in the house, there was but a single maid servant. Instead of fainting with fear, or shrieking for help, the brave lady seated herself at the very table underneath which the miscreant was concealed, and rang for the servant.

"Hand me writing materials, Bridget," said she, with calmness; "I want you to take a note this instant to Mr. Forfair, the jeweler, and have him send you back with my diamond necklace and ear drops which I left there for repairs several days ago. Bring them with you, no matter if fully repaired or not. They are by twentyfold the most valuable articles of jewelry that I possess, and I do not wish to pass another night without having them in my bureau drawer,"

The note was at once written and dispatched, but instead of being in the tenor that she had signified (on purpose for the concealed to overhear, for she had no jewelry under repair), it was a hasty note to the jeweler, an intimate friend, in which she succinctly stated her terrible position, and urged him to hasten to her relief, with the requisite police assistance, immediately on receipt of the missive.

The agonies which that refined and delicate woman underwent when left alone in the house, with the consciousness of the presence of that desperate robber, perhaps assassin as well, crouched under the very table upon which she leaned, and perhaps touched by her skirts, can only be left to the reader's imagination; but her iron nerve sustained her through the ordeal. She yawned, hummed an operatic air, turned over the leaves of a novel, and in other ways lulled the lurker into a sense of perfect security and expectancy, and waited, waited with a wildly beating heart, and her eyes fastened upon the hands of her little ormulu cloak with a greedy, feverish gaze.

At last, however, came the prayer for relief. There was a ring at the door bell, and she strolled carelessiy into the hall and down stairs to open it. The ruse had been a success. She not only admitted Bridget, but also Mr. Forfar and three stalwart policemen. The latter passed stealthily up stairs and into the boudoir, where they suddenly bounced upon the concealed burglar so unexpectedly as to secure him with hardly a struggle.

The prisoner proved to be a negro criminal named Clapman, but mostly known as "Two-Fingered Jeff," who was in great request about that time for several robberies committed in the neighborhood a short time before, and he is now serving a twenty years' sentence in the Alabama State Prison.

A Slow Train.

We are frequently indebted to our friend Colonel Yard, of the Monmouth Democrat, for anecdotes illustrative of the character of the peculiar people who live in New Jersey. He sends us this:

The Hon. G. T.—— tells a good story of a slow railroad in the Northern part of the State. He says he went there running, and came to a short line of road on which was run a single car, the forward end of which was partitioned off for baggage. He took his dog in the car with him and put him under the seat. Presently the conductor came along and insisted that the dog should go into the baggage room, which, after some altercation, was done; but here the baggage-master demanded a fee of fifty cents, which was denounced as a "swindle," a "put-up job," between the conductor and the baggage-master, and that sooner than pay it he would tie the dog to the train and let him "work his passage." The conductor assented, and the dog was hitched to the rear of the train. The dog, so T—— says, kept along easily with the train; but the conductor began to get uneasy, making frequent trips to the engineer, urging him to increase the speed of the train, and back again to watch the effect upon the dog. The latter began to show signs of fatigue, but after a while caught his "second wind," and was keeping along as before. The conductor now ordered the engineer to heave all the coal into the furnace and stir up the fire, which being done, the speed was preceptibly increased. The conductor again went to the rear of the car to observe the effect, but the dog had disapeared, whereupon he triumphantly called T——'s attention to the fact. The latter, after taking a glance at the situation, quietly pointed to a crack in the floor of the ear, "and there" says he, "was the dog, comfortably trotting along under the car and licking the grease from one of the axle-boxes!"

A Charlie Ross Mystery Cleared Up After a Lapse of a Quarter of a Century.

A romance of real life, stranger than fiction, has recently had its deuouement, one of the parties most interested being a resident of this city. This is a widow lady, whose name we are not at liberty to make public for the present, who has recently discovered the whereabouts of her long lost daughter, stolen from her twenty seven years ago when an infant. The lady, though a resident of Springfield for some years past, is a native of Hartford county, Conn., and went with her husband to Western New York, which was then a good deal of wilderness, as compared with its condition now. Her first child, a girl, was born there, and she was on her way to rejoin her husband after a temporary separation when the infant was stolen from her during a long stage journey, and she has never seen the child since, though, as noted above, she has recently discovered that she is alive and living in Wisconsin, where she is married and has three children.

The anguish of the mother at losing her first born child can by conceived but not described. A long fit of sickness followed and after her recovery all possible search was made for the missing babe but without success. But the mother never gave up hope of hearing of her child, and after twenty-seven years had elapsed, her faith and patience have at last been rewarded. It seems she always suspected a man who carried her some fifteen miles by private conveyance, to meet the stage, when on her way to meet her husband, of stealing her child, with the intention of adopt it as his own. She now knows that he is the abductor. He gave it to an accomplice, who took it some fifty miles across the bordor into Pennsylvania, where it was placed in a family, with a sum of money sufficient to supply its wants for some time. His evident intention was to reclaim the child when he could do so without suspicion. But the time never came when he dared to do it, and the little girl grew up as the adopted child of the family, finally married the younger brother of the master of the house, and finally removed to Wisconsin where the family is prosperous and happy. Communication has been established for some months now between the mother and daughter, and photographs exchanged, which would leave no doubt of the relationship, if any had existed before. They propose to have a meeting soon near the scene of their tragic parting more than a quarter of a century ago. What a meeting it will be!—[Springfield (Mass.) Union.

How to Handle Balky Horses.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recommends the following rules for the treatment of balky horses:

1. Pat the horse upon the neck, examine the harness carefully, first on one side then on the other, speaking encouragingly while doing so; then jump into the wagon and give the word go; generally he will obey.

2. A teamster in Maine says he can start the worst balky horse by taking him out of the shafts and making him go around in a circle till he is giddy. If the first dance of this sort does not cure him, the second will.

3. To cure a balky horse, simply place your hand over the horse's nose and shut off his wind till he wants to go, and then let him go.

4. The brains of the horse seem to entertain but one idea at a time; therefore, continued whipping only confirms his stubborn resolve. If you can by any means give him a new subject to think of, you will generally have no trouble in starting him. A simple remedy is to take a couple turns of stout twine around the foreleg, just below the knee, tight enough for the horse to feel, and tie in a bow knot. At the first check he will go dancing off; and after going a short distance you can get out and remove the string to prevent injury to the tendon in your further drive.

5. Take the tail of the horse between the hind legs, and tie it by a cord to the saddle girth.

6. Tie a string around the horse's ear close to his head.

How "Old Si" Swore Off on New Years

Atlanta Daily Constitution.

Old Si lingered over the fire longer than usual. At length he remarked:

"Dese are moughty unsartin times in sum 'partments ob 'biziness."

"Why so?"

"Well, ef all the folkes wat hez swo off fum drinkin liker got der hans well sanded 'fore dey cotch hol' ob dere rezulushun dar'll be er shrinkin ob trade in de moonshine destricts dis yeah!"

"True enough, Si."

"Yas sah; on' I'se won ob dem az ar gwine ter kontribit ter de onsettled state ob de trafic."

"What, you havent sworn off really?,'

"Ef you jes go down dar ter de hous' I bet de print ob my han, ar, wet on de books yit! I dun took de oafe five fingers wide an, strate, sho ez yu born."

And you are not going to drink any more?"

"Dem de words—only dar wun leetle 'mendment dat I got ole Miss ter lemme put in at de end."

"What was that?",

"'Ceptin dat I wuz purty bad off wid de palpytashun ob de hart. Dat's er d'zeze dat troubles me powerful sometimes."

"How often?"

"Well, yer see I havn't bin gud well sense de wah, an a mouf ful ob liker is moughty quietin on palpytashuns, and hencewise de 'mendment dat I preferred ter de cole wether allus fetches hit on mo or less, an—"

"You have got it now?"

"Dat's hit, sartin! You's er powerful gesser, for er fact! kase de older I gits de coler my blood gets and I hant had no real 'journment ob de palpytashnn sense freedom, an—"

The old man took the quarter in a hurry and remarked:

"Thany, sah—'kase dat palpytashun flings de oafe ebery time dey rassles!"

Cause of Unprofitable Farming.

An Iowa correspondent of the Prairie Farmer enumerates the following causes of unprofitable farming. They contain valuable hints for farmers:

1. The enormous loss which many farmers sustain from the neglected condition of manure piles.

2. From the exposure of farm machinery to the inclemencies of the weather.

3. From the loss which is sustained in keeping more animals than the owner can properly provide food and shelter for.

4. From raising scrubby and indifferent animals when good ones could be raised at the same cost and twice the profit.

5. Tilling more land than can be properly cultivated, thereby raising on two acres that which might be more profitably raised on one.

6. Making specialties of certain crops to the ultimate exhaustion of the soil.

7. From disposing of the crops in the condition in which they are raised instead of converting them into pork, beef or mutton.

8. In neglecting to properly attend to the little details of the farm.

9. In not keeping a strict account of the transactions of the farm.

10. In not using proper judgment in disposing of the produce of the farm and the buying of machinery and other necessaries.

11. Purchasing provisions which should be raised at home.

12. In not having machinery enough to properly harvest and save the crop.

"Its berry singlar," remarked Uncle Joe Johnson, as he laid down the morning paper and reflectively surveyed the toes of his list slippers as they reposed on the guard-bar of the cylinder stove. "It's berry singlar dat ef a man lives to be ober fifty, an' cumilates stamps, and dies gen'ally admired an' 'spected, that one-half on his survinin' friends is a'most sartin to prove in the courts dat he was of unsoun' min,' an' dat he wasn't fit, in his latter days, to plan out a v'y'ge for a mudscow. But you'll find the papers full of stories ob ole fellars dat die 'bout, one hundred years ole in de Poor House, an' dey is al'ays senserbul to the las'!"

L., C. & S-w. ROUTE

IS THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST

FROM LOGANSPORT

—TO—

Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Greencastle Terre Haute, Vinncennes, Evansville, Cairo, Paris, Mattoon, Pana, Alton, Effingham, Altamont, Vandalia,

TWO TRAINS DAILY

[Sundays Excepted.]

Trains Run as Follows.

[Taking Effect November 11, 1878.]

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Logansport.....	6:30 a. m.	3:25 p. m.
Arrive at Frankfort...	8:25 a. m.	5:24 p. m.
" Colfax.....	8:55 a. m.	5:55 p. m.
" Indianapolis, via Colfax.....	10:50 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
" Cincinnati.....	4:00 p. m.	
" Crawfordsv'll	9:42 a. m.	6:57 p. m.
" TerreHaute...	12:30 p. m.	9:45 p. m.
" Vincennes.....	5:22 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
" Evansvill.....	7:35 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
" St. Louis.....	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.

☞ Close connections at Terre Haute with trains East and West on the Vandalia and I. & St. L and South on the E. & T. H. railroad.

Ask for through tickets, and get your baggage checked through.

Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Platforms on all Passenger trains.

J. P. CLAYBROOK, General Manager.

W. H TRUESDALE, G. T. A

Old Reliable

Indianapolis, Peru & Chicgo Ry

CONDENSED TIME-TABLE

12:25 p. m. (Daily except Sunday.)
Arrive Logansport 4:05 pm
" Chicago, via Kokomo..... 8:30 pm
Tro' Chi without change.

11:20 p. m. DAILY.
Arrive Logansport 3:05 am.
" Chicago via Koko'o 7 50am

Leave Kokomo Junction.....	2:50 pm	1:55 am
" Indianapolis.....	5:30 pm	4:10
" Cincinnati.....	10·30 pm	8:40
" Louisville.....	11:10 pm	8:30
" St. Louis.....	8:10 am	2:15

Running through to Indianapolis without change.

For Chicago and the Northwest; the most direct route to Ft. Wayne, Toledo and Detroit and the great lumber and salt regions of the Saginaw Valley.

No change of cars from Louisville to Montgomery, Memphis, Mobile, Jackson, and New Orleans.

Only one change of cars from Louisville to Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Decatur, Macon and Jacksonville, Florida.

For Indianapolis and the SOUTH take the I.. P. & C. short line railway. Passengers by his route cross the great Ohio river bridge at Louisville, and avoid all omnibus transfers.

Woodruff's Parlor and Rotunda Sleeping Cars on night trains.

V. T. MALOTT, Gen'l Manager.

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WABASH

ROUTE.

FROM ALL POINTS

North, East, South or We

LIGHTENING TRAINS,

Invariably on Time, with Close and Sure Connections.

No Change of Cars to St. Louis, Hannibal Quincy, Keokuk, Peoria, Burlington, Kansas City, Atchison and St. Joe, and only one change to all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Arkansas and Texas,

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SHORTEST AND QUICKEST

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(Hon. Geo. H. Chapman, Receiver.)

—AND—

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RAILROAD COMPANIES.

The shortest and most direct route, making immediate connections for passengers, both east and west.

CONDENSED TIME OF THROUGH TRAINS.

May 12th, 1878.

WEST.	Stations.	EAST.
5.25am	.... Muncie....	6.35 pm
6.03	.. Alexandria...	5.55
6.23	...Elwood.....	5.53
Leave. 6.48	.....Tipton.....	5.06 Arrive
2.00pm 7 42	.. Frankfort ..	4.60 9.45 a m
3.00 8 42	Lafayette Junc	3.10 8.33
3.05 8 50	...Lafayette...	3.05 8.26
3.45 9.32	...Templeton..	2.21 7.32
4.48 10.37	..Hoopeston..	1.22 6.09
5.42 11.30	....Gibson ...	12.37 5.00
6.21 12.65	....Paxton.....	12.05 7.12p m
7.50pm 1.20	.Bloomington.	10.50 am 5.10

Leave.	Leave.	C & A R R	Arrive	Arrive
2.00am	2.15 p m	.Bloomington.	2.20 am	2.45 am
8.00	3.25	. St Louis...	7.45 pm	8.00 pm
	5.40	.Bloomington.	10.50am	
	2.15 am	... Mexico.....	2.30	
	10.15	.Kansas City.	6.05 pm	
	1.05 pm	...Atchison...	2.40	
	12.15	. St Joseph ..	3.20	
	9.40	.....Omaha....	7.00 am	

Leave	I C R R	Arrive
6.00 pm	.Bloomington.	7.43 am
7.20 am	Dubuque	9.10 pm
6.45	Sioux City.	6.00

Leave	I B & W.	Arrive
1.20 pm	.Bloomington.	10.50am
3.20	....Peoria	9.05
9.20	....Omaha....	6.40 pm
Arrive	C B & Q	Leave

Through tickets on sale for all points east o west. Reduced rates for emigrant and colonis parties For information in regard to tickets, rate etc., address, G. W. Smith, Gen. Pass'r Agen Lafayette, Ind.

E. H. WALDRON, General Supt.

Eel River Railroad,

TIME TABLE

On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND.		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.23 am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	.S Whitley..	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City..	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00 m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	...Aubnrn J..	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	...Auburn....	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 am	
	2.23 pm	...Reading...	1.24 pm	
	2.35 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.50 pm	..Jonesville..	12.55 pm	
	3.55 pm	...Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	....Detroit.....	7.00 am	
	5.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw...	7.15 am	

Connection is made at Denver with the I., P. & C. railway, for Rochester. Plymouth, LaPorte and Michigan City; at Columbia City with P. Ft. W. & C. railway, for Ft. Wayne and Pittsburg; at LaOtto with G. R. & I. railway, for Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids; at Auburn Junction with Ft. W. J. & S., and B. & O. railways, for Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw Defiance, Tiffin, Bellair, Washington, and Baltimore.

Trains from the east make close connections at Logansport with T. W. & W. railway for Hannibal, Quincy and St. Louis, and with P. C. & St L. railway for Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk and all points west.

All Passenger trains fully equipped with Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Couplers and Buffers.

S. HOWELL, Gen'l Ticket Agent.

FRANK J. HECKER, General Superintendent.

PITTSBURG, CINCINNATI & St. LOUIS R.R

CONDENSED TIME CARD—East, We

Taking Effect Sunday, May 19th, 1878.

☞ Passengers purchasing Local Round Tr Tickets before entering the cars, obtain a discour of ten per cent. from regular rates.

GOING EAST.		No. 1.	No. 5	No—
				—Os r
Lv Chicago.....		*8:20pm.	.....	†9:05p
Ar crown Point.....		10:04	....	10:4
Ar Logansport.....		12:45am.	.....	....
Lv Ill. State Line		†2:05pm.	†6:30a m	.....
Ar Logansport.....		5:00 "	9:15 "	....0....
Lv Logansport....	Via Kokomo.	*1:00am.	Leave.	†2:00 "
Ar Kokomo.....		1:50 "	6:00 "	3:07
" Anderson.....		.....	7:40 "	4:35 "
" New Castle....		.. ....	8:42 "	5:35 "
" Hagerstown....		..	9:15 "	6:05 "
" Richmond....		....	10:00 "	6:40 "
" Cincinnati.....		.....	.....	10:0. "
Lv Logansport....	Via Ridgeville.	12:55*"	†9:25am.	.....
Ar Marion.....		2:33 "	11:07 "	.....
" Hartford.....		3:17 "	11:50 "	.....
" Ridgeville.....		4:10 "	12:40pm.	.....
Lv Ridgeville.....		*4:15 "	... .	.....
Ar Richmond		5:50 "	... .	.....
" Cincinnati.....		8:50 "		.....
Lv Ridgeville....		*4:30 "	12:40†"	.....
Ar Union City....		5:05 "	1:10 "	.....
" Bradford Junc.		6:00 "	2:00 "	....0....
Lv Indiadapolis...		*4:35 "	11:00 "	*6:0pm.
Ar Knightstown.....		5:58 "	12:42pm.	7:15am.
Cambridge City....		6:28 "	1:29†"	7:58
Richmond.....		7:15 "	†2:05 "	8:37
ichmond....	Via Dayton Via Piqua	†7:20 "	2:05 "	Lea
ayton.....		†9:35 "	5:25 "	†7:30 "
enia.....		10:40 "	7:20 "	8:20 "
ringfield.....		12:40 "	8:30 "	10:10 "
ndon.....		11:48 "	8:40 "	9:28 "
umbus.....		12:40pm.	9:40 "	10:30 "
hmond.....		*7:18am.	2:05 "	*8:40 "
adford Junc.		8:35 "	3:35 "	9:55 "
qua.....		9:23 "	4:16 "	10:20 "
ban.....		10:35 "	5:20 "	11;14 "
umbus.....		12:35pm.	7:25 "	12:50

GOING WEST,		No. 6.	No. 10.	No. 4
Lv Columbus.....	Via Piqua Via Dayton.	*6:30am.	*3:40pm.	†5:40pm.
Ar Urbana.....		8:05 "	5:15 "	7:40 "
" Piqua.....		8:58 "	6:07 "	9:00
Lv Bradford Junc.		9:22 "	6:35 "	*9:30 "
Ar Richmond.....		10:33 "	7:55 "	.....
Lv Columbus.....		*6:25 "	*3:40 "	.....
Ar London,.....		7:22 "	4:37 "	....
" Xenia.....		8:25 "	5:37 "	.....
L Springfield....		7:20 "	†3:40 "	.....
" Xenia.....		†6:30 "	†5:45 "	.....
A Dayton.....		8:00 "	6:35 "	.....
" Richmond		.0:10 "	.....	.....
Lv Richmond.....		10:35*"	*8:10 "	7:15am
" Cambridge City....		11:04 "	8:45 "	7:52 "
" Knightstown		11:41 "	9:34 "	8:38 "
" Indianapolis.....		12:55pm.	11:00 "	10:10 "
Lv Bradford Junc.	Via Ridgeville.	†9:30am.	.....	*9:45pm
Ar Union City.....		10:25 "	.....	10:43 "
" Ridgeville.....		10:58 "	.....	11:20 "
Lv Cincinnati.....		.....	.....	*7:0 "
" Richmond.....		.....	.....	10:00....
Ar Ridgeville.....		.....	.....	11:30....
Lv Ridgeville.....		10:58†"	.....	11:40.....
Ar Hartford.....		11:50 "	....	12:35....
" Marion.....		12:40pm.	.....	1:20....
" Logansport....		2:30 "	.....	3:00.....
Lv Cincinnati.....	Via Kokomo.	†7:15am.	.....	.....
Ar Richmond.....		10:38†"	*8:00pm.	....
" Hagerstown..		11:28 "	8:45 "	.....
" New Castle....		12:05pm.	†9:17 "	.....
" Anderson.....		1:20 "	10:17 "	.....
" Kokomo.....		3:00 "	*2:15 am	.....
" Logansport....		4:00 "	3:05 "	.....
Lv Logansport.....		†7:30 "	8:00 "	†8:00 "
Ar Ill. State Line.....		10:20 "	10:50 "	10:40 "
Lv Logansport.....		†4:05 "	3:15 "	*3:15 "
Ar Crown Point.....		6:50 "	6:10 "	6 10 "
Ar Chicago.....		8:30 "	7:50 "	7:50 "

*Daily.
†Daily except Sunday.'
Trains do not stop where time is omitted.
Pullman Drwning Room aad Sleeping Cars run through from Chicago to Columbus and Cincinnati, and from Indianapolis to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York, with close connections fo Baltimore and Washington City.

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General Offices. COLUMBUS, OHIO.

HOMES FOR $2.

The Adjourned Award of the following

GRAND PROFERTY

will be made at

Evansville, Indiana, April 10, 1879.

The net proceeds of these sales are set apart and applied to the benefit of the Evansville Orphan Asylum and Indianapolis Orphan Asylum.

SEE THESE GREAT OFFERS.

Rose-Hill Farm, divided into six farms:

No. 1, Premium Farm, 40 acres, Homestead Improvements..			$15,000
No. 2,	"	80 acres.....	7,000
No. 3,	"	160 acres.....	15,000
No. 4,	"	160 acres	18.000
No. 5,	"	160 acres.....	15,000
No. 6,	"	80 acres.....	10.000
1 Lot, Woodruff Place, Ind'polis,		$7,000	$7,000
5 Lots, Highland Home,	"	1,500	7,500
5 Lots, State Avenue,	"	1,500	7,500
5 Lots, Irvington, Indiana.....		1,000	5,000
30 Lots, Glendale, Evansville,	..	150	4,500
40 Lots, Woodlawn,	"	150	6,000
21 Lots,	" "	200	4,200
10 Premiums, cash.....		100	1,000
20 Premiums, cash.....		50	1,000
20 Premiums, cash.....		25	500
400 Premiums, cash.....	..	2	800

The Indianapolis lots are all most pesirable property to buy as an investment.

The Evansville lots are all first class of their locality in that beautiful city, and are today worth their schedule figures for homes.

This grand list are added the following CASH Premiums, payable in gold:

1 Premium in gold coin.....		1,000
3 Premiums in gold coin.....	500,	1,000
5 Premiums in gold coin.....	200,	1,000
5 Premiums in gold coin.....	100,	500
15 Premiums in gold coin.....	50,	700
10 Premiums in gold coin.....	25,	250
Total Premiums.....		$130.000

SHARES $2 EACH.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

CERTIFICATES.

This is to certify that this property is all valuable, and cost its owners in cash, largely more than they have sold it for to this benefit trust. Titles to be perfected before delivery of Deeds. [Signed)

THOMAS E. GARVIN, Evansville.
WM. HADLEY, City Assessor, Indianapolis

I hereby certify that the deeds for all the property in this list have been placed in my hands. to be held in trust and delivered to the persons severally entitled thereto, under the Orphans' Benefit Drawing Citizens' Nat. Bank, Evansville, Ind., Aug. 27, '78. [Signed] .S. P. GILLETT, Cashier.

CITIZENS' COMMITTEE.

We have accepted the position of citizens' committee, to see that the property is safely held, the distributions properly made, and the funds faithfully applied. [Signed,]

Jos J Kleiner, Mayor of the city of Evansville.
Geo H Stockwell, of Viele, Stockwell & Co. Evansville, Ind.
Peter Semonin, of Semonin & Dickson, Evansville
Austin H Brown, Clerk Marion Co, Indianapolis.
I C Walker M D. Pres pro tem city council, Ind'p'is
W O Foley, Deputy State Treasurer, Indianapolis.

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M. S. LYON, Seccetary,
No. 310 First Street, Evansville, Ind.,
or GEN. DAN. MACAULEY, Secretary,
Room 1, Journal Building, Indianapolis, Ind.
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PLEDGES By mail, postage paid, 40c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, IND., FEBRUARY 26, 1879.

SHELBY COUNTY.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNTY CONVENTION.

THE FORMATION OF A PERMANENT TEMPERANCE UNION.

PURSUANT to call, the Shelby county Temperance Union met at the Council Chamber in Shelbyville on Saturday, Feb. 15th, 1879.

The convention organized by electing Capt. J. E. McGuire President, and Geo. S. Jones, Secretary.

Delegates from the various temperance organizations of the county were called, and responded showing a total number present of seventy-nine, representing eighteen unions.

On motion a committee composed of Edward Carisle, C. M. Sleeth, J. J. Baker, R. N. Smith, Shelby Stafford and J. Humphreys was appointed to draft and report a constitution and by-laws.

By request of the President, Mr. Webb. Dart then stated the object of the meeting to be to organize a permanent County Union, in which nothing of a political or sectarian nature should enter into the work or deliberations of the organization.

Mr. Dart read a form of Constitution for the government of clubs, which he said he was getting printed, and each club could have for nothing. A motion for its adoption was lost on the ground that it was thought each club should be privileged to adopt its own constitution. A motion to adopt it by sections was lost. A motion to recommend its adoption carried.

Mr. Carlisle, Chairman of Committee on Constitution and By-Laws reported.

The Constitution and By-Laws, as presented were adopted by sections, and afterward as a whole.

On motion the following committee was appointed to adopt a form of badge for the officers, viz: William J. Craycraft, James Girton, Christopher Letsinger and John Baker.

J. E. McGuire was then elected President; Edward Carlisle, Vice President: J. Humprheys, Secretary; J. D. Girton, Treasurer.

A motion for each club to elect one Vice President of the County Temperance Union at their first meeting prevailed.

Upon motion, it was also decided that the various clubs in the county should be numbered according to their seniority.

Mr. Edward Carisle offered the following preamble and resolution, which were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, The editor and proprietor of the Fairland Bulletin, Bro. G. S. Jones, now proposes to convert it into a temperance "organ" and give in its columns the temperance news of the county and general news of the State, and Union; therefore, be it

Resolved, That all temperance people of the county are hereby recommended to give the Bulletin their support and patronage in regard to the temperance cause, and that we will give him our cordial support in his new enterprise.

A motion to furnish all the papers of Shelby county with a copy of the proceedings of this meeting for publication, carried.

On motion of Mr. Dart, the Secretary was ordered to furnish a condensed report of the proceedings of the meeting to The Murphy Signal and the Seymour Monitor-Journal for publication.

The meeting then adjourned.

Can't be Blamed on Heredity.

Dr. John S. Christison asserts in a letter to the Omaha Herald that men are not born criminals, lunatics or drunkards. "They may," he says, "inherit abnormal dispositions, which, by unhealty habits, may become so intensified as to override the effort of nature to bring them to a healthful state, and, they may thereby become creatures of dulusion, vice or crime. But any inherited diseased disposition can be mitigated by sanitary observances." The doctor avers that the skulls of the worst criminals will average as well in formation as the skulls of church elders. "I have myself," he continues, "examined over a hundred brains of lunatics and criminals on Blackwell's island, New York., and I do not recollect of having once observed any marked anatomical deformity that may not be found among rational and well behaved persons." Dr. Christison, whose experience as medieal officer in New York institutions ought to give weight to his opinion, concludes that "philosophically speaking, all men are insane."

Christ's Rule of Revenge, and That of Confucius.

Sunday Afternoon.

"But I say unto you, love your enemies; do good to them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you and prosecute you." This is the golden saying of the Prince of Peace.

"Thou shalt not live under the same heaven with the murderer of thy father or thy master," says Confucious, the teacher of 400,000,000 of men. So likewise taught Moses, the law-giver of the Hebrews. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy." "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth."

Blood and iron, hatred and revenge to one's enemy, taught Moses and Confucius. Forgiveness and Mercy taught Christ, the Son of God.

Yet, in Japan, where texts from Confucius' writings are inscribsd on wall and silken scroll, and book and cup, and cut into the steel of sword blades, there were no cities of refuge, as in the old Hebrew Commonwealths. The murderer, if not instantly killed, was pursued and hunted down until slain. If the children of the dead man were but infants, the duty of revenge was taught them at the breast. Kataki-Uchi (vengeance on the murderer) was the daily theme for years; while all the time from the age of 10 the boy practiced swordmanship and spear exercise. At 18 he sallied forth in disguise, but with girded sword, to stain his bright blade in the murderer's blood.

If the children were girls, they too were trained for the supreme duty of revenge. They were taught to handle the spear, and the sickle and chain which skillfully thrown around an enemy's neck would sever the jugular vein. Or they practiced shuriken (throwing flat pieces of steel sharpened at one end like arrow-heads) to put the eyes out and penetrate to the brain.

The City of Mexico.

Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Tradition has it that the Astecs, Chichimicas and Toltecs were formerly roaming over this country, warring with each other, and when finally tired of fighting—perhaps there were no more enemies to be conquered—the Astecs bethought themselves to settle down and quit their nomadic life. It was prophesied to them that they would find an eagle perched upon a rock devouring a serpent; that at that very spot should be erected their future great city, which would stand for all time, and which should eclipse in its grandeur the cities of all nations. It was at the commencement of the fourteenth century that some of the Astecs, with their priests, reached the borders of Lake Texcoco, when to their unspeakable joy, the long looked for omen or "Tenuchtli" was observed in an eagle perched upon a "nopal" cactus, devouring a serpent. The spot so discovered was not the best place to build the city, it being marshy and consequently unhealthy, but so strong was their belief in the prophecy of their priests that the building was commenced at once upon piles driven into the shallow waters of the lake. The first name of the city was Tenochtillon, which means "cactus on stone," and which was afterwards changed to its present name, which it is claimed, originated from the title of one of their principal gods, Mexitti. The old city was entirely destroyed by Cortez in the year 1521, but immediately rebuilt. As the city is built upon the former level of Lake Texcoco, brackish water is found a couple of feet from the surface, which makes it unhealthy during the rainy season, as the water can not run off, and the city is frequently inundated for days. Typhus and kindred diseases prevail here at times to an alarming extent.

INTERESTING FACTS

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Choice line of fine Havana Cigars of the Best Brands at **John Cost's** Drug Store.

Parlor Suits,
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And everything in Furniture Line, at
GEO. ASH'S,
519-521 Broadway, Logansport.

Geo. W. Seybold, Trade Palace, The Dry Goods House, received a large stock of Spring Goods, so now is the time to go and purchase something that you can be satisfied with.

All the new and choice Odors in bulk and bottled Perfumes at **Cost's Drug Store** 21 Fourth street, 3m2-521

J. W. FULLER, dealer in Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Robes, etc. etc. Harness repaired on short notice, and work warranted. Market street, between Bridge and Fourth.

Lee W. Redd, Druggist and Pharmacist, keeps constantly a large and pure stock of Drugs, Medicines, etc., and best brands of cigars; Prescriptions filled carefully and promptly; Market street, near Bridge.

J. B. WINTERS, 411 Broadway, is receiving a large stock of BOOTS and SHOES, which he will sell at the lowest prices. His goods are first-class in every respect, and you can be suited in every particular.

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas repaired: 171

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Next to Murdock Hotel

Geo. W. Hoffman, City Drug Store, keeps pure drugs and patent medicines. Also a full line of toilet goods, perfumes, brushes, combs, etc, Fourth street.

E. Steckel, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, etc. Goods sold at lowest prices. Corner North and Sixth street. Call and examine goods and learn prices.

The New Goods are now arriving at FRANK HARWOOD'S Fashionable Tailoring Establishment. Persons contemplating purchasing goods should call while the stock is fresh and unbroken.

Professor Gus Lang received the nobbiest styles of piece goods, from John B. Ellison & Sons, ever shown in Logansport, and intends to give his customers the bed rock prices. Fits and style as usual. Call boys, and look through before you buy. Crystal Palace Clothing House, corner Fourth and Market street.

Honest John Gray, dealer in Dry Goods of all kinds. Honest goods at Honest Prices is his motto. He does no boasting, but asks customers to call and examine.

CONRAD & BEAMER:
A good Lunch for 10 cents.
Fell oysters the cheapest.
Keep the best, warrant full can
Corner Fourth and Broadway.

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be as he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

Cullen & Martin keep all kinds of Feed. Delivered to all parts of the city. They should be patronized. Sixth.st

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

Notwithstanding the fire, J.C. Cragan is still with the living, selling all kind of provisions. He would like all his friends to give him a call. Broadway, five doors from Sixth street.

John Gray is continually receiving New Goods.

Geo. W. Hoffman keeps all kinds of Perfumery and Toilet Soap, &c.

Murdock & Bro. for the new lace Kid Glove, all colors. They have also received a large assortment of goods, for which they say they will not be undersold. They are old and reliable.

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1 Premium lot in Atkinson's addition, Logansport	300 00
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1 Premium buggy	175 00
1 Premium horse	100 00
1 Set premium buggy harness	80 00
1 Premium sleigh	25 00
54 Premiums Logansport M'f'g Co's Stock, $50.00 each	2,700 00
1 Premium cash	50 00
2 Premiums cash, $25 each	50 00
4 Premiums cash, $10 each	40 00
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The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., MARCH 12, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 6

LEGISLATION.

EFFORTS OF LEGISLATORS TO TO REPRESENT THE MAJORITY.

GOOD RESULTS OF AGITATION—KANSAS FOR PROHIBITION- WISCONSIN LIKEWISE.

Indiana's Proceedings—Nebraska Very Near —The Women of Illinois—Interesting News from Fields of Battle.

Monster Petition of Illinois—2,000 Feet Long, Containing 107,000 Names.

NEBRASKA.

The recent conflict for prohibition in the Nebraska legislature, although unsuccessful by three votes, will undoubtedly prove a wonderful incentive to other States to make the same effort. The rapid growth of public sentiment is a marked result of the constant agitation, and though this effort has not resulted in enactments, it has shown the strength of the temperance element to be great and powerful. Nebraska now has a better understanding of its needs, and what will be required of it in order to gain a prohibitory law, and in the two succeeding years diligent efforts may be expected tending to the desired end. A correspondent writes from Lincoln:

"Yesterday afternoon, after a hard and exciting battle, our prohibition bill was defeated by three votes. It was acknowledged by the opponents of the bill that it excited more interest and consumed more time of the members than any bill that has come before the House this session. If we are defeated we are not discouraged, but will take up another two years' work with the determination to win in the end."

WISCONSIN.

The Wisconsin State Legislature appointed a joint select committee a short time ago to inquire into the expediency and legality of submitting to the people the question of placing in the state constitution a clause prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. A majority of the committee have made a report favorable to the proposition, and urging the adoption of a resolution providing for such submission. The report is remarkably able, bristles with authorities, closely condensed, and presents an array of statistics that is very formidable. In regard to the propriety of submitting the question to the people the committee says:

"Every government on the globe that is republican in form: that is of, and for the people, has and does recognize the right of petition, and the right of the people to petition their agents being admitted, the duty of the agent to respect and to grant the prayer of the petitioner or resign his agency is established, provided the thing or measure of relief asked for is not clearly and undeniably destructive of some well established principle of constitutional law.

In this instance, 37,498 citizens, besides a score or more of societies and three important branches of the Christian church, have in a respectful manner asked this legislature, not to legislate upon the question of temperance, but to provide the machinery by which the voters of the state may settle it in accordance with the will of the majority."

They therefore think it the duty of the Legislature to comply with the request. So do we. The greatest freedom of the American people is their suffrage and their voice on home and national legislation. Why they should not be privileged a voice in this very important matter is not made clear by the legislators who prevent it. Let Wisconsin treat its people justly.

INDIANA.

During the past two or three weeks our own state has made attempts to secure more satisfactory laws on the temperance question. Although at this writing there has been no positive legislation, the prospects for a better law are not discouraging. Prohibition and local option, however, we believe, may not be hoped for at this session. The political party which has defeated those honest measures may expect, and will receive, the condemnation of the entire sober sentiment of the state. It has proven itself a traitor to its constituency, and false to every just and honest principle, and at the polls will it be rebuked, and feel the strong power of a moral and virtuous people. The pending of the bills displayed a temperance sentiment hardly anticipated, and no little alarm was created among the rumites. They begin to fear that theirs is a "lost cause." The bill introduced by beer-bloated Reicheldafer, at the instigation of the rum-vendors, was "indefinitely postponed," or "snowed under." It will never be heard from again. This may be noted as the first victory for "our side." The proceedings on the local option bill, with the names of the persons voting for and against it, is reported by the Indianapolis Journal, and will prove of interest to our many readers who are giving the matter attention:

H. B. 315, amending sections 3, 15, 14 and 16 of the liquor law, by providing that no person can obtain a license to sell intoxicating liquors until he shall have obtained the signature of a majority of the voters of his precinct or township to his petition, was next brought up. Majority and minority of reports were presented on this bill, the first recommending no action, and the latter favoring the passage of the bill. The yeas and nays were called on a motion to reject the minority report, and to the consternation of the bourbon element, the motion did not prevail, the vote on the proposition being as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Alden, Allen, Baker, Barker, Blockly, Briggs, Brown of Jasper, Bryant, Caldwell, Compton, Confer, Cunningham Dailey, Dalton, Davidson, Drake, Drover, Edwins, English, Faulkner, Fleming, Flodder, Galbraith, Garroute, Ginz, Hart, Herod, Hosmer, Humphreys, Huthsteiner, Kester, Messic, Miers, Nave, Perry, Reicheldafer, Scholl, Schwitzer, Shauck, Shields, Tulley, Nanpelt, Van Valzah and Wimmer—45.

Nays—Messrs. Arnold of Blackford, Arnold, of Wabash, Bears, Brown of Steuben, Campbell, Carey, Carter, Connoway, Conner, Copeland, Davis, Donnell, Fanche, Gordon, Handy, Harland, Hopkins, Hubbard, Johnson, Kelly, Kirkpatrick, Lindley, March, Mitchell, Osborn of Vermillion, Overmyer, Owen, Reed, Robeson, Rodman, Robinson, Rooker, Saint, Shanks, Skinner, Snoddy, Stephens, Stucker, Taylor of Lagrange, Taylor of Warric, Taylor, Thornburg, Vawter, Watson and Works—46.

A hum of surprise passed through the House when the vote was announced, and everybody settled down to see the "fun" that was felt to be imminent.

Mr. Saint, opened the discussion in a speech in favor of the adoption of the minority report, in which he took the broad ground that the sentiment of the voters of the State would indorse the adoption of a local option law, despite the disastrous record to the contrary; that it had undergone a change of late, and that there was no longer that bitter opposition to this principle that has marked recent campaigns. He made a strong speech, and was interrupted frequently by applause. No other speech was made at this stage of the proceedings, but during the roll-call that followed several members took occasion to "explain" their votes. Mr. Taylor, of Daviess, was a temperance man, but as he was opposed to all sumptuary laws he would vote against the minority report. Mr. Sleeth recalled the time that he had voted for a local option liquor law. He was reminded of the disastrous effects that followed, and in view of this fact he too would vote "no."

Mr. Thayer said: Mr. Speaker, I have been associated with the Democratic majority of this House so long and have learned from them so many able and eloquent appeals in behalf and for the protection of the people, that I am pretty thoroughly imbued with the belief that they are in earnest, and have been waiting for the glorious opportunity to make an application of the principle of popular sovereignty, or the right of the people to manage their own affairs in their own way—a doctrine that was taught by their former great leader Stephen A. Douglass, and accepted by them as if spoken by inspired lips—and for the reason that 11.000 of the citizens of this State have by petition asked for this law, and because I believe a large majority of all the people are to day in their hearts asking and praying for it, therefore, I am with all my soul in favor of it, and I desire to give expression to the views of 30,000 constituents whom I repeesent by voting for it. I therefore vote aye. [Applause].

Several advocates of the license law having been drummed up since the last vote, the call resulted in the defeat of the minority report by an adverse vote of 48 to 46.

The excitement that ruled pending the disposition of the local option question subsided for a few minutes but another lively season ensued when Shield's bill (415) was reported. Messrs Lindley, Arnold and Hubbard, from the minority of the committee recomended the passage of the bill, which provides that applicants for liquor licenses must present petition in about the same manner as prescribed in the present law. It confers discretionary powers on boards of commissioners, however; specifically prohibits the granting license to drunkards; provides that any violation of the law vitiates the lisense, upon conviction of of such violation of the law, and throws quite a number of rigid restrictions about the liquor trafic. Judge March explained this was a compromise measure, and that if the temperance people could not obtain a local option law they would take this as the next best thing. After a sharp debate the report of the minority was concurred in, and the bill engrossed without rabid oppositton.

H. B. 359, designed to discourage low tippling houses, was also engrossed, and the House passed to other business.

Then it is safe to say that our success is only a question of time. Shields' bill, if passed, will be quite an improvement on the present law, similar in many respects to the Baxter law. We are unable to predict with anything of precision, at this time, the course our law makers will pursue, but we confidently hope the last named bill will not be defeated. We shall endeavor to keep our readers informed on all important subjects connected with our work.

ILLINOIS.

Last Thursday the Woman's Christian Temperance Union presented their Home Protection petition to the Illinois legislature. The capitol building was crowded to the uttermost with interested visitors from all parts of the State. The petition was carried to the speaker's stand by four liveried pages, and deposited along with the American flag. It measured 2,000 feet in length, and contained 107,000 signatures—the largest petition ever presented to any legislature. It had been circulated in every county. Impressive addresses were made by Mrs. Willard, and other prominent workers. Their prayer should be granted, and if the legislators would legislate for the people it will be.

Their petition in full was given in Vol. 2, No. 1, of THE SIGNAL.

OHIO.

What the result of the agitation in the Ohio Legislature will be is hard to determine with positiveness; but we believe they will succeed in passing a local option bill. There is something phenomenal in the pressure which is being brought to bear on the subject. Petitions signed by over 45,000 of the best people of the State have been poured in since the beginning of the session, and probably of these 30,000 ask direct for local option.

KANSAS.

The legislature has passed a resolution submitting to the vote of the people an amendment to the constitution forever prohibiting the sale and use of intoxicating liquors. This is indeed a a wise action. Glory for Kansas!

TEXAS.

THE bell-punch bill has passed the lowei house of the Texas Legislature, and it is thought it will go through the Senate.

Use Strategy if Necessary.

IN the prosecution against a liquor seller in Connecticut, a witness testified that he was hired by the Rev. Mr. Montgomery to obtain ardent spirits of a dealer, and then inform against him. Upon trial the presiding Judge spoke very sharply against the use of such means to obtain convictions, stigmatizing them as immoral; and he ended the matter and enforced his opinion by almost directing the jury to let the infringers of the law go free.—Daily Journal.

We are ready to believe that the minister did wrong, but not that the judge did right. The fact that the saloon-keeper transgressed the law should have condemned him. It is prima facia evidence that he was in the habit of selling illegally. Because strategy was employed to entrap him, it makes him none the less guilty. The detectives of the post office department send out decoy letters, containing marked currency, to trace a mail robber's guilt. The robber is not exempt from punishment nor none the less guilty simply because strategy was used to convict him. He has committed the crime, and that alone is taken under consideration. Strategy should be employed to convict dishonest saloon-keepers, and the Journal and Pharos should lend their influence to that end.

Mr. Montgomery, in justification of his participation, says:

"To set myself right before the public, I wish to state I have never employed detectives against any liquor-seller except on complaint of mothers, wives and daughters, whom I have always aided in rescuing their loved ones from these dens of infamy, and to them I shall never refuse my assistance."

Noble words.

COMPARE THE SIGNAL of this week, with any paper in the country as a temperance organ.

SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS—NOTEWORTHY EVENTS.

THE WORK AS IT IS PROGRESSING EVERYWHERE.

—J. H. Monroe is in Iowa.

—Mace Long is laboring in Michigan.

—Dr. Reynolds is reviving Michigan.

—Montieau County Mo., has adopted prohibition.

—Chicago has 200 different temperance societies.

—Blue ribbonism is "booming" at Crawfordsville.

—Wykoff, Ill., carried prohibition by fourteen majority.

—Waupaca, Wis., is earnestly considering prohibition.

—The work has been thoroughly organized at Greenfield.

—Mrs. Russell is in Illinois meeting with grand success.

—The work is moving onward at Evansville and vicinity.

—It is proposed to make liquor licenses $1,500, in Louisiana.

—Dr. H. A. Reynolds, has resumed his campaign in Michigan.

—The Chicago whiskyites will nominate a ticket for the city election.

—Philadelphia reports twenty deaths in one week from excessive drink.

—As a rule, saloons in New York on Sunday's are kept closed, it is said.

—Great enthusiasm in the temperance work prevails at Lexington, Ill.

—Crawford county now comes to the front with excellent news. No saloon.

—The temperance movement is gradually assuming proportions at Cincinnati.

—Wisconsin pays over $19,000,000 per annum for liquors, $2,600,310 for schools.

—The temperance work has stirred up an immense enthusiasm at Bloomington, Ill.

—A grand temperance revival has been in progress at Nevarre, Starke county, Ohio.

—The "Bell Punch" bill has been negatively reported in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

—The respectable people of Chicago are determined that the saloons must be closed on Sunday.

—In a revival just closed at Greenfield, Ind., 900 signed the pledge. D. B. Ross conducted the meetings.

—Nokomis, Ill., March 3.—There is great rejoicing here; the temperance ticket having thirty-two majority.

—Eugene Hale has introduced a bill in Congress for the suppression of the liquor traffic in the District of Columbia.

—Whisky has been reduced to five cents a glass at Crawfordsville, this state. It is said the blue ribbon society done the work.

—The saloon-keepers of Chicago consider it both unwise and unprofitable to discuss the Sunday closing question. Ha, ha, ha.

—Madame de Ramaey, of Sweden, has inaugurated a Gospel temperance movement which promises to assume large proportions in that country.

—Maquoketa, Iowa, has again been awakened on the temperance question. The good people have succeeded in creating a powerful temperance sentiment.

—In Liverpool, during a single year, one hundred and sixty-two infants were smothered to death by their mothers who went home intoxicated on Saturday nights.

—Read temperance papers and temperance literature, and post yourself on the subject, so that when the cause is attacked you can answer intelligently and succesfully.

—In speaking of granting licenses for saloons, the Virginia Bugle pertinently says: "It never pays a town, city or individual to do wrong simply because it brings in a revenue."

—The committee on license of the Chicago council will present a majority report in favor of granting the prayer of the 15,000 petitioners asking for the closing of saloons on Sunday.

—Mr. E. Lowe, a Good Templar, of Knapp, Dunn & Co., Wisconsin, walked forty-two miles recently to represent his lodge in convention.

—Young men at the academy who go out between the acts probably go out for an opera glass.—New York Herald. Wrong, they probably go out for their rye glass.—Whitehall Times.

—The Blue Ribbon Club of Utica, N. Y. showed their appreciation of their temperance organ, the Temperance Anchor, by subscribing for three hundred and fifty copies on last Monday.

Did you ever hear of a mother being uneasy for the future of her son because he had signed the total abstinence pledge? If she was uneasy about it, it was no doubt because she was afraid he would not keep it.

—A city ordinance went into effect in Cincinnati, recently, forbidding candidates for municipal offices "treating" voters, under penalty of $50 fine, ten days jail, and the forfeiture of the right to vote at future municipal elections.

—Here is a striking fact: "I have had twenty thousand prisoners pass through my hands," said the keeper of the Canterbury jail, "since I have been keeper of this jail; but though I have inquired, I have not discovered one teetotaler among them.

—An empty pistol is a nuisance, and when loaded is dangerous, and always more so when its owner is loaded at the same time. Three shots of whisky in the stomach, and three in a revolver in the pocket, have opened the doors of the penitentiary to thous. ands.

—The temperance folks of Franklin and Edinburg, Ind., it appears, have been enjoying a rare treat for several days. Lou J. Beauchamp, of Hamilton, Ohio, has been with them, and some of the Franklin folks say he is the best orator they ever heard.—Monitor-Journal.

—A liquor seller sold a pint of rum according to law and made a few cents profit. The drinker while under its influence, shot his son-in-law—and his arrest, imprisonment, trial and execution cost the county more than $1,000—and yet people say, "what shall we do without the revenue."

—Sweden has a Permissive Prohibitory act similar to the local option in America. Sweden was scourged and crippled by the drink traffic, but by her Permissive Prohibitory act her people have so used their power, that among three and a half millions of her population there are only 450 places for the sale of liquor.

—The Orphans' Home at Xenia, O., was burned down as the result of the "visiting statesmen" who were on an official visit. The night of the fire they had a banquet and all got drunk, including officers and servants of the institution, and through the carelessness of the latter the fire originated. License costs; prohibition pays.—*Nat. Prohibitionist.*

—Mr. E. McAuther, a very heavy lumber dealer, of North Wisconsin, who employs a great many workmen, says for years he has offered premiums in wages for perfect sobriety. And as a result scores of drinking men who came to him for employment have been reformed. He says by this means he has realized large gains in labor and in the prevention of expensive accidents.

—It is argued in favor of saloons that they do much to lighten taxes, This, if true, would be about the most selfish iniquity that a community could practice. How much does it cost to collect these taxes? Whisky must be paid for, then enough to feed and clothe the saloon keeper's family, and then add the license tax. It would be much cheaper to levy a direct tax than to wring such heavy burdens from the drinking men and their suffering families.

—Under the liquor law in Mississippi every saloon keeper is required to buy of the State Auditor a book of coupons, and everybody who takes a drink is handed one of these cupons, which the State receives for taxes, of one cent each. If he pays for two drinks, he recives an orange colored coupon, good for two cents; if five drinks, a blue coupon, good for five cents. Thus a man who goes at it assiduously, and sticks to business, can take in enough coupons in three months to pay his taxes for a whole year, and furnish the undertaker a first class job in the bargain.

STATE LIBRARY INDIANAPOLIS

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

[Continued from Fifth Page.]

taught us the importance of having a true and correct standard of manliness, one worthy of imitation. Brother McClain was raised in this neighborhood, and spoke of the many changes that had taken place during his absence of fourteen years. That a great many of the older persons were now resting in the tomb. And as these fathers and mothers are passing away that they are calling for representatives to take their places who would represent them in a correct standard of manliness; after which a unanimous vote was adopted thanking Brother McClain for his presence and good advice, and requesting him to meet with us some time again in the future.

Adjourned to meet in two weeks.

Yours,

G. P. MCKEE.

Twelve-Mile, March 9th, 1879.

THE ERRORS OF GOOD MEN.

To the Editor:

Intemperance is the virulent foe of the body, of character, of conscience, of the estate, the community, the church, the nation. To offer to a sensible man proof of any item in this indictment would be like striking a match to show him the sun. The proofs are everywhere. The remedies are less obvious. The error of good men is in thinking that one measure will cure all the evils. Some of them will remain as long as human weakness remains. Some of them will give way in whole, or in part, before one measure, some before another. Civil law can give dnmage against a conscious drunkard-maker. That is a protective element, though not large. Legislative enactment can limit facilties for creating and gratifying the appetite. That is another element. Right social feeling can do much. We need not press drink on our friends, nor habituate our young ones to its use. Personal conscience can do much: "Let me abstain—for my own sake; I may fall; and if there is no fear of that, for the sake of my neighbor." The press, the church, the temperance societies, can labor to produce this feeling. A wise retrenchment is in progress. Strong drink is an item that may be cut off, with little loss to any one, and with great gain to many. When a man's newspaper does not agree with him, he "stops it"—if he is weak. But though a man's drink "disagrees with him," daily, the weaker he is the less he is inclined to stop it. It is the strong who say, "Stop my glass!" M.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

To the Editor.

THE communication over the signature of M. F. M., in your last issue, objects to a state committee calling the whisky traffic a "channel of industry." I must say I agree with the state committee, for there is no business men more energetic and industrious than the grog-seller. He sends out runners over the city and country, collects the boys, and in many instances the girls, makes contracts with conductors on the black valley railroad, puts them aboard, keeps up steam regularly in every boiler until they have succeeded in getting thirteen millions to purchase tickets at the different murdermill stations in the United States, and are making break-neck speed to destruction. The passengers will not stop short of the last station, which is immediately opposite the wide gate, which is the entrance to hell. The car never returns, nor the passengers, but they enter into perdition, and there look upon millions of faces who voted the whisky ticket whilst on the stage of action in this lower world, prayed for the extermination of every evil, astraddle of the fence; carried water on one shoulder and whisky on the other; had easy seats in the church, their names enrolled in the church book, but not in the Lamb's Book of Life, and, at the great Judgment Day. instead of the Saviour's smiles and "well done good and faithful servant," it will be "I know ye not, depart into everlasting darkness," where you will meet many who will present their ghastly forms and say it was your example and influence that brought me here. Their untiring industry has filled all the States' prisons, insane, blind and poor asylums, to overflowing, increased the number of weeping mothers and orphan children. They have peddled out enough poison every year to cause the death of one hundred and seventeen thousand fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers. They have snatched from paths of rectitude ten of our dear children where the church has saved one. They have turned into Sodoms nearly every city in the United States. They have declared that the Sabbath shall not be observed. They have said that their money and votes will give them the power in spite of God and man. Say not, if you please, that the whisky traffic is not a channel of industry, or I will speak to you in thunder tones in my next. Resp.

JOS. CADWALADER.

New Albany, Feb. 28th.

TO THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE.

To the Editor:

THE SIGNAL—ever a most welcome visitor—came, as usual, bright and full of earnest thought. It is susceptible of improvement in one respect, however. That improvement rests with you and I, reader. Circulate it widely; when read, envelope and send to distant friends; make its subscription list so large it can greet us weekly.

Other journals devote a column or two, now and then a story, to temperance; why not have a genuine paper, published in and for the interests of temperance, for the family newspaper?

For our own benefit can we not form a conspiracy against this same SIGNAL?

Let every subscriber send another dollar, making two instead of one per year, asking in return THE SIGNAL every week.

Who will put the ball in motion? not next year, but now? Can it not be accomplished 'ere the Spring violets peep at us?

In THE SIGNAL, Feb. 12th, New Albany correspondent urged every sister to get a subscriber. How is that, Mr. Cadwalader? The gentlemen usually carry the purse, and lately have been saying—there is now, or will be sometime in the future, a crisis in money affairs, and "we" must be careful of expenses. Let every brother get at least one subscriber. Just get the father's influence to work for THE SIGNAL and success will be sure. Can we, as temperance people, afford to have so few watchmen to tell us of the hour? Will the New Albany brother head the two-dollar list with his name!

We pause to listen for the ring of the coming dollars, whose golden feet will be strong to bring THE SIGNAL every week. Fraternally, L. E. B.

Feb. 20, 1879.

TEMPERANCE AND TOBACCO.

To the Editor:

TEMPERANCE is the most important question agitating the populace at this time. It is the popular theme of conversation. We have had two very successful temperance meetings. Some thirty have signed the pledge. The meetings are conducted by D. H. Clymer, S. Cragan, H. Warrick, who are the principle speakers. Our last meeting was on Saturday evening last. The crowd was quite large and enthusiastic. It was composed principally of the young people of the neighborhood, who gave the speakers their earnest attention, and while the choir sang "Marching On," thirteen marched forward to the speaker's stand, signed the pledge, and donned the blue. Another meeting was appointed for Saturday evening, March 8th.

If the members do as one of the speakers advised, discountenance

THE USE OF TOBACCO,

the great ally of alcohol, success will crown their efforts; and THE SIGNAL, too, will "live longer and grow fatter," and prosper better, if it would put on the whole armor of temperance. No temperance organization can "hold the fort" and fight rum alone, keeping on peaceful relations with tobacco, an intoxicating, poisonous narcotic. Why do we assiduously shun an open rupture with this foe of mankind? We are afraid to arouse his wrath. While professing temperance, we yield to his bewitching sorcery. We attack alcohol, but his great allies must be passed by in silence! This is said to be expediency. Out upon such expedience, which has so shorn us of our strength! Let us throw away our cowardice. Let us declare open and eternal war on the twin-demon of alcohol, which has done so much for the destruction of mankind. Let us enlarge our borders, and plant our guns on the everlasting hills whence they will sweep the whole field of the enemy; then, and not until then, can we pour hot-shot into the ranks of King Alcohol. Our sagacious and forecasting fathers and mothers, as well as the church, used to forewarn us against the use of tobacco, least it should lead us to the use of intoxicating drinks Yet you advise your readers to try the "Daisy" cigar—"Markley's Daisy," the best intoxicating narcotic in the market; and for every five cent "Daisy" smoked it will take a ten cent drink of whisky to wash it down. Nearly every drunkard uses tobacco, because it creates a morbid thirst for liquors. John Hawkins, the father of Washingtonianism, said he never had seen in all his travels, but one who was a drunkard who did not use tobacco. Physicians represent tobacco to be the inite on the stepping-stone to the intemperate use of alcoholic drinks. Dr. Rush says "a desire is excited by tobacco for strong drinks, and these lead to drunkenness." I might refer you to Drs. Woodward, Muzzy, Twitchell and Warren that tobacco paves the way to alcoholic intemperance. Its affinities are manifest. Said an Indian: "I want three things—all the rum there is in the world; all the tobacco there is in the world; then more rum!" The dialect of the toper in dram-shops is instructive—"I smoke because it makes me love to drink, I drink because it makes me love to smoke so." Religion, science, morality, common sense and cleanliness, alike, all condemn it, and so must all temperance men.

RENALDO.

Feb. 28th, 1879.

RISING SUN, IND.

To the Editor:

AS THIS is probably the first communication you have received from this immediate locality, I will state in this article the commencement of our Murphy movement.

The popular wave struck us about twenty months ago.

Bro. Bonham, a reformed man from Cleves, Ohio, was with us two nights, and secured about one hundred signatures; and, after a short time, J. H. Pressor, of Pennsylvania, was with us a week, and secured about 175 additional signers, after which an organization was effected July 6th, 1877.

Subsequently we had a grand field day, on a Sabbath afternoon, at the Methodist church, at which time 200 signed the pledge. On this famous day we had with us Rev. Mr. Bacon, and Prof. Arbuckle, a professional "singist," both from Ohio. The house was densely crowded, aisles full and standing room all occupied, while many could not gain admittance.

At this writing the roll of honor, composed of signatures to the Murphy pledge, is thirty-five feet long. For many weeks, or months, our worthy secretary kept the roll on exhibition at his place of business. It was truly an inspiring-looking document—a marvel to all, as well as a source of joy to all lovers of humanity. A few names are probably mislaid, but the number of persons who have signed the pledge up to the present time is about 1,300—nearly three-fourths of our entire population.

Since our organization, we have kept up and maintained stated meetings, without a single failure. These meetings are held at 3 o'clock on Sabbath afternoons, alternately at the different churches. And it is due to the faithfulness of our own people, and especially to our resident clergymen, that our work has so abundantly prospered.

It will be seen by above that about 475 only joined under the labors of strangers, the remaining 825 signed under the labors of our own temperance workers.

I have noted this last fact for the encouragement of others, that they may possibly be stimulated to make similar efforts, and secure similar results.

Additional items of history, and of interest, connected with our work, will be given in succeeding communications. Yours truly,

J. F. MCCLAIN.

STATE SECRETARY AT WORK.

To the Editor:

I CAME home from Greenfield a few days ago. I got 1,030 signers to the Murphy pledge. They have eight saloons there, but they will not last long. Some of them are about to sell out now. All the support they have comes from the country, as nearly every drinking man in the city signed the pledge. The "boys" are making arrangements to stop the country trade, by holding meetings in every church and schoolhouse. The Greenfield union will soon have a first-class reading-room, on the incorporate plan. I get all my unions to adopt that plan, as it is the best way to raise money and make it permanent.

On last Thursday night I organized a Good Templars lodge in that place, starting off with one hundred charter members, sixty-five of whom were initiated that night, and the remainder will be to-night.

I will organize another Good Templars lodge in Indianapolis to-morrow night.

I have been at home for a few days, as my wife was run over on last Thursday by a runaway horse and buggy, and very badly bruised up, so far no able to move herself.

I leave here on the 6th inst. for Frankfort, Clinton county. I expect to redeem that place.

I am glad to hear of your success in Cass county.

I would like to see all the unions put forth some effort to make our State organization a success. If we are ever to succeed in putting down this evil it must be by thorough organization, and we must all pull one way. What do you think about calling a State convention and organizing a State Reform Club—all the delegates to be reformed men, without any regard to ribbons; that is, let the call be for those who are reformed men, whether they belong to any union, club or lodge. In Illinois they have a splendid organization, with Hon. A. B. Campbell, of Bloomington, as President; and it has helped the temperance work in that State greatly. I know whereof I speak, as I spent nine months in the ribbon work in that State.

On the 19th inst. it will be two years since I introduced the ribbon work in this city, and at my first meeting I had the very handsome number of thirteen persons present; eight of them put on the ribbon. I can look back on that two years, and feel that God has made me the humble instrument of saving many, but I look forward, nor pause here; and I pray God that in the next two years I may be enabled to do more than I have done. I do not expect to rest till I see this curse removed from our land, or the time come when God will call me home to my reward.

Yours in F. H. & C.

D. B. ROSS.

Indianapolis, March 4th, 1879.

SHELBY COUNTY.

To the Editor:

I am a reader of THE SIGNAL. I find it interesting and encouraging, and we, as temperance people, take delight in learning through its columns of the wonderful progress of the Murphy cause.

The temperance cause in this county is still moving forward. The movement in this county was first started at Barnes' school-house, by Mr. J. G. Potter, from whence the tidal wave came sweeping, letting the light of happiness and peace into many hearts and homes; and the societies at Morrison's and Barnes' deserve credit and honor for their well-conducted meetings, and the good that has been accomplished under their labors. How encouraging has been the welcome news of glad tidings brought to many broken-hearted wives and mothers, that this enemy, King Alcohol, will soon be banished from our midst. Oh, what a message of joy it has brought to the drunkard's home, and to those who have suffered from intemperance and its effects. The cause of temperance has accomplished more than one noble deed, and is destined to become one of the brightest pages of history. It has brought man from out the gloom of misery and degradation. Set the mind at ease by thought, thus elevating mankind to higher and nobler conceptions, in trying to lead a better life. How one must shudder at the thought that he once walked side by side with this terrible enemy, it coiling its fangs of evil closely about him, alluring him on to ruin. And how many are there to-day, with uplifted voice and hand, can say, Thank God, I have been saved from this terrible foe! Those that once stood on the brink of eternity have been rescued from a fathomless abyss, from which many who have fallen therein will never return. Those who now stand firm can look down on old king alcohol, point with shame to his blackened deeds, and bid a final adieu to his abominable curse.

Must we falter in our work? No, never! Ye men of truth and right, go bravely on until victory is won. Tho' you meet with discouragement let it not deter you from your noble purpose. Treat unsympathizers with kindness and consideration; consult with their feelings and opinions. Stand fairly to your pledge and promise. Show to your fellow-men that you have love and sympathy for them, and always wear the badge of heaven's blue.

Ye friends of right, with armor bright,
A Christian temperance band,
Through God, our aid, may ye be made
A blessing to our land.

LATE NEWS.

The union recently organized at New Bethel, south of Addison, by J. Ray and J. Dobbins, is quite a success. It started with forty-two members.

The temperance meetings at Egypt and Brick school-houses, for the past month or two, have been well attended. The two organizations consist of about 120 members.

The temperance people from Morrison's school-house, in trying to organize those unions, met with opposition at each place, and almost gave up, but the people finally realized the merits of the move, and are now conducting meetings with success.

The Shelbyville temperance folks had a grand time last Saturday. Festival during day and evening; also, a grand temperance ball. They were well attended, and everybody went home happy.

HATTIE F. STAFFORD.

Morrison's school-house, Feb. 28.

DEATH AND BURIAL OE RUM.

To the Editor:

IT is bound to come.

The omens are unmistakable.

The most careful observer—the coolest—see the shape the shadow begins to assume. There can be no doubt.

The signs are not the creation of the wild brains of crazy "fanatics," but they are tangible and infallible heralds of the coming

DEATH AND BURIAL OF RUM.

The rummys see the fate of their monster god—the juggernaut of civilization—the devil's great recruiting officer—and their bitter tears, their piteous wails, their despairing shrieks, and their blasphemous curses, make a reality of a quondom mythical pandemonium.

That the death-throes of this demon are thrilling, we all realize; everybody is affected—with gratification or sorrow. Indifference is impossible. Those who protest neutrality are the secret opposers of the fight for liberty. The final taking-off is nearing; the "mortal coil" of the slimy serpent relaxes in death—and the vigils will be kept till the foul spirit quits its "earthly tabernacle" and wings its flight to the infernal regions of its chief, there to await the coming of its disciples.

And who will be the mourners? Who will shed tears of distress at the slaying of this parent of crime? Children now crying for food will be fed; trembling wives who suffer, and whose only hopes have been for relief at the grave, will be made joyful; daughters, who blush at the shame of strong drink, will know the happiness in having good fathers.

O, who that has charity; who that has a heart that ever felt pity; who that would see suffering fellow-beings lifted from the depths of woe—will not rejoice at the death of Rum?

Our freedom is all but attained. Our army is made up of valiant soldiers. We are marching to victory. These are glorious fruits of the Murphy pledge—our legions. BAMROOLA.

Valparaiso, Ind, March 3d.

YOUR HELP IS NEEDED.

To the Editor:

IN perusing the columns of THE MURPHY SIGNAL my mind was lead out in thoughts upon this very important subject, temperance. I am often lead to astonishment when I see those who might wield a great influence in this noble work standing aloof perfectly indifferent. It looks to me as though anyone that feels an interest in their families, and the prosperity of our beloved land should become awakened and enlist in the ranks of temperance and help to put down this dreadful foe that is crushing the happiness and destroying the prosperity of so many of our fellow men. We know not what trouble is awaiting us on account of this monster intemperance. Let us pause for a moment and draw a picture of our husbands and sons coming home to us void of their reason, and their countenances covered with blood, and so changed that we hardly recognize them; perhaps they have been engaged in crime and vice that would fill our hearts with emotion and the blood almost chill within our veins—all brought about by the use of intoxicating liquors.

We need not go to history to substantiate the fact that spiritious liquors are a curse to our nation. In every day life the fact is clearly exemplified. We cannot even pick up our county papers without therein seeing some painful account recorded of accident or crime being committed by men being overpowered by this dreadful enemy of both soul and body. Who is to bring out this great reform? Is it those who have formed an appetite for drink. I answer no. There are so many of our warm, genial hearted men that have been overpowered to such an extent that it appears to be almost impossible for them, within their own strength, to return to where God intended they should stand. They must be aided and upheld by the sympathy and encouragement of the christian and moral portion of our land, who strictly adhere to temperance. We see to-day too great a neglect upon the part of the two classes spoken of, they do not appear in any measure to feel the painful influence of this terrible curse. I presume it is because they have not felt its power directly. But if we could lay aside everything else for a short time and duly weigh this matter we could not help but feel that we are more or less affected by the use of alcoholic drinks. Let us never again in this little village set aside the temperance work, but let us battle on for right until victory is engraven on our banner. It is an an old motto and I believe a true one, "The right will prevail." It may not be your way or mine, yet in God's own time the right will prevail. For want of physical strength, I will close. May prosperity and success attend your efforts.

MAGGIE J. WALKER.

Walton, Feb. 28th, 1879.

A MARRIAGE SONG.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

Sweet be the stars that glimmer
  Above your paths of life,
Sweet be the faith and glory,
Sweet be the dear old story.
Ah! love, dear love forever
  Shield these two hearts from strife,

O love! thy sacred meaning
  Is in the faith divine
That binds two souls together,
That holds through sunny weather
And through the falling darkness
  Truth's majesty as thine.

O, time dost thou not cherish
  What men do cherish still?
Day's radiance softly covers
The steadiest faith of lovers;
Life's tendernesses blossom
  Where souls have learned to thrill.

O time! dost thou not cherish
  The union born for thine?
No love is meant to sunder;
True love is love whose wonder
Grows lovelier with the ages,
  Forever in its prime.

Ah! ye who now are treading
  Where older souls have trod—
List to the deeper teaching
Of life, far-spread, far-reaching;
List to the hopes sublimest
  That bloom in Man and God.

Sweet be the years whose brightness
  Swells through the glad to-day!
Sweet be the life ye cling to.
Sweet be the faith ye sing to,
Sweet be the truth ye follow,
  Sweet be the prayers ye pray!

For THE SIGNAL.

SUNSHINE THEN DARKNESS.

YEARS ago, on a sunny June day, a child might have been seen reclining in the door of a massive brick building known as the seminary; lifting the large straw hat that shaded her face, you would have seen her eyes open, otherwise you would have thought her sleeping, so quiet and listless was her attitude.

"Nellie, where are you going?" clear and silvery rang the voice through the wide old hall, breaking the silence and arousing the child.

"Hush, Jessie, some of the teachers will be coming, I am going home."

"Home, this hour in the day, and miss the music and French class."

"Yes, mamma has sent for me. Will you come over after school.

"Yes, there is the bell, good bye."

The sun never shone on fairer picture, Jessie Moreland lightly leaning over the balistrade where she had paused, half way up the stairs, on seeing her friend in the hall ready for the start, a fair slight girl, whose laughing eyes had no tinge of sadness in their violet depths; with hair shingled like a boy's, and breaking in bright, brown waves here and there over the well shaped head, graceful and sweet as a poet's dream.

The other, Helen Atwood, seemed alien to her northern home, her rich beauty belonged to more tropical climes; the dark splendor of the flashing eyes, the rich roses of the cheeks, the heavy black hair with its almost golden glow and luster, rarely seen but in the south, the exquisite contour of the faultless features, above the medium height, erect as a queen, imperious in every move and gesture, she seemed one born to command, yet the brilliant girl was not haughty as strangers might have judged, for she paused in her stately grace to kiss the child in the door ere passing down the shaded street.

No eastern devotee ever bent the knee at the shrine of his idols with wilder worship, more unquestioned faith, than this child had for those two standing on the brink where wayward capricious girlhood merges into the young lady, first introduced into society, and suffered to be fitted for her part in the great drama of life. These two had been shielded by the loving hearts, led by the judicious hands of christian parents; and their training lacked nothing that wisdom or wealth could bring.

That year ended their school life. Then, for a time, they were the bright particular stars of society, no festive seene in their native place was deemed complete unless graced by their presence.

Again it is sunny June, and born to the ear on the perfumed laden air, are the tunes of a grand organ struck by a master hand. A gala throng pass into the flower-decked church, a few moments waiting, and joyously the organ peals forth the wedding march; up the aisle comes a man of handsome presence, leaning on his arm is beautiful Helen Atwood; together they kneel at the altar, then the solemn words are said, "Until death do you part." And soon Helen Prescott will be borne to her husband's far distant home in the South. A few months later, in golden crowned October, sweet Jessie Moreland stands at the altar in her robes of white, like shining mist, lovely as some fairy visitor from another world, and her father unhesitating gives his loved child for time and eternity to one deemed worthy of so precious a charge. She too goes far from her northern home.

Joyously and confidentially these two go forth over flower strewn paths, giving full fruition to the highest hopes of parents, teachers and friends. Keen, indeed, would be the prophetic vision that could discern the shadow of a cloud in the blue of their sky. Even in the decalogue of the kind but superstitious colored woman who had known them from childhood, all the omens were auspicious. "De sun shone all day, de moon was right, and the slipper filled wid rice went threw de carriage window and spilled all ober de honeys."

Reader, shall we draw the curtains, and leave them here in their brightness and joy; we would as fair skies might bend over every human being, going with them even to the close of life's journey, for much we question the development wrought by the mission of sorrow.

Would to God it were otherwise, but truth far outweighs fiction in our story.

Another year and both came home, the same, save a reticense in Helen that give or added haughtiness, a slight coldness of manner, that has been learned in her new home; Jessie's laughing eyes have now and then an anxious, troubled look. The change if noticed by friends, passes without remark, but the sensitive child feels their is a difference in her idols.

And the years come and go, bringing tidings only from the absent ones. Then Mr. and Mrs. Atwood visit their daughter, the few months absence seem to have given them a score of years; soon after their return Mr. Atwood goes on the long journey from whence no traveler returns. Then comes rumors of failing health, and physician's verdict, naught can save but the clear, bracing air of Mrs. Prescott's early home. She comes, but can this cold, silent woman, without a trace of color, ever have been the radiant girl full of warm enthusiasm. What has she looked upon since last we met? What the unfathomed mystery in the dark eyes? No murmur or complaint passes the pale lips, calmly she tells that her husband will close his business and live in the north.

Once when the child, now a young lady, desperately asks, "Can I do nothing for you?"

"Yes," comes the quick response, "beautiful flowers often cover the blackest pit, never be afraid to walk alone through life."

"You speak in enigmas, Helen."

"Yes child, I know."

For a time she seemed better, her husband soon would be with her, surely his coming must bring the roses again to her cheeks.

Suddenly, with little warning, "The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken," and Helen Prescott in the May-time of her life was carried by reverent, friendly hands into the same church that scarce ten years ago she left such a happy bride. As she lay, in her marble beauty, pure and spotless as the lillies clasped in her pale hands, her eloquent silence seemed to rebuke the minister, until the words. "A mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence," faltered on his lips, and died in a whisper on the solemn stillness.

Unbroken was the silence she carried with her down to the grave; as to what her life had been, that silence was no mystery now to her friends; for the man who had taken that bright life into his keeping solemnly promising before God and man to cherish and protect, sat there with a history stamped on his once fine face and form—a history of debauchery, of unbridled appetite. In her vain endeavors to save him she had given her life, was the victim of his selfishness and brutality.

Although held to answer in no court of justice here, guided by liquor he had made motherless the two children at his side; sent her father ere his time in sorrow to his grave, because powerless to rescue the life of his idolized child; bent her mothers form, and whitened her head in advance of her years.

A costly marble guards the bed, where under the daisies sleeps broken hearted Helen Prescot; and a girl can read the enigma, "Beautiful flowers often cover the blackest pit."

The wheel of fortune turning carries the no longer child to a distant city. Often a man is seen reeling past her home. One evening, opening the door, the same man lies in drunken sleep across her threshold. Help is called, she learns his home is only a few doors distant, as his name is spoken her heart stands still for an instant, then, quickly stooping, she raises the slouched hat, and looks into his face; every doubt vanishes as he is aroused, and in his silly, senseless stupor babbles of his Jessie.

"For his wife and friends sake we will take him home," said the policemen. This then is the life sweet Jessie Moreland leads. But a shadow of her former self, lovingly for a time longer she clings to her husband; then with her children goes to her fathers house—dying with consumption, the physicians say;—truth says, wounded to the death by the assassin hand of whisky.

Shortly after, this was read in a morning paper: Yesterday a man, evidently a stranger, came into the hotel, taking up a paper he sat down to read, for a time no attention was paid him, then his strange stillness attracted attention. He was watched. The paper was not turned; no motion made; he was spoken to; there was no reply. Going to him it was found he was dead; an examination proved he had been for a half hour or more.

Thus going ere half his years were told. In that dark hour, no friend to clasp his hand, to press a farewell kiss on his brow, or pray for his parting soul, "While the tide of life was ebbing away." Leaving the memory of hours of untold anguish for his dying wife; a tarnished name only, for his children's heritage.

Hard the lot of those who must walk earth without a fathers love and care. Some comfort must be their's if that father left the legacy of a stainless name, the example of a noble life. God pity the drunkard's child.

Oh! the burning libel upon truth, honor, on unselfish, noble manhood, that it is the social, genial, warm-hearted men that drink. Social with boon companions, genial with chance acquaintances, large, warm hearts for Tom, Dick and Harry; but what for father and mother, wife and children, the breaking heart, the disgraced name, the poverty stricken home, the joy and sunshine blotted out of life by their selfishness. The wonder is that thousands of "tombs stand not tenantless, and sheeted dead" come forth to rebuke such shallow sophistry. While forgetfulness of the past, warm sympathy, and an extended hand should be freely given to the man earnestly trying to conquer a persecuted nature, yet life demanding the skillful surgeon witholds not the knife, as a wilfull, indolent, selfishness should not be tolerated until it has wrecked all within its power.

"In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may share by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys not the love; but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In its true nature; and we ourselves compelled
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence."

L. E. B.

Anxiety.

Anxiety does no good. It never yet paid a debt, or healed a malady, or prevented an accident. "Surely they are disquieted in vain." Our Lord puts this impressively in His sermon on the Mount: "Which of you, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature?" The conduct of David on a certain memorable occasion was admirable in this respect. When his favorite child was ill he fasted and lay all night upon the earth. No doubt that fasting was accompanied by earnest prayer to the Great Disposer of events. But when the babe had died he arose, washed himself, changed his garments, commanded meat to be set before him, and went into the nouse of the Lord. Mark his words, "Wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again?" Let us remember those questions when we are tempted to repine over the inevitable. "Be careful for nothing," your anxiety is profitless. Nor is that all. There is a positive as well as a negative side to the evil.

Anxiety does much harm. We talk about fretting, but what does the word mean? Originally it meant to fray, to wear out. Our fore-fathers spoke of a garment which had become threadbare and full of holes as fretted. And be sure of it, to fret and worry about things is to wear the mind out. People speak sometimes of men being worked to death. Be skeptical about that; such suicides are extremely rare. It is not work but worry that kills. Activity injures none, anxiety hurts thousands. Nothing incapaciates us for duty more than care; it saps our energies and undermines our strength. Sir Walter Scott was a prodigious worker and his industry never harmed him, but when that great calamity came by which he not only lost his property but was involved in fearful pecuniary liabilities, his anxiety brought on paralysis, and premature death followed. [T. R. Stevenson.

An Irish Speculation.

A couple of Irishmen, thinking to combine pleasure with profit by doing a little unlicensed traffiicking in liquor on the Derby Day, bought a small jar of whiskey and started for Epsom. Knowing they would want a drop themselves on the way, it was agreed that neither should drink without paying. They had not traveled far on the road when one drank a glass and paid his partner three-pence; he followed suit, and handed the money back again It was a dusty toilesome journey, and upon reaching the Down they were dumbfounded by discovering the whisky was all gone, and that, although they had honestly paid for every dram, they had only three-pence between them as the final result of their speculation. [Chambers, Journal.

THE prosecution of the corrupt Russian army contractors—Cohan, Greger and Horwitz—has been abandoned by order of the Czar, because the proceedings threatened to compromise so many persons in high official position.

Thrilling Incident.

In the winter of 1870, I had occasion to go from Green Bay to Chicago on the N. W. Railway. At Oshkosh we were joined by a delegation of lawyers, on their way to Madison, the capital, to attend the Legislature, then in session. They were all men of more than usual intellect, and of exceptional character. Two were ex-judges of the Circuit Court, and one I had seen chairman of the Young Men's Christian Association. The party found seats near together, and after the salutations were over, and the news duly discussed, they began to look about for means to while away the time. After awhile some one proposed a game of cards. No sooner said than done. Two seats were turned apart so as to face each other, a cushion improvised for a table, and three of our lawyers, including the chairman of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a Chicago runner, on good terms with them, were soon deep in the mysteries of a game of euchre.

I was surprised to see Christian gentlemen and judges of law and equity, leaders of society, makers of public sentiment, lawgivers for a great State, directors of public morals, supposed to be public exemplars of all that is good, and guides to the young, thus setting publicly their seal of approval to a most dangerous and evil practice. To be sure, they played for stakes no higher than the cigars for the party. But it seemed to me that, in the eyes of all discreet persons, this does not change the act or lessen the danger of its example, but rather heightens it, as from the less to the greater is the invariable course of crime. But I did not intend to moralize on paper, but was about to say that while I was filled with such thoughts as these, one of the party grew tired of the game, and our remaining judge was invited to take his place. I saw the blood mount, in an honest blush of disapproval, to his manly face and he hesitated and drew back. But the game had become interesting, and his excited companions urged him, "Come, Judge, take a hand," they cried, "we can't go on without you." So the Judge slowly rose from his seat, inwardly condemning the act, as I saw, and stepping forward, took a seat among the players, and the game went on.

I had noticed an old lady in a seat to the rear of the players, who had got on board at Menasha, I believe. Gray and bent with age, she had sat abashed, and with eyes closed, seemed asleep most of the time, until the train stopping at Oshkosh, took on board the company of lawyers. She then underwent a change, and became greatly interested in the company, looking often from one to the other, as if she recognized them all, or was trying to recall their faces. When the game of cards was started, she became very restless, would hitch uneasily about in her seat, take up the hem of her faded apron and nervously bite the threads. Once or twice I thought she wiped her eyes under her "Shaker bonnet," but could not tell. She acted so strangely, I became more interested in her than in the players, and watched her closely. She got up after a time and tottered forward, holding on to the seats as she passed. She brushed against Judge —— in passing, but he had become interested in the game and did not notice her. Reaching the water tank at last, she drank a cup of water, and took a seat near the door, with her back to the players. But she did not long remain there; rising again with difficulty, she tottered back toward her former seat, but reaching the players, she paused directly in front of them, and now, greatly excited, threw back her bonnet from her face and looked around the company. Her action at once arrested their attention, and pausing in their play, they all looked up inquiringly.

Gazing directly in the face of Judge ——, she said, in a tremulous voice, "Do you know me Judge ——?"

"No, mother, I don't remember you," said the Judge, pleasantly. "Where have we met?"

"My name is Smith," said she; "I was with my poor boy three days, off and on, in the court room, in Oshkosh, where he was tried for—for—for robbing somebody, and you are the same man that sent him to prison for ten years, and he died there, last June."

All faces were now sobered, and the passengers began to gather around and stand up, all over the car, to listen and see what was going on.

She did not give the Judge time to answer her, but became more and more excited, she went on:

"He was a good boy, if you did send him to jail. He helped us clear the farm, and when father was took sick and died he done all the work, and we was getting along right smart, till he took to going to town and got to playing keards and drinking and then, somehow, he didn't like to work after that, but used to stay out often till mornin', and he'd sleep so late, and I couldn't wake him when I knowed he'd bin out so late the night afore. And then the farm kinder run down, and we lost the team—one of them got killed when he'd been to town one awful cold night.

"He stayed late, and I suppose they had got cold standin' out, and got skeered and broke loose, and run most home, but run agin the fence and a stake run into one of 'em, and when we found it next mornin' it was dead, and the other was standin' under the shed. And so after awhile he coaxed me to let him sell the farm and buy a house and lot in the village, and he'd work at carpenter work. And so I did, as we couldn't do nothin' on the farm. But he grew worse than ever, and after a while he couldn't get any work, and wouldn't do anything but gamble and drink all the time. I used to do everything I could to get him to quit and be a good, industrious boy again, but he used to get mad after awhile, and once he struck me, and then in the mornin' I found that he had taken what little money there was left of the farm, and had run off. After that I got along as well as I could, cleanin' house for folks and washin', but I didn't hear nothing of him for four or five years; but when he got arrested and took up to Oshkosh for trial, he writ to me."

By this time there was not a dry eye in the car, and the cards had disappeared. The old lady herself was weeping silently and speaking in snatches. But recovering herself she went on:

"But what could I do? I sold the house and lot to get money to hire lawyer, and I believe he is here somewhere," looking around. "Oh, yes, there he is, Mr. ——," pointing to lawyer ——, who had not taken part in the play. "And this is the man, I am sure who argued agin him," pointing to Mr. ——, the district attorney. "And you, Judge ——, sent him to prison for ten years; 'spose it was right, for the poor boy told me that he really did rob the bank, but he must have been drunk, for they had all been playing keards most all night and drinking. But, oh, dear! it seems to me kinder as though if he hadn't got to playing keards he might have been alive yet. But when I used to tell him it was wrong and bad to play, he used to say, 'Why mother, everybody plays now. I never bet only for the candy, or the cigars, or something like that.

"And when we heard that the young folks played keards down to Mr. Culver's donation party, and that 'Squire Ring was goin' to get a billiard table for his young folks to play on at home, I couldn't do nothing at all with him. We used to think it was awful to do that way when I was young, but it jist seems to me as if everybody now-a-days was goin' wrong into something or other. But may be it isn't right for me to talk to you, Judge, in this way, but it jist seemed to me the very sight of them keards would kill me, Judge; I thought if you only knew how I felt, you would not play on so: and then to think, right here before all these young folks! May be, Judge, you know how younger folks, especially boys, look up to such as you; and then I can't help thinking, that may be if them that ought to know better than do so, and them as are higher larnt, and all that, wouldn't set sich examples, my poor Tom would be alive and caring for his poor old mother; but now there ain't any of my family left but me and my gran' chile, my dead darter's little girl, and we are going to stop with my brother in Illinoy.

Tongue of man or angel never preached a more eloquent sermon than that gray, withered old lady, trembling with old age, excitement and fear that she was doing wrong. I can't recall half she said, as she, poor, lone, beggared widow, stood before those noble looking men, and pleaded the cause of the rising generation.

The look they bore as she poured forth her sorrowful tale was indiscribable. To say that they looked like criminals at the bar, would be a faint description. I can imagine how they felt. The old lady tottered to her seat, and taking her little grandchild in her lap, hid her face on her neck. The little one stroked her gray hair with one hand, and said, "Don't cry, granma, don't cry, granma." Eyes unused to weeping were red for many a mile on that journey. And I can hardly believe that one who witnessed the scene ever touched a card again. It is but just to say, that when the passengers came to themselves they generously responded to the Judge, who, hat in hand, silently passed through her little audience.—[The Banner.

Two miles from Fair Haven across the line in Hampton, we found the old residence of Prophet Miller, who foretold that the world would come to an end in 1848. The place has passed out of the hands of the family, but one son lives near by and a number of grand-children. The adventists, as they are called, now have a small chapel on the old farm, in which services are sometimes held—whenever a stray preacher happens along. The old Baptist church which stood near by thirty years ago, and which all of the Millers formerly attended, has been pulled down. A plain marble shaft marks the prophet's grave in a family and neighborhood cemetery near by. The prophet's old neighbors believe him ot have been in earnest and to have believed the doctrines he preached with such earnestness and power thirty years ago. He died in the winter of 1849, and we attended his funeral. Himes, of Boston, preached the sermon, which was more than two hours long, in the Congregational church at Fair Haven. He began by saying: "I ought to be with yonder mourners, for I am one." Himes at that time published an Advent journal, but we are told he has since apostatized. He was a talented man. Mrs. Miller outlived her husband. We attended a wedding after her husband's death, where she was present, and found her to be a pleasant and active lady. The ceremony was performed by William Miller, the prophet's oldest son. The happy couple were "horned" until a basket of doughnuts and a pitcher of cider were passed around, when the musicians, who had made an hour at least hideous, went away. This wa late in the winter of 1850. The Adventists are still looking for the coming of Christ at a no distant day, but as the days go by without a realization of their faith it grows less and so does the number of the adherents. There are only enough now in all the towns around the old home of the prophet to fill the small chapel. A few sleigh tracks told of a meeting since the storm. There are no sheds attached to it. The old beech grove has almost all been cut away, and this to us was typical of the speedy decay of the whole. Thirty years ago it was beautiful and vigorous. There was the old schoolhouse where we had eleven boys big enough to pitch us out of doors. We went in. The teacher had but a handfull of small boys, but the blackboard and stove made us welcome. It seemed as if we could carry the schoolhouse away in our vest pocket. Where were our scholars? Dead, married, gone—a few left.—[Troy Times Letter.

The Murphy Signal.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE SIGNAL is authorized to announce that W. H. Smith, formerly editor of the Star, will be a candidate for Clerk of the city of Logansport, at the spring election.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay NO postage.

ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

$1.00.

WORK!

REVIVE.

CLUB us big.

REVIVE now.

BIG meetings.

PUSH the work.

SUBSCRIBE now.

READ our "ads."

MEETING to-night.

RUMISM is quaking.

PREPARE for the 31st.

REPORT your meetings.

BRO. MCKEE is on the war-path.

WE publish an original story this week.

WM. HARKER will please send his address to this office.

THE county executive committee will meet next Saturday afternoon.

DARE the Pharos and Journal condemn the illegitimate whisky selling?

BRO. VET. YOUNG, Valparaiso, has taken up his residence at Plymouth.

AL. ORWIN'S first experience as a Murphy "evangelist" was not very encouraging.

THE Moffet register bill was "remorselessly slaughtered" in the Florida legislature.

THE *Porter County Vidette* devotes considerable space to temperance news and discussion.

BAND OF HOPE meeting at 4:30 this afternoon. All parents earnestly invited with the children.

THE daughter of Rev. N D. Shackelford, Leesburg, is visiting friends in the city, of whom she has many.

THE temperance people of Porter county are going to do a good work during the summer as they have in the past.

REV. H. L. Stetson, pastor Baptist church, was at Franlin, Ind; last week in attendance at a meeting of church dignitaries.

THE persons who refuse influence to God's work on earth will never have an opportunity of singing his praises in heaven.

BROS. MCKEE and Orwin held a meeting at Clymer Station last Thursday night. Another meeting will be held next Friday night.

OUR contributors are on hand this week in goodly number, with unusual interesting thoughts. We are glad to see you. Come again.

A PURE heart WITH PURE PURPOSES is a sure safe-guard against injury by contamination and dissemination of degraded manhood.

PRESIDENT WILL MASTERS is laboring hard to make the temperance union at Flora a success, and we see by the *Record* that he is succeeding.

OUR Murphy brothers, A. H. Goodwin and Charles Skinner, of Valparaiso will soon start for Colorado. Leadville is their probable destination.

"SILVER TOP" has been called home by the dangerous illness of his wife. It is deeply regretted by all, and we hope the afflicted lady may recover.

THE Journal says the report that some of the councilmen were arrested the recent "keno pulling" is erroneous. Well, do they visit such places at any time?

BRO. OWEN HURD, Walton, attended the meeting, Thursday night, and contributed greatly to its interest by words of cheer. Welcome always, Bro. Hurd.

AT Walton a druggist will receive our respects soon. A druggist who uses his business to hide his accursed purposes is a disgrace to the name of rummy.

WE will not be responsible for money payed to A. G. Murray for subscription for THE SIGNAL, as he is an impostor, and has no authority to take subscriptions.

THE New York business men have organized a society for the purpose of preventing treating to intoxicating liquors among themselves and employes.

THE Moffett register, having increased the revenue of Virginia over twenty-five per cent., the State refuses to abolish it. They only seek to perfect the register.

WE intend to defend the drinking men in preference to should-be convicts. Druggists and s.-k's who transgress the law are no better than any other criminals.

ANOTHER Councilman is said to have been arrested in a gambling dive. The true inwardness of that Fourth of July drunk, as exposed by THE SIGNAL, is still cropping out.

IF you want a meeting held in your neighborhood, send word to this office or to T. C. Barnes, and speakers will be sent your. If you are interested in temperance do not neglect this.

A RECENT report of the Iowa insane asylum shows that intemperance is the predominant cause of insanity. Nothing new. It is the predominant cause of all evil, crime and misfortune.

FOR the first time, Robert Johnston made a speech Sunday night. Like Geoge Shideler he's very modest, but Silver Top says he tried to get away with his elephant, all the same.

ALL persons who find a cross ( ) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

A NEW humerous temperance song, "Rummy Jamie's Rummage," has just been reeeived from the publisher, Azro Goff, 318 Broadway, N. Y. We hope every reader will send for a copy, as it is worth three times its price, 25c.

FALSE pride and fools are injured by contamination with impurities. Such a thing as "blue blood" America does not recognize. Those who refuse aid to a fallen drunkard because "he is so low," are lower in heart than he is.

H. B. PERSHING, one of the many prominent temperance workers of Marshall county, was in the city Thursday night last. He made an excellent address at the meeting, and left at 11:47 for Delphi, Lafayette, etc. Come often, Bro. Pershing.

WE want a special agent at once, for THE MURPHY SIGNAL, in each and every town in the United States and Canada. To those who can devote all or part of their time, we make very strong inducements. Write on a postal card for special terms.

THE misery of the Lafayette murder advocate is quite encouraging. The editors will have to go at honest work if the "prison supply association" does not soon succeed in raising that "money we must have," etc. Ha, ha, ha. Let the gall jade wince!

"SILVER TOP" says the Murphys in Harrison county, especially in Corydon, are as determined as the Spartan Band ever was. He says every good man in the county is a Murphy, so they must be "solid muldoons" down there. May success crown their efforts in the overthrow of the demon.

THE whisky organ says the "fanatical temperance movement is stronger to-day by five hundred per cent. than it ever was." Your right. And the strength is not decreasiug. The people are learning that it pays better to put their money in clothes than on the nose. Try it, "end-light-end" rum organ!

MRS. E. B. RUSSELL, her many friends will be gratified to learn, is meeting with grand success at Farmington, Illinois. At Fairview, a town of 1,000 population, 1,300 signed the pledge. She is not married that she knows of, she writes—and does not expect to be, we suppose. Reports to the contrary are erroneous. Mrs. Russell is one of the most successfnl workers in the field, as he success everywhere proves.

A young man, under the influence of liquor, fell out of a spring wagon while driving along Fourth street, yesterday afternoon, and cut his head considerably. He was assisted into the wagon and started up Market street, but had not proceeded very far when he again tumbled out. An arrest and fine would have had a wholesome effect on him, but after being again put into position, he continued on his way home, disgustingly muddy and bleeding. And yet some young men think these capers smart.

THE Pharos greatly fears that some of its convicts will get justice at the hands of the law. Will the Pharos please make plain to its intelligent readers why the druggist or saloon-keeper who break the law ten times an hour are better than the poor men who are fined for plain drunks? It never has a word to say in defense of the drinking men, whose entire capital is a starving family at home and a position on the stone pile. And yet it is an organ of the poor man!!!

GEN. SAM. A. CHAMBERS—Silver Top—has been laboring in the city for the past three or four days, but news of his wife's serious illness called him to Corydon, Indiana, Monday morning. His influence has tended greatly to forward the work, and to cause the movement to assume its present gratifying proportions. His talks are comprehensible, witty and eloquent; characterized with pith and pathos. His convincing logic impels thought, and his earnest appeals inspires action. The audience is constantly thrilled and delighted, and good results are always manifest. Towns that need aid in their work, will find Silver Top a successful organizer.

Have Gone Back on Them.

THE Lafayette rum advocate argues that both political parties have withdrawn their support from whiskyism.

It is nearly right.

Honest-thinking people of all parties are becoming sober and industrious, and to be either they have no need of rum.

They observe with alarm its many evils, and compare it with its few virtues.

Temperance men of ALL parties will vote ONLY for temperance men, and no political party will disregard altogether the wishes of its substantial members.

The rum advocate feels especially malignant towards the Democracy, but we hope that party will not be whipped into the traces by the whimpering of this blubbering child.

It says the Democracy have proven false to whisky interests, though it was once its humblest tool.

All parties have many honorable men in their ranks.

These men longer refuse to submit to the ravages of rum, and true to humanity, their country, and their God, they demand the freedom of the rum slaves.

And they will have it.

It is intended to frighten politicians, but they begin to realize now, if they never have before, that their bread, in future, will be buttered on the temperance side.

Going West.

WE regret very much that our friend J. B. Drake, of Walton, has taken up his bed, household goods and worldly possessions, (which every well-regulated bachelor should have), and departed to cast his fortunes in the thriving Osmer City, Kan. Mr. Drake honorably occupied the Presidential chair of Walton union for many months, and his uprightness, energy and persistency has kept that union constantly in the bloom of prosperity. He enjoyed the distinction of a gentleman and the fullest confidence of and among the entire community. He sincerely deplores a separation from his many solicitous friends there, and hopes the ties of friendship will still remain. We bespeak for Mr. Drake the fellowship of the good people of Kansas, and hope his prosperity will be unlimited.

Father Mathew Society.

The folling officers were elected by the Father Mathew Society, Thursday evening:

President—Patrick Mahony.
Vice President—Michael Garrigan.
Treasurer—John Dugan.
Financial Secretary—Michael Wolf.
Recording Secretary—John Maloy.
Corresponding Secretary—John Maloy.
Marshal—Thomas McCann.

A Logansport Favorite.

BY a marked copy of the *Eaton, O., Register* we notice that our mutual friend, L. C. Abbott, is still in the harness doing good work for the cause. He delivered one of his unapproachable speeches at Castine, Ohio, on the evening of February 23d, ad was greeted as he is everywhere with a crowded house.

Complimentary.

THE MURPHY SIGNAL is the official temperance organ of the State. It is one of the best, and is published at the low price of $1.00 a year. It contains forty columns of reading matter and can be seen at this office among our exchanges.—*Mitchell Times.*

A WOMAN got drunk while cooking at Portsmouth, Virginia, and fell head foremost into a tub of water near the stove. Her head was drowned and the remainder burned to death, her clothes taking fire.

BULDOZING.

A GAME ATTEMPTED BY THE PHAROS AND A GALVESTON DRUGGIST.

"ARROGANT FOOLS" STILL WORRY THE CONTEMPTIBLE WHISKY ORGAN.

The Druggist Swears to Having Received a "Notice," but Not that His Sales are Always Legitimate.

"GALVESTON, IND., Feb. 25, 1879.

"For the last year the Murphys at this place have been very active in the fight against liquor vendors. They succeeded in ridding the town of the traffic and prevented the issue of license for saloon purposes. Not being content with the victory, they turned their artillery on Z. U. Loop's drug store, knowing that spirits were kept only for medicinal and mechanical purposes. Now here is a verbatim et literatim copy of a note that was deposited in the post-office at this place, directed to him, as follows:

Galveston Ind

Mr Loop

if you want to sav your goods y want to handle the whiskey traffic very careful we intend to rout it out of town some way

I hereby certify that the above is an exact copy as received through the postoffice at this place.

Z. U. LOOP,
Galveston, Ind.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 12th day of February, 1879.

G. W. DAVIS,
Notary Public.
[SEAL]

If the above was written by a Murphyite, it doesn't indicate to any great extent that he practices in good faith what their organization professes, to-wit: 'Charity for all and malice towards none.' But like other organizations of its kind, the Murphy is afflicted with a fair proportion of inconsiderate and arrogant fools, who esteem it their especial prerogative to act as censors over the acts of other men."—[Logansport Pharos.

We do not approve of such letters as that received by Mr. Loop. It is indiscreet, and flavors no little of an incendiary character, and no true Murphy or citizen can afford to entertain ideas of rashness. But the fact of the receipt of the notice creates a suspicion which Mr. Loop cannot cultivate with profit. Though we do not question his integrity as a gentleman, a citizen, or as a legitimate druggist, we insist that as long as he pursues his business honestly he need have no fear of molestation. The warning "you want to handle the whiskey very careful," is not out of place. It should be handled very carefully, and Mr. Loop and all other druggists who desire to prosper in business should remember their responsibility, and the result of a violation of the state laws. If druggists violate the law they should be prosecuted as a law-breaker. If they do not, they will be protected as a citizen. Hence, as long as Mr. Loop carries on his business in strict observance of the statutes every good citizen will sustain him in it.

However, neither Mr. Loop nor the Pharos are honest in this matter. They are sinister in their expression, which will likely leave a suspicion as to their true purpose. Mr. Loop's publicity is liable to call forth the questions: "Well if you sell only for medicinal purposes, why do you fear the law? If you have always obeyed the law, why was the notice sent you? Were there no suspicions of illegitimate sales?"

We have exceedingly good reasons to believe that the notice was written by a whiskyite, and that the plan of the Pharos and Mr. Loop was simply to throw a shadow on the good name of Murphyism. We want to say to Mr. Loop, be slow—yes, very slow. Your extreme sensitiveness may lead you to do something that you will regret. The people of Galveston are not incendiaries nor roughs, but the most upright, law-abiding citizens, and any dishonorable attempt to bring them into disrepute may lead to an unlooked for ending.

As for the little "Pharos," it takes every possible occasion to call somebody "an arrogant fool," and in every possible way reflects discreditably upon the Murphy institutions. It is too cowardly and sneaking to make its assertions plain and comprehensible, but dares to stand behind the fence like a little cur and bark through. It "personates" every man who sells rum, and ignores every one who professes total sobriety. It universally condemns temperance men and eulogizes whiskyites. And yet it claims to be a friend of temperance!!

It says the Murphys "not being content with the victory, they turned their artillery upon Z. U. Loop's drug store, knowing that spirits were kept only for medicinal and mehanical purposes." The Pharos and every person conversant with the principles of Murphyism know the assertion to be false. If the Murphys of Galveston "have turned their artillery upon Loop's drug store," they have done so with a knowledge of facts to sustain them, and justice will be meeted out as it is deserved; but how are we to know that such is the case. If the Pharos can convert a notice, (which may have been written by a strict anti-Murphy), into a shot direct from the Murphy "artillery," can we expect anything of an honest vindication of truth from that source? There is no proof to show that the notice was written by a Murphy, and even if it was the Pharos is assured that its harpings would not change a particle the righteous purpose of those who indicted it—namely, the abolition of whisky.

The Pharos says "if the above was written by a Murphy," etc. and then it again proceeds to give its "weighty" opinion. "If" the above was written by a Murphy the Murphy institution should be completely annihilated, "if" it was written by somebody else the Murphys should be annihilated anyhow. This is the doctrine of the Pharos.

As for charity, let us look at the consistency of the Pharos. A few weeks ago a proprietor of that paper, on his way home late at night, was met in a dark street by a rough who demanded his valuables; instead, however of complying, he struck the would-be robber on the head with his cane so heavliy that he was compelled to relinquish his design. Now, if the Pharos man had been a Murphy, what should he have done, run or deliver? Would his charity compel him to sacrifice everything he possessed to feed and make easy the life of the thief? It was the duty of the Pharos man, if possible, to place his assailant in the hands of the authorities, and to use his influence towards his prosecution. The same duty would have been incumbent upon a charity-pledged temperance man.

In the Murphy pledge charity and justice are synonimous. No saloon-keeper who abides by the law should be personally molested. But one who does not do this shold be prosecuted to the end. Every citizen is virtually sworn to respect and maintain the law, and because he attempts to fulfill his duty, it does not inidcate that he is malicious, or uncharitable. When he takes the pledge, it does not follow that he must see every law of his nation derided without uttering a protest. With charity for ALL, in JUSTICE to all, he must execute the law. The idiotic Pharos would hold your hands while law-breakers enter your homes and rob them of their richest treasures. As there are liquor laws in Indiana it is the duty of the citizens to enforce them and no moral law prohibits it.

The Pharos, blinded by its greed for rum money, does not look nor care for the moral side of this question. It appears to forget that there is such a thing as an intemperate home. Dare it stand out on the record! Or does its cowardice compel it to shrink in the gloom and thrust from the recesses of the coward's retreat.

Every day and hour in this city the saloons sell contrary to law, and the Pharos never offers a protest; in fact, it condemns when an attempt is made to bring law-breakers to justice. Thus a paper, representing itself as a home guardian and moral teacher, openly espouses drunkenness and law qreaking. Because one temperance man makes a mistake it devotes a half column to berating him; but its gods, though they transgress every law, are favored with its hypocritical fawning and caressing. The people should know how this sheet stands on the question. It is too cowardly to show its colors. Let good citizens show that they will no longer be taught by a sheet that condemns the enforcement and advocates the violation of law.

The law should be enforced and every law-abiding citizen should contribute to that end.

Commended.

THE following was written to a friend of ours in this city concerning THE MURPHY SIGNAL, from John M. McCampbell, of Troy, Ohio, and ex-member of the Ohio Legislature:

"I send my love and gratitnde to you for sending me the MURPHY SIGNAL. I am obliged to you for the paper. I do not find such temperance papers every day. It is one of the best papers, I think, I have seen."

Yes, They're At It

"OUR friends in Lafayette are at it again."—[SIGNAL.

"What, taking it straight?"—[Lafayette rum organ.

Don't be uneasy, dear friend. You'll realize soon that they are "taking" it clean out of existence. THEN to keep your nose properly colored without honest labor, you should move west.

Encouraging.

TEST votes in the General Assembly show clearly that there is a growing sentiment in favor of stringent temperance legislation, and if the advocates of that cause do not weary in well-doing, they may hope in the near future to achieve great things for moral reform.—[Journal.

Geo. Ash sells corn husks, for beds.

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Very Sensible.

THE *Rising Sun Recorder* says: "There is no doubt but a drunkard can reform, and they do reform, and those who have reformed deserve the credit of having won a great victory. Never reproach a man for once having been a drunkard by reminding him of his past career. Let him tell that himself—he knows more about it than you or anybody else."

Taking Sides.

The local option bill met with poor success at the hands of our temperance Legislature. But the temperance people are not disapointed in the least. They will continue to go on in the old way of moral suasion, hoping that some future Legislature may not sink so low as to sacrifice the public wellfare for the sake of a few party votes. Surely the people are capable of saying whether they want saloons in their midst or not. Give us the privilege of governing ourselves. —[North Manchester Journal.

Bitter Feeling—Probable War.

THERE is much feeling and bad blood in Corydon, Harrison county, Indiana, growing out of the excitement on the subject of temperance. The saloon men and their allies are very bitter toward the temperance workers, and have secretly gotten out several papers, in which prominent and highly respectable people, men and women, have been most vilely traduced. These publications have, of course, intensified the excitement, and serious trouble may result any day.

Some time ago a widow lady named Hurst, highly respected, notified the saloons not to sell liquor to her son. Some of the men paid no attention to these legal notices, and on Saturday night, March 1st, Mrs. Hurst went to the saloon of Irvine Applegate and badly wrecked it, breaking decanters, bar fixtures, and allowing the liquor to run at large. The public sustain her, and she will be defended by the best people in Harrison county, with money and influence.

When the Sin Begins.

To drink deeply—to be drunk—is a sin; this is not denied. At what point does the taking of strong drink become a sin? The state in which the body is when not excited by intoxicating drink is its proper and natural state; drunkenness is the state farthest removed from it. The state of drunkenness is a state of sin. At what stage does it become a sin? We suppose a man perfectly sober who has not tasted anything that can intoxicate; one glass excites him, and to some extent disturbs the state of sobriety, and so far destroys it; another glass excites him still more; a third fires his eye, loosens his tongue, inflames his passions; a fourth increases all this; a fifth makes him foolish, and partially insane; a sixth makes him savage; seventh or an eighth makes him stupid—a senseless, degraded mass; his reason is quenched, his faculties are for the time destroyed. Every noble and generous and holy principle within him withers, and the image of God is polluted and defiled. This is sin, awful sin; for "drunkards shall not inherit the kindom of God." But where does the sin begin? At the first glass, at the first step toward complete intoxication, or at the sixth, or seventh, or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system toward the state of stupid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul?—[John Bright.

Taxing the Traffic.

WE have an able argument from Chesterton against the licensing of liquor-shops, with what we deem the usual defect in nearly all such arguments—the overlooking of the fact that what is called and treated as a license of a vicious traffic which the law might just as well prohibit and suppress, and that which even has the form of license, need not, and most likely should not, have that form or be so called or treated, but as a condemnatory practical tax upon a vicious traffic which the government has thus far found itself unable to suppress for want of popular support in the enforcement of prohibitory laws. Not many we presume would like to have the federal government abolish taxes on cigars, tobacco and strong drinks, from which we get considerable revenue, and leave the traffic in them free; and if a statutory prohibition is the rightful future policy, the taxing of the traffic probably must be the next best thing, and ought to be persisted in till prohibition can be made effectual.—*Porter County Vidette.*

WHERE TO WORK.

As the Savior Did, Among Those Who Can Feel and Appreciate It.

LET us work among the poor as well as the wealthy.
The poor at heart and pecuniarily.
They need help and words of cheer.
They appreciate either and both.
Christ moved among the lowly.
THE POOR IN HEART WILL BECOME the P U R E in heart.
The poor in heart are susceptible to pure influences.
Like a tired bird it would fold its wings and rest.
Like a weary life it longs for peace.
Tired of sin.
Tired of sorrow.
Discontented with discontent.
It LOOKS and HOPES and PRAYS for something better.
That is it which may be made better.
It finds its goal in sobriety.
And in Christianity.
And in Heaven!!
The heart that finds a satisfaction in sin cannot be reached.
The heart that finds a muddy contentment in display and arrogancy is beyoud our power.
But that heart which strives to purge itself of impurities—which would prepare itself for the reception of higher and nobler principles—is one that may be reached and purified.
Let us work among the poor.
Christ did that.
No display.
No pretensions.
But in compassion he spoke burning words of truth.
His compassion, tenderness, touched the heart.
His truth CONVINCED it.
So should we work.

An Appeal for Aid.

To the People of Cass County:

The Cass County Temperance Union begs leave to call your attention to the good results of total abstinence, and the great advance made in that direction by the earnest and constant labor of many of our citizens. In this county, in the last two years, nearly 18,000 persons have signed the total abstinence pledge. In nearly every township there is an established Union, and each has brought facts to our knowledge which causes us to believe that they are a healthy and moral influence in every community. Among those who have signed were many far advanced in the stage of drunkenness, who, to our knowledge, have been rescued from idleness, poverty and a blasted character, and have been made useful, industrious, and honorable citizens. True, some have violated their obligations, but these have been very few. As a result, we notice, that by far the largest proportion of those who have signed the pledge have proven true to it, and by so doing added to the wealth of our county by industry, added to their community by uprightness and morality, and to charity by sustaining their neglected families. If it is true that "no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God," and that a man's soul is worth more than the entire world, we realize that even though but one man was rescued for eternity from the vice of intemperance, our work would not be futile.

Our societies have enlisted many young men, and of our number also, we would call your attention to the many young men, cultivating habits of vice, who have enlisted with us, and thrown aside the enticing snares to a drunkard's finality. Our work has been universally successful in this regard, and in the hope of the world—the young—can we but maintain safe guards to protect them—we feel that we have assumed the proper course for a successful prevention of the increase of idle, drinking men. Morality and sobriety has greatly increased among them since the influence of total abstinence has been introduced.

Our work, we believe, has greatly added to the harmony of communities and neighborhoods—making enemies neighbors and friends, and rendering sociable and upright, many evil-disposed and indolent residents. Few will undertake to deny that the use of alcoholic beverages is undeniably and inevitably injurious to an overwhelmingly large majority of our citizens who use it—that it is destructive of the general welfare. It increases taxes, it educates criminals, it endangers life, it endangers property, it destroys public morals, it blasts character, it destroys the nice sense of honor that should be felt by and govern the conduct of our public men, and that it is a reproach to our civilization. That it hangs like an incubus on labor; robs industry of its reward; produces pauperism and crime. That it is a public evil, affecting every citizen, every industrial interest, and injuriously approaches every citizen, every family, every community, and the entire commonwealth. Believing this to be true, we anticipate that every patriotic citizen is interested in the abolition of intemperance. Knowing that many who feel a deep sympathy for the work cannot give it their personal influence, but are willing to contribute to its success substantially by contributions, we give this opportunity, for those who wish to aid in this way to manifest it.

We need funds to carry the work to isolated districts where its influence has never been felt, and to sustain the work in places where now organized; to provide a way to convey speakers, pledges, light, and many small expenditures which the few are required to meet. We urge all philanthropic and tax-paying citizens to realize the justice of our appeal, and to feel that it will be repaid by the reduction of taxes, increase of production and consumption, and the salvation of souls. All contributions will be used economically and carefully, and any waste of such will not be suffered. Persons desiring, may leave contributions with or send to Hon. B. F. Campbell or Dr. J. M. Justice, Treasurers, and it will be greatly appreciated.

We have but a single purpose in our work, namely, the saving of humanity, and our institution shall positively continue to be strictly non-partisan and non-political, laboring in the fear of God for the good of man. Our weapons shall continue to be moral suasion, and our goal the universal salvation of mankind from strong drink.

We pray that God may bless our purposes, our work and the people of our county.

W. H. LEEDY,
Pres. C. C. T. U.

T. C. BARNES,
C. BRANDT,
J. J. JULIAN,
T. P. MCKEE,
C. F. THOMAS,
} Ex. Committtee.

HUGHES AND WARD AT LAFAYETTE.

To the Editor:

THIS great temperance work under the lead of Hughes and Ward is a grand success. The blue ribbon hall, which holds about 800, is crowded every night, and hundreds are turned away. I think that those who really ought to be given room, those who have not signed, and who go late are turned away. Nevertheless, there are from thirty to forty signers every night.

FRANCIS MURPHY

lectured here on the 25th. The evening was very disagreeable, but there was a large turnout. One must hear Murphy to fully appreciate him. His description of a man's progress in life, his onward march, his falling by drinking, the miserable and terrible days and hours spent in uselessness, and then his reforming from drinking and conversion to religion, cannot be described by any man as well as by Murphy. In his closing, he said by such a choir as the temperance people here had, he could take New York City.

On Sunday evening, the 2d, Rev. Wm. Goben delivered a sermon at the opera house; again this was a disagreeable night. The turnout was good. The sermon was a fine production, something original and pleasing, and leads to make a christian out of a reformed drunkard. Right here, allow the writer to say, that from all of his observation of christianity and strict church going people, the sooner the churches reform and place temperance as the solid basis of christianity the better it will be. For it is evident that a man must first become a temperance man before he can become a christian.

Ed. Shiel, editor of the Monitor, was here a few evenings. For a good, social and congenial fellow, Ed. takes the lead. The only fault he has is his bashfulness. A friend of his told me that he knew Ed. to go at one time two hours without saying a word—he was asleep at this time. Ed. talks temperance all the time. Hughes told me he woke up at night, and Ed. was sitting up in bed talking temperance in Dutch. If Shiel wasn't a wild Irishman the Lafayette girls would all be in love with him.

The blue ribbon chorus, with Miss Lizzie Geiger at the organ, is undoubtedly one of the best we ever heard. Prof. Serveson, the leader, has it under strict control, and they obey every movement of his hand. When Murphy said with such a choir he could take New York, I think he spoke the truth.

Dr. W. W. Taylor, of Chicago, was here a few evenings last week Everybody ought to hear the Doctor. The only son of rich parents, a fine, finished education and polished gentleman, his experience in drinking goes beyond the comprehension of a common man. His originality in thought and delivery of speech is the finest I ever heard. Unfortunately an affliction of the throat prevented him from filling his engagement here. If he could have spoken, there is not a house large enough in the city to hold those that wish to hear him.

Among the most inveterable workers, we notice Dr. S. S. Washburn, Nick Nuberg, and Miss Crow. They can be seen in every part of the hall working in earnest. I will in my next give the names of others, who are equally as earnest in this good work.

Last Sunday evening, Rev. Blackburn, of the Baptist church, spoke to a large audience at the opera house. Bro. S. is a fluent speaker, and stated rightly, when he said that a reformed drunkard could do more to reform a drinking man, than a minister or lawyer.

The vim and earnestness [that Hughes and Ward takes in the temperance movement, marks for them a bright future. C. D.

LaFayette, March 9, 1879.

MURDOCK & BRO, corner Fourth and Broadway, dealers in Dry Goods of every description, Laces, gloves, etc. No prices lower than theirs, established and reliable.

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

MACE LONG ON THE LEGISLATURE.

To the Editor:

I WISH to be remembered to the readers of your valuable paper.

I would rather have the gratitude and thanks of the poorest boy in the state of Indiana, whom I never have seen, and whem I never expect to see, than to have the applause or good will of the legislators who will vote for and uphold the curse of rum. MASON LONG.

Grand Rapids, Mich., March 4th.

ATTICA, IND.

To the Editor:

WE have been occupying a hall, during the summer, that we thought large enough for our temperance club, but quite recently we became so much crowded that we were compelled to secure larger quarters. We have now moved into a much larger hall, fitted it up nicely, and are holding a series of meetings, with good success. We have an excellent choir, and singing and signing is the order, each evening. Since last Friday evening, and at the close of last night's meeting, we have obtained one hundred signers, and the work goes on. G. C. C.

Attica, Ind., 28th.

EGYPT, CLARK COUNTY.

To the Editor:

BRO. F. B. GRIFFICE was with us this winter, and held a meeting here. We had a good time. Twenty-one signed the red ribbon pledge. We have two hundred members in our club now. We organized in December, 1878. We have our meetings every Monday night. The interest is greater to-day than it has ever been in this part of the country. Many young men who had formed the habit of drinking have signed the pledge and are now enjoying the blessings of a temperate life. H. B. HEARN.

New Washington, March 1.

GEORGETOWN.

To the Editor:

THURSDAY evening, March 4th, the good people met at this place, according to appointment. We had a splendid good temperance meeting, and effected an organization. The follow- officers were elected:

President—W. C. Kinney.
Vice President—Nicholas Coble.
Secretary—Dr. A. Abbott.
Treasurer—J. B. Kendrick.

Brothers Kinney and Abbott took part in speaking. The people seem to be interested in the temperance work at that place. We may expect good reports from Georgetown.

G. P. MCKEE.

MARSHALL COUNTX.

To the Editor:

WE are working with zeal in the temperance cause. We have sent a man with a remonstrance to our commissioners, to prevent an applicant from getting license under the whisky farce, called a law.

I wonder if the "freedom and right" society, with their free beer, have bought our present legislature!

We propose to spot the men in our county who refused to vote for local option.

Our society is holding a protracted temperance meeting this week. Would like to have Bros. Graham and McKee with us. Yours truly,

R. M. W.

Argos, Ind., March 3d.

ADAMS TOWNSHIP.

To the Editor:

I HAD the pleasure of attending a temperance meeting at Zion Church in Adams township, Saturday evening March 1st. We had a splendid good time. Several signed the pledge. Bro. Winegardner organized at this place some two months ago. But it seems they have not had any co-operation with the rest of the country. The secretary will send you reports of their meetings hereafter. I will give you the names of their officers.

President—J. P. Levell.
Vice President—Jacob Richason.
Secretary—W. W. Tracy.
Treasurer—Jacob Louis.

Yours,
G. P MCKEE.

Adams Tp., March 1st, 1879.

BETHLEHEM TOWNSHIP.

To the Editor.

THE Murphy meeting Saturday evening at Twelve-Mile is one to be long remembered. Although the roads were very bad the people turned out to hear Prof. Will McClain, of Kokomo. His address was well received, and was full of useful instruction. He

(Continued on Second Page.)

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AGAIN.

[UNKNOWN.]

O, sweet and fair! O, rich and rare!
That day so long ago.
The autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow,
The ferns were clad in a cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore,
Such suns will shine, such waves will sing
Forever evermore.

O, fit and few! O, tried and true!
The friends who met that day,
Each other the other's spirit knew,
And so in earnest play
The hours flew past, until at last
The twilight kissed the shore,
We said, "Such days will come again
Forever evermore."

One day again, no cloud of pain
A shadow o'er us cast;
And yet we strove in vain, in vain,
To conjure up the past;
Like, but unlike—the sun that shone,
The waves that beat the shore,
The words we said, the songs we sung,
Like, -unlike,—evermore.

For ghosts unseen crept in between,
And, when our songs flowed free,
Sang discords in an undertone,
And marred our harmony.
"The past is ours, not yours," they said:
"The waves that beat the shore,
Though like the same, are not the same,
O, never, never more!

HUNTING DOWN A MURDERER.

How a Woman Found a Clue A Detective's Story.

Having completed the synopsis of her own life, the lady, New York's most successful female detective, glancing at her jeweled watch, remarked: "If you desire it, I will give you the history of one of my first cases. It occurred nineteen years ago. Mrs. Williston, a young and very beautiful lady, a bride of six months and one of the belles of fashion, giving the gayest receptions of that winter in her elegant home on Madison avenue, died suddenly and mysteriously.

"Her husband was very wealthy, and this marriage was one of the grandest celebrated at Grace Church. She was the orphaned daughter of a New York merchant, and inherited a large fortune. No home in all the city gave greater promise of fortune and continued happiness than theirs. After a brief wedding tour they were envied and complimented, and many were the good wishes bestowed for the continuance of their happiness.

"But suddenly gloom shrouded their home. Her hurband returning from his club about 11 o'clock one evening in the winter of the year 1869, was shocked to find his wife dead, lying in her evening dress on the bed in their sleeping-room. He rang the bell and summoned the household. Physicians were called, but it was of no avail. Life was quite extinct, and had been for some hours. In his statement before the coroner Mr. Williston said: 'I returned at 11 o'clock, having only been absent some four hours. I left my wife at the dining-room door. She was in good health and spirits, and requested me to return early. When I entered the room the gas was turned low, and I thought she was asleep on the bed. I passed into the dressing-room quietly, not to disturb her, but was struck by the perfect order of the room. No indications of her having disrobed were there, and I then turned up the gas. In the chamber my wife was lying on the bed at full length, but in her evening dress. Her face looked strangely to me, and I listened in fear. She didn't seem to be breathing. I called her name. She didn't answer. I stooped to kiss her, and found her lips were cold. Then I summoned help.' The coroner's jury failed to find any sufficient grounds to call it murder, nor yet did they deem it suicide. A singularly abnormal condition of the heart determined the verdict of death by 'heart disease.' Yet vague rumors were continually creeping about that there was some mystery connected with the death of the young woman.

No open charge of murder was preferred against any one, much less against the husband. Both had been members of Grace church; both belonged to the most select circles of society. But a keen-eyed officer, who had viewed the corpse, was satisfied in his own mind that there were the marks of slender fingers on the white throat, and the mark of close, firm pressure on the finely-cut features. The nails of her delicate fingers held beneath them the impress of extravasated blood, and he argued to himself, "she struggled for her life." But the physicians had asserted that no marks of foul play were discernible, and she was buried. The officer, however did not forget his impressions.

"At that time the detective force held on its pay-roll some of the best names ever written there, among them the eminently wise and shrewd John A. Kennedy. To him the officer communicated his thonghts and was quietly detailed to work up the case alone. He became the friend and adviser of the bereaved husband, but his closest scrutiny gave him no clue to the truth. Through some channel he had heard of me, and I was summoned from Washington by a mysterious letter, which pigued my curiosity. With all my caution on the alert, I answered the summons, and arrived at the Astor House one evening, where my correspondent met me with the nonchalance of an old friend, and ushered me into a private parlor, lighted and warmed for my reception. Another gentleman was seated in the parlor, to whom my correspondent introduced me by what I afterward learned was a fictitious name. I inquired:

"'What is it you wish me to do?'

"'To listen to a story and give me your opinion of it,' rejoined the officer. Then quietly, and without omitting the most minute incident, he related to me the story of the death of the lady.

"I listened intently. 'What do you think of it?'

"I hesitated. 'Answer frankly,' he said; 'we are a confidential party and our opinions shall be held sacred,'

"'It may be,' I replied, cautiously, that she was murdered by her husband.' The gentlemen both turned pale, and the one who had remained silent put out his hand toward me, in a deprecating manner, excliming in a startled voice, 'O, no, no, don't say that.'

"I looked toward the officer for an explanation, but, he continued, 'Give me a reason for your opinions.'

"'You say that they were newly married, and very affectionate?'

"'Yes.'

"'In that case the wife, unless seriously ill, would have been waiting for her husband, and have hastened to greet him on his return, especially as she had urged him to return early. Not meeting him the husband would have taken alarm at once and rushed noisily into their room to see why he was deprived of her welcoming caresses. He would not have hesitated to rouse her if she had fallen asleep, and the gas being turned low, would not have concealed the robed figure on the outside of the bed. His movements had a studied precision about them which shows guilt.'

"The horror depicted on the stranger's face was so striking that I inquired: 'Is this the husband?'

"'Yes, madam.'

"I carefully studied the face. It was worn with anxiety, but through the lines I thought I traced the marks of a haunting fear, and vailed in his black eyes was a world of passion, which might easily be roused. I was left alone for the night, and my new-made friend called for me on the following morning, with the request from Mr. Williston that I would ferret out the matter, if convinced that it was a case of murder. I visited the desolate house. Nothing had been removed from the death chamber except the lifeless body, and during the eight months of mourning the dust had gathered on everything in the once carefully-tended rooms. I looked over each article in the apartment cautiously and slowly; at the wardrobe I lingered, examining every garment, and at last found a clue. My heart almost ceased its beating as I drew it from its long hiding and placed it in my portemonnaie—a trifle—but on it hung my life. The true thread of the mystery was in my hands.

"Mr. Williston had been failing rapidly in health, and just at that time was ordered by his physician, Dr. Willard Parker, to hasten away to the South, and prevent, if possible, the threatening decline. My case was not in a shape to give into the hands of the proper officers, and on the day of his departure for New Orleans I shook hands and said to him: 'I must give up the search. No human being but the guilty one will ever know who was the murderer, yet murdered she certainly was. You must forgive me for suspecting you.'

"'Certainly, I will forgive you,' he replied. 'As you have never betrayed your suspicions, they can not harm me, although they give me much pain.' He then passed out of my sight to complete his preparations for his journey. But the same steamer on which he sailed had also as a passenger, a venerable, white-haired old lady, who was a martyr to neuralgia, and anxious to test the advantages of a Southern climate. She was a professional nurse, and bore with her certificates from several eminent physicians of New York, by which she hoped to obtain employment in New Orleans. A good sailor, she found her services in demand, as the sick gentleman was not only very ill but very exacting, and it was difficult for the boys to please him. After reaching New Orleans, Mr. Williston grew worse rapidly, and sent for his friend, the old lady, to whom he bceame attached during the trip. Little by little his confidence was gained, and at last an opportunity offered when a description of the wife could be asked for. It was readily given, with the most genuine tone of regret at her untimely death.

"The nurse drew from her pocket a sealed envelope, and, deftly opening it, held up a shining, curling tress of gold-bright hair. There were only a few threads, but quite enough to determine its color, and show that it was naturally curly. Every glimmering thread still held the root, proving the force and abruptness with which it had been torn from the head it once adorned. Mr. Williston rose to a sitting posture, and leaning toward her, exclaimed:

"'Who, in the fiend's name, are you?'

"'Your old friend, Mrs. Benton, of Washington.'

"Where did you find that?'

"'On your coat tangled about a button, which was partly covered by the folding of the collar. It was your dinner-coat—and instead of leaving your wife at the dining-room door, you accompanied her up to your room, there murdered her, and changing your coat, left the house; every hair has the root in perfection, and none were displaced when I found it.' He sank back on his pillow, and I thought he would die in agony.

"'Then you are her murderer by your own confession?'

"'No, no!' he wispered, 'I loved her better than life.'

"'Yet I believe you guilty. I have weighed carefully every circumstance, sifted every particle of evidence, and every step has only served to convince me of your guilt.'

"He sent for his physician and demanded the truth as to his health.

"'You will recover,' answered the doctor, 'if you are careful.'

"After his departure, my patient, looking into my eyes with a fierce expression, said:

"'I defy you, and I hate you! Leave me, and never show yourself to me again.'

"I will leave you, but 'tis to give you over to justice.'

"'I turned to leave the room.

"'Nurse,' he called, 'come back,' and then he implored: 'Don't destroy me; you don't know anything against me; you could prove nothing but devoted love.'

"'Ah, yes; but I could prove that you lied to the Coronor, and that would involve you so that eventually the truth would come out.'

"'Nurse,' he asked, calmly, 'do you think that I will recover?'

"'I cannot tell.'

"'Will you persist in giving me into the hands of the law if I recover?'

"'I certainly shall; it is my duty.'

"'Then sit down here and write what I dictate, but you will never see me in court. I shall die now, and that soon.'

"'I hasten to comply with his wishes, and, lying there, he repeated as I wrote:

"'I loved my wife dearly as any man could, and did not intend to murder her, but she had had a school boy lover, to whose memory she clung with a persistent fondnesss which roused the deamon of jealousy. I did not want her to think of any one but myself. At dinner that day she had unfortunately again angered me about the beardless boy, who had that day called upon her. We passed up the stairs to-gether without the servants noticing us, and, on entering our room, she expostulated with me. She was half sitting on the edge of the bed. I sprang to her side, clutched her throat, and, forcing her back on the bed, uttered angry words that have never since left my ears. She attempted to screrm, and I drew the heavy pillow over her face only for a moment, but that moment of terror sufficed to develop the latent heart trouble, and I look into the dead face of my wife. I endeavored to bring her to, but she was dead beyond recall. I put on my street coat, and in a maze of terror hastened into the street unobserved by any one in the house. My first impulse was to fly, but a second thought showed me the futility of the attempt. Vainly striving to still the tumult of my heart, I walked the streets until fatigued. Then I returned to the house, partially disrobed, arranged the silent figure on the bed, and summoned aid. I did lose consciousness for a time—and God knows my grief has been genuine. I have suffered beyond human endurance, and but for my gray-haired father and my sisters I should have given myself up to the law.

"He ceased speaking, and wept as men only weep, while I shed many tears also. After he became more calm he signed the paper, and I witnessed the signature, as did also the clerk of the hotel, who little thought of the terrible portent of that slip of paper.

"I then telegraphed to Superintendent Kennedy to send me an officer, as I was on the eve of a discovery of importance. The officer came with all possible speed, duly authorized to act on any case. My patient was failing so rapidly that no steps were taken for his arrest, and at midnight following the arrival of the officer Mr. Williston died. We two witnessed his death, which was very affecting, indeed, as he continually implored 'Dora' to forgive him. As soon as arrangements could be made his remains were forwarded in the care of the officer to his friends in New York. There were no wrongly-accused victims of circumstantial evidence to be vindicated, and the confession was sealed up and put away until the time should elapse during which it was probable any accusations might be made. The time has already passed."

The curious reader of this true narrative may, if he chooses, find in the Herald of March 26, 1861, the following notice:

"Died, in New Orleans, March 19, Charles Williston, aged 29. His many friends will regret to learn of the sad ending of a prosperous and promising life, but the mysterious and sudden death of his lovely wife so preyed upon his health as to produce a rapid decline. His remains will be brought home for interment.

Frequently when the public cry about the important cases being dropped by the police it is because of some similiar result of their search, and it is best and wisest to bear the reproaches of those uninformed, a higher power having wrested from them the privilege and the right to bring to justice the guilty.

Mrs. Benton spoke of many other cases of more recent date, in which she had aided the police in their efforts to find out criminals, but preferred to keep the manner of procedure a secret. She is still aiding the police in their work.

Capture of a Desperate Robber.

The Terre Haute Express gives the following particulars of the capture of Lankford, the notorious burglar and horsethief, who has recently robbed a number of stores at Middleburg and Clay City, which was effected at Saline, on Thursday:

He had been to Clay City, seen his wife by night, and made arrangements for her to come to Terre Haute, where he would meet her. Being delayed in coming here himself, he stopped on the way at the Saline stave factory to warm himself at the fires and to await the train and see if his wife was on board. This was early in the morning before work began. The watchman knew Lankford, had been meanly treated by him at a dance about a year ago, and resolved to get even by effecting his capture. He told the thief that the part of the factory where he then was would be in use during the day, and that a good place to hide and wait for the train would be the big steam box where lumber is dried. Lankford was thus enticed to enter it, and the watchman promptly closed the door and had him fast. During the day quite a number of officers and others arrived from Clay City to get him, but the whole crowd was afraid to enter, as Lankford was supposed to be armed. At last, by threatening to have the steam turned on, Mr. Pias Long made him poke his hands out of the door. They were then tied together, and the prisoner was taken to the Brazil jail.

THE Warsaw bung factory has logs on hand, sufficient to make bungs for a million barrels.

FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

How Money Melts Away from Men Who Become Suddenly Rich.

"Easy come, easy go," remarked a sportsman to his friend, on reading the account in the Sun of the drawers of the principal prizes in the late extraordinary French lottery.

"Then you don't believe," queried the friend, "that lucky hits in lotteries are of lasting benefits?"

"I never knew them to prove so, and I have known of many so-called lucky strikes."

"Can you mention a case in point?"

"Yes, half a dozen. There was Noah Taylor, of Jersey City. He drew $70,000 in a lottery years ago. At first he flourished. He built a large hotel in Jersey City. Then he laid in a heavy stock of whisky before the war tax was imposed, making heaps of money out of that. Finally, however, his fortune dwindled away, it is said, until he has lost all.

"Then there was George Smith, of Chicago. He came here about the time the Crystal Palace opened. Within a month he won $100,000 cash. The next summer he had to borrow a dollar to get a dinner.

"Take John Morrissey for another example. He made a hundred lucky hits. After his death his estate amounted to little or nothing.

"The most remarkable case, however, is that of Mr. Penistan, the Philadelphia liquor dealer, who, five years ago, drew the largest prize ever paid in America."

"I remember his case," broke in the friend; "but I have heard so many conflicting stories that I don't know which to believe."

"The facts are these," continued the sportsman, "as I have them from Mr. Penistan's associates: Mr Penistan was doing a comfortable business in Philadelphia, but was not making money enough to indulge in his love for fast horses. One day, in the spring of 1873, he read an advertisement of an extra drawing of the Royal Havana Lottery, which was to take place April 23, in which the first prize was announced as $500,000. The idea struck him that he might draw that prize and show the boys what he could do in the way or fast horses. Acting on the idea, he wrote to Martinez & Co., agents of the Spanish lottery in this city inclosing money for a ticket. On receiving the letter, a clerk of the agents took the top ticket (1,077) and sent it to Mr. Penistan. In a few days a dispatch came from Havana to the effect that ticket 1,077 had drawn the capital prize of $500,000. Martinez & Co. telegraphed Mr. Penistan that his ticket had drawn the great prize. Mr. Penistan jumped for joy on hearing the news. Slapping the brother of his father-in-law, Thomas B. Whitney, on his shoulders, he exclaimed, 'If this is true, old fellow, I'll give you half of it.' Then he insured his life, and, in company with the brother of his father-in-law, came on to draw the money. They found that they would have to wait about a week until the Havana steamer arrived with copies of the official drawing before the prize could be cashed.

"The party enjoyed themselves seeing the sights of the metropolis until the official drawings came. Mr. Penistan, who was then about forty-five, tall, slender, and gentlemanly, bore his good fortune with rare modesty, studiously avoiding any display. As soon as the drawings came Martinez & Co., paid over $410,000 in cash, the amount due after deducting the difference between American dollars and Spanish money. This was the largest prize ever cashed here. Two years previously ticket 9,444, drawing $200,000, had been paid.

"The fickle goddess who had smiled so blandly on Mr. Penistan now began her capricious capers. The brother of his father-in-law sued him for the alleged promised half of his suddenly acquired wealth, together with a claim for advances, or something of that nature. A lawsuit loomed up, and it is said that Mr. Penistan, nervous and worried, paid over $50,000 for peace and quietness.

"Then wide-awake horsemen received him with open arms. He was what they term an angel—one with plenty of money to expend on horseflesh. A few of his horses turned out well, and made a noise at the time. One great and respected horseman, who will never gamble a penny on a horse, paid Mr. Penistan $15,000 for a splendid stallion. He bought Fellowcraft after his great achievment at Saratoga. In the main, however, Mr. Penistan's ventures turned out poorly. the fickle jade seldom smiled; she seemed to have forgotten her old favorite. Mr. Penistan, however, was a hail fellow well met with lovers of the horse. He kept extensive breeding farms, poured out money lavishly, while the best vintages moistened the lips of his many guests. A man fond of and willing to pay well for fast horses trots quickly into the affections of the aristocratic old breeders, especially in Kentucky. Here Mr. Pedistan expended $200,000 on a stock farm. He had a theory that by blending the best racing with trotting stock the fastest trotters in the world could be produced. Glowing statements were at times sent to him of promising colts that were to be the coming horses, but when the time came to try them they were found wanting. Indeed, it is said that he often paid extravagant sums for colts that he had never seen. At a sale of his trotting stock in Fayette county, Ky., early last fall, seventeen head, including stallions, mares and geldings, which had cost round sums, the highest price realized was $400 and the lowest $85 for a single horse. The others averaged about $200. Then came tumbles in real estate, and the man who had become rich with a wave of fortune's wand found himself overwhelmed by waves from a sea of troubles. He sold out after an experiment of less than three years in Kentucky, and animals that cost him heavily were sold for a song. His farm brought far less than the cost price. It only shows how soon a fortune of $500,000 can be got away with by fast horses and a bad run of luck.

"I am told," said the sportsman in conclusion, "that Mr. Penistan remarked to an old friend recently, 'Major, it would have been much better for me if I had invested in 5-20 bonds instead of 2:20 flyers.' But then you see he was not the man to reverse tne adage, 'easy come, easy go.'"—[New York Sun.

Cause and Cure of Snoring.

A writer in the Scientific Monthly tells how the habit of snoring is acquired, and, better, how it may be cured:

"And, first, the cause: The air reaches the lungs through two channels, the nose and the mouth. The two currents meet in the throat below the soft of the palate, the end of which hangs loose and swings backward and forward, producing the snoring. If the air reaches the lungs, as it should, through the nose, no noise will be made. If it reaches the same through the mouth, the palate will make more noise, since it is not the natural channel, but when it rushes through both these channels, then it is that the sound sleeper banishes rest from the pillows of his companions by his hideous noise. The remedy for snoring is to keep the mouth closed; and for this purpose Dr. Wyeth, the writer of the article referred to, has invented an article so cheap that any one can make it, and no snorer should be without it. It consists of a single cap, fitting the head snugly, and a piece of soft material fitting the chin. These are connected by elastic webbing, which is connected with the head-cap near the ears. This contrivance prevents the jaw from dropping down, and thereby renders snoring impossible. The great trouble will be to get the people to adopt the invention, since the most upright and honest of men and women will rarely, if ever, confess that they snore, and will be very indignant if accused of it. As a further inducement to the introduction of this contrivance Dr. Wyeth, it may be added that breathing through the mouth is very detrimental to the health, and that many diseases of the throat and lungs are contracted or agravated thereby."

A Nebraska Wolf Hunt.

From numerous persons complaints of wolves have been heard during the winter, but the boldest action yet heard of was an attack by one on the calves of James Stackhouse while feeding in the cornfield a few days since. The calves running pell mell to the house attracted the attention of the family, and as his wolfship followed clear into the yard, Mr. Stackhouse concluded to return the compliment, which he did by seizing an old musket, and, mounting a fleet horse, followed the untoward visitor very much after the fashion of John Gilpin. Jim says it was fine sport, and kind o' excitin' like. But after putting a charge of shot into the fellow with no perceptible result, with a determination to take him in, it became "raal animatin'." The animal had became very much fatigued, but as no ammunition had been taken along it was resolved into a rough-and-tumble tilt or no tilt at all. Jim was bent on a square tussell, and, spurring up his steed, a dash was made and a blow aimed that would have knocked the cheek off a stall-fed politician; but, alas! for human hope and expectation, the horse jumped to avoid the stroke, planting Jim's cocoanut in the rich prairie soil, and standing up his manly frame for all the world like a big forked tree, while the old musket punched the ground with a determination that left only the barrel, the wol meanwhile leaving as fast as his weary legs could carry him off. Jim recovered his perpendicular, with his German very much elevated, and, after viewing the situation for a moment, started in pursuit of the enemy, harboring a burning rancor within that boded extermination. The result soon proved the conclusion of the boy who was licked with the ramrod, that a gun was a dangerous thing without a lock, stock or cock, for Jim marched home triumphantly with a scalp hanging from his belt.—[Hebron (Neb.) Sentinel.

Fashion Notes.

Ragusa point is the coming lace.

Coteline is another name for printed dimity.

The tendency is to make short skirts still shorter.

Coral pink bids fair to be a very fashionable shade.

Pekine is the name applied to all striped goods this season.

A new shade of dark green bears the name of Serpentine.

Chinese blues and Chinese greens are found among the new colors.

All costumes are de rigeuer combinations of several materials this season.

Embroidery or cloaking, or both, all around the leg of the stocking is a new feature in spring hosiery.

Garnet, with all the kindred reds of Bordeaux, ruby, maroon, cardinal, and nacrat is immensely popular.

Lace gloves with fingers as well as with long wrists will be worn in the spring, as well as lace mitts and half-fingered lace gloves.

The gloves of the coming season embrace a wider variety in lisle thread, kid, and lace mitts than ever before seen in one season.

The bonnets of this spring are larger than those of the passing season; the brims flare, but, there are no face trimmings, the hair being dressed full to supply the deficiency.—[New York Sun.

In order to properly fumigate the poultry-house, put into burning sulphur a pound of old tobacco leaves, or a piece of common resin twice as big as an egg, and close the house perfectly tight. Insects can not live in that kind of an atmosphere.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

NEW FOUNDLAND complains that her fisheries are declining.

ROSES will be the popular flowers for ornaments this season.

EIGHTEEN counties in Missouri have a liquor prohibition law.

THERE are nearly twice as many Greeks in Turkey as in Greece.

A WISCONSIN man has a collection of 100 skunks. He must be a centenarian.

EACH year there are 130,000 children abandoned on the public thoroughfares of Italy.

THE empress of Brazil has presented to Queen Victoria a dress woven of spider webs.

CLARKSON N. POTTER is one of the most accomplished conversationalists in Congress.

A CHICAGO baby began early to rise in the world, having been born in a hotel elevator.

THIS is the coldest winter remembered in Ireland. Birds have been discovered eating each other.

THE average monthly wages of male teachers in Illinois amount to $54.07; of female teachers, to $30.89.

AN Alabama poultry fancier has obtained a beautiful fowl by a cross between a guinea and a turkey.

IT is said Henry VIII never popped the question. He married his wives first and axed them afterward.

THE members of the Chinese Legation in Washington are strictly temperate, none of them using ardent spirits.

AT the tenth annual cat show in London, a tortoise shell and white cat was exhibited, for which the owner asks $5,000.

THE old Catholics, under Dr. Dolinger, allow priests to marry, but require that the wife be acceptable to a majority of the congregation and the Bishop, and approved by them.

A MONTREAL urchin saved the doctors the trouble of breaking a badly set broken leg for the purpose of resetting, by falling off of a sofa and breaking the crooked leg in the proper place.

EXPERTS say that white wine is much more intoxicating than red wine; the latter being very rich in tannin, the effect of which is to close the pores of the stomach and retard the action of the alcohol.

THE late Mrs. Clarissa C. Cook, of Davenport, Iowa, has left nearly $100,000 to the home for the friendless in that city, and $50,000 to a fund for the support of the poor clergy and the widows of clergymen.

IT is estimated that the State of New York has 6,400 ecclesiastical organizations, with sittings for 2,000,000 persons, and a membership of 1,300,000. The value of the church property is reckoned at $117,000,000.

AT Los Angeles, Cal., in almost every yard you behold the mature orange trees, or those soon to come into bearing; in fact, the mania has become so great that they are now set out on the sidewalks in lieu of shade trees.

IN regions where red wine is used there is less drunkenness than there is in countries where white wine and cider are used. The red wine contains tannin, an astringent, which prevents the alcohol from going immediately to the brain.

A NEW method in the cure of madness is practiced with considerable success at the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island, New York. A hall has been fitted up with every facility for gymnastics, and the patients are greatly delighted with the exercise.

A KENTUCKY preacher has obtained a verdict against an illicit distiller for a barrel of moonshine whisky. After service one Sabbath the clergyman gave a deacon a bottle of whisky to take to the moonshiner as a sample, and the barrel furnished did not come up to it.

MICHAEL VINCENT, formerly famous in France and this country as the iron man, died lately in San Francisco. His strength was enormous, one of his feats being to lift 800 pounds from the floor to his shoulder; but he too often raised a glass of liquor from a bar to his mouth, and finally died of intemperance.

THE cause of the explosion on board the British ship of war Thunderer has been ascertained. The official report is "That the gun having missed fire when loaded with the battering charges, and fired with both of the charges and the projectiles in the gun at the same time." That is to say, the gun contained two hundred pounds of gunpowder and a ton of metal when fired.

"IN trying," says the Springfield (Ill.) Republican, "to save 'Big Pete' Aubrey's leg, now in a dangerous condition from a wound received in the late war, the doctors have recourse to this curious remedy: A cat is securely muffled, as to its head and claws, cut open, the viscera quickly removed, and the warm, live body wrapped around the wounded leg, the life remaining about ten minutes. This is rather rough on the cats, but it may save Aubrey's leg."

A SHORT extra session of Congress will cost $500,000.

CHICAGO recently sent an Angell to the penitentiary and is now about to hang a Lamb. What a wicked, cruel city!

THE shipment of beef to England si increasing so rapidly that all the steamers are fitting up refrigerating compartments to accommodate the trade.

A NEW ORLEANS special reports a clear case of yellow fever a day or two ago, and reiterates the statement that other cases have occurred there during the winter.

SECRETARY SHERMAN says he will pay the arrears of pensions as fast as there is money in the Treasury, without using the fund set apart for resumption purposes.

THE famous Wisconsin Bounty law, which gave $10 apiece for wolf scalps, and made the raising of young wolves nearly as profitable as farming, has been repealed by the Legislature.

A LARGE number of residents of Montreal, Canada, men in business and others, are preparing to leave early in the spring for Manitoba, Northwest territory. The depression in trade is causing the exodus.

THE total number of bills and joint resolutions introduced in the lower house of Congress at its recent session was 6,828, and in the Senate 1,948. A large majority of these were pending at the hour of adjournment, and of course failed.

THE reduction of the tax on tobacco to sixteen cents goes into effect May 1st. The other provisions of the revenue bill, which embrace important modifications of the existing law, take effect as soon as the necessary tax slips can be prepared.

IF the pending amendments to the State constitution are adopted by the people at the April election in 1880, the next general election will take place in November instead of October, and Indiana will no longer be a national battle ground as an October State.

THE Bearss-Drake contest for a seat in the House of the General Assembly from Miami county, was settled by the withdrawal of the papers by Drake, the contestant, leaving Bearss in peaceable possession. Thus, again the boast "that the Bearss' are never beaten," is made good.

THE New York Bulletin says that the prices of textile fabrics are so low that buyers are opening the spring trade with unusually large purchases. The movement in cotton and dress goods is noteworthy. The wholesale grocery trade is as yet a little slow.

THE rebellion against the Chinese government has been completely crushed, and the Chinese are again making a demand on Russia for the little province of Kuldja, taken from Kashgar in 1871. There is Russian stubbornness on one side and Chinese persistence on the other, and serious complications are possible.

IT is estimated that the average amount received by each pensioner under the arrears of pensions act will be about $900. The first notification an applicant will have of the allowance of his claim will be the receipt of a certificate which entitles him to the money, which he can get if it is in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

BY the final treaty between Russia and Turkey the latter will have to pay the Czar $166,000,000 and $5,325,000 to Russian subjects in Turkey for damages sustained during the war. Of course Turkey can't pay this, but it is not unlikely that Great Britain will foot the bill and foreclose on what remains of the Ottoman Empire for her pay. Turkey owes England now about $1,000,000,000.

UP to the close of business on Saturday March 9th, 30,000 applications had been received at the Pension Office under the arrears of pensions act, and they were pouring in at the rate of 400 per day. It is estimated that 50,000 will be received of which number 30,000 will be acted upon favorably. They are now being filed and sorted, and no action will be taken on any of them until the 25th inst., when the work of adjudication will begin, and certificates will be issued to successful applicants.

UNITED STATES TREASURER GILFILLAN states that standard silver dollars are accumulating in the Treasury at the rate of about $60,000 daily, and this increase, added to what is on hand, will make some thirty-five or forty millions by January. This fact, together with the huge appropriations of Congress, had brought him to the conclusion that these dollars must be paid out on salaries, checks, etc. He said it would cause tall swearing, and a good deal of it, but with the Treasury threatened with deficiency, it was no time to keep several millions in silver hoarded and the stock accumulating at the rate of a million and three-quarters monthly. An attempt will be made to adopt a plan by which silver dollars will be paid out as fast as coined, which will be at the rate of two millions monthly.

THE Brazilian subsidy was stricken out of the Postoffice Appropriation bill. The bill provides for the registration of mail matter under the direction of the Postmaster General, and for transmitting though the mails of periodicals printed not less than four times a year at two cents a pound. Provision was also made for a double-postal card. The appropiation for railway fast mail service was cut down from $400,000 to $150,000, and provision was made for fining railways which fail in their mail contracts with the the government, and requiring them to furnish statistics on which the Postoffice authorities may base an estimate of the cost of the service. Members of Congress are to have the privilege of franking documents until the first of December after their terms expire, which is an extension of the privilege.

PHUNNYISTICS.

"An' why is an Irishman like a ship?" asked Mike. "Bedad, it's because aich one of 'em is followed by a wake."

"What's jography, Bill?" "It's tellin' of forrin lands that we know nothin' about by cute chaps that's never seen 'em."

The melancholy days have come, to all the days most sad, when they sit about the stove and spit and make the grocer mad.

Why will any man invest his money in 4 per cent. bonds when he can buy peanuts for three cents per pint and retail them at five?

Jonah wasn't satisfied although he had a first-class cabin passage on board the whale. He waxed bellicose before the trip was ended.

The seasick lady refused the steward's invitation for dinner and called for the chambermaid instead. A case of basin ingratitude.

Tossing pennies to see who will wear the night-cap is a favorite way of passing the long evenings of young married couples in Brooklyn.

Wicked people can find consolation in the thought that they'll have no sidewalks to clean or livery bills to settle in the sweet pretty soon.

"With all thy false, I love the still," murmured a young man as he calmly handed his girl the artificial teeth that she had sneezed into his lap.

On being deserted by her adorer, a young lady in the millinery line broke forth in this way: "Such a wretch ought to be battered to death with thimbles, and buried in a band-box!"

When a man can walk into a gin-mill and stow away ten cocktails in ten minutes he may be said to have attained prominence at the bar. But his practice is certain to be brief.

Under the head of "An Old Landmark Destroyed," a cotemporary publishes an account of the burning of a whisky distillery. A temperance editor would have called it "an old nose-mark destroyed."

A facetious boy asked of his playmate why the boss of a hardware store was like a bootmaker. The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," says the other, "because the one sold the nails and the other nails the soles."

"Do you mean to call me a liar?" asks a ferocious old gentleman. "Well, no, not exactly," temporizes his young friend, "but if I saw you in the company of Ananias and Sapphira I should say you were in the bosom of your family."

The proprietor of a building site in Mississippi advertises his land for sale in this wise: "The town of Poggis and surrounding country is the most beautiful which nature ever made. The scenery is celestial; also, two wagons and a span of mules."

Practical Yankee: "Well' yes, sir, I give in to you. Shakespeare was a genious. But he didn't kinder seem to put it to a practical use. Never benefited civilization with a washing machine, nor a patent turnip-peeler, nor anything of that sort. Still, he was a smart man."

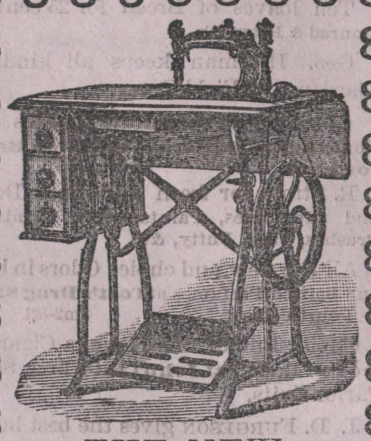
The Rev. Joseph Cook on a boy who climbs a tree to steal apples: "The apples are the objective natural motive; the boy's appetite is the subjective natural motive; his intention is his moral motive." And the green apple stomachache is the spiral and synthetical evolution.

The man whose pantaloons bag most at the knees isn't necessarily the man who prays the most. Sleeping in a day coach with your knees propped up against the seat in front of you will wreck the knees of a straight pair of pants quicker and more successfully than two years of prayer meetings.

There is an old saying that "chickens come to roost." Smythekins says it's a lie. His pet Shanghai rooster went over to a neighbor's the other day, and has not since been heard from. And besides, the minister has since taken tea with the neighbor, and Smythekins strongly suspects that he took part of the rooster.

The women in Kansas vote at the school elections. At a recent election at Osage City one woman went up to vote, but before she got through telling the judges what a time her Willie had with the scarlet fever when he was only two years old, it was time to close the polls, and she had forgotten to deposit her ballot.

Quoth blushing Kate, while popping corn,
Unto her lover, with a sigh,
"I would you were a kernel born.
"Now you can guess the reason why?"
"For thy sweet cornstalk I've an ear,"
With husk-y voice the youth replied;
"But I'm to green to pop, I fear."
Said saucy Kate: "You never tried."



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WHEELER & WILSON

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—IS—

PERFECT AND COMPLETE

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NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.

AGENTS WANTED

IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY.

ADDRESS

Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.

182 WEST FOURTH STREET,

CINCINNATI, O.

Also, for Sale by G. P. WASHBURN north side Broadway, east of canal.

Eel River Railroad,

TIME TABLE

On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND.		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.23am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	..S Whitley..	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City...	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00 m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	...Aubrn J..	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	....Auburn....	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 am	
	2.23 pm	...Reading...	1.24 pm	
	2.35 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.50 pm	..Jonesville..	12.55 pm	
	3.55 pm	....Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	....Detroit.....	7.00 am	
	5.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw...	7.15 am	

Connection is made at Denver with the I., P. & C. railway, for Rochester. Plymouth, LaPorte and Michigan City; at Columbia City with P. Ft. W. & C. railway, for Ft. Wayne and Pittsburg; at LaOtto with G. R. & I. railway, for Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids; at Auburn Junction with Ft. W. J. & S., and B. & O. railways, for Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw Defiance, Tiffin, Bellair, Washington, and Baltimore.

Trains from the east make close connections at Lognsport with T. W. & W. railway for Hannibal, Quincy and St. Louis, and with P. C. & St L. railway for Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk and all points west.

All Passenger trains fully equipped with Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Couplers and Buffers.

S. HOWELL,
Gen'l Ticket Agent.

FRANK J. HECKER,
General Superintendent.

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—OF—

Fine Visiting Cards!

—PRINTED BY—

CHAS. LONGWELL & CO.

BROADWAY, OVER POST OFFICE.

30 Chromos	10 cts.
20 Marble	10 cts
20 Oriental	10 cts
20 Morning Glory	10 cts
20 Plain White Bristol	10 ct
20 Black, name in Gold	10 cts
20 Humming Bird	10 ct
20 Damask,	10 ct
20 Repp	10 et
20 Eastlake	10 cts
20 Morie Antique	10 cts
20 Lace Bristol	10 cts
20 Phantom	10 cts
20 Snowflake	**10c**
25 Transparent	**15c**
25 Mortesque, with Gold Border, five tint	25 cts.
25 Diagonal Gilt Edge, Conclave Corners, Diamond shape beautiful	25 cts.
25 Diagonal Gilt Edge, Circle Corners	25 cts.

☞This is but a partial list of the many styles we have in stock. They are printed in latest styles of type, For further particulars address,

Chas, Longwell & Co,,
P. O. Box, 1246, Logansport, Ind

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EYE WATER.

This well known and thoroughly effilent remedy for diseases of the Eye has acquired a world wide reputation during the past eighty-one years, and it is a remarkable fact that this reputation has been sustained simply by the MERITS OF THE MEDICINE itself and not by any puffing or extensive advertising. The many thousands who have used it will bear testimony to the truth of this statement.

Manufactured only by JOHN L. THOMPSON & CO., TROY, NEW YORK. The manufacture of the "Bridgeport Eye Water" has been discontinued. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists. nov9weowly

A Splendid Chance for a Home.

The award of the following fine property will be made at Logansport, Ind., on

MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1879

The net proceeds of these sales are set apart and applied for the benifit of a most worthy and afflicted lady of this city.

GLANCE AT THE OFFERS.

LIST OF PRIZES.

7,500 Shares of $2.00 Each.

Premium Farm of 320 acres	$ 3,200 00
1 Premium lot, corner North and Eleventh streets, Logansport	2,000 00
1 Premium lot, next to the corner of North and Eleventh streets	1,700 00
1 Premium farm of 160 acres	1,600 00
1 Premium farm of 80 acres	800 00
1 Premium farm of 40 acres	400 00
2 Premium lots in South Brookside addition, Indianapolis, ($700 each)	1,400 00
1 Premium lot in Atkinson's addition, Logansport	300 00
1 Preminm lot on Clifton avenue, Logansport	300 00
1 Premium buggy	175 00
1 Premium horse	100 00
1 Set premium buggy harness	80 00
1 Premium sleigh	25 00
54 Premiums Logansport M'f'g Co's Stock, $50.00 each	2,700 00
1 Premium cash	50 00
2 Preminms cash, $25 each	50 00
4 Premiums cash, $10 each	40 00
10 Premiums cash, $5 each	50 00
15 Premiums cash, $2 each	30 00
100 Premiums, aggregating	$15,000 00

Agents Wanted Everwhere.

J. N. BOOTH, Sec'y.

DR. J. B. SHULTZ, L. G. PATTERSON, A. R. SHROYER, } Com, on Award.

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FROM LOGANSPORT

—TO—

Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Greencastle Terre Haute, Vinncennes, Evansville, Cairo, Paris, Mattoon, Pana, Alton, Effingham, Altamont, Vandalia,

TWO TRAINS DAILY

[Sundays Excepted.]

Trains Run as Follows.

[Taking Effect November 11, 1878.]

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Logansport	6:30 a. m.	3:25 p. m.
Arrive at Frankfort	8:25 a. m.	5:24 p. m.
" Colfax	8:55 a. m.	5:55 p. m.
" Indianapolis, via Colfax	10:50 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
" Cincinnati	4:00 p. m.	
" Crawfordsv'll	9:42 a. m.	6:57 p. m.
" TerreHaute	12:30 p. m.	9:45 p. m.
" Vincennes	5:22 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
" Evansvill	7:35 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
" St. Louis	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.

☞ Close connections at Terre Haute with trains East and West on the Vandalia and I. & St. L and South on the E. & T. H. railroad.

Ask for through tickets, and get your baggage checked through.

Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Platforms on all Passenger trains.

J. P. CLAYBROOK,
General Manager.

W. H TRUESDALE, G. T. A

HOMES FOR $2.

The Adjourned Award of the following

GRAND PROPERTY

will be made at

Evansville, Indiana, April 10, 1879.

The net proceeds of these sales are set apart and applied to the benefit of the Evansville Orphan Asylum and Indianapolis Orphan Asylum.

SEE THESE GREAT OFFERS.

Rose-Hill Farm, divided into six farms:

No. 1, Premium Farm, 40 acres, Homestead Improvements		$15,000
No. 2, " " 80 acres		7,000
No. 3, " " 160 acres		15.000
No. 4, " " 160 acres		18.000
No. 5, " " 160 acres		15,000
No. 6, " " 80 acres		10.000
1 Lot, Woodruff Place, Ind'polis,	$7,000	$7,000
5 Lots, Highland Home, "	1,500	7,500
5 Lots, State Avenue, "	1,500	7,500
5 Lots, Irvington, Indiana	1,000	5,000
30 Lots, Glendale, Evansville,	150	4,500
40 Lots, Woodlawn, "	150	6,000
21 Lots, " "	200	4,200
10 Premiums, cash	100	1,000
20 Premiums, cash	50	1,000
20 Premiums, cash	25	500
400 Premiums, cash	2	800

The Indianapolis lots are all most pesirable property to buy as an investment.

The Evansville lots are all first class of their locality in that beautiful city, and are today worth their schedule figures for homes.

This grand list are added the following CASH Premiums, payable in gold:

1 Premium in gold coin		1,000
3 Premiums in gold coin	500,	1,000
5 Premiums in gold coin	200,	1,000
5 Premiums in gold coin	100,	500
15 Premiums in gold coin	50,	700
10 Premiums in gold coin	25,	250
Total Premiums		$130.000

SHARES $2 EACH.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

CERTIFICATES.

This is to certify that this property is all valuable, and cost its owners in cash, largely more than they have sold it for to this benefit trust. Titles to be perfected before delivery of Deeds. [Signed)

THOMAS E. GARVIN, Evansville.
WM. HADLEY, City Assessor, Indianapolis

I hereby certify that the deeds for all the property in this list have been placed in my hands, to be held in trust and delivered to the persons severally entitled thereto, under the Orphans' Benefit Drawing Citizens' Nat. Bank, Evansville, Ind., Aug. 27, '78. [Signed] S. P. GILBERT, Cashier.

CITIZENS' COMMITTEE.

We have accepted the position of citizens' committee, to see that the property is safely held, the distributions properly made, and the funds faithfully applied. [Signed,]

Jos J Kleiner, Mayor of the city of Evansville.
Geo H Stockwell, of Viele, Stockwell & Co Evansville, Ind.
Peter Sermonin of Semonin & Dickson, Evansville
Austin H Brown, Clerk Marion Co, Indianapolis
I C Walker M D Pres pro tem city council Ind'p'is
W O Foley, Dep'y State Treasurer, Indianapolis

Remit by Mail, Money Order, Registered Letter, Bank Draft, or Express. For further particulars and orders for tickets address

M. S. LYON, Secretary,
No. 310 First Street, Evansville, Ind.,
or GEN. DAN. MACAULEY, Secretary,
Room 1, Journal Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

jan14d8w

PLEDGES By mail, postage paid 40c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

THE BOOMING BLUE.

he Work of Reviving—Large and Enthusiastic Meetings—Singing and Signing..

The Prospect Still More Flattering—Enthusiastic Speeches, and Numerous Signers.

From the Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING.

At 7:30 the meeting at the hall was called to order, with Vice President Mehaffie in the chair.

The meeting was opened with singing, and prayer by Rev. M. Mahin. The chairman then called on several speakers.

Mr. Thomas Powell gave proceedings of one of Cass county's first temperance meetings in Harrison township, at the house of Jas. P. Stephen's in 1839. John Calahan was called to the chair, and Wm. Mitchell elected Secretary. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. R. H. Rankin and J. H. Stevens.

Rousing speeches were made by Rev. Mahin, Dr. Hartman, Messrs. McKee, Ivins, Woods and Leedy.

The glorious "Silver Top," then closed the speaking by one of his most captivating efforts. He spoke of the many excuses offered in justification of not signing the pledge, and made an earnest appeal to old and young to assume the right by standing out boldly for humanity. His wit and hits kept the audience agitated, and his earnest appeals kept them deeply interested. At the conclusion of his address, signers were called for and several attached their names to the roll.

The attendance was exceedingly large, and the interest is constantly growing. The meeting flavored of the old-time enthusiasm.

The Murphys invite everybody to attend, and will make all needed arrangements for comfort.

SATURDAY EVENING.

Another booming meeting, in interest, size and results, was held at Murphy Hall last night. The crowded room attested that the spirit of Murphyism is still unflagging and widespread. Many of the best citizens of Logansport were present, lending their active assistance and encouragement to the good cause. H. C. Mehaffie presided, and the meeting was opened by a scripture lesson and prayer, by Rev. A. W. Hawkins. "Silver Top" led the speaking exercises, and infused life into them in his own admirable manner. Excellent and timely remarks were made by Messrs. Potter, Hawkins, Leedy, Dale and Graham, and especially by Mrs. C. A. P. Smith. A season was devoted to signing and singing, and fourteen persons were induced to put on the badge of blue. The Journal regrets that a pressure of other matter compels so brief a report of so fine a meeting, but if the readers want to know more about it, let him attend on Monday evening.

SUNDAY EVENING.

The attendance at the Murphy meetings, Sunday evening, was reduced on account of the inclement weather. However, the interest and determination is still at high tide.

At the hall the meeting, conducted by President Murray, was addressed by several leading workers, and was interesting and instructive. "Silver Top" was present, but the uncertainties of the result of the serious illness of his wife unfitted him for any service. His affliction causes universal sympathy among his acquaintances and friends, and all hope that his worst fears will not prove a reality. He left for his home, at Corydon, Harrison county, on the 12:50 a. m. train.

The meeting at the Market street church, conducted by W. H. Leedy, was very enjoyable. It was addressed by Rev. Wright, Mrs. Rev. Wright, Messrs. Smith, Taylor, Oppe, Shideler, Crain, Dale, Johnston, Powell and Leedy.

MONDAY EVENING.

The meeting last night was quite well attended, all the seats being occupied. President Murray, after the usual opening exercises, introduced Mr. Roberts, formerly of the "Davenport, (Iowa) Blue Ribbon News," who proved an attractive and enthusiastic speaker. Also by Messrs. Pettit, Graham and Murray. The meeting was fully equal to those of Friday and Saturday, and the good results can hardly be computed.

Corn Husks, for beds, at Ash's.

IF any of our friends contemplate purchasing monuments or headstones, to mark the last resting place of departed friends, they can save money by calling on Mr. John Redd, who represents the firm of Messrs. Lewis & Whitehead, of Indianapolis, the largest firm in the State. Don't buy until you see his designs and prices. Word left with W. H. Leedy, at the SIGNAL office, will receive prompt attention.

Corn Husks, for beds, at Ash's.

Bibles.

The American Bible Society, New York, have made great reduction on the price of their Bibles during the last year. The books of the Cass County Auxiliary Society, whose depository is located at Dr. Overholser's dental rooms, have been marked down to correspond with the latest New York catalogue prices. There is a fine variety of Bibles, Testaments and Psalms, and at present prices it would seem none need remain unsupplied.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Corn Husks, for beds, at Ash's.

Ten loaves of Bread for 25 cents at Conrad & Beamer's.

Geo. Hoffman keeps all kinds of Garden and Field Seeds.

Conrad & Beamer, the Bakers and Confectioners, sell **Ten Loaves of Bread for 25c.**

R. Strain for fresh and Pure Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Glass, Putty, &c.

All the new and choice Odors in bulk and bottled Perfumes at **Cost's Drug Store** 21 Fourth street, 3m2-521

Choice line of fine Havana Cigars of the Best Brands at **John Cost's** Drug Store. Parlor Suits,

J. D. FURGESON gives the best lunch in the city for 10 cents. Eight 17 oz. loaves of bread, 25 cents.

Mrs W. J. Potter keeps the latest styles of dress patterns at her millinery store. See wire sign across the street above the post office.

ATTEND the great Bankrupt and Pawnbroker's sale of Ready-Made Clothing, at AUCTION, at 405 Broadway. Everyday and evening.

Frank Harwood. The Fashionable Tailor of Market Street, has a nice line of goods. Do not fail to go and see some of the nice suits he makes.

Geo. W. Hoffman, City Drug Store, keeps pure drugs and patent medicines. Also a full line of toilet goods, perfumes, brushes, combs, etc, Fourth street.

Henry Tucker, Dealer in Harness, Saddles, whips, Robes, etc. Repairing harness etc, done by competent workmen. Market street, east of Fourth.

Chet Gridley repairs Watches, Clocks and Jewelry on the shortest notice. He warrants his work to give satisfaction. At Lee Redd's drug store, Market st.

E. Steckel, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, etc. Goods sold at lowest prices. Corner North and Sixth street. Call and examine goods and learn prices.

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas repaired: 171

Geo. W. Brown's drug store, an old established and reliable House. Prescriptions filled with the greatest of care. Everything pure, also a line of paints, glass, brushes, &c. 3m5-1

Deboo can make a lame horse walk good, and it is all done in the shoeing. Shop on North street, above canal. Everything in his line done promptly. Give him a call.

At *Hick's Restaurant* can be had Warm Meals, Lunch, Cigars, Candies! Oysters, Game, etc., and everything nice. Call Broadway, near Murdock Hotel. Open day and night.

H. B. PETERS has a large and elegant stock of WALL PAPER, which, for design and finish, cannot be surpassed. Go and examine, and you will find it most beautiful. Prices Low.

Isaac Shideler has returned from the east with a large stock of Clothing and Furnishing Goods, which he is now selling as cheap as they can be sold anywhere. He is a reliable dealer.

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be as he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

John Winch, Boot and Shoe maker. All work done in approved manner; Repairing of all kinds done neatly, promptly, and at lowest rates; Shop on south side Broadway, opposite Howe office. 3m2-521

The New Goods are now arriving at FRANK HARWOOD'S Fashionable Tailoring Establishment. Persons contemplating purchasing goods should call while the stock is fresh and unbroken.

C. S. GREEN makes to order, and keeps on hand, STEP-LADDERS of every description, at prices exceeding low. Persons desiring work in his line should call at 508 Broadway, east of canal.

Thomas Pierce, cor. Fifth and Broadway, wholesale and retail dealer in GROCERIES, Provisions, etc. His goods are pure, and honest weight and measure should commend to him unlimited patronage.

JOHN GRAY, dealer in Dry Goods, Carpets, etc. Honest goods at honest prices, and full measure. Goods guaranteed as represented. Fourth street, opposite City drug store.

CRAIG & JAMES, Merchant Tailors, opposite Peal, on Market street, have just received their immense stock of spring piece goods for suits of every style. Prices low. Latest styles and patterns.

J. B. WINTERS, has just received a very large stock of Boots, Shoes, Ladies' Slippers, Hats, Caps, etc., which he is selling at prices that can't be beat. Good goods and satisfaction guaranteed, nearly opposite Postoffice, Broadway.

Patterson & Tomlinson, dealers in all kinds of Garden and Field SEEDS, all fresh and good. Also Plows and Agricultural Implements. This old and reliable firm needs no commendation from us. Buy of them.

Lord Potter is always prepared to do all kinds of Painting. Do not forget him when you want artistic work done.

Corn Husks, for beds, at Ash's.

M. C. WADE, at the established Trunk Manufactory, may be depended upon for reliable goods. Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, etc., at very low prices. We recommend him to our readers.

THE REASON WHY
WALKER, RAUCH & CO.,
SELL MORE
BOOTS and SHOES
Than any other house in town is because they sell the best goods
THE CHEAPEST.

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A GOOD PICTURE
Of any kind, go to
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Cor, Broanway and Fourth Street,
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DENTISTS,
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All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.

WOLL & PARKER,
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ALL KINDS OF CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES.
LININGS AND TRIMMINGS IN STOCK.
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MUSIC TEACHER,
Lessons in Vocal and Instrumental Musi given at reasonable terms.
Rooms: Over Peters' book store. 3m19-021

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Logansport, Indiana.
All matters left with given given prompt attention. 19-3m521

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If you have any
Real Estate
You want sold or exchanged, call on
ALDRICH & GRELLE,
3m3 In McTaggart's Building

I. N. CRAWFORD,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DALER IN,
HARDWARE, GUNS,
PISTOLS, SAWS, CUTLERY, GLASS,
CHAINS, BELTING, SASH,
Doors, Blinds, Mechanics' & Farmers' Tools of all kinds,
No. 84 Broadway, - 1y2-4p - *Logansport.*

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CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
RUBBER BOOTS REPAIRED AND WARRANTED.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE
No. 324 Market-st., T. P. Swigart's old stand.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
ND REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTING AG'TS,
All business promptly attended to.
No. 410 BROADWAY.

MURDOCK BARBER SHOP.
WM. KRAUT, Proprietor.
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING
In most fashionable style.
BATH ROOMS CONNECTED

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First Class in every particular:
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BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
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All work warranted. 1y2-4 501 Broadway

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SALE STA BES.
Buggies, Carriages and Rigs,
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Every day, in Samples, which he is offering at

PRICES LOWER

Than any other Tailor in the city can make them for, for the reason that he can do his own work. Call and be convinced.

Respectfully,

JACOB HERZ,

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Wm. Dolan & Co.

Will Not be Undersold.

Read Their Latest:

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10	Cases Prints per yard,	3 c
500	Bolts Best Fruit of the Loom, per yard,	7 3-4c
500	Bolts Lonsdale, per yard,	7 1-2c
10	Cases of Ginghams, perard,	1-2c
100	Pcs Choice Dress Goods, per yard,	8 1-3c
100	Pcs Choice Alapacas, per yard,	15 c
1000	Towels at a bargain, each,	6 c
1000	Pairs Lady's Hose, per pair,	5 c
2000	Pairs Mises Hose, per pair,	5 c
250	Pairs Lady's Calf Shoes, per pair,	$1.00
250	Pairs Lady's Kidd Shoes, per pair,	$1.25
150	Pairs Men's Boots, per yar	$1.80
250	Pair Good Pants, per pair,	$1.50
150	Suits of Good All Wool Cassimere,	$5.00 to $10.00

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, ETC.

50	Bags Good Rio Coffee, per lb,	12 1-2c
50	Bags Good Rio Coffee, Choice, per lb.	15
50	Barrels of Sugar, per lb, only	5 c
50	Barrels of A Sugar, per lb, only	8 1-3c
50	Barrels New Orleans Sugar, per lb,	6 1-4c
20	Barrels Choice Syrup, per gallon,	40 c
20	Tierces Carolina Rice, per lb,	7 c
100	Chests of the Choicest Teas, not opened, per lb,	25 to 50c
200	Boxes Best Raisins, per lb,	8 1-3c
5	Casks New Prunes, per lb,	7 c
100	Boxes Best Laundry Starch, per lb,	5 c
100	Boxes Cream Cheese, per lb,	10 c
The Best Crackers per lb,		5 c
Coal Oil only		12 1-2c

Opera House Block, Logansport, Ind.

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BLUE RIBBON TEMPERANCE
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THE BEST MURPHY TEMPERANCE SONG BOOK EVER PUBLISHED!!
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Contains, besides **thirty familiar, soul-stirring Murphy songs**, a condensed history of the movement, its principles and purposes, how to conduct meetings, modes of action, etc., etc.

DR. J. E. MCFARLAND writes: "*It is just* THE *song book for revival meetings.*"

It is neat and handsomely printed and bound, and has been sold in nearly every state. Every Murphy union that is alive to the work should use them. Sample copies, by mail, 6c.

Single Copies, 5c. Per Fifty, $2.00. Per Hundred, $3.50,

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Printer, Ruler and Binder,
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EVERYTHING NEW.
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The Largest Assortment of
Trunks, Traveling Bags, Satchels, & Shawl Straps
To be found in the city. Trunks and Sample Cases made to order. Our prices are always the lowest. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. 3m17-002

THE SINGER M'F'G CO. have REMOVED their office to a room OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, where they will keep on hand a large stock of Machines of every style. Also, all Parts, Attachments, Twist, Linen, and Cotton at greatly reduced prices. Needles, 25 cents per dozen, etc., etc.
Special attention given to Repairing all kinds of old Machines. Please give them a call, and don't forget the place, just opposite the p. o. 3m1-521 GEO. W. WERNER, Agt.

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Would call the attention of the public to his unparalleled success in the treatment of all disease and chronic botha acute and Special adHe gives Catarrh and tention to the lungs, Heart and Stomach.
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DENTAL ROOMS,
Cor. Fourth & Market St., [Entrance on Fourth
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Teeth extracted positively without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, or Protoxide of Nitrogen, the safest and pleasantest anæsthetic known. 173m120

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H. R. Riddle

The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., MARCH 26, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 7

LAFAYETTE.

THE "STAR CITY," ITS WORK—WORKERS—WORKINGS.

THE MOVEMENT AS IT WAS, AS IT IS, AND AS IT WILL BE.

A Brief Review of the Work—Huges and Ward—Personal Notes.

Crawfordsville and Lafayette Murphys in Union Meeting.

The Occasion Graphically Described by The Signal Correspondent—Other Interesting Items.

The temperance work in Lafayette, noted everywhere for its magnitude and universal success, has not been over-estimated in its results.

Vast in proportions, widespread in its comprehensions, it has brought direct to the threshold of every home, and to the side of every individual, their hope, and salvation.

The past has never known its equal.

It has transformed, almost, the city; its sentiments, its habits,' its principles, it purposes—its people.

The work has been continued about one year.

During this entire season enthusiastic meetings have been held almost nightly. It has been almost a constant revival, and often-times no two buildings were sufficiently large to contain the vast number who surged with the tide. Nearly 15,000 have signed the pledge.

Coupling business with curiosity, interest, and a desire for information, the editor visited this city on the 15th and 16th. It was a pleasure to meet a majority of the prominent workers and to understand the modus operandi which has led to such

WONDERFUL RESULTS.

It may be summed up in a few words.

The people have the WILL. Earnest, honest, zealous, DETERMINED, they have PRACTICED THEIR PROFESSIONS, and put to practical use practical theories.

Their work has called into use the best talent and enlisted the best citizens of the place; it has created a sympathy among all classes; a heroism among the faltering; a never-dying hatred for, and determination to stop, the rum scourge and traffic in human souls.

It has made the weak strong, and the strong stronger.

It has created a patriotism that will take no denial, knows no truce, recognizes only the power of a sober people and a just God.

No pen or tongue can describe, or mind comprehend, the vast influence the labor has had. Many drinking men have been rescued, and many sober ones have been taught the duty of a true citizen.

Everywhere this result is manifest; here, however, the proportions have been greater.

The people are whole-souled, charitable and generous. The weak are encouraged and cared for, and each displays a brotherly consideration one for another that at once dispels any tho't of insincerity. They handle intemperance without gloves, and with a persistency that is receiving the applause of the whole state.

There may be places in the state where the work has met with a greater reward, but Lafayette stands second to none in the determined "WE HAVE COME to STAY" spirit.

Its wealthy citizens, who can well afford to pay taxes in this way, stand ready to supply the needs of the campaign. In this respect—very necessary—this city stands at the head, and while other unions may be struggling with indebtedness there need be little fear of this one going beyond its depth.

Understand us, we do not under-estimate the work of other counties and places. Many of them excel Lafayette in some respects—Marshall, Shelby, Harrison, Crawford counties, as examples, but they had a less number of saloons to contend with. Cass county, in regard to economy of expenditures, is entitled to no little honor; but what we wish to impress is, that the spirit of zealousness evinced by our Lafayette friends entitles them to the highest honors possible, and recommend this manifestation as a model to other unions. A work like that of the past year continued in the future for the same period, will greatly diminish their saloons in number, if it does not entirely eradicate them.

The meetings, held every afternoon and night, are crowded with interested citizens. No rain or storm prevents attendance. The work of God is to be done!

THEIR CHOIR.

Francis Murphy said, "With such a choir I could carry New York city;" he should have said New York state. It hardly expresses it. Their music, adapted to the occasions, thrills, inspires, convinces. It is the very soul of the work. Though we had not the pleasure of meeting, personally, Prof. Severson, its leader, we assure him that if there was one thing above another which we would applaud, it is the soul-stirring songs of his choir. Every member enters into the spirit of the music, and the harmony, the melody, the pathos, the plaintive, earnest appeal, the expression of joy, each characterized with proper force, lend to it the enchantment of a musical paradise. Too much praise cannot be given this feature: its worth is invaluable: and though we may speak as an enthusiast, any heart susceptible to the touch of the softest melodies of an ethereal home will endorse every word we utter. The temperance cause and the state are honored by the existence of such a band of musical warblers.

Mr. Weaver, an excellent musician, enhances greatly the music of the choir with an accompaniment on the cornet: also, several violins add to its merit. The vocalists, about thirty in number, have been selected from the best choirs of the city.

HUGHES AND WARD.

About one year ago, Hughes and Ward, two young men who had been bitten by the serpent intemperance, came to the city, with a purpose of starting. The move had been attempted on several previous occasions, but failed. The churches were closed to them, as no confidence in, or hope of, the movement was felt by the good people of the city. Persistency seemed to be the nature of the boys, however, and after three days of constant search, a small Christian church was secured.

They went to work!!

The first night about thirty persons were present.

Thus, our readers will observe, this great work started from a very faint spark.

The small and discouraging beginning has led to the wonderful success recorded, and to the boys belong the credit.

All outlays and expenses were borne by them—rent, light, fuel, etc.—but it has since been contributed and refunded.

Messrs. Hughes and Ward are very young men, but each has suffered severely from intemperance. Their appearance is prepossessing, indicating gentlemen of culture. Their eyes in honest beams gain them confidence.

The secret of their success is explained by their deep earnestness and sincerity. They feel every word they utter, and supplement it by practice.

At all hours they may be seen at their noble work. On the streets, in the by-ways, at the jails, pleading for the return of some wandering prodigal.

They have been wonderfully successful in every undertaking, and the people of Lafayette appreciate every effort they have made.

PRESIDENT WILLIAMS—LEGISLATION.

Col. J. S. Williams occupies the presidential chair. The gentleman is of decided opinions on the temperance question. He protests against the nomination of a State prohibition ticket, asserting that he believes the transfer of the question from a moral to political basis would do it great injury. He is also opposed to local option; but urges that all good temperance men should vote only for temperance candidates. He wants it understood that the action of any State convention will not compromise his freedom of suffrage, and his support will not be given to the movement. "How can we enforce a prohibitory law when the very poor law we now have is not enforced?" he argues. What do we want with more laws, when the ones we have are a dead-letter? He wants temperance in politics, but not politics in temperance. Mr. Williams is a gentleman of prominence and ability, and will serve the union well in the capacity of its leader.

THE WORKERS—PERSONAL.

The city has many good workers.

Hon. A. E. Pierce, formerly president of the union, may always be seen cheerily catering to the comfort of the audience, and making himself generally useful. Our good temperance friend Mrs. C. A. P. Smith, tells us he is one of the staunchest temperance workers in the field, and our limited association with him does not contradict good Mrs. Smith's assertion.

I. S. Wade, Chief Templar of Indiana of the Temple of Honor, is here. Few talk better than he does, but we fear he is too harsh on the lamb-like sa-lunatic. Although his front teeth do not now answer to the roll-call, we assure our readers it is not a result of a contact with any of the aforesaid salunatics. Under existing circumstances, then, it is to be presumed, he "never bites off more'n he kin chaw," and when he makes an assertion he stands ready to prove it. He will engage in the work of organizing Temples, in a few weeks. We recommend him.

Mrs. H. Semphill, Matron of the Band of Hope, is an excellent lady worker. Her management of the little folks is pleasant to a visitor and profitable to the children. Like the efforts of our own good Mrs. Trueman, the fruits will mature and be gathered in after years.

Mrs. Weaver's modesty and reticence would not endorse further note of her active engagement as a genuine motherly worker; however, at the risk of securing her disapproval, we must give expression to the wish that every town possessed a Mrs. Weaver. The first glance at her honest, pleasant countenance shows her to be a genuine Christian woman, solicitous for the progress of every noble principle. The blue ribbon club room is under her direct supervision, and it is made a home to be proud of. A home without a mother is not more pleasant than a club room without a Mrs. Weaver. Like Mrs. Semphill, Mrs. Weaver is a staunch friend of THE SIGNAL, and either of the ladies will forward subscriptions.

DAN'S DOINGS.

Dan Comingore is located here. You all know Dan. Well, he is just as courteous and gentlemanly, now, as ever—if a difference, for the better. Dan has enjoyed many distinctions during life, and though not his greatest eminence, his general-in-chief-ship of a city fire company is indicative of an ability to perform no little part in the drama of life. His persistent desire for a "life on the ocean wave" prompted him in early life to embark in a cruise down the raging Wabash, but his first voyage gratified his desire. He returned to Logansport, resumed his labors as a respected and honored member of the printing profession, and has ever since devoted himself to the "art preservative of arts." He is employed on the Courier, and his extra moments are given to the cause he has great reason to love. We are indebted to him for many favors

Bro. Landry, familiarly known as "Harry Burton," brother of Dr. Landry, of Galveston, each temperance all over, is doing all in his power to advance the cause. Our readers will expect soon to peruse his promised contributions.

Col. Dick DeHart, one of the most eloquent speakers in the State, is one of the faithful. On the evening of the 15th, in company with Bro. Hughes, he held a rousing meeting at Oxford, Benton county.

THE WILD IRISHMAN,

Ed. M. Shiel, has been here. The footprints in the sand tell the story. With him it might properly be, "veni, vidi, vici." Ed's congenial disposition and evidently high character made him hosts of friends, and none are more pleased with the fact than the writer.

The railroad boys in Lafayette, as in Logansport, are punctual in attendance at the meetings. Jim Adams wears a ribbon with apparent pride. Our old friend Joe Flory, Wabash conductor, is a strict teetotaler, and approves heartily of the ribbon work. He and his estimable little wife have our warmest gratitude for their generous hospitality. Newton Richason, Wabash, is also one of the r. r. boys running here, but we did not meet him.

Dr. W. W. Taylor, Chicago, a talented scholar, elocutionist, and a gentleman of highest ability as an orator, entertained an audience at the opera house on evening of 16th, with recitations. We regret his illness which deprived his auditors of the most interesting portion of his address.

Hon. Samuel Moore may be mentioned as a model worker and citizen. The society could ill dispense with his valuable services.

W. S. Lingle, of the Courier, may also be noted as a giant worker. His services are constantly in demand.

Last but not least we would say that

THE YOUNG LADIES

are many who lend practical aid to the society. Their influence is constantly in demand, and appreciated when given. None can do their work. They seem to realize this fact, and are cheerfully complying with the wish of the leaders, and the promptings of their hearts, by generous assistance. We observed the magnanimous zeal displayed by the Misses Reynolds, Vernon, Herron, and other estimable young ladies, which is commendable, to say the least.

SALOONS AND SALUNATICS.

Layfayette, with a population of 30,000, claimed, has fifty-five saloons, proving that they are not the city's greatest source of industry. The number has been reduced about twenty by the ribbon work, and the present state of trade is giving the "blues" to the remaining "philanthropists." Unlike many other places they occupy very indifferent buildings, and the general appearance to "a man up a tree" indicates a disposition on the part of the rummys to hie away. They must go, sooner or later.

The murder advocate, with its stench of moral corruption, makes a weekly appearance; but its weakness is not in appearance only. Although its editor hourly "stimulates" with Cincinnati "tamarack," the thing seems to have the consumption badly. It is published in a 2x4 hovel, and it is probable the city can do without its wonderful enterprise!!! as no appropriation has been made to sustain it by the council, and the state prison supply association has "less than $200 in its treasury." Life is short.

NOTES.

The members of the union here, wear their ribbons constantly. This has a tendency to aid the work, and we hope every Murphy reader of this paragraph will put on a ribbon at once.

The newspapers of the city vie with each other in reporting the meetings. The Courier, however, appears to be "the" temperance paper, although the Journal gives it considerable space. The Courier is one of the best papers in the State, reliable and newsy, and Mr. Lingle is fortunate in having the services, as editors, of the experienced Mr. Z. Hunt, and his excellent local assistant.

To the Editor:

SINCE my last, the good work is still going on. Hughes and Ward are surely good men and earnest workers.

Hughes always opens the battle by a brisk skirmish fire. Prof. Severson follows with his choir of sweet singers and as the smoke rolls away you will see Ward, in his honest, earnest and gentle pleading, urging the people to come up, sign the pledge and wear the blue.

This revival, which has been running for over five weeks under these leaders, is constantly growing larger and more interesting. The ladies, bless them, are giving their whole attention to this noble work. For the past two weeks there has been two meetings held every evening, one at Hope Chapel, in the first ward, under Mr. Fox (who, by the way, is a determined, go-ahead worker), the other at the Blue Ribbon Club Room. There was also an afternoon meeting held at the club room. Either Hughes or Ward visiting the first ward meeting every evening. I understand this was a hard place to work in, but the boys persisted, and were rewarded by success.

Dr. W. W. Taylor, of Chicago, was here again, and lectured at the opera house Sunday evening. The weather was extremely inclement; there was, however, a good attendance. The Doctor was still laboring under sickness. His lecture showed it was from careful and earnest thought. He went to the club room on Monday evening and spoke, and also delivered the "Rum Maniac," in a manner characteristic of him only. When we take into consideration that he charges nothing for these lectures, it denotes that he is heart and soul in the work.

A delegation of about 125 from Crawfordsville, including their choir of the sweetest singers on earth, visited the blue ribbon people here on Wednesday last. A committeee of reception met them, and those who were not captured by their friends here were conducted to the club house, where the ladies had prepared an elegant lunch, and afterwards were taken to the opera house. There were over 2,000 people present—standing room was at a premium. Prof. Severson gave the post of honor to the visiting choir. He, with his charming singers, made up the back ground. Our President, Col. Williams, delivered the address of welcome in his usual happy style. When we look at these few words in his address, and think for one moment, where is the man who will say aught against temperance:

"Oh, my friends, what a work the blue ribbon has accomplished throughout the length and breadth of the land. It has brought peace and joy and happiness to thousands of once desolate homes."

The response by Mayor Ramsey was very impressive and appropriate and full of good meat. They had a jolly worker with them, Bro. Cumberland, who was just as thick as he was long, and from his action I suppose he has a heart as big as a mountain. Cumberland and Hughes makes a good team.

The choir, consisting of twenty-two members, was under the direction of Prof. L. H. Bonnell. Miss Eliza Harmon presided at the organ. They were under strict discipline and well trained. Encore after encore went up, and song after song were given, and the music, well, it takes a better writer than me to give any kind of description. The best I can say it was immense. A quartette consisting of Miss Belle Reynolds, Miss Jennie Vernon, Messrs. Dr. Davis and Gronnedyke, of our choir, sang in their usual fine style on an encore the song, "Where is my Boy To-night." On several occasions both choirs sang together, and the music carried one, in thought, heavenward.

This club intends to return the visit, and Prof. Severson will turn his choir on them. I have no fear of the result.

Again I must mention some of our good workers, who we notice, Mrs. Mary J. Halsey, formerly DeHart, of Cass County and Miss Jennie Burch are seen at all times at the table pining on blue ribbons; storms do not keep them away from meetings. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, Mr. Fred. Geiger and Wm. Craig, of Danville, Ill, a reformer, a man who works only as a reformer can work, can be seen moving through the room seeking for signers.

On Sunday evening last Col. DeHart spoke at the opera house. There were fully 2,000 people there to hear him. The Colonel spoke about one and a half hours. He commenced by saying that he had enlisted in the temperance cause for life. His eloquence, fine delivery, hard knocks and truthful remarks caused applause after applause. Col. DeHart is a hard, earnest and energetic worker, willing and ready at all times to speak or do duty for temperance; and those who know the Colonel of old, will know what good he can do when he goes to work.

Miss Fannie Cowdey sang a solo, with Miss Lizzie Geiger at the organ. Miss Cowdey is one of those sweet singers, and is connected with the choir of the Presbyterian church. After continuous encore she sang the second song.

After Hughes' speech a duet was sung by Miss Lizzie Roush and her little sister, about eleven years of age. They were encored and had to appear the second time. While I cannot do justice to this singing, I say it carries one's thoughts far above the clouds.

There were two meetings held Sunday afternoon. One at the club house, where Hughes spoke, and the other at Congress street church where Ward and Lingle spoke. Col. DeHart and D. Comingore are to speak at this church next Sunday. As we have enlisted for life temperance will never die out here.

Mr. Smith, the agent for the SIGNAL, contemplates a large circulation, which is the wish of C. D.

Lafayette, March 24, 1879.

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS — NOTEWORTHY EVENTS.

—Lockland, Iowa, has 1,300.

—Terre Haute has 130 saloons.

— Troy, Ohio, is being revived.

—Mitchel Ind. , has five saloons.

—The Crawfordsville club numbers 2,500.

— Akron, O., is blessed with a glorious revival.

—Chicago has many juvenile temperance societies.

— The oldest Blue Ribbon Society in Iowa is at Tiffin.

—The Northwestern Review, Chicago, has suspended.

—Hon A. B. Campbell is pushing on the work in Illnois.

—The work is moving forward in Montgomery county.

—Seven saloons have been starved out at Connersville, Ind.

—Dr. Reynolds has been doing a big work at Big Rapids, Michigan.

—The Republicans of Chicago have put up a whisky man for Mayor. Spot him.

—Luther Benson lectured at Ann Arbor, Mich., on the 5th, and 6th to 2,000 persons.

—The Rising Sun Recorder now devotes space to temperance. That's right. Let more do likewise.

—The saloonatics of DesMoines, Iowa, who violated the law are being vigorously prosecuted.

—Chas. Nye, of Washington, has been detailed to special labor in St. Louis for the next six months.

—The Monitor-Journal says the temperance work closed seven saloons in Sugar Creek township, Vigo county, Ind. Next. Whoop 'em up.

—A writer in the Cincinnati Gazette says that 17,000,000 gallons of alcohol is annually drank in the United States in the shape of malt liquor.

— During the past few weeks a great temperance revival has been going on in Toledo, O. More than 1,200 men have signed the pledge in that time.

— Mr. John W. Drew, another Iowa temperance worker, who has spoken 189 days in the various towns of that state, will shortly return to New England.

—"So long as I preach, pray, and work for the cause of Christ, I can not, I will not defeat my own efforts by voting with those who destroy them." —[Rev. J. C. Jackson.

— "Does prohibition prohibit?" asks an exchange. We don't know. Now stand still we give you one. Does application apple ? Or, if you want an easier one to begin on, Does emmigration Emma?—[Burdette.

— The Right Worthy Grand Lodge, Independent Order of Good Templars, will meet in Annual Session at Detroit, Mich., this month. Judging from the reports of the various Grand Lodges the exhibit will be more than encouraging.

—All good citizens should rise above class, party, sect, creed or color on the question of prohibiting the liquor traffic. It is an eye-sore to decency and morality, and should not have the countenance of a single honest citizen! Away with it, and let all come to the front for its overthrow.—[Reformer.

— The lovers of beer in England are loud in their denunciation of the modern methods of adulteration of the beverage. Experts say that not one gallon in twenty of the beer of England is free from various impurities. The articles used are cayenne pepper, coriander and caraway seed, licorice, burned sugar and molasses, vitriol, sulphate of iron, alum and common salt. The foaming beer mug is growing less inviting when you know its contents.—[Inter-Ocean.

—The temperance meeting now being held at Union Hall, Wabash, under the management of Mr. Sewell, of Marion, are being carried on with increasing interest. The hall is crowded every night, and upon the occasion of each meeting a host of names are added to their long list of names started at the beginning of the meetings and which now numbers over 400. On Wednesday evening some of the ladies were called upon to make a few remarks and responded with brief but very interesting little talks.—[North Manchester Journal.

—Port Jervis, March 4.—Probably one of the most exciting town elections ever held in Orange county took place here to-day, the principal strife being over the excise ticket. The temperance workers, led by Eccles Robinson, for the last week caused much anxiety among the saloon-keepers. The latter held a ratification meeting last evening. A number of speeches were made, and a brass band enlivened the proceedings. It was agreed that the saloons would be thrown open to all who voted for their candidate, Mr. Benjamin Haffner. The ladies of the N. C. T. U. took up the challenge, and were led by Robinson. Their room was filled with tables, which were covered with tea, coffee, milk, etc., which were given out to all who would support the cause. The result was a complete victory for the temperance people, who elected their candidate, Mr. Edgar A. Wells, by 281 majority, and nearly 100 persons signed the Murphy pledge.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

AMERICANS and the Irish are the best pedestrians.

THE best known time made by a skater is a mile in 1:56

ONLY sixteen guns of the 17,000 made by Krupp have bursted.

JERUSALEM is adding 1,500 to its Jewish population every year.

UNDER the new law a Georgia pistol-toter was given twelve months in prison, the other day.

EIGHTEEN hundred and seventy-nine began on Wednesday, and will end on the same day.

THE colored emigration society of New York is establishing colonies in the far Western States.

A YOUNG daughter of General Tom Ewing, of Ohio, is said to be the prettiest girl in Washington.

BISMARCK gives fair notice that he shall insist on paying all his own bills during his coming visit to England.

A MARYLAND horse is accused of killing and eating sheep, in spite of frequent beatings when caught in the act.

THR San Francisco Bulletin says the total arrivals of Chinese at that port in 1878 was 6,675, and the departures 6,071.

THE Atlantic Constitution estimates that during the past two seasons the farmers of Georgia have paid out $3,000,000 for mules.

A RICE plantation near Charleston, South Carolina, which was once valued at $175,000, was sold at auction the other day for $25,000.

A MEMBER of the Italian parliament says Italy is so dirty that the plague once established would sweep off one-third of the population.

PROF. BENJAMIN PIERCE, of Harvard College, asserts that the substance of the sun is gaseous, while that of comets is as solid as iron.

SOME wealthy gentlemen of Brooklyn have arranged for a sixty-davs pedestrian tournament in the skating rink of the City of Churches.

MARY WILLIAMS, aged 24, was walking in a New York street without a stitch of clothing. When a policeman took hold of her she fell dead in his arms. She had been drinking to excess.

EIGHT frightened sheep kicked a hole in the skiff in which two men attempted to carry them across the Ohio river, near Madison, Indiana, and caused the death of both men by drowning.

IN London, the other day, an officer found and seized a number of sacks of "flour" containing 78 per cent of plaster of paris, and proved that a baker had made up and sold 114 loaves of "bread" therefrom.

FOSSILIZED remains of what is known as a gigantic pre-historic man have been found 200 feet beneath the earth's surface, in a cave recently opened in a mine near Eureka, Nev. The lower limbs, head, and neck are said to be clearly defined and natural.

IT was an astonishing sight that Mrs. Willard saw on returning to her room from church, in Holyoke, Massachusetts. Some revengeful enemy had entered in her absence, and cut the heads out of several cherished oil portraits, gashed the upholstery of the furniture, and slashed a large quantity of costly clothing into ribbons. Mrs. Willard sat down and wept.

IN Strasbourg 250 people are engaged in the business of cramming geese for the manufacture of pate de foie gras. In order to bring the birds' livers up to the proper condition of disease thirty pounds of food are required. Twenty-three Strasbourgers have the monopoly of the trade, receiving altogether about a quarter of a million dollars yearly income, nearly four-fifths of which is for the liver.

LOUISA BOWEN killed Henry Muzzy with a base ball bat, in Norwich, Connecticut, last summer. She said that he entered her house at night, and that, in the dark, she struck him under the supposition that he was a burglar. She was tried on the charge of murder, the prosecutor holding that Muzzy was her rejected lover, but the jury acquitted her. She is now one of the converts in a Methodist revival.

MR. MANNY was waltzing with Mrs. Brown at a ball in Austin, Texas. Jealous Mr. Brown looked in through a window and decided to shoot Manny. He aimed carefully with a pistol, but the dancing couple turned so rapidly that Mrs. Brown was in the place where Mr. Manny should have been, according to Mr. Brown's calculation, when the shot was fired. Consequently Mrs. Brown received the bullet in her shoulder.

THE State Council of Switzerland has resolved to restore capital punishment.

THE expenses of the Paris international exposition were fifty million francs; the receipts thirty million francs.

THE past winter has been one of the finest logging seasons Michigan has ever known; 2,704,267,000 feet have been cut.

THE French floating battery Arrogante, sank last Wednesday off the Mediterranean coast of France, and forty-seven of the crew were lost.

THE German shipping trade is very much depressed, and a large number of the owners of sailing vessels have decided not to put them into commission this Spring.

ROWELL and ENNIS have signed articles for another six days' walking contest for the championship and the Astley belt, to take place in England; commencing June 10th.

THE disastrous results of the overflow of the River Theiss, at Szegedin, in Hungary, are summarized as follows: Persons drowned, 1,900; houses destroyed, 8,200; estimated damage, $7,500,000; persons rendered homeless, 120,000.

CHICAGO Socialists, to the number of twenty-five thousand, met in the Exposition building Saturday evening and continued their demonstration all day Sunday and into Sunday night. The concluding exercise was the drill of about 1,000 armed men, who formed part of the assembly.

THE trouble in Burmah continues. The bloodthirsty King wants the British residents to give up two prisoners and their families who sought protection in the Residency. It is feared that the King will attempt to take them by force, which would be the signal for a general massacre of the citizens.

THE British Natal authorities are much exercised over the question, "Who arms the Zulus?" the credit or blame being generally attributed to the Portugese of Delagoa Bay. The Americans and Russians are named in the same connection. The savages are found to be armed with the best breech-loading rifles, are capital marksmen, and have a supply of explosive shells of the latest pattern.

ON and after April 1st the city of Brooklyn will light her 14,286 gas lamps with naptha, the New York Automatic Gaslight and Lamp Company having taken the contract for $280,778 per annum. The lowest possible price of coal gas has been $353,625. The light is to be the same as now given in Hoboken, Rochester, Orange, Staten Island, Bridgeport and Pittsburg, and the company claim that it is equal to sixteen candle power.

A FAMINE next year in Russia is predicted by Russian journals. Last year about one-third of the crop was destroyed by beetles and marmots, so that the seed has been deficient, and the cattle plague took off nearly ninety per cent. of the cattle in many places. To these things must be added the extraordinary drought of the past year. Then in Russia there are too many holidays (about one hundred in the year); drunkenness also is a widespread vice, whose wastefulness is greatly felt.

THE creditors of Archbishop Purcell are now being pounced upon by the hard-hearted tax-gatherer. It is found that a number of persons who are creditors of the Archbishop are not on the tax-books of the city at all, and that for years they have been eluding the payment of tax by omitting to make returns or swearing falsely. It is said the law will allow the Auditor to assess taxes for four years back. Many creditors have had money deposited with the Archbishop longer than that without paying taxes at all.

CROP reports received at San Francisco, Cal., from all parts of the State are of the most flattering nature, with the exception of some places in the upper portion of the San Joaquin valley and Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties. The late rains have been very beneficial, and the prospect is for more than an average crop in the State at large. Some of the Tule Islands, in Sacramento county, are suffering from high water.

THE Khedive of Egypt, in the prosecution of his extensive public works and internal improvements, has expended a vast amount of money within the past few years, mostly borrowed from European and English capitalists, who were only too eager to loan to an absolute monarch of a supposed wealthy country, as he was paying a high rate of interest. But a day of reckoning has come, and the public debt of Egypt is found to be nearly $400,000,000, and her resources so exhausted as to make it practically certain that no part of it will ever be paid, thus making Egyptian bonds worthless, and leaving the government hopelessly bankrupt.

CLUB US.

Iub Us Hard—Club Us All Over—Club Us Everybody.

THE SIGNAL will be furnished at the following rates, to societies and individuals getting up clubs:

One copy, one year	$ 1 00
Five copies, one year	4 25
Ten copies, one year (with extra copy)	7 00
Fifteen copies, " " " ..	10 50
Twenty-five copies, " " ..	15 00
Fifty copies, one year, " " ..	25 00

Every union in the state should take advantage of the above offer.

It will pay you to circulate temperance literature among your people.

The cash must accompany each list.

Address all communications to the editor, box 411.

Responsible agents wanted in every county in the union.

A Celebrated Piece of Paper.

Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A promissory note for $750,000 is not an insignificant piece of mercantile paper even in these days, and a quarter of a century ago it would have been considerable of a curiosity. Such a note was given at that period, however, by a famous operator in old Shoe and Leather street, and is still exhibited as a memento of some of the noted transactions which took place in that old thoroughfare, now so utterly deserted by the commercial interest which once flourished there that even its name had to be changed. There were some peculiar circumstances connected with the making of this celebrated note. The story was told that the man in whose favor it was drawn, and who was a famous Salem merchant, got the promissor up into an upper room in the latter's own store, and having carefully secured the door, took up a stove lifter and threatened to knock his brains out unless he then and there signed the note in question. The man who was threatened, not caring to die just then, appended his autograph as desired and the promissee, who was far his superior in strength, then unlocked the door and released him. The Salem man desired the note to swell the amount of his assets, as he was then about to suspend and call a meeting of his creditors. The note was never paid, however. The promissor took counsel with Rufus Choate, and was informed that it could not be collected during his lifetime. But sixteen years subsequently he purchased it from the heirs of the holder for $6,000, for the purpose of getting it into his own possession.

A Touching Incident.

Cleveland Herald.

A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and inquired where she was going.

"Down town to find my papa," was the sobbing reply.

"What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."

"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along, saying: "You had better come with me. I guess you came from this way."

"Yes; but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at that time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

Woman Suffrage Defeated.

Providence, March 34.—The House of Representatives voted on the question of woman suffrage twenty-five yeas to twenty-one nays, not the two-thirds necessary for submitting an amendment of the constitution to the people.

CONDIMENTS.

There's one thing, boys, tnat you must shun,
If you would win your suit;
We know, for we've been their ourselves—
It is the old man's boot.

Almost all of us are generous to a fault, if the fault happens to be our own.

A classical farmer in Burlington township names all his pigs after the Greek roots.

It seems rather odd to see two men playing seven-up for a dinner that is to be eight-up.

You can Winnebago money betting that a Chippewa Indian is the poorest kind of a stonecutter.

Why was a mother of one of the old Peruvian rulers like a piece of rubber? She was an incaraiser.

"Is it not," asks the Philadelphia Bulletin, "the Spanish garrote an neck's-screw-ciating thing?"

"This," said Augustus, as Angelina sat in his lap, sweetly singing, "This is a matin-knee performance, darling."

A young man feels that he has not lived in vain when he finds his picture exhibited in the show case of a photograph gallery.

Waiter to the member of the legislature—"Will you have some desert?" Member to waiter—"no, thank you, I'll take a piece of pie."

Suppose that baby carts do injure the baby's health. Doesn't the baby have his revenge when night comes and the paregoric is down stairs?

Wicked people can find consolation in the thought that they'll have no sidewalks to clean or livery bills to settle in the sweet pretty soon.

Emperor William, of Germany, had a fall on a piece of slippery pavement last Friday. It didn't hurt the Emperor much, but it jarred all Germany.

A clock having struck the hour of one, a tender-hearted woman exclaimed, "Oh! what a cruel clock!" Why so?" asked a friend. Because it struck its little one!"

"Two mouths with but a single stew, two spoons that dip as one," as the young man remarked to his dearly beloved, after giving his economical order of "one stew, two spoons."

A schoolmaster spoke of his pupils as having been so thoroughiy disciplined that they were as quiet and orderly as the chairs themselves. It was probably because they were cane-bottomed.

Jeems—"I see, Robin, that the paper says we're tae hae anither storm next Monday." Robin—"Man, it's terrible! Since the Yankees hae gotten the weather intae their keepin' we've a storm every ither day."

"Ah, yes," said Mrs. Partington some years ago on the 22d of February, as she watched the military pass by.—"Ah, yes, Washington is dead, and the worst of it is that his mantlepiece don't seem to have fallen on any man now living."

A gentleman traveling on a Hudson river steamer, one day at dinner was making way with a large pudding close by, when he was told by a servant that it was a desert. "It matters not to me," said he; "I would eat it if it were a wilderness."

Judge—"Your client had better make a compromise; ask her what she will take." Counsel—"My good woman, his lordship asks what you will take." Old woman—I'm obliged to his lordship (courtesy), as he's so kind (courtesy, I'll just take a glass of warm ale."

A certain lawyer was compelled to apologize to the court. With stately dignity he arose in his place and said: "Your Honor is right and I am wrong, as your Honor generally is." There was a dazed look in the judge's eye, he hardly knew whether to feel happy or fine the lawyer for contempt of court.

Columbus avenue, Sunday afternoon: Miserable street mucker to Snodkins, the belt of whose ulster was dragging —"I say, Old Hoss, if you don't tighten up your belly-band you'll lose your blanket." (And Snodkins had to keep on looking pleasant, as if he hadn't heard it.)

"IF I ever can be freed from these adverse environments," said the despondent workingman — "Oh dear, John," broke in his tender-hearted wife, "have you got that? It is too bad, you have such luck. Is it catching? I do so hope the children won't have it, especially the baby, for he's teething, and—" John didn't wait to hear more, but started for the environments of the woodshed, where he chopped adversity out of his mind, getting the kindlings ready for the morning fire.

In a well-ordered up-town family there are twin five yearlings called Johnny and Tommy. Both had been taught the Lord's prayer, and repeated it twice daily to their pious mother. One evening the good lady was absent, but the children did not fail in their piety. Johnny prayed audibly, but was suddenly stopped by Tommy after "give us this day our daily bread." "What's the matter with you?" said Johnny. "You're a fool," lisped his brother, "cos you might a struck the old man for pie while mammy's at the theater."

He was a good colored brother, and though humble, he was reasonably shrewd. After listening to the dreary prayers and exhortations at the conference meeting one evening, he rose in his seat, and his honest black face shone and his face twinkled as he said: "My brudren, I was passin' fru de paster dis mawnin' and I saw a mighty fine bush o' huckleberries, and I thought I would tote sum of 'em hum to de ole woman, and I hadn't no basket nor nuffin to pick 'em in, and I looked aroun' and foun' a shingle, and begun for to pick off the berries and put 'em on dat shingle; but dey'd roll off jes' as fas' as I put 'em on, and I brung no berries hum to de old woman. Brudren, your prayers is jes' like pickin' huckleberries on a shingle, dey roll right off; dey don't none of 'em go hum to de Heavenly Farder."

THE PERILS OF COURTING.

I've a letter from thy sire;
Mary Ann, Mary Ann:
And he's just as mad as fire,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
And he says if I come nigher,
That he'll raise me ten times higher,
Than the German Methodist spire,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
If to win the I aspire,
Mary Ann!

Oh I dread to see his fa-hace
Mary Ann, Mary Ann;
For I know he'll give me cha-has e
Mary Ann, Mary Ann!
He will waltz me round the room,
He will fan me with the broom;
Yes, I safely may assume,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann,
That he'll fire me out the roo-hoom,
Mary Ann!
—[Burlington Hawkeye

A GRAIN MOVING MACHINE.

Another Remarkable Invention—A Machine for Moving Grain as if It Were Water.

One of the most remarkable inventions of the times is now being perfected and experimented upon by Alfred Wilkin, of this city. For several months Mr. Wilkin has been trying to study out some more speedy and economical method of elevating grain in bulk than any now in use. The results, as already shown by his yet imperfect model are astonishing, and promise to work almost a revolution in the grain carrying trade.

The principle made use of in this curious little machine is simply that of atmospheric pressure, or the exact process which has lately been applied with such wonderful success in the great Westinghouse atmospheric brakes. The model which Mr. Wilkin has used so far is a little air pump, rather rudely constructed, yet answering for all practical purposes at present. Connected with the pump is a one-inch tin pipe, syphon shaped, and at the elbow, or top (some three feet above the pump) is a cylinder somewhat larger than the pipe and connecting both parts of it. Inside of this is a smaller perforated cylinder, while at the lower end of it is a valve through which the grain drops out. The other arm of the syphon is extended down into the grain pile.

When the machine was first ready to be started some wheat was put into a common envelope box to represent the car or vessel, and the grain was sucked up at a rate that was perfectly astonishing. As some one remarked, at this rate the complete machine would "draw the insides out of a vessel in less than no time." This was making an elevation of about five feet, and some one who viewed the remarkable effects of the crude air pump reasoned that it would be impossible to raise grain only about thirty-two feet, or as high as the air will sustain a column of water. But, without arguing the case, Mr. Wilkin quietly had an additional lot of pipe made, and planting his machine in the third story of the Custom house, forty feet from the ground, had the satisfaction of seeing it take up the wheat and corn out of the box placed on the ground as easily as a whirlwind would take up the dust from the road. The next step was to place the air-pump in the fourth story, over fifty feet from the ground, where the result was similar. The only drawbacks were the mercantile defects in his appliances. This settles the question about raising grain to great heights by atmospheric pressure.

The reciprocating pump will be supplanted in practice by powerful blowers, which, with their continuous action, will exhaust the air so rapidly, the manufacturers think, that an eight inch pipe will give all the pressure asked for by the inventor.

The economy of power and the rapidity of transit of the grain are, of course, problematical. But many of the great advantages of the arrangement are apparent. Among these is the capacity for discharging several cars or vessels at the same time, by making the supply pipe fork into several pipes leading to the different lots of grain. Then the expense of shoveling the grain up to the leg of the elevator, as under the present system, is saved. This amounted to $3.50 per 1,000 bushels in Buffalo last season—$150 to $200, say, for a large schooner. When held at the surface of the grain, the pipe, while in one position, would draw up nearly, if not quite, all the wheat or corn in the envelope box, so that by a little moving, as a fireman would move the nozzle of his hose, it would quickly take up all the grain in a vessel.

There would be a saving of about one-half in insurance rates on grain in store, as there would be no machinery in the building—hence no friction and no danger from fire in the building. Not the least among the desirable features of this method would be the cooling of the grain by passing it from one bin to another, and cleaning it of dust and dirt at the same time. The immense benefits such a system would confer upon a port like Toledo can be readily seen. By making a large reduction in the cost of transferring and storing grain, not only here but at terminal lake points, a supremacy would be given our great water route which could not be successfully challenged by any railroad combination on earth. —[Toledo Blade.

An Agreeable Surprise.

There resided in Bordeaux a young, rich and handsome widow, who had for six months incessantly lamented the loss of her husband, tenderly beoved. A fatal storm had wrecked the vessel in which he had embarked, and every soul on board was supposed to have perished. The young widow, though surrounded by admirers, observed scrupulously the rules of decorum. At length, however, the persuasions of her friends had effect, and she once more threw open her doors to receive company.

Madame St. Amere had one foible—she loved to play to excess; and this foible alone threatened to involve her in much trouble. On the evening of her first fete a tall graceful figure, masked, followed, paying her innumerable silent attentions. To rid herself of his importunities she sat down at a card-table, and was successful for about an hour.

The mask, who had fixed himself behind her chair, which she granted, and renewed the game with fresh spirit, though not with equal good fortune. Madame was piqued at the superior skill of the impertinent mask, and staked to an immense amount. Still the stranger was triumphant, and, pulling from his pocket a large purse of gold, tauntingly dared her to risk a like amount. Although absolute ruin might have been the consequence of her imprudence, Madame would not recede, but anxiety and vexations disturbed her countenance. For some time the game was doubtful; at length the malignant deity decided against her, and the rash widow found her fortune destroyed by one night's folly. Her angush could not be concealed; she arrose abruptly from the card-table, when the mask, in an insinuating tone of voice, hinted to her that she need not put herself to any inconveinence to make up the debt of honor, as he could wait, or compromise it in some other way, with more pleasure to himself and less embarrassment to her.

She darted on him a look of rage and contempt.

"Who are you, wretch!" she exclaimed, "who darest thus to insult me in my own house?"

"Softly, madame," replied the mask; "I am no gambler nor needy adventurer--there are ladies who would not be ungrateful for such an accomodation."

Madame burst into tears

"Good heavens! must I endure this insolence? Quit my house, sir; and if you are a gentleman, make good your claim to morrow."

"No, madame, I will not quit your house to-night; my claim is on your fortune, or yourself, and I will make it good, let who will dispute it.

With these words he removed the mask, when Madame uttered a shriek of joyful surprise, and fainted in his arms.

The company crowded around. They were chiefly relations, who immediately recognized the Chevalier St. Amere. The raptures of Madame may be easily immagined, when, on recovering, her husband informed her that he had been saved from the wreck by a brave sailor, who had taken him into his own ship which was bound to Peru; that he remained there till a convenient opportunity offered for his return, and having been fortunate enough to amass a considerable portion of wealth, had meditated this agreeable surprise, in hope of curing her of a destructive habit; the consequences of which he had long dreaded.

Madame embraced him with transport, and assured him she would never again yeald to temptations, or continue a practice of which she now saw the madness in glaring colors.

Having received the congratulations of their friends, the amusements of the evening, which had been so strangely interrupted, were again renewed, and the adventure was for many months the talk throughout Bordeaux.

Mad Antony's Burial Place—A Curious Story of Gen. Wayne's Bones.

Gen. Wayne is one of the few famous men who have two graves, each equally entitled to commemoration. He died of gout at Erie, Pa., then Ft. Presque Isle, in 1796, when he was on his return from his sucessful Indian campaigns in the northwest. He was burried at the foot of the flagstaff in the fort, and there lay undisturbed for nearly twenty years. Then there came through the woods from the other end of the State, in a sulky, his son in search of his fathers bones. He engaged Dr. John C. Wallace, who had been through the Indian wars with Gen. Wayne, to exhume his bones and pack them in a box, that might be straped to the sulky and taken through the woods and over the mountains to the family residence in Chester county. When Dr. Wallace opened the grave he found, to his great surprise, the body in an almost perfect state of preservation. The flesh had not decayed. But it was impossible for young Wayne to carry the coffin and contents in his sulky. So Dr. Wallace, who seems to have been as devoid of felling as on e of the Indians whom he fought, decided, on his own motion, and without consulting Mr. Wayne, to separate the General's bones from their enveloping flesh and thus enable them to be removed. To accomplish this, boling had to be resorted to, and was resorted to, and the bones were denuded of flesh by the use of knives, and were packed and carried away by the young Wayne, and buried near the homestead in which Gen. Wayne was born and in which his descendants still live. This account of the Ghoul-like proceedings of Dr. Wallace has an incredible sound, but it is litterally and strictly true, and will be corroborated by any old citizen of Erie. Young Mr. Wayne knew nothing of Dr. Wallace's operations until many years after. He was then greatly shocked and declared that he would never have permitted such treatment of his fathers remains, but would have returned them to the grave and postponed their removal to a more convenient season. Yet there is no reason to doubt that Dr. Wallace, who was a useful and prominent man in his day, thought he was doing everything for the best, and meant no disrespect to the mortal part of his old friend and patient and army comrade, General Wayne.

Over the General's bones, in Chester county, a monument was raised. But his flesh was returned to its grave at the foot of the flag-staff, in Ft. Presque Isle, by Dr. Wallace, and forgotten. The fort—a mere stockade—crumbled away, the flag-staff decayed, and the precise location of the grave was lost.

Some four years ago, however, a digger for relics on the site of the old fort unearthed a coffin-cover, into which brass-headed nails had been so driven as to form the enitial "A. W." with the figures of Wayne's age, date of his death etc. This determined the location of the grave, and there has since been in Erie a feeling that it should be marked by a monument of some sort. It has, in fact, been surrounded by chains, supported by four pieces of superanuated artillery, and also marked by a flag-staff, but something more permanent is desired, and will doubtless be built—if not by legislative aid, then by local subscription.

Trouble in the Greek Church.

The Greek Orthodox Church is at present threatened with a great schism, or, as it perhaps would be better to represent the case, its somewhat stagnating waters have suddenly come into violent motion. Some years ago one Makrakis, a man of eloquence, intelligence and wealth, used to hold large religious meetings in his house at Athens. In 1872 he founded two schools one in Athens and one in Piræus, in which children received free instruction, and in the following year he began to issue a religious periodical, the World, and erected a church in Athens. His ideas of reform he had gathered from the very earliest period of the Christian Church. He rejected the authority of Bishops and synods, all fasts, the worship of saints and the whole liturgy of the Greek Orthodox Church. As far as possible, he sought to reduce religion to a pure relation between God and individual man, and the ideas of church and congregation were held in a very vague and floating form. There was a kind of administration, but no kind of government. His followers confessed to each other and partook of the Lord's Supper at every divine service. In spite of his radicalism, he found great sympathy, even among the clergy of the Established Church. Several priests joined him, teaching in his school and officiating in his church, and everything went on calmly and peacefully. But last year the Greek Government which hitherto had taken no notice of the movement, suddenly determined to interfere, and it did so in a most clumsy, unpractical, and violent manner. It closed the schools, confiscated the church building, banished the priests to some distant monasteries to do penance, and undertook, with one single blow, to sweep out of existence the whole affair It has been mistaken, however. Makrakis has issued one protest after the other; a great literary controversy has arisen; the monks have grown fanatic; the whole population has come into commotion, and a general uproar has been raised, which the Government is utterly unable to still.—[New York Times.

A Significant Verdict.

A New York jury has given a verdict in favor of a woman who sued a saloon keeper for depriving her of the support that ought to have been given her by her husband, by supplying the latter with intoxicating liquors and keeping him in a state of inebriety during hours when he should have been at work. The amount of damages awarded is only fifty-four dollars—just enough to carry the costs of the suit—but the principle established is a good one, and indeed it is said that a much heavier sum would have been given but for the character of her husband. This verdict is important as showing the readiness of a New York jury to enforce any proper restrictions and penalties of an excise law and to prevent the abuse of the liquor traffic by those engaged in it. It is indeed a most significant result, in view of the fact that no jury has yet been found in the city willing to convict dealers of non-conformity with the strict letter of our present impractical and worthless license law. It ought to satisfy the advocates of temperance that the popular objection is not to a stringent statute to prevent the abuse of the liquor trade, but only to absurd and inoperative provisions of law which are not appropriate and cannot be enforced in a city. If we had a strong, effective excise law in operation to-day juries would be always ready to convict when the evidence in a case proved a violation of its provisions. Respectable saloon keepers would also be found active in aiding the enforcement of such a statute. No reputable proprietor wishes the custom of drunkards or encourages them in his place, and the verdict just rendered will meet with general approval among respectable liquor dealers. Such abuses of the trade as that complained of in this case would not be likely to exist under an efficient law, and if practiced would be certain of punishment.—[New York Tribune.

Milk as a Soporific.

According to The Pharmacist, it is a frequent practice in the New York asylum for inebriates, to administer to the patients at bedtime a glass of milk to produce sleep, and the result is often found satisfactory, without the use of medicine. Medicine is there sometimes prescribed in milk. It has been recently stated in medical journals that lactic acid has the effect of promoting sleep by acting as a sedative, and this acid may be produced in the alimentary canal after the ingestion of milk, Can this, then, be the explanation of the action of milk on the nervous system after a long continued, excessive use of alcoholic drink? Sugar, also, is capable of being converted in the stomach, in certain morbid conditions, into lactic acid; and a lump of sugar allowed to dissolve in the mouth on going to bed will frequently soothe a restless body to quiet and repose.—[Scientific American.

Why She Didn't Buy.

A Boston lady who contemplated purchasing a homestead in North Carolina, wrote to an old settler in that vicinity asking if it was true, as reported, that the grass in that country was infested with "jiggers" that creep into the flesh. The reply was: "Yes; but all you have to do is to keep your legs greased and they won't trouble you." She concluded not to buy.

Empress Eugenie.

Talking of the Empress Eugenie reminds me of some errors which I found a short time ago in a biographical sketch which appeared of her in a London society journal. She used not to go before her marriage to the parties at St. Cloud, and Prosper Merimee, the senator alluded to by the biographer, never wooed her to make her his spouse. He had been a rival of Lord Clarendon at the card parties of the Countess de Montijo, at Madrid and Bayonne, previous to the birth of Mademoiselle Eugenia. M. Prosper Merimee flattered himself that he stood in a very close blood relation to the young lady, who, he thought, resembled him, and was not in the least like the English diplomatist. A stormy adventure at Bayonne was the indirect road by which Mademoiselle de Montijo reached the imperial throne. She was in love with the Duke of Sesto, who loved her sister, the Duchess of Alba, better, but pretended to reciprocate the passion of Eugenia, not to compromise the other lady in her husbands eyes. This adventure took place at Bayonne. When the befooled girl discovered the Duc de Sesto's design, she determined to end her life tragically. So she asked him on a hot day to take a walk with her over the sand hills near Bayonne. They returned to the mean lodging inhabited by the Montijo family, thirsty and fatigued. The future empress anticipating this, had prepared a bottle of water and a poisonous liquid used for scouring copper saucepans. She poured out a tumblerfull of it and drank it rapidly. The duke did likewise. Silence was kept by her for some moments and she then cried out, "We are undone!" He suspected from the taste of the beverage its corrosive qualities and ran for a doctor. The stomach pump was administered, and doses of milk and melted butter. Both were very ill, but neither died. However, the authorities getting wind of the drama ordered an investigation. The judge of instruction entered by the front door. Mademoiselle escaped by the court behind the house, got into a vessel commanded by a distant relative o her mother, who hid her and took her to England. She went to remain until the scandal blew over in a school near Bath. Prince Napoleon was visiting his cousin Louis there, and was introduced to the pretty Spaniard.

The revolution of 1848 then happened. Eugenie went with her mother to Paris. The Prince was sent to Madrid as ambassador. Eugenia followed him. She also followed him back to France when he was recalled. He introduced her to the prince president in the hope that by her pretty face and lively manners she might obtain a degree of influence over him sufficient to prevent him looking further for a spouse of royal birth. When the Princess Masa was advised by the Czar Nicholas to refuse the "elect of the millions," Prince Napoleon was more eager than ever to advance the fortunes of Mlle Eugenia, but not to the extent that she, her mother and Prosper Merimee hoped he would. The comtesse and her daughter were invited to some hunting parties at Compiegne. Persigney, Mocquard and Madame Hortense Cornu penetrated their designs. It was agreed among them to thwart them. Prince Napoleon was warned by them. He resolved to put his foot down upon the Spanish ladies, and one evening at dinner called out to Mademoiselle de Montijo, "Dis donc, Eugenie, te souviens toi de la joyensate de notre vie a Madrid." To address a lady in France in the second person singular is a terrible affront. It was taken as a studied insult in this instance. The offended beauty burst into tears and rose and left the room, followed by her mother. The emperor hastened to join them, and unfortunately for him and for France he was on terms sufficiently familiar with them for them to venture upon making a scene, and reproaching him with having by his attentions compromised Eugenia. Next morning he entered the breakfast room where the courtiers and visitors awaited him. The young lady was on his arm. He made a bow to the company, took her by the arm, led her forward, and said: "Gentlemen, salute your future empress." My authority is Hortense Cornu. I also had this version of how Madame de Montijo's daughter came to be empress of the French from Gen. Mieroslawski, who had it from Prince Napoleon.—[Paris Letter to the New York Tribune.

The Zulu Massacre.

This is the question which is just now being discussed in military, political, and general circles, in regard to the destruction of the modern Twenty-fourth by the Zulus Lord Chelmsford, the Commander-in-Chief, is blamed when any positive opinion is offered, though a laudable feeling of reticence is shown, pending the arrival of the full and complete details. So far as Lord Chelmsford is concerned, the position looks a little awkward. On the 12th of January he crossed the Tugela at Rorke's Drift and advanced, as has been already described. He had some skirmishes with the enemy, whom by and by he lost sight of. For eight or ten days he hovers about the spot where the disaster took place. During this time it is clear that 15,000 to 20,000 Zulus were concentrating within a few miles of him. What sort of reconnoissances could he have made, not to get an inkling of their whereabouts? What was his cavalry about? In the old days of Kafir warring, the Cape Mounted Rifles were the eyes and ears of the army. It is true Mr. Cardwell, under the Gladstone government, disbanded them, in the hope, no doubt, of universal peace. Their loss has been keenly felt. But Lord Chelmsford knew there were no Cape Mounted Rifles to help him. On the 21st he appears to have become very anxious to find "these infernal Zulus," and so he goes on with the main body of his force. He left in his rear all his stores. He does not even take the trouble to intrench the guard. All his stores, rifles, shot, guns, oxen, he leaves behind in charge of the Twenty-fourth, without barricade or intrenchment. He had with him a small body of native horsemen and 200 Europeans; it is to be presumed he took some precautions to fling out reconnoitering parties; and yet there are 15,000 to 20,000 of the enemy hovering in his rear, within ten miles of him. When he is too far off to render assistance, they fall on the guard, with the result which is now only too notorious. These facts are few, but they are facts. Even the telegrams give sufficient imformation to enable us to say so emphatically. How will Lord Chelmsford meet them? It was rumored that the government had recalled him; that Lord Napier was going out; that Sir Garnett Wolseley had been ordered to take command; but there is no truth in these statements. So far, the government has been content to dispatch reinforcements with all speed, though the country would learn with satisfaction that it had done what rumor credited it with.—[London Cor. New York Times.

Ruined by Rum.

Catharine Erichsen, who cut her throat at No. 198 Madison street on Sunday, still lies at the New York Hospital in a precarious condition. Her husband, a fair haired, soft mannered, mild tempered Swede, was visited last night by a Herald reporter, and briefly related the story of his married life. Kate was a pretty Irish girl, whose bright eyes had been his beacon when he sailed the seas. He married her for love, and no honey-moon was fairer than theirs. They put by their little savings and sent them to the sailor's aged mother, far away in Sweden. Then, as they grew more prosperous, they took a liquor store in Cherry street, and a child was born to them. Their saloon was popular with mariners, who made it ring with oaths and coarse jests and introduced to it women of more than questionable character. From this day the ruin began. The women swore, smoked and drank, and dared their hostess to match them in these arts, and when Frank Erichsen came one night he stumbled over a senseless body prostrate upon the floor. It was his wife. Thenceforth her nature slowly changed. Her grace and winsomeness gave place to low cunning. To buy drink she would steal from her husband's purse as he lay asleep. She threatened him and his brother with an axe. She swore to kill him unless he gave her money. She sank lower and lower, and was at last arrested and sent to Blackwell's Island. Her term expired, Erichsen received her back, but expecting to give birth to a child she made it an excuse for drinking more deeply than ever. "The baby was born," said this sturdy, uncomplaining husband," and on Sunday night, as I lay in the bed I heard a strange pattering in the adjoining room and then a sudden cry. I found my wife calmly seated, a mirror set coquettishly before her, a razor in her hand, a deep gash in her throat. The blood was pouring out in a torrent. It splashed the floor, the furniture, the wall paper, and a few drops fell on our poor little neglected baby, which turned in its sleep and moaned. I then, knew that our ruin was complete. Kate had threatened to cut her throat and she had done it. As he spoke a note was brought from his wife at the hospital. It was a scrawled, blotted, ill-spelt appeal that she might see the baby. This touch of human nature, this cry of motherhood so tardily awakened, utterly unmanned the strong Swede, and his voice died away in a husky sob.

How the Third Artillerymen Became Intoxicated on Pure Water.

In the summer of 1838 the United States Artillery, commanded by Colonel Gates, was encamped at the foot of the missionary Ridge, engaged in the removal of the Cherokee Indians. One day the colonel ordered out a fatigue party to clean out the spring, a beautiful fountain bubbling up at the foot of the ridge. Shortly after, the sergeant reported to headquarters that his men were drunk. Says the colonel, "You should not have let the men drink whisky." "I did not," replied the sergeant, "they drank nothing but water from the spring." The sergeant and men were ordered into the guard-house and a new detail ordered and a lieutenant placed in command with orders not to let the men have access to any spirits. Not long after the lieutenant reported the men all drunk. The men were ordered to the guard-house and the lieutenant under arrest. Another party was ordered out, of which Colonel Gates took the command. He took a seat on a stump so he could overlook the whole ground, determined there should be no getting drunk this time. But behold! in a short time his men were all drunk. He was certain they had drank nothing but water, which they frequently did, getting down on their knees and drinking from the branch just below the spring. The colonel was at his wits' end. The men were ordered to the guard-house and he repaired to his tent to think. After weighing the matter pro and con he had to give it up, and repairing to the guard-house he told the men that if they would show him how it was done he would release them, otherwise he would punish them severely. To this they agreed and took him to the spring; just below the spring in the branch they unearthed a five gallon jug partly filled with whisky, the mouth of which was stopped with a cork, in which was inserted a quill that reached to the bottom. When buried in the sand the upper end of the quill was just above the surface of the water, and when they wanted to drink they stooped down, inserted the quill in their mouth, and while apparently drinking pure water were drinking pure whisky, and the colonel, sitting on the stump in plain view, was none the wiser for it.—[Chattanooga (Tenn.) Commercial.

Cow pleuro-pneumonia begins with a cough.

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE SIGNAL is authorized to announce that W. H. Smith, formerly editor of the Star, will be a candidate for Clerk of the city of Logansport, at the spring election.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

REVINE!

WEAR the blue.

SIGN and stick.

VOTE as you pray.

SPREAD the news.

HERE we are again.

MEETING to-night.

REJOICE and be glad.

ALL right in Jefferson.

31st—what will be done?

DO YOU wear the ribbon.

Murphy meeting to-night.

THE work is still progressing.

T. J. Shackelford is in the city.

NOT dead yet, and no prospect of it.

OUR anniversary occurs on the 31st of May.

Al. Kuntz is dangerously sick with diphtheria.

THERE will be meetings every night this week.

LOVE for all, is the rule again, and it is a good one.

Attend the Murphy meeting to-night at Murphy Hall.

Take your friends to the Murphy meeting to-night.

GEO. DAVIS, Burnettsville, was in the city last week.

THE Burnettsville Murphys are preparing for work, again.

City election. Will there be another Fourth of July drunk?

IF you are sincere in your temperance profession prove it.

REV. MAHIN stands by the Murphys and attends every meeting possible.

Go east via. Eel River railroad. It is one of the best roads in the country.

OUR President, Will E. Murray, talked to the Murphys of Flora, last Saturday night.

THE Living Issue, Portland, Maine, should give credit for articles copied from this paper.

BRO. T. C. ASHWORTH has come out boldly for a cause that will never make him a drunkard.

THE editor will talk to the "boys" at Clymers, Clinton township, on the evening of the 29th.

GEO. W. JONES, Ft. Wayne, encourages us again, with subscribers, this week. Send them in.

W. A. BARNES, Burnettsville, was in the city Monday. He will receive subscriptions for THE SIGNAL.

Mr. Thompson, of the Lafayette Home Journal, was in the city, Monday, and made us a pleasant call.

THE article on Home Protection, by "J. B.," was mislaid, and recovered too late for publication in this issue.

Bro. J. R. McKelvey, who has been in the city for the past few days, is one of the best speakers we ever heard.

Turn out, turn out, all ye Murphys, with your friends, and fill Murphy Hall to its utmost capacity to-night.

THE Logansport union elects officers on the third Friday evening in April. This for the benefit of the inquiring.

"SILVER TOP" tells us in this issue of a grand victory achieved at Corydon, Harrison county. Let the good work go on.

FOR solid reading I like THE SIGNAL better than any other paper in the county, says the Hon. John Cantley. Thank you.

"RUINED by Rum," "A Significant Decision," and several other very interesting articles will be found on another page of this issue.

WE will not be responsible for money payed to A. G. Murray for subscription for THE SIGNAL, as he is an impostor, and has no authority to take subscriptions.

THE meetings at Georgetown are largely attended and interesting. The editor and others will address the one to be held there one week from next Thursday evening.

THE Pharos has finally concluded that it is wrong to sell whisky on Sunday. Our last issue called attention to it, and we are pleased to see it act honorably in the matter.

IT is the desire of THE SIGNAL to give matters of interest to all societies, and hence solicit news from the Temple of Honor, Good Templars, Sons of Temperance and all other societies.

THE sa-lunatics and the Chronicle are respectfully informed that the Murphy union is not of the past, but existing and thriving with the prospect of a glorious future. Call around and see us.

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

WE are authorized to announce that the next meeting of Bethel union will be held on Sunday afternoon, April 6 at 3 o'clock. Officers will be elected. All are invited, and a large attendance is desired.

WE publish in this issue a call of the Prohibition League for a State convention to nominate candidates for offices, to be voted for in 1880. Those of our readers who are in sympathy with the movement may govern themselves accordingly.

A MEETING was held yesterday afternoon at North Manchester, to make arrangements for a series of revival meetings. They will be conducted by Bro. James Sewell, of Marion, who has just closed a very successful campaign at Wabash.

WE want a special agent at once, for THE MURPHY SIGNAL, in each and every town in the United States and Canada. To those who can devote all or part of their time, we make very strong inducements. Write on a postal card for special terms.

THE work at Peru is at a stand still. Our good friends there will find it profitable to keep the ball moving. It is necessary that we do not get tired, and we hope Bro. Daly will attend to the reviving of the work, believing he will receive the support of all good people. Will you lead, Bro. Daily?

THE Wabash gleaners are reaping a rich harvest, so to speak. In other words, they are holding large and enthusiastic meetings, with many signers to the pledge. Bro. Swadener was there one evening last week, and entertained an audience with one of his best speeches. God prosper the work.

THE careworn faces of salunatics are oft times seen at our Murphy meetings They are treated respectfully, and urged to come often. Courteousness will not injure any one, and though every principle of their business is directly adverse to ours, it is evident to all that kindness may make them better while it will make us no worse.

IRA SMITH is our authorized agent at Lafayette. He will canvass the entire city, and we hope our friends will aid him when possible. We want 500 more subscribers in that place, and Brother Smith will see to getting that number in a few weeks. We will give you a good paper and we trust you will give us a big list. Headquarters at club room.

THERE is a disposition on the part of temperance fanatics to run the noble work into politics. This is all wrong. We should curb our enthusiasm in that direction. Better to have a half loaf than no bread. Rather encourage all political parties to select their best men of temperance proclivities, and all will be well in the end. The great need of the country is to purify political parties, rather than build up a new one to become corrupt. Let us honor the good of all parties and retire the low and groveling.—[Mitchell Times.

AND now it is Bro. Funston who claims the best meeting ever held. It happened thusly: The 15th was the regular meeting at East Sandridge. Bros. McKee of Twelve Mile, McKee of Spring Creek, Shilling and many others of the "ould brick," Vice President Brandt of Shiloh, and all the people of the neighborhood, joined together in a grand temperance jubilee, and such speaking, such singing and such a grand good feeling was never before known in the community. Hurrah! Keep the ball booming, Bro. Funston. They meet again next Saturday evening. Attend, everybody.

Prohibition Fundamental.

ALL forms of government have always contained the principles of legal prohibition. They have commanded and forbidden certain things because it was their natural function so to do. They could not have existed a month if they had not had the right to control the property and persons over whom they were established. In proportion as this principle has been recognized, human governments have become more stable and beneficial. Civilization does not give increased license to men's passions and appetites, nor does it allow any to work the physical, intellectual and moral ruin of even the humblest, on any consideration. Perfected civilization dries up the fountains of crime, sweeps clean the sewers of human society, and banishes poverty and ignorance by destroying their cause. The manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors is a barbarous excrescence on the civilization of this country. It is working a hundred fold more evil than slavery, and its suppression is as absolutely demanded by our Christian civilization as was the abolition of slavery. And the same authority which freed the slave has the right to suppress the dram shop. If freedom for three millions of negroes was necessary for the perpetuity of our government, then the destruction of the sale and use of alcoholic liquors as a beverage is a hundred times more essential to the existence and prosperity of our national organization.

This right of prohibition has been exercised in regard to intoxication for many hundred years. Over two thousand years ago, in the very best days of the Roman government, a Roman woman was not only not allowed to drink intoxicating liquors, but she was forbidden to smell them, and if she became intoxicated was put to death. Only on religious occasions were men under thirty years of age permitted to drink intoxicants. When vineyards became common and wine flowed freely intemperance increased, and the Emperor Domitian ordered the destruction of half the vineyards, and would not allow the planting of new ones without his permission. The history of nations shows most plainly that national life is dependent upon legal prohibition.

An Inconsistent Sheet.

THE Crawfordsville Mercury, which gives considerable attention to temperance, has "got on its ear," graphically speaking, and deserted the Murphy club.

The reasons are:

1. Because the President, unable to longer bear its unjust and presumptious criticisms, severely denounced it.

2. Because the society stood by its President and refused to endorse it.

3. Because the society was not run exclusively in its interests.

Rather than to represent the society, it wanted the society to represent it.

Egotistical, presumptious, "cheeky," to say the least of it.

It has emitted a constant growl, which it dignifies as "criticisms."

When the society reported adversely on a proposition to subscribe for fifty copies of the paper it "flopped over" to Good Templarism without hesitation.

As soon as the club refused to carry it around on beds of ease, it (the club) became very corrupt in the hypocritical eyes of the Mercury.

We want temperance papers in every county, but we want consistent ones.

A meritous paper will be sustained.

The Monitor-Journal is a good paper and has no trouble.

THE SIGNAL modestly asserts that it is satisfied with its support.

Why are we we supported?

Because we merit it.

Our MERIT is the greatest virtue of our papers.

We ask support on this ground alone and we receive it.

Let the Mercury become a live, rousing paper and the people will not do without it.

We fearlessly endorse the action of Crawfordsville Murphy club, and will defend it from the venomous abuse of any one man or journal, if it shows by its acts a desire to maintain its principles.

A Noble Mother.

THE murder advocate is too dishonest and contemptible to tell the truth, under any circumstances. In these columns in the last issue were given the facts of an incident at Corydon, in which a MOTHER destroyed a disreputable rum dive because the owner persisted in selling whisky to her son, after he had been repeatedly warned not to do so. There was no "armed mob of yelling fanatics," in existence; but a MOTHER, driven to frenzy by the accursed action of an inhuman demon, for the LIFE of her SON, single-handed and alone, entered the den of perdition and destroyed it. No woman ever did a nobler act!! God and man ustified it, and only the imps of satan protest against it. We are not in favor of a crusade of this kind, as a rule, but when it becomes the only resort it will be commended by all who have friends in jeopardy. Every one who knows, or feels, or remember the infallibility of a mother's love, or who has the faintest conception of what it signifies, will join with us in saying, God bless the mother who thus risks her life to save her son.

Whad Ye Soigh?

BRO. HUGHES, of Lafayette, holds some remarkable meetings. Somebody told us to say that the boys say that Hughes said that one of his meetings in the first ward was "so quiet you could hear a—eh—mouse run across the floor." Now, friend Hughes, this is not all we want know: DID the mouse run across the floor, and DID you hear it, and was it a church mouse, and did anyone else see or hear it, and what did it want? You have brought the mouse into notoriety, and the House demands and investigation. Now if the editor of the whisky organ had pronounced against the mouse thusly, we should at once decide it a clear case of "jams," as the man whose deformed vision can detect in a weak mother a "howling, yelping mob of armed fanatics," as the affair at Corydon, would indicate it was not an uncommon occurrence; (but to return to the other animal—the mouse,) Hughes does not indulge, and the assembly therefore appoints Ward, Comingore, and Burton a committee to set upon the body of H—the mouse; if it is ascertained that the mouse has been libeling Hughes—no, no, we mean if Hughes has been libeling the mouse—and the aforesaid editor shall declare the movement of the mouse to be unconstitional, then shall the mouse—no the editor shall—the—the committee we mean, shall take the body of Ward and deposit it at the feet of the American eagle! Thank fortune we have it explained! We thought we had 'em, too! The mountain labored and bro't forth a mouse.

Be Outspoken and Fearless.

THE Monitor-Journal says "Look out for temperance tramps," but it does not give its readers the true character of Stephe R. Smith. Be honest with your readers, Bro. Shiel. We propose to give our readers the true character of hypocrites whenever there is such deluding the credulous at the expense of our cause. A certificate from the Indianapolis Union may be an excellent recommendation to a worker, but a proof of his work would be better.

Not every one who sayeth "yea, yea, and nay, nay," shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Neither should every man who carries with him "certificates from the leading men" (?) be admitted into the temperance work as a reformer.

All communities are favored with some good speakers.

USE THEM.

Nearly all who engage in the work are sincere.

We do not reflect upon them.

But DO intend to expose dead-beats under all circumstances.

If you want workers, get good ones.

There are many of them.

How are you to know them?

By their works.

We publish a paper for the people, and believe it a duty we owe them to be outspoken and fearless.

The Cause of Pauperism.

GREAT BRITAIN raises 90,000,000 bushels of grain annually, and uses 80,000,000 for distilling whisky, etc., and 10,000,000 for bread. The productions of the United States the last year are estimated at 400,000,000 bushels of wheat, and 1,300,000,000 of corn. Of this 70,000,000 go to the distillers.—Ex.

This accounts for the paupers and starving families.

That which should be consumed by honest laboring men is taken up by those who transform it into a demon of hell.

The stimulant is made an irritant, and through its influence we have our crimes and criminals.

As long as there are starving families WE are responsible, when we permit necessities to be squandered in a diabolical traffic of uselessness.

There, Now!

DAN ROUZER, of the Dayton Life-Boat, styles us "Big Bill, the Tall Murphy of the Wabash." Well, we submit to your abuse, Dan. We may be a (bad) Bill, and tall, and big, and all that, but we don't chew gum.

Hit 'Em Again.

"THE MURPHY SIGNAL was favorably mentioned at our meeting last Friday night. So look out, Brother Leedy, for the Fairlanders to 'club' you."—Fairland Bulletin.

All right. We're looking.

Yes, That's True.

"THE SIGNAL is one of the best temperance papers in existence."—[Lafayette Courier.

Murphyism and Politics.

MURPHYISM!

What does it mean?

Non-political! } Its greatest virtues
Non-sectarian! }

Its most satisfactory recommendation.

Its hope of success.

Without that great plank in its platform, there is not the least hope of accomplishing its purpose.

Politics is a good thing, but not in Murphyism.

We will vote for no man who is intemperate.

No sincere temperance advocate can afford to.

But a Murphy meeting has no right to consider a political discussion.

Murphyism is the same to-day as it was in the beginning.

Its principles were loudly heralded throughout the world, and the world has not so soon forgotten them.

No political speech ever created a temperance sentiment, or secured a signer to the pledge.

It is our work, as Murphys, to save the people.

It is our work, as citizens, to save the country.

Let us save the people by moral suasion at our Murphy meetings!

Let us save our country at the polls by voting against our worst curse.

Those men who are constantly wanting an office should be held back.

Personal gratification and selfishness alone prompts their fawning and mellow words.

Murphyism does not want such men at its head.

It cannot nor must not have them, if it would succeed.

They swamp its every noble principle and sentiment in the slum of their own degraded selfishness.

Do not trust them.

Turkish Prohibition.

THE London Medical Times and Gazette says:

"The old disused prohibition, forbidding the sale of wines, spirits, or intoxicating liquors of any kind within a hundred yards of a mosque, has, through the action of the officer of public worship in the department of the Sheik-ul-Islam, been revived in all parts of Constantinople, Frank and Turkish quarters alike. The embassies and legations have received lists of foreign subjects keeping establishments for the sale of such liquor in the interdicted areas, with a request that they will instruct their officials to aid the Turkish police in closing any resorts where a violation of this regulation may occur."

There are not a few churches in this county that would count themselves very happy if they could enjoy a like immunity. But such things are only for the heathen. (?)

North Manchestor.

THE Murphy organization at North Manchester recently elected the following officers:

President—B. P. Speed.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. S. J. Swindell, Charles Bechtold.
Secretary—W. H. Hussesy.
Treasurer—H. C. Whitlow.
Chaplain—B. A. Kemp.
Chorister—W. D. Keesey.
Organists—Alice Boline and Jesse Wells.

The work of the union is to be carried forward in future with more energy than has yet been displayed

The Tivoli.

THE grand, beer-guzzling enterprise, in which thousands of dollars have been expended and which has been so prominently known to the pubiic, is announced as a total failure. Its fixtures are to be sold under the hammer. The place is to be closed, or occupied for other purposes. We would like to hear of other such resorts in the city following suit—[Chicago Witness.

Will our "Tivoli" follow suit. It ought to, and if the citizens do their duty it will.

State Prohibition Convention.

All friends of political action in the cause of prohibition, are requested to meet at Temperance Headquarters, Indianapolis, at 10 a. m., Wednesday, May 21, 1879, for the purpose of nominating a State ticket pledged to prohibition, to be voted on in 1880.

By order of the State Central Committee of the Prohibition League.

T. A. GOODWIN,
Secretary.

"Ish Dot So!"

"W. H. LEEDY of "The Murphy Signal," spent Saturday and Sunday in the city, and addressed the temperance meetings on Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon at the Blue Ribbon Club House, and on Sunday evening at the opera house. He is a clever gentleman and a good speaker.—[Lafayette Home Journal.

THE Lewisburg Union is reported by Bro. John Costenborder as thriving excellently. They now number over sixty members. Among the thirteen who signed at the last meeting appears the name of Wm. Gish, who will make a zealous worker. They hold another meeting on the 29th.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Cass Co. Christian Temperance Union.
WILLIAM H. LEEDY, President.
Secretary—M. S. Pettit.
Treasurer—BENJ. F. CAMPBELL.

Logansport Christian Temperance Union.
WM. E. MURRAY, President.
Vice-Presidents—H. C. MEHAFFIE, W. J. POTTER, T. B. LOUIS, T. C. BARNES, G. W. GOFF.
ED. TAYLOR, Secretary.
CHARLES LUMBERS, Ass't Secretary.
CHAS. KAHLO, Treasurer.
Trustees—Isaac Himmelberger, D. L. Overholser, J. M. Justice.

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

ATTICA, INDIANA.

To the Editor:

WE have met with great success. Our town being quite small we have gotten more than one-half of the population at the present writing, and expect to get the balance.

Yours,
J. C. L.

Attica, Ind., March 17th, 1879.

NEW ALBANY, IND.

To the Editor:

I AM so much rejoiced to know that old Crawford county is redeemed, and Harrison nearly so, that I want everybody to know it. King Alcohol has lost his grip. Not a single murder mill in the banner county of the State. Much credit is due to our energetic, go-a-head Silver Top. Long live Gen. Chambers say the Crawford and Harrison county people. Good news is coming in from all parts of the world, where temperance men and women have taken a firm stand on the side of right. JOS. CADWALADER.

New Albany, March 19th, 1879.

FLORA, IND.

To the Editor:

THE Murphy movement is raising "Ned" here. We hold two meetings a week. Almost every man, woman and child in the neighborhood wear the blue, and we propose to continue until, like Alexander, there is nothing more to conquer. The banner is unfurled; war against whisky is the motto of Flora and its inhabitants.

Good old Mother Coberly has taken an active part, and holds the audience spell-bound with her speeches.

Our President, W. Masters, cannot receive too much praise for the way he conducts meetings.

Last Saturday evening there was an immense crowd to listen to the speaker, and a great many signed the pledge.

Next Tuesday night we expect a large audience, as usual. These are home meetings. JIM.

March 24.

CLINTON TOWNSHIP.

To the Editor:

FRIDAY evening, March, 14th, the Murphys met at the M. E. Church, one and one-half miles west of Clymer's Station. On account of bad roads the attendance was small, though we had a very good meeting. Five signed the pledge, making thirteen in all. The following officers were elected:

President—Robert Myers.
Vice President—A. B. Fitzer.
Secretary—J. S. Moore.
Treasurer—H. G. Warrick.

This small band headed by Brother Myers will and can do a good work for temperance, and I believe they will not be satisfied until their entire neighborhood has been made to feel the importance of aiding and joining this grand movement. They hold their next meeting March 29th.

Yours,
G. P. MCKEE.

Clinton township, March 19th.

GLEANINGS FROM KANSAS.

To the Editor:

WHAT I know of temperance and intemperance while traveling from Atchinson west 260 miles. Stopping over Sunday in Atchison, I will be compelled to say that the town is cursed with several large saloons, and that they don't pay any attention to Sunday law. Their doors are open to the public. But their time is short. Prohibition will be voted this fall. But traveling west I find that nearly all the towns are temperance. Traveling through thirty-three small towns I only found three saloons in running order. Several had closed up for the want of customers. After reaching Beloit I find that a little blue ribbon would be a good thing for the rising-generation. Leaving Beloit I arrived in Osborn; Osborn City is the county seat of Osborn county. A nice little town of about twelve hundred inhabitants and not a saloon in the place; and more than that, the people say they can get along without their aid. That shows pure grit. Logansport needs a little of that kind of grit. I traveled west of Osborn ninety miles, and only found two saloons, and where I found saloons I found drunkards. I stopped in a small town composed of about a dozen houses, and I found that they had a blue ribbon man there organizing a society for a safeguard against saloons in the future. That I think is the best way; always be prepared for the worst and you will gain the victory.

Last Saturday, March 15th, a teacher of a district school while driving home from town concluded that he had as much steam as was required for the occasion, concluded to see how fast the horses could run. There being a turn in the road he was thrown out of the wagon and broke his neck. He leaves a family of small children. So much for whisky. Yours,

KANSAS HOPPER.

LAKE CICOTT.

To the Editor:

The Lake Cicott Christian Temperance Union held another very interesting meeting last night. The meeting was opened by singing. The worthy President read a scripture lesson, and then led in prayer, after which a motion was made to proceed at once to the election of officers, which was immediately amended by a motion from L. E. Rogers to retain the old officers; to this, however, some of the old officers objected strongly, and the original motion was carried, and the election was entered into. Good feeling prevailed and the following was the result:

President, Joseph Vanatta; (re-elected for the third time), Vice Presidents, L. E. Rogers, Wm. Smith and John Wiley; Secretary, Patrick Burk; Treasurer, Henry Young; (re-elected) Marshal, Joseph Chapple; after which a motion was made by Bro. Patrick Burk to reconsider the vote on Secretary. Motion carried, and Miss Sarah Smith and Mrs. John Buchanan was elected Secretaries. Short speeches were then made by L. Shaw, Wm. Ritchey and L. E. Rogers. On motion of L. E. Rogers it was voted to send a report of the meeting to the Weekly Journal the SIGNAL and Weekly Pharos for publication, and the duty of reporting assigned to L. Shaw. The President then addressed the meeting in his usual earnest manner (for he is always in earnest in the temperance work). The meeting adjourned to meet one week hence. L. SHAW.

Lake Cicott, March 17th, 1879.

The largest meeting was held at Cicott last night. The house was full to its utmost capacity, every available foot of standing as well as seating room being occupied, and a good interest manifested. Several of the Georgetown brethren favored us with their presence, for which they have thanks. Brothers Kinney and Abbott delivered very interesting addresses. Speeches were also made by brothers Barr, Rogers, Shaw and Vannati. Two new signers to the pledge. The audience resolved to hold a meeting at the Renbarger School House next Saturday evening.

Brothers Barr, Reed, Burke, Rogers and Shaw were appointed to attend the meeting.

More anon. L. SHAW.

Lake Cicott, March 24, 1879.

A TRIBUTE TO MURPHY.

To the Editor:

HARD, indeed, was the contest for freedom and the struggle for independence from the iron grasp of the demon monster intemperance.

Had not the tetotaler saint of Columbia hovered around the temperance camp of America, and presided over her destiny, this freedom must have met with an untimely grave.

Never can we sufficiently admire the wisdom of those men of principle, and the skill and bravery of those unconquerable veterans who by their unwearied exertions in the cause of right and of temperance have achieved for us this glorious revolution. Never can we duly appreciate the merits of a Murphy, who, (against a world of opposition), has triumphed over an army of opposers, and has well nigh prostrated the Hydra headed monster at the foot of the temperance banner of freedom. His name, so terrible to his foes, so welcome to his friends, shall live forever on the brightest page of the historian, and be remembered with the warmest emotions of gratitude and pleasure by those whom he has contributed to make happy, and by all mankind.

When kings and princes and nobles for ages shall have sunk into their merited oblivion; when oblivion shall have swept away thrones, kingdoms, and principalities, and every vestige of human gladness and grandeur, and glory shall have smouldered into dust, and the last period of time become extinct, eternity itself shall catch the glowing theme and dwell with increasing rapture on his name. J. C. P.

GALVESTON, IND.

To the Editor:

To describe the feelings of the Murphys of our place at the recent defeat in the cause of temperance would, perhaps, only be to discourage others in the same noble work. It seems a fact that every organization, be it ever so strong and prosperous, meets with opposition, drawbacks and discouragements.

However, we wish to be understood, SURRENDER THE FORT WE WILL NOT.

For six months past the citizens of Galveston have experienced the peace and quietude of an unmolested village, not before enjoyed for a number of years—realizing the same from the outgrowth of temperance and sobriety. But now comes satan once more and applies for license. For what? The question needs no answer. The results of the liquor traffic are too familiar. The citizens of our town were not slow to send up a petition of a large majority of the voters of the township to the so-called honorable board of Commissioners, hoping that, as upon a former occasion, it would influence that honorable board to refuse the granting of license. But what the result—the ladies' petition kicked aside at once; the voters' hardly noticed. The honorable body of commissioners (who, by law, have the privilege to grant or refuse license) gave us to understand we are "too much expense to the county." They will take $100 and grant the license. Too much expense!! We only fear the county may yet pay dear for the whistle. We don't scare worth a cent.

We wish to say that we prize THE SIGNAL above all other papers in Cass county. Long may it live to advocate the temperance cause.

A MURPHY.

March 21, 1879.

EAST SANDRIDGE.

To the Editor:

ON Saturday evening, March 15th, I was present at the Mnrphy meeting at East Sandridge, and was highly pleased with the results of the meeting. After the opening exercises your humble servant was called and gave a brief history of the temperance work in Noble township for thirty years past, comparing the situation now and then. When the locality known as Cork Town, (old stone quarry, five miles west of your city), was inhabited by those hardy sons of toil, the quarrymen, who earned much money and spent it for whisky, that caused contentions, brawls, and fights, and complaints at the 'Squire's. Then whisky could be bought at numerous places in the township, and now at no place outside of the city limits. After which the president in a brief speech paid a high compliment to the late lamented Elijah Tillman, as one of Noble township's first and best temperance workers Good speeches were made by Messrs. Shilling, McKee, Sr., and Jr., Horn, Freshour, Stevens, and the President, Mr. Funston. Mrs. McDowell and Miss League also made speeches that were to the point, and demonstrated that a woman can get up and speak in public acceptably. As there were representatives from Harrison, Clay, Bethlehem, and other places, the President said they would listen, and let the visitors do the speaking. The organization at East Sandridge is only a few weeks old, and numbers about forty, and is run by a wide awake set of officers, and is doing a good work.

The meetings at Shiloh do not abate in interest. C. A. B.

East Sandridge, March 22d, 1879.

LICENSE DEFEATED AT CORYDON.

To the Editor.

I have been here a week now and I have been a close observer at the trial before the County Commissioners for a license to sell liquor. The applicant was Dave Nafus, and, by-the-way, Dave is a first rate fellow, but he can't sell whisky in Corydon. The trial lasted four days, and the ablest legal talent was engaged on both sides, and the lawyers seemed to have imbibed the spirit of our motto, "With Malice to none and Charity for all," for there were no quarreling nor illfeeling shown by either side, and too much credit cannot be given to the Hon. Wm. N. Tracewell, and his son and partner for so ably conducting our side of the case. E. N. Tracewell, Esq., of Leavenworth, and President of the Crawford county Murphy union, who so successfully defeated the applicant for license in his county came up and stayed during the four days the trial lasted, and lent valuable aid to his father and younger brother during the progress of the trial. Ed's whole heart is in the temperance cause. He used to be one of the boys; so did his brother Bob. J. and they know how it is *yourself*. Bob Tracewell's opening speech was a masterly effort and was listened to with the closest attention by the court and the entire audience. He is one of Indiana's sons that every Hoosier will be proud of some day. Hon. Wm. N., made the closing remarks for our side, and if Bob is a "good un" Old Bill is a gooder. He nailed things and then clinched them. He didn't leave a place where you could get a license in at all if you wanted to, and he clearly demonstrated this fact, that no man has or can sell liquor for a year under the present license law and be competent to fill the requirements for a renewal or reissue of license. He made it perfectly clear to everybody that it is an impossibility to sell whisky and live up to the statutes. It would be well for the temperance people to look into this matter. It is a new thing to me, and I think it is to a great many others. All honor to Wm. N. Tracewell and sons for the new era they have opened for us in the temperance work. George Self, Esq., was engaged on our side also. He had a case going on in the circuit court at the same time, which prevented his being in the Commissioners Court during the entire trial, but George is a Muldoon and he never got out of calling distance. The case was closed in behalf of Nafus, by the Hon. Wm. T. Jones, a man of giant mind and ability, It could easily be seen that the Major's heart was not with his side, for he is a staunch blue ribboner, and then the old White Horse hadn't left him a place to enter a wedge. So the commissioners refused to grant license, and everybody is happier. There was no demonstrations that would cause ill feeling to a vanquished foe; but all thank God they are spared sharing the responsibility for the misery, want and woe a saloon would have entailed upon them had they not have remonstrated against granting said license. Among the most active temperance workers here, those whose whole heart and soul is in the cause, with those I have mentioned, are Doctors Wolf, Reeder, Riley and Jones, H. M. Applegate, Carter Miller, Judge Denbo, of this circuit, Bill. Miller, Miss Sallie Applegate, and the organist, Miss Ida Denbo—she would play a year to get the boys to sign—and Lena Kell, Abbie Smith, and about a thousand other good ones that I will tell you about in my next. Hurrah for Corydon!

SAM.

Corydon, Harrison county, March 18th.

OUR DUTY.

To the Editor:

SISTER Murphy workers, are we doing our duty? Are we working in unity? In unity is strength, and only by so doing can we accomplish our great purpose. Let us not grow cold, but press on working together faithfully, earnestly and prayerfully, raising a warning voice everywhere where the rum fiend has a hold. Let us take by the hand those who are weak, encourage those who have fallen, and by kindness win them back to the fold of safety.

For the sake of humanity, of morality, and virtue, let us be up and doing; waging war against the monster intemperance, and in this warfare we have need of patience and faith, faith in an arm stronger than our own. Shall we not work, weep, toil and pray? Is it not sufficient reward to rescue even one father, one brother, one son, from the toils of Satan's emissary? The fight is before us, and even though the shadow of the foe hangs over and around us, let us not for one moment relax our vigilance, but press on, more unceasingly, more laboriously and hopefully. Let us stand to our colors. Only one course is open to us, only one course can bring us relief and success in banishing this demon. We must work together, plant our feet firmly with God-given strength for total abstinence, virtue and right. Let us never be beaten. The light is dawning slowly, but sure the temperance reform is going on, and all over our land are hearts which are waiting and watching, and praying with earnest hope for our victory.

Then let us fan this flame that has been kindled, until the bright blaze shall reach the polls, and we see the smile of temperance, peace and happiness all over our land. The foe is mighty but must be vanquished!

"Let good men near of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail,
Oh give not o'er, until once more,
The righteous cause prevail;
In vain and long, enduring wrong,
The weak may fight against the strong,
But the day shall yet appear,
When the might, with the right and truth shall be,
And come what there may, to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see."

MRS. L. C. GOFF.

Geo. Hoffman keeps all kinds of Garden and Field Seeds.

LOUIS'

Music

AND

Notion Store.

You will find at the

Cor. Broadway & Pearl St.

A well-selected stock of

NOTIONS

Consisting in part of

COLLARS,
CUFFS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
JEWELRY,
BUTTONS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

ORDRS FROM th COUNTRY

Promptly attended to, and

FILLED as DIRECTED.

A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE

MASON & HAMLIN

ORGAN

Is conceded to be THE BEST NOW MADE, and can be had very

Reasonable FOR Cash

Also, on the plan of

EASY PAYMENTS,

or Renting an Organ until Rent pays for it.

It must be hired for not less than six months, but it may be returned at any time after that. If retained until the price of the Organ is paid, it will become that person's property without further payment.

For all particulars call at

Cor. Broadway & Pearl St.

All kinds of

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE Kept

Also, Agent for

WEBER PIANOS.

N. B.—Lessons given at reasonable rates. 5.3m.10

AT THE MASQUERADE.

It was at the masquerade
When I pressed
Dainty fingers of a maid—
I was blest!
What I murmured in her ear,
Which inclined to mine so near,
May be guessed.

She was masked, but yet I knew
That her face
Rivaled rosy dawn in hue,
And the grace
That her presence fair distilled
And my raptured senses thrilled,
Grew apace.

Oh, the batteries of her eyes
Thrilled me through
With their fire; like the skies,
Azure blue.
How I trembled when she glanced
Charmed, bewildered, crazed, entranced—
So would you.

Why do bright dreams ever fade
Leaving chills?
Why are bittered doses made
Sugared pills?
Why so near and yet so far,
Almost through the gates ajar?
When it kills?

While I urged my love to dare—
Like a knife
Came her cutting answer there
Taking life:
"George, you are the biggest fool
Ever 'scaped from woman's rule"—
'Twas my wife!

—[Oil City Derrick.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.

A Man Swallows His False Teeth and Slowly Starves to Death.

About eight weeks ago, says the Times of this morning, Levi Waggenseller, an employe in Wood's cotton factory, at Twenty-fourth and Hamilton streets, and thirty-eight years of age, entered a Chesnut street restaurant and ordered a supper. Wagenseller had three false teeth. For nearly twenty years the small plate which held these teeth in place in the upper jaw had done service, and the teeth had performed the functions laid upon them faithfully. Gradually the small hooks which held the plate fast to the jaw began to wear off, and one day, over a year ago, the plate became loose and dropped out. The owner replaced it, and was at that time advised to have the plate fixed, but failed to do so. Waggenseller sat down to his meal at the restaurant, and had about half finished it when he felt something going down his throat, giving him intense pain, which he thought was a bone. He was soon undeceived, however, for, his hand flying to his mouth, he found his teeth were gone. Plate and all had gone down his throat, and he could feel them lodged against his breast. That was the last meal Wagenseller ever ate. Alarmed at the probable consequence he took up his hat and went to his home in Hestonville. The teeth remained in the lower part of the throat, causing him at times severe pain. He could eat no solid food; in fact he touched nothing for two days, when he ate a little bread and milk. On the third day he went to the University Hospital to consult Dr. Agnew, who seemed to have little hope for the patient. Waggenseller then went to the house of a married sister on Fairmount avenue, in order that he might receive treatment from her own physician, Dr. Stewart, of 1,840 Green street. The latter advised him to take a swallow of gin as the readiest means of dislodging the teeth, which still remained in the throat. The patient followed his advice, and almost immediately felt the teeth going down, but this only led to a worse result. The teeth moved down and lodged about one inch and a half above the entrance to the stomach. Lodging as they did, the patient could swallow nothing, not even milk or water. It was absolutely impossible to get anything down his throat. Milk was recommended, but when it would be poured down, as soon as the glass would be removed from his lips it would come back, exuding from ears, eyes, mouth and nostrils. The strangest of all was what followed. The man lived for several weeks without swallowing a morsel of food or a drop of water. Even the juice of an orange he could not swallow. From a stout, hearty man, weighing probably 190 pounds, he dwindled away to a mere skeleton. Strangely enough, too, all this time the man, who was perfectly conscious and rational, had no appetite, no craving for food. The smell of victuals, he said, made him sick. From the time he went to his sister's house, four days after the accident, he had not stood on his feet, lying alternately on a bed and in an invalid's chair. This posture he kept, at the recommendation of his physician, until from lack of food he became so weakened that there was no option in the matter, and he had to lie all the time. Operation with an instrument was suggested by his physician, but this his sister would not consent to, unless assurance could be given that it would result in saving his life. This, of course, the physician could not promise, and no such operation was tried. After being for over seven weeks without food, Waggenseller died, death resulting from starvation. To the very last he had no appetite for food. The day before his death he began to get short of breath, and told his relatives that he felt himself dying. Up to the last hour he retained his senses and talked freely about his case, instructing his relatives to have a post mortem examination made upon his body. In accordance with his request the examination was made by Drs. Stewart and Agnew. The plate, with the teeth in it, was found about one inch and a half above the enterance of the stomach, the hooks firmly imbedded in the flesh. There were marks at certain intervals in the throat, showing the progress of the plate as it passed downward, the prints of the teeth being in several places plainly visible. Had the plate which was about two inches long and an inch wide, passed into the stomoch, in the opinion of the physicians it would have dissolved, and the man's life saved. As it was, the plate passed down the throat in a transverse form, and once lodged at the farthest point displacement was impossible. —[Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

A Section of a Dead Man's Skull Wanted in a Murder Trial.

"Murder will out" is an old saw, but the force of the application lessens not with age. Another example of the theory occurred yesterday in the coroner's office. About noon a young man who said his name was James Carey, called and requested a private interview with the coroner. This was readily accorded, and when the parties were sequestered in the "Chamber of Horrors," he pulled a letter out of his pocket signed by the prosecuting attorney of Randolph county, Mo., asking the coroner to confide to the care of his representative, Mr. Carey, a section of skull sawed from the head of a man last July, whom the coroner had good reasons to suppose had not met his death by fair means. The man's name was Michael Carey, and the visitor was his brother. The facts leading to this peculiar mission are as follows:

On the morning of the 3d of last July, Mrs. Carey, the wife of the deceased, residing in the suburbs, presented a death certificate to Coroner Auler, purporting to have been signed by a physician of Higbee, merely to the effect that the man whose body it accompanied had died from "a contagious disease." In consequence of the informality of the certificate the coroner declined to issue the burial permit, ordered the body preserved on ice, and telegraphed the Randolph county authorities for information as to the manner Carey had come to his death. The answer only stated that he had been wounded in a difficulty at Higbee, a small town on the Kansas City and Northern railway. A post mortem, demonstrating the extent of the injuries, which were several cranial fractures, was held, and then the remains were delivered to the relatives and buried. Conjecturing that at some future day evidence as to the character of the wounds might be valuable, Dr. Auler preserved that portion of the skull on which they had been inflicted, and, as it turns out, his course was a good one.

From what was learned from the brother it now transpires that the Randolph county authorities have reason to suppose that Carey was foully murdered by a fellow laborer, and the murderer, a man named Bill Tansey, has been arrested and indicted for the crime.

The coroner refused to transfer the skull because no one but himself could identity it, but when the trial is had it will be produced in evidence, a speechless, ghastly witness before the accused.—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Chinese Spiritualism.

The spirits of the unseen universe are directly invoked by the Chinese, chiefly in cases of illness. In matters which involve merely pecuniary interests, such means as planchette and various other indirect ways of consultin the oracle are preferred, being at once simpler and less costly to the inquirer. A man who wishes to learn the probable result of an enterprise he has in view, will drop into some roadside temple and will lay a small fee upon the altar. The attendent priest lights a fresh candle or a new stick of incense, and the suppliant, after making the usual series of prostrations, reverently takes with both hands a kidney shaped piece of wood which has been split into two halves so that each half shall have one flat and one convex side. These are raised above the head and dropped to the ground before the altar; and from the combination which results, namely (1) two convexes, (2) two flats, or (3) a flat and a convex, a propitious or unpropitious answer is deduced, being (1) negative' (2) indifferent, (3) affirmative, respectively. The more elaborate method, or that form known in Europe as spiritualism, is to engage the services of a medium, generally a Taoist priest, whose body is for the time being occupied by the god. This state of divine "possession" is brought about in the following manner: The medium takes a seat, while his brother priests or confederates arrange the usual altar, light candles, burn incense, and invoke the presence of the deity required. After a short interval, one of them advances toward the medium and preforms certain movements, apparently mesmeric passes, by which a state of unconsciousness is induced; whereupon the god takes possession of the temporarily unoccupied body. From that moment every word uttered by the medium is held to be divinely inspired, or, more properly, the very words of the god, who simply uses the medium as his mouth piece.—[Fraser's Magazine.

A Noble Sailor Lad.

A bill has been introduced into the United States Senate by Mr. McDonald, which authorizes the President "to nominate, and by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint Spruille Braden, an Ensign in the navy, to take position at the foot of the list of ensigns on the active list." The young gentleman whom it is thus intended to commission into the navy is the American lad who, late last Summer, graduated from one of Her Majesty's naval colleges with the highest attainable honors. In a class numbering nearly 100, and composed almost exclusively of young Brittons, Master Braden was the only one from the United States, as indeed he was the first boy from this country ever admitted to an English nautical college. For three long years he struggled alone and, so to speak, unaided against a class in a land where naval heroes are born and bred, and where sailors seem almost indigenous to the soil. In course of time the examinations were begun, and it was soon known that young Braden was far ahead of all others in the graduating class, and was bound to carry off all the honors. The first, and most coveted prize was a grand gold medal, valued at $500, and sent personally by Queen Victoria, "to be awarded to the boy who shows the qualities likely to make the finest sailor." These, she added, "consist of cheerful submission to superiors, self respect and independence of character, kindness and protection to the weak, readiness to forgive offense, desire to conciliate the differences of others, and, above all, fearless devotion to duty, and unflinching truthfulness." To win this prize a cadet had not only to gain the indorsement of the captain of the ship and his Professors, but also the good will of his fellows, as each one on board had a voice in its bestowal. This prize was awarded to Braden by an almost unanimous vote. Several other first-class prizes fell to his lot, and the only one he left untouched was a midshipman's warrant in the Royal navy. This he won, and it would have been given to him had he claimed it; but his loyalty to his country prevented his doing anything of the sort. This course met with the hearty approval of the boy's countrymen, and this is perhaps the main reason why Senators and Representatives of all parties are now working for the passage of a bill. the substance of which we have already quoted. They hold, and very properly, too, that a young man who graduates with the highest honors in a British nautical college, and who is patriotic enough to refuse a midshipman's position in the greatest navy in the world, is fully entitled to an ensigncy in the American service.—[New York Times.

A Rare Book.

A pattering of $15 and $20 lots followed this interesting incident, until a series of lots bearing the name of Capt. John Smith was entered upon. Passing by for the present the minor works of the most famous of all the John Smith's, we will remark that lot No. 364, Smith's "General history of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," was the central feature and climax of the evening's sale. This copy, printed in London in 1624, is remarkable as being the dedication copy of the first edition, and is in the original binding of dark blue morocco, richly gilt, with the arms of James I, stamped upon one side of the cover, and those of the duchess of Richmond and Lenox, to whom the work was dedicated, on the other. This also is inclosed in a morocco case. There was an ominous pause when the auctioneer held this volume up and invited a bid. A casual observer might have inferred that Mr Smith was not a popular author At length Mr. Sabin remarked that he knew a man who would give $500 for the book. Just then it occurred to Mr. George H. Moore that it might be a work of some merit after all, and he intimated that he could spare $600 for that particular copy. Mr. Sabin was confident that his man would give $700 and Mr. Moore, scorning such a puny "raise" bid $1,000, at which there was a general clapping of hands. From this point to the end the book took rose $50 at a bid, no third bidder taking a part. Mr. Sabin bidding for Mr. Kalbfleisch, reached his limit at $1,750, and Mr. Moore remorselessly added the usual fifty. The auctioneer looked appealingly to Mr. Brayton Ives. "No, I have a family to support," said Mr. Ives; and the book goes to join the innumerable treasures of the Lenox library, at $1,800.—[New York Times.

A Long-Winded Swindler.

Nantucket has been badly imposed on for several years by a scamp calling himself Charles C. Marsh. He located there in 1869 as a physician, claiming to have come from New Jersey, and published in the local paper a long list of references, while what purported to be a diploma of his graduation from the Dartmouth medical school settled all question of his professional character for the time being. A woman, supposed to be his wife, followed him to the island, and he soon had a fair practice. Some persons who never placed full confidence in Marsh's pretensions, looked up his past history, however, and learned that he had been horsewhipped out of South Amboy, N. J., by a doctor whose wife he had slandered; that his name was not on the Dartmouth College books, though a brother of his since dead, had graduated there; that the woman with him was Fannie Lull, of a respectable Central Vermont family, but thoroughly bad herself, and that he had a wife living in destitute circumstances in Vermont. Means were taken recently to have Marsh arrested and punished, but he became suspicious and hurriedly disappeared.

Doing Up Men's Linen.

A husband complained that his shirt bosoms and collars were badly done up, and the case was referred to a knowing shirt-maker, and his answer is well worth the attention of housekeepers: "Yes," said the man, "the fault is with your laundress. While doing up your collars she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable, and a good pull will altar a fourteen inch to a fifteen inch in the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch them crosswise and not lengthwise. Then in straightening out your shirt bosom she makes another mistake of the same sort. They also ought to be pulled crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull draws the front of the neckband somewhat directly under your chin, where it was never meant to go, and of course that spoilt the set of your collar. With the front of your neckband an inch too high, you have a most undesirable combination."

Had Twins at Sixty.

Aunt Phillis, an old negro woman living at Biggus Powell's. six miles below Yanceyville and Milton road, has just given birth to twins. Phillis is 60 years of age. The funniest is the old woman stoutly persists that they had no father. There is an excellent mineral spring on Mr. Powell's land, and the old woman insists that it came from drinking Mr. Powell's mineral water.—[Riedsville, North Carolina Times.

Lesson to Young Men.

In these days of defalcations and breaches of trust, there are two causes which more than any other lead to such offenses, and these two causes, it is almost needless to say, are the drinking of spirituous liquors to excess and gambling. The first naturally leads to the latter, and the latter counts its victims by the scores among young men.

There is scarcely a daily paper we pick up which does not bear us out in this assertion, but one case of recent occurrence demands more than a passing notice, and we propose to call the special attention of young men occupying responsible positions to it.

A few days ago a young man of highly respectable appearance, whose name it is not necessary to give here, stood at the bar of the Court of General Sessions, charged with the crime of robbing his employer. He did not deny his guilt, but told the story of his crime, and begged the clemency of the Court. His story in substance was that he did not intend to steal the money, but had only used it to recover money that he had lost in gambling, intending to return it when fortune favored him.

He was a graduate from the Western University, of highly respectable parentage, and held a position which insured for him a liberal salary, troops of friends and the entree to the best society, but in an evil hour he was led into gambling. He lost money, o course, and, in the vain hope of getting it back, he was tempted to rob his employer. The next night he visited the house again, and lost all his money. Then it seemed to him that he could not lose on the third night, and so he took $40 from the money drawer and went a third time to the house, thinking that he would certainly be able to replace the money in the morning. This money was lost, and at the end of the week he had taken $200 from the money drawer.

"I was nearly wild," he said, "because I only took the money to win back what I took the first time, and all this time my employer was treating me so kindly that I felt as if I would go crazy. One night I called at my employer's house to make a clean breast of it, but he was not at home, and on my way back I stopped at a gambling house and won $125. I felt then that I could win enough money to pay him back, and thought that it would be foolish to make a confession and ruin myself when I could pay the money back without letting anyone know I had taken it. The next night I won again, and had within forty or fifty dollars of what I had taken. The day after I went to the gambling house as soon as I could get away from the store, and then I lost all the money I had gained."

This probably is the history of ninety-nine young men out of every hundred who are similarly tempted, and as it is highly probable that this will meet the eye of some youth who has taken the first downward step in the same direction, we appeal to him by his own self respect, by the love of his relatives and friends, by all his hopes of the future, to stop at once before it is too late. If he has already taken the first step let him go to his employer without delay, make a full confession, and throw himself on that employer's mercy. Should he stifle the voice of conscience and listen to the siren voice of the tempter, nothing is more certain than that he will eventually become the inmate of a felon's cell—despised by his friends and condemned forever after to herd with felons.

Money won at gambling brings with it no blessings under any circumstances. No professional gambler ever yet died rich, while the same exertion to accumulate money by such means used in any honest direction would insure at least a comfortable living, and the love and respect of all good men. Let young men lay this lesson seriously to heart, and be ever ready to exclaim when temptation assails them: "Get behind me, Satan!"—[New York Weekly.

Nilsson and Her Husband.

Mlle. Nilsson, the great singer (songstress if you like), is passing the winter in Paris. She is in perfect bodily health, and she is dying—of ennui. Her husband, M. Rouzeaud, will not let her sing. She looks terribly careworn, not to say old, and the light is going out of those peculiarly luminous eyes. M. Rouzeaud is a rather different man from the Marquis de Caux. He is only a stockbroker in a large way of business, and so he can afford, without any loss of dignity, to earn his own living and not to make a show of his wife. It is laudable as far as it goes, but it condemns the poor girl to a life of what for her must be almost conventual seclusion, after the glories of a supremely successful public career. She is one of the best of women in every way, but life seems tasteless to her without the triumphs of the scene. Her husband, being, also one of the best of men, can not endure the thought of sharing the witchery of her society with the public, to say nothing of her brother and sister singers—the brother especially. It is not for want of trying. He has again and again found it impossible to sit quietly in his box and enjoy the spectacle of another man at her feet, though knowing him to be there only in a "fair seeming show" of passion. The Caux creature also used sometimes to leave his box on such occasions, but it was only to go and count the money in the till. Rouzeaud, I may add, is so afraid of the imputation of an interested affection that he has given up every species of mild gambling and betting, lest it should be supposed that he was playing his wife's money. Poor Nilsson admits the force of it all and yields. "He is the kindest of men," she will say to her friends, "but he does not see that I am dying of too much quiet." Now and then this craving for vocal life gets the better of her, and in the solitude of her drawing room, at the Continental, she pours forth her soul of song with the feverish energy of a bird who has just got rid of a choking pellet of wood. The sight of an old professional friend who has known her in her days of triumph will often have this effect.—[Paris Correspondence New York World.

Not Dead But Sleeping.

What is considered a remarkable case of trance has happened here lately. The victim is Miss Flora Feihleman, the daughter of a well to do farmer residing near Freelandville, Indiana. The facts, briefly as possible, are these: Miss Feihleman, whose family are Catholics, returned from the school of Notre Dame, Indiana, last December. Since her return she has been in very ill health, seeming to be generally affected, moaning and tossing in fever at night. Immediately after the late cold spell she was attacked with pneumonia, now so fatally prevalent in this region. Notwithstanding she had the best medical attendance to be procured in this vicinity, she died on Monday, March 3, or at least apparently died, for the village physician in charge so pronounced her. It was decided to hold the corpse until relatives from Ohio, who had been sent for, could arrive. This delayed the burial until March 8. The funeral was to take place at 2 p. m. At that time, as the friends and relatives were taking a last look, the corpse not yet having been taken from the house, the mother being last to view the remains, suddenly bent over the body and, uttering a cry, declared that she saw the eyelids move as if in life. The father, with other friends, commenced immediately to try, by gentle movements, to withdraw her from the room. They had nearly accomplished this when the corpse, to the surprise of all, suddenly arose and assumed a sitting posture in the coffin. Miss Feihlman is said by those who witnessed the scene to have gazed around with a vacant, surprised stare, and then, unlike cases of trance usually, to have sunk back apparently exhausted. She was immediately removed and placed in bed, but it was perhaps three hours before she was conscious enough to give any account of herself. The last she remembers was before her apparent death, when lying in bed, and the intervening space is to her like a dreamless sleep. The case excites much comment in the neighborhood.—[Special Dispatch to Globe-Democrat.

A Beautiful Story.

Coleridge relates a story to this effect: Alexander, during his march into Africa, came to a people dwelling in peaceful huts, who knew neither war nor conquest. Gold being offered him, he refused it, saying that his sole object was to learn the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

"Stay with us," said the chief, "as long as it pleaseth thee."

During this interview with the African chief, two of his subjects brought a case before him for judgment. The dispute was this:

The one had bought a piece of ground, which, after the purchase, was found to contain a treasure, for which he felt himself bound to pay. The other refused to receive anything, stating that he sold the ground with what it might be found to contain, apparent or concealed.

Said the chief, looking at the one, "You have a son;" and to the other, "You have a daughter; let them be married, and the treasure given them as a dowry."

Alexander was astonished.

"And what," said the chief, "would have been the decision in your country?"

"We should have dismissed the parties and seized the treasure for the king's use."

"And does the sun shine in your country; does the rain fall there; are there any cattle there which feed upon herbs and green grass?" asked the chief.

"Certainly," said Alexander.

"Ah," said the chief, "it is for the sake of those innocent cattle that the Great Being permits the sun to shine, the rain to fall and the grass to grow in your country."

The Consul's Snake-eater.

The "secretary bird," carrying his pen behind his ear, ranks among the remarkable of the feathered race. These birds are also called serpent-eaters and in sighting their peculiar prey from afar, their eyes will match those of the eagle. The author of "Thirty Years at Sea," saw one domesticated at the British consul's residence, in the city of Londa, Africa, and stalking about among the poultry. They are kept, he says about the basements and courtyards of houses as scavengers, and to destroy mice and snakes, which latter are their principal food when not in captivity. The owner of the one I speak of was showing its capacities to our captain, and the bird gulped down five or six chickens' heads, which had just been cut off. A large snake, said to be poisonous, was then brought in a basket and turned out in the court-yard. The secretary at once made for him with his wings extended, and the quills at the back of his head (from which he is familiarly named) all erected. The snake glided rapidly around the wall, seeking some hole or hiding place, but but finding none, he collected himself for a spring, but before he could strike, the bird seized him by the neck, lashed him violently on the pavement two or three times, and then putting one horny foot on his neck commenced to tear him to pieces, and devour him. Not more than two minutes elapsed between the turning out of the snake and his being safely stowed away in the secretary's crop, in company with the chickens' heads.

PINTO, the Portugese explorer, has succeeded in crossing Africa and making complete explorations of the Upper Zambest with its seventy-two cataracts.

PLAYING AT COURTING.

Let's play at courting, gentle wife,
Forget these boys and girls,
Ignore the wrinkles on our brows,
The gray hair 'mid our curls.

Me coming through the fields you see,
With Sunday suit bedight,
ou snatch a side look through the glass,
And smooth your apron white.

Then hum above your work, while loud
And quick your heart beats on,
And yet unconscious seem, as if
There was never a John.

" Well, I am here—I dare not kiss
The little hand I touch;
It seems just sitting by your side
Almost one joy too much.

" And as your shining needle moves,
'Tis bliss enough to see
The down-curled lashes sometimes lift
To steal a glance at me.

"The children, shy, look in sometimes,
I do not call them here;
I'd rather not, to tell the truth,
Have anybody near.

" The old folks bid a pleased 'Good night,'
And leave us two together,
To think and blush, but nothing say,
Except about the weather.

" But somehow, by-and-by, how is't?—
I never could define—
My arm gets snuggling round your waist,
Your hand gets clasped in mine;

" And somehow, stranger still, your cheek
Comes very near my own,
For thus to bend my ear to hear
That bashful, whispering tone.

" And then—" wife nudged me; close behind,
Eyes opened wide to see,
Our eldest stood—she's just the age
Her mother married me.

Gen. Cambronne's Word of Honor.

There was a young corporal in the garrison of Nantes in the year 1795. He was a spirited young fellow, barely twenty; but, young though he was, he had already learned to drink to excess, according to the too frequent custom of the day.

Brave aud excitable, wine was a bad master for him; and one day, in a moment of intoxication, he was tempted to strike an officer who was giving him an order.

Death was the punishment of such an offense, and to death the lad was condemned.

The colonel of his regiment, remembering the intelligence and bravery of the young criminal, spared no pains to obtain a remission of the sentence; at first with no success, but fi ally hampered with a certain condition—that the prisoner should never again in his life be found intoxicated.

The colonel at once proceeded to the military prison and summoned Cambronne.

"You are in trouble, corporal," he said.

"True, colonel; and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the young fellow.

"It may be so," quoth the colonel shortly.

"May be?" demanded Cambronne. "You are aware of the strictness of martial law, colonel; I expect no pardon; I have only to die."

"But suppose I bring you a pardon on one condition?"

The lad's eyes sparkled. "A condition? Let me hear it colonel! I would do much to save life and honor."

"You must never again get drunk."

"Oh, colonel! that is impossible!"

"Impossible, boy! with death as an alternate? You will be shot to-morrow otherwise—think of that!"

"I do think of it. But never to get drunk again! I must never let one drop of wine touch my lips! See you, colonel, Cambronne and the bottle love one another so well, that when once they get together it is all up with sobriety. No, no! I dare not promise never to get drunk."

"But, unhappy boy! could you not promise never to touch wine?"

"Not a drop, Colonel?"

"Not a drop."

"Ah, that is a weighty matter, Colonel. Let me reflect. Never to touch wine! not a single drop all my life!"

The young soldier paused; then looked up.

"But, Colonel, if I promise, what guarantee will you have that I shall keep my promise?"

"Your word of honor," said the officer. "I know you; you will not fail me."

A light came into the young fellow's eyes.

"Then I promise," he said, solemnly. "God hears me. I, Cambronne, swear that never to my dying day shall a drop of wine touch these lips."

The next day the Corporal Cambronne resumed his place in his regiment.

Twenty-five years after he was General Cambronne, a man of note, respected and beloved.

During one day in Paris with his old Colonel, many brothers-in-arms being present, he was offered a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Cambronne drew back.

"My word of honor, Colonel; have you forgotten that?" he asked excitedly. "And Nantes—the prison—the pardon—my vow?" he continued, striking the table. "Never, sir, from that day to this has a drop of wine passed my lips, I swore it, and I have kept my word; and shall keep it God helping, to the end."

Once more, not without reason, did the good old colonel thank God that he had been able to preserve such a man for France.

Saved From a Shark.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drank all the previous day's allowance, and now that their scuttle butt was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the topga lant forecastle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

"How cool and clear it looks," said a tall, powerful young seaman: "I don't think there are many sharks about. What do you say for a bath, lads?"

"That for the sharks!" burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group; "we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes in to dinner."

In about half an hour the dinner-bell rang. The boatswain took charge of the deck. Some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers. Among the rest was a tall, powerful coast-of-Africa nigger of the name of Leigh. They used to joke and call him Sambo.

"You no swim to-day, Ned?" he said, addressing me. "Feared of shark, hey? Shark nebber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after him—him run like debbel."

I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spiritsail-yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when som voice in-board cried out, "A shark! a shark!" In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship,s side, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of ravalry between us; each fancied he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.

"Well done, Ned!" cried some of the sailors from the forecastle. "Go it, Sambo!" cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was heard shouting:

"A shark! a shark! Come back for God's sake!"

"Lay aft and lower the cutter down," then came faintly on our ear.

The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only halt believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

"Swim for God's sake!" cried the captain, who was now on deck; "he has not seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out, lads, for God's sake!"

My heart stood still; I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain; the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

"Swim, Ned—swim!" cried several voices; "they never take black when they can get white."

I did swim, and that desperately; the water foamed past me. I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be taken. Yet we scarcely seemed to move; the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both us swam in the French way, called la brasse, or hand over hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.

"He sees you now!" was shouted; "he is after you!"

O the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching me, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship; fifty ropes were thrown to us; but, as if by mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

"Hurrah! they are saved! they are alongside!" was shouted by the eager crew. We both gasped the rope at the same time; a slight struggle ensued; I had the highest hold. Regardless of everything but my owu safety, I planted my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed, roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.

Long-Concealed Nuptials.

On one of the excursions which left Staunton in October, 1876, for the Centennial, were two passengers, one a young lady of Rockbridge, whose bright face, as well as her bright mind, has made her as popular in Staunton society as at home, and another was a young gentleman of Staunton, temporarily residing in Rockbridge, who contemplated removing to the Far West. They were devoted lovers, and as the sequel will show, the gentleman took such a precaution against the lady changing her mind during his expected absence as was insurmountable. Stopping in Baltimore a few hours, the lady and gentleman, after the latter had procured a license, repaired to the residence of Rev. Mr. Murkland, the famous Presbyterian minister (the lady being a Presbyterian), and were united in wedlock. They then returned to their respective homes, and there the secret was confided to two of the groom's family and a relative in Richmond, the lady making a confidant of one of her family and a devoted married lady friend. The groom went West to make his fortune, and will, in a few days, return to claim his wife, who has all along retained her maiden name. Though the marriage took place nearly three years ago, and seven persons knew it, not a word has leaked out about it until within the last week. —[Staunton (Va.) Vindicator.

Silver Mine Romance.

About 10 o'clock yesterday morning a crowbar was dropped down the main vertical shaft of the Savage from the surface, and went directly through a cage at the bottom, piercing the bonnet and floor. No one was on the cage at the time, and no one was hurt, yet it is unpleasant to one making a trip into a mine to reflect that such things sometimes occur. As the bar fell something over five hundred yards, it was traveling with the rapidity and vim of a cannon ball, when it struck the cage. A bit of gravel no larger than a filbert sings like a bullet toward the latter part of such a journey. A dog once fell into a shaft at Gold Hill, and though the shaft was but three hundred feet in depth, two men upon whom the animal landed were killed, as was also the clumsy cur that attempted to hop across the top of the shaft. A rat once fell down the Consolidated Virginia shaft in attempting to spring across a compartment, from wall plate to wall plate, and 1,100 feet below landed on the bald head of a miner and exploded like a bomb, causing the miner to think a rock had cut open his skull and let out his brains. A grain of bird-shot dropped into the top of a shaft 1,500 feet in depth would probably bury itself into a plank or any piece of wood it might happen to strike at the bottom. This being the case, we repeat that it is not pleasant to think of such things as crowbars going down the shaft.—[Virginia City Enterprise.

Rules for Home Education.

1. From your children's earliest infancy, inculcate the necessity of instant obedience.
2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children understand that you mean what you say.
3. Never promise them anything unless you are quite sure you can give them what you say.
4. If you tell a little child to do something, show him how to do it, and see that it's done.
5. Always punish your children for willfully disobeying, but never punish them in anger.
6. Never let them perceive that they vex you, or make you lose your command.
7. If they give way to petulance or ill-temper, wait until they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct.
8. Remember that a little present punishment when the occasion rises is more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed.
9. Never give your children anything because they cry for it.
10. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another.
11. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good.
12. Accustom them to make their little recitals with perfect truth.
13. Never allow of tale-bearing.
14. Teach them self-denial, not self-indulgence of an angry and resentful spirit.

A Wealthy Beggar.

A professional beggar has recently died, in Berlin, leaving a fortune of more than a million and a half marks to his heirs. He had many children and grandchildren, and lived in splendid style, giving sumptuous entertainments, at which the champagne is said to have run in streams. The soirees were only attended by middle-class society, and were held during the Winter. In Summer the jovial old gentleman invariably left his house for four or five months. It is only known that he has regularly frequented, at least until a few years ago, the principal bathing-places of Germany, and that he gathered his immense plunder by begging. In wretched dress with an invalid's cap and blue spectacles, long, snow-white hair, and apparently palsied limbs, he used to shamble slowly along the promenades. He never directly asked for anything, but used to receive voluntary offerings from the visitors, and these amounted to a large sum, which was regularly dispatched to Berlin every week. His biggest harvests were collected in the great gambling towns, when those places were in full bloom of their prosperity. It was supposed that he had formerly been very rich, but had lost everything at the gaming-tables. He would pace to and fro in and around the great building at Baden-Baden, and more than once during the day some player who had made a lucky stroke of business would sympathetically press a piece of gold upon the old man's acceptance. He is said to have driven this profitable trade for thirty seasons.—[New York Tribune.

Sleep for Children.

There is no danger that children can sleep too much. The old proverb, "Who sleeps, eats," is illustrated in those little ones who sleep most. Wakeful children are almost always peevish, irritable and lean. If they can be induced to sleep abundantly, they are quite likely to become good-natured and plump. Their sleep should be as much during the hours of darkness as possible, and therefore it is better that they should go to bed before sunset to have their sleep out, than to lie long after sunrise in the morning. It is well to let any healthful, growing child or young person sleep till he wakes himself, and then give him such variety and amount of out-door exercise as shall make him glad when bed time returns.

J. BECKER & SON,
IMPORTERS OF
Red and Grey Scotch Granite,
310 Bridge Street Logansport, Ind,

AN ELEGANT BOOK FREE.

Your choice between two books, "The Age we Live In," and "History of the Sherbro Mission, in Africa." will be sent free to every subscriber to the LIFE BOAT, the popular temperance monthly. Only 75 cents per year, and 10 cents in stamps to mail the book. The books are nicely bound in cloth and gold, and sell for more than the price of the paper. $2.00 worth for 85 cents. The greatest offer ever made. Sample of the Life Boat free. ROUZER & MOWRY, Dayton, O.

THE REASON WHY
WALK ER, RAUCH & CO.,
SELL MORE
BOOTS and SHOES
Than any other house in town is because they sell the best goods
THE CHEAPEST.

MRS. M. E CORNELL,
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN.
Treats Ladies and Children.
303, Northwest Corner of Broadway an Seventh streets. 3m19-021

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas!
H. T. MANLOVE,
DENTIST.
Rooms over Murdock's Store, corner Fourth and Broadway, Logansport, Ind, 1y2-4

WHEN YOU WANT
A GOOD PICTURE
Of any kind, go to
A. N. DONALDSON'S,
Cor, Broanway and Fourth Street,
LOGANSPORT, IND. 6tf

DR. A. MYERS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE—416 Market street, three doors from Pearl street.

WOLL & PARKER,
UNDERTAKERS.
ALL KINDS OF CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, LININGS AND TRIMMINGS IN STOCK.
306 Market Street, - Logansport, Ind.

MISS R. E. BOWMAN,
MUSIC TEACHER,
Lessons in Vocal and Instrumental Musi given at reasonable terms.
Rooms: Over Peters' book store. 3m19-021

FRANK SWIGART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Logansport, Indiana.
All matters left with given given proupt attention. 19-3m521

I. N. CRAWFORD,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DALER IN
HARDWARE, GUNS,
PISTOLS, SAWS, CUTLERY, GLASS,
CHAINS, BELTING, SASH,
Doors, Blinds, Mechanics' & Farmers' Tools of all kinds,
No. 84 Broadway, - 1y2-4p - *Logansport.*

M'NARY & LEEDY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
ND REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTING AG'TS,
All business promptly attended to.
No. 410 BROADWAY.

MURDOCK BARBER SHOP.
WM. KRAUT, Proprietor.
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING
In most fashionable style.
BATH ROOMS CONNECTED

WINDSOR HOTEL.
First Class in every particular:
J.H. WINEMILLER, Proprietor
Rates: $1.50 per Day.
First Class Lunch Room connected with house
Pan Handle Depot, - LOGANSPORT, IND

H. J. LARIMORE
LIVERY, FEED,
—AND—
SALE ST ABES.
Buggies, Carriages and Rigs,
for all occasions promptly furnished, Prices Reasonable,
Stable on Alley, Bet. 6th & Broadway, West of 6th

Fountain City Rubber StamP Co.,
Bank, Railroad and BUSINESS STAMPS.
Date Stamps a Specialty.
FLORA, INDIANA.
Agent's Outfit, $1.00.

Eel River Railroad,

TIME TABLE

On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND.		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.23am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	..S Whitley..	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City...	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00 m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	...Aubnrn J..	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	...Auburn,...	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 am	
	2.23 pm	...Reading...	1.24 pm	
	2.35 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.50 pm	..Jonesville..	12.55 pm	
	3.55 pm	...Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	.....Detroit.....	7.00 am	
	5.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw...	7.15 am	

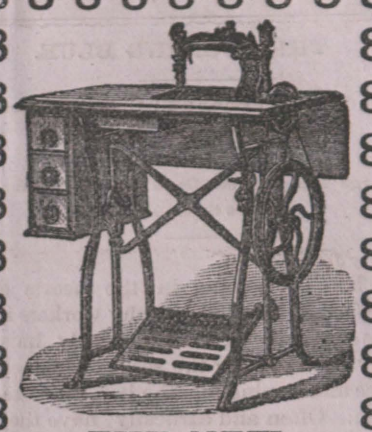
Connection is made at Denver with the I., P. & C. railway, for Rochester. Plymouth, LaPorte and Michigan City; at Columbia City with P. Ft. W. & C. railway, for Ft. Wayne and Pittsburg; at LaOtto with G. R. & I. railway, for Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids; at Auburn Junction with Ft. W. J. & S., and B. & O. railways, for Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw Defiance, Tiffin, Bellair, Washington, and Baltimore.

Trains from the east make close connections at Lognsport with T. W. & W. railway for Hannibal, Quincy and St. Louis, and with P. C. & St L. railway for Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk and all points west.

All Passenger trains fully equipped with Westinghonse Air Brakes and Miller Couplers and Buffers.

S. HOWELL,
Gen'l Ticket Agent.

FRANK J. HECKER,
General Superintendent.



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WHEELER & WILSON
No. 8
—IS—
PERFECT AND COMPLETE
—AND—
NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.
AGENTS WANTED
IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY.
ADDRESS
Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.
182 WEST FOURTH STREET,
CINCINNATI, O.

Also, for Sale by G. P. WASHBURN north side Broadway, east of canal.

A Splendid Chance for a Home.

The award of the following fine property will be made at Logansport, Ind., on

MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1879

The net proceeds of these sales are set apart and applied for the benifit of a most worthy and afflicted lady of this city.

GLANCE AT THE OFFERS.

LIST OF PRIZES.

7,500 Shares of $2.00 Each.

Premium Farm of 320 acres	$ 3,200 00
1 Premium lot, corner North and Eleventh streets, Logansport	2,000 00
1 Premium lot, next to the corner of North and Eleventh streets	1,700 00
1 Premium farm of 160 acres	1,600 00
1 Premium farm of 80 acres	800 00
1 Premium tarm of 40 acres	400 00
2 Premium lots in South Brookside addition, Indianapolis, ($700 each)	1,400 00
1 Premium lot in Atkinson's addition, Logansport	300 00
1 Preminm lot on Clifton avenue, Logansport	300 00
1 Premium buggy	175 00
1 Premium horse	100 00
1 Set premium buggy harness	80 00
1 Premium sleigh	25 00
54 Premiums Logansport M'f'g Co's Stock, $50.00 each	2,700 00
1 Premium cash	50 00
2 Preminms cash, $25 each	50 00
4 Premiums cash, $10 each	40 00
10 Premiums cash, $5 each	50 00
15 Premiums cash, $2 each	30 00
100 Premiums, aggregating	$15,000 00

Agents Wanted Everwhere.

J. N. BOOTH, Sec'y.

DR. J. B. SHELTZ,
L. G. PATTERSON,
A. R. SHROYER,
} Com, on Award.

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IS THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST

FROM LOGANSPORT

—TO—

Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Greencastle Terre Haute, Vinncennes, Evansville, Cairo, Paris, Mattoon, Pana, Alton, Effingham, Altamont, Vandalia,

TWO TRAINS DAILY

[Sundays Excepted.]

Trains Run as Follows.

[Taking Effect March 17, 1879.]

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Logansport	6:30 a. m.	2:35 p. m.
Arrive at Frankfort	8:30 a. m.	5:20 p. m.
" Colfax	9:00 a. m.	5:55 p. m.
" Indianapolis, via Colfax	10:50 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
" Cincinnati	4:00 p. m.	
" Crawfordsv'll	9:55 a. m.	6:58 p. m.
" TerreHaute	12:55 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
" Vincennes	5:22 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
" Evansvill	7:35 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
" St. Louis	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.

Close connections at Terre Haute with trains East and West on the Vandalia and I. & St. L and South on the E. & T. H. railroad.

Ask for through tickets, and get your baggage checked through.

Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Platforms on all Passenger trains.

J. P. CLAYBROOK,
General Manager.

W. H TRUESDALE, G. T. A

The Murphy Signal,

The neatest, positively the best, and cheapest temperance paper published.

The ONLY Murphy paper in in the world.

Endorsed by Francis Murphy.

Ablest Writers,
Most Temperance news,
Widest Circulation!

Subscription, One Dollar per Annum.

Address all communications to

THE SIGNAL,
LOGANSPORT, IND.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, MARCH 26, 1879.

THE BOOMING BLUE.

The Work of Saving Still Going On—Meetings Every Night—Prospects.

Large Attendance—Good Speakers—Many Signers to the Pledge.

Daily Journal. 18th.

There is rejoicing in the hearts of the faithful band of Murphy workers in this city. Long and patiently have they been sowing the seeds of temperance and hoping for the harvest of reform. Often and earnestly have they prayed that the fruits of their labor might be given to them in scores of converts to Murphyism, valiant and noble soldiers in the army of blue. Now the seed-time has been followed by the harvest. The reward of their labor has come. Night after night Murphy Hall is crowded with deeply interested men and women. Night after night scores of new names are added to the Murphy roll. Saturday night there were 30; Sunday night, 30; last night 31. Ninty-one in all. A whole company added to the Murphy legion in this county. And still the work is going on. It is a home work. There are no famous orators to enthuse the people. Only the familiar Potter, Woods, Streeter and Pettit, etc., with the grand help, last night, however, of Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Redd and Mr. and Mrs. Miller, the two latter strangers. There is evidently some life and power in the movement that is not visible to human vision—an inspiration not easily accounted for. It is a work that will go on, and all the indications point to an increasing enthusiasm and still greater triumphs. Meetings will be held every night this week.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

An excellent Murphy meeting was held Friday night. The attendance was quite large, and a general good feeling prevailed. The addresses were exceedingly interesting and full of genuine good reason. Henry Roach was the first to speak, and his "word to the boys" was rendered with good effect. Mr. Chapell followed with a short address, saying the pledge had been a great benefit to him, and he thought it would be to others.

Rev. H. L. Stetson presented deep and earnest thought. He said "self-control was the fundamental principal of temperance. Temperance puts a man upon the throne—makes him king; puts the scepter in his hand, and gives him power over every human faculty." He was loudly encored.

Mr. Miller, of Ohio, in a short speech, plead earnestly for men's salvation. He urged upon the audience the necessity of Christian work, and wished the institution the greatest prosperity.

D. B. Graham, who always speaks to the point, applied himself forcibly to argument, and made one of his best efforts. He referred to incidents in the lives of men to prove the fickelness of the professions of intemperance to benefit mankind, and closed with an urgent appeal for men to sever connections with rum and come out on the side of sobriety and prosperity.

H. C. Mehaffie occupied the chair. The meeting was indeed a success, and resulted in getting many signers to the pledge, among them several hard drinking men.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Last evening a large audience was at Murphy Hall, intent on a good meeting, and a good one it was. The dark cloud has seemed to pass away, and through the black mists that so long have hovered around are seen the golden streaks that assure of a coming brilliancy unknown of in the past. In the air seems to be heard the music of the triumphant march of an army in blue, and our wing of the army are not to be behind when the day of the death and burial of their enemy arrives. Not often has the hall contained more beauty and enthusiasm. After singing various pieces and a number of short speeches by members of the club, all having the real, genuine ring of hope and determination, the President introduced a new voice from away down in Maine, J. R. McKelvey, Esq, of Portland. He has been laboring for the past year in Iowa and the West, and the most flattering reports of his success are noted by the press. He is a gentleman of extraordinary talent as an orator. His pleasant, unostentious address and his remarkably striking illustrations, win the confidence and applause of his hearers. He is devoid of roughness and uncouthness, but shows the stamp of an educated and talented thinker. The general verdict was, "we have had a good one," among those present. A number of new signatures were added to the pledge. A new spirit of enthusiasm was created, and a determination to work with renewed vigor. One thing is noticeable in these meetings, the constant attendance of the faithful few. These require reinforcement, and there can be no field of labor more promising in christian and philanthrophic work. Let the friends of this reform be more active in the work.

The Murphy meeting of Sunday was the largest, in point of attendance, of any held in the city for many weeks. Every inch of space was occupied and many could not gain admission. No description of the occasion could be given, and it would be a futile to attempt. The exercises were as usual, interesting. L. P. Streeter made a short speech, followed by L. L. Jack in an earnest appeal. J. R. McKelery occupied the remainder of the evening in an address of rare excellence. He was given close attention and at times loudly applauded. His presentation of facts seemed unanswerable. At the request several signers to the pledge donned the blue.

Monday evening the meeting was in every respect a profitable one. The attendance showed the interest to be increasing, and that no small wave could strand the temperance ship, which is safe on its way to the final port. Several addresses were made and many signed the pledge. Everything passed off pleasantly and to the good of the cause.

"Wood's Condensed Farrier."

WE have examined a copy of a new work just issued by D. J. Woods, of this city, entitled, "Wood's Condensed Farrier," a pocket edition for 1879. The work has been carefully prepared, and so arranged that every farmer and horseman may be his own horse doctor. Comprising the new and unerring rule for telling the age of any horse until twenty-one years old, and embracing a long list of receipts for the cure of diseases and ailments. It describes accurately all diseases, and the mode of treatment, which cannot fail to be of invaluable worth to every farmer and horseman. Mr. Wood's acknowledged ability as a veterinary surgeon will at once dispel any doubt as to the merit of the work, and those who are interested will find it their greatest help. It is sold for 50cts per copy. All prominent horseman who have examined the work endorse and heartily recommend it.

IF any of our friends contemplate purchasing monuments or headstones, to mark the last resting place of departed friends, they can save money by calling on Mr. John Redd, who represents the firm of Messrs. Lewis & Whitehead, of Indianapolis, the largest firm in the State. Don't buy until you see his designs and prices. Word left with W. H. Leedy, at the SIGNAL office, will receive prompt attention.

Bro. Ira Smith is a good boy, and if he should ask you for your subscription don't refuse him. THE SIGNAL will give in future, each issue, a full synopsis of Lafayette's work.

MURDOCK & BRO. are still with their stock. Dry Goods and Notions cheaper than ever. Give them a call. Remember them as the cheapest.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

E. Steckel, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, etc. Goods sold at lowest prices. Corner North and Sixth street. Call and examine goods and learn prices.

Thomas Pierce, cor. Fifth and Broadway, wholesale and retail dealer in GROCERIES, Provisions, etc. His goods are pure, and honest weight and measure should commend to him unlimited patronage.

CRAIG & JAMES, Merchant Tailors, opposite Peal, on Market street, have just received their immense stock of spring piece goods for suits of every style. Prices low. Latest styles and patterns.

Choice line of fine Havana Cigars of the Best Brands at **John Cost's** Drug Store. Parlor Suits,

J. B. WINTERS, has just received a very large stock of Boots, Shoes, Ladies' Slippers, Hats, Caps, etc., which he is selling at prices that can't be beat. Good goods and satisfaction guaranteed, nearly opposite Postoffice, Broadway.

S. W. Ullery, dealer in Hardware, of every description, cutelry, saws, ropes, belting, etc. Market street, next to Fuller's harness store.

At *Hick's Restaurant* can be had Warm Meals, Lunch, Cigars, Candies! Oysters, Game, etc., and everything nice. Call Broadway, near Murdock Hotel. Open day and night.

J. W. FULLER, dealer in Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Robes, etc. etc. Harness repaired on short notice, and work warranted. Market street, between Bridge and Fourth.

Patterson & Tomlinson, dealers in all kinds of Garden and Field SEEDS, all fresh and good. Also Plows and Agricultural Implements. This old and reliable firm needs no commendation from us. Buy of them.

H. C. EVERSOLE, Jeweler, always keeps the largest stock in the city. Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, and everything in his line at the lowest prices.

Henry Tucker, Dealer in Harness, Saddles, whips, Robes, etc. Repairing harness etc, done by competent workmen. Market street, east of Fourth.

—ATTENTION—

If in want of Gents, Ladies, Misses or Childrens Shoes don't fail to call at MURDOCK, VIGUS & CO.'S store, as they have just received the first invoice of SPRING GOODS in this city.

Frank Harwood. The Fashionable Tailor of Market Street, has a nice line of goods. Do not fail to go and see some of the nice suits he makes.

FRANK BEAMER, corner of Broadway and Fourth st., will beat them all on **ICE CREAM**, as he will have the first of the season. Ten Loaves of Bread for 25c. A warm or cold Lunch at any price.

All the new and choice Odors in bulk and bottled Perfumes at **Cost's Drug Store** 21 Fourth street, 3m2-521

SALINGER, at his Mammoth Clothing House, on Market street, is selling goods at wonderfully low prices. If you want good goods, at the lowest prices ever quoted, give them a call.

Geo. W. Hoffman, City Drug Store, keeps pure drugs and patent medicines. Also a full line of toilet goods, perfumes, brushes, combs, etc, Fourth street.

CITY VIEWING
and
STEREOSCOPIC WORK
A Speciality.
See New Samples at the Gallery.
MILLER.

Geo. W. Brown's drug store, an old established and reliable House. Prescriptions filled with the greatest of care. Everything pure, also a line of paints, glass, brushes, &c. 3m5-1

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas repaired: 171

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be as he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

FIRST OF THE SEASON.
Call and examine the New Stock of
BOOTS AND SHOES
Just Received by
MURDOCK, VIGUS & Co.

John Winch, Boot and Shoe maker. All work done in approved manner; Repairing of all kinds done neatly, promptly, and at lowest rates; Shop on south side Broadway, opposite Howe office. 3m2-521

A. H. McDonald, The Grocer, Market street, invites attention to his large stock of pure and fresh Staple and Fancy GROCERIES. Provisions, etc. Everything neat and nice.

NEW HARNESS SHOP.—I have started a new Harness Shop, and am making all kinds of Harness. I will keep everything in that line, and invite interested persons to examine my goods and prices.
C. M. MCNITT, 306 Market st.

Strayed or Stolen.

On March 14th, from the rear of Dolan's four stores, a bay pony, marked on one shoulder with letter "O," on the other with figure "3" or letter "Z." Had on an old brown saddle. A suitable reward will be paid to the person giving me information or returning said pony to me. DR. A. ABBOTT.
Georgetown, Ind. d&w

TAYLOR & VELSEY.
DENTISTS,
Office: 312 Market Street, Up Stairs,
LOGANSPORT, IND.

All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

The Largest Assortment of
Trunks, Traveling Bags, Satchels, & Shawl Straps
To be found in the city. Trunks and Sample Cases made to order. Our prices are always the lowest. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. 3m17-002

DR. OVERHOLSER'S
DENTAL ROOMS,
Cor. Fourth & Market St., [Entrance on Fourth
LOGANSPORT, IND.

All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.

Teeth extracted positively without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, or Protoxide of Nitrogen, the safest and pleasantest anæsthetic known. 173m120

Death of High Prices

THE MOTTO:

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I have found to be the most successful way of doing business, and gains the most friends. You are respectfully invited to call and see my line of goods before buying elsewhere, and you will find it to your advantage.

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50	Barrels New Orleans Sugar, per lb,	6 1-4c
20	Barrels Choice Syrup, per gallon,	40
20	Tierces Carolina Rice, per lb,	7 c
100	Chests of the Choicest Teas, not opened, per lb,	25 to 50c
200	Boxes Best Raisins, per lb,	8 1-3c
5	Casks New Prunes, per lb,	7
100	Boxes Best Laundry Starch, per lb,	5
100	Boxes Cream Cheese, per lb,	10 c
The Best Crackers per lb,		5 c
Coal Oil only		12 1-2c

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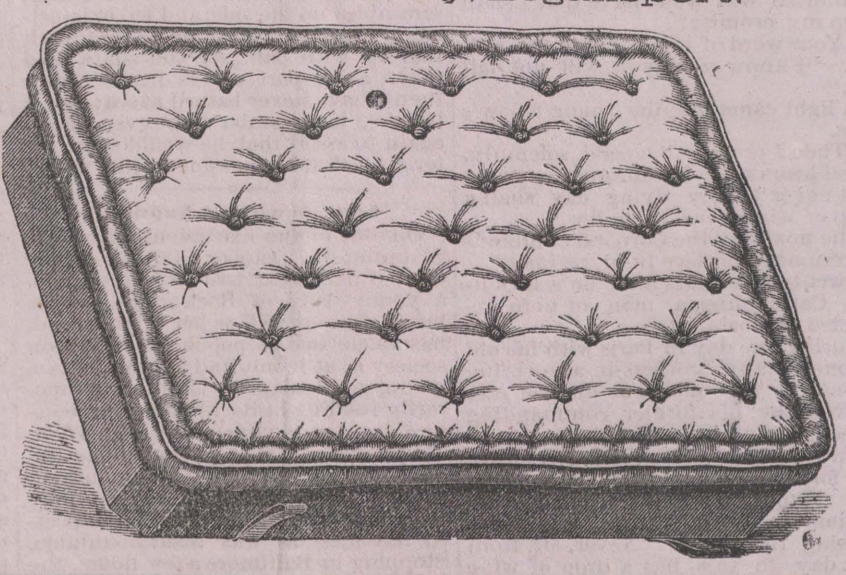

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H. P. Biddle

The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., APRIL 9, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 8.

THE CHURCH.

AN ADDRESS TO "CERTAIN LOGANSPORT CHURCH MEMBERS."

A CORRESPONDENT, ON THE POSITION TAKEN BY SOME TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

To the Editor:

WE are very glad that you are actively engaged in the temperance work of our city, and on this account we have something to say to you. In your zeal for temperance are you not making a very serious mistake? Is it quite right for you to become so absorbed in Murphy meetings that you neglect for weeks, even months, your respective churches? Regularly, for a long time, we have seen you at the meetings, and wondered whether you were as punctual in your attention to your religious duties. We fear not, for we know that some of you rarely visit your churches, and others not at all. You pass them on the very nights when they hold their stated services that you may go to Murphy Hall. Your absence from your church home is notorious.

Do you realize that you are inflicting a very grave injury upon yourselves and the interests with which you are identified? A little thought will show you that this is so.

You are voluntarily depriving yourselves of certain opportunities for religious worship without which their can be no true religious life. It has been found, by a long experience, that it is very necessary for Christian people to meet often together in purely religious meetings, if they would make the highest attainments in Christian character. You are less interested in religion and religious work than formerly. Your religious vows, those most solemn, sacred and binding obligations, you have disregarded. In thus breaking your pledges you are damaging yourselves most seriously.

Moreover, you are injuring the temperance work as much as, or more than, you are helping. You are prejudicing many good people against it. They look at your course and say, very rightly, too, "If to be an active temperance worker I must thus neglect my church, I must be excused."

It should be your constant and greatest care to secure the active participation of every member of the churches to which you belong in the cause of temperance. Rest assured you will never do this by ignoring your religious meetings. You are taking temperance out of the churches, rather than into them. You ought to go to all your church meetings and talk and pray temperance, so that there may be created a deeper interest in this great work among your fellow members. Help them and they will the more readily help you. Do not spend all your zeal in running to Murphy hall, but work more in your own fields. Have temperance prayer meetings, now and then, and occasionally get your pastor to preach a temperance sermon. You can arouse every church in Logansport if you will work in them as you ought. You have no right to desert them, and then whine and cry about the coldness of Christian people in regard to this work. They can be easily interested, and you are the very ones to do it. This is your duty, and in heaven's name do not alienate other church members by your negligence.

And you are very seriously hurting your churches. You drain them of a part of their strength. There can be no such things as successful prayer meetings or religious services of any kind if members are absent. When you put all your time and strength and ability into Murphy meetings, you are sapping your churches of their vitality. Churches live in their members; and they suffer when you turn away from their work and worship.

Still further, you are bringing reproach upon the religion you profess. Before that world which it is your duty to bring to Christ, you are, to all intents and purposes, putting Murphyism in the place of the Christian religion. You are creating a very bad impression, not only in regard to your own stability, but also about the excellency of that faith of which you are a representative. Not long since it was said by one who is not a Christian but a temperance worker: "It seems to me that on nights when the churches have their meetings it would be far more more consistent if these church members would attend them, and do a little praying for our success, rather than attend the Murphy meetings and do little or nothing but look on."

By no means do we wish you to stay away from all the meetings. There is no necessity for that. There are five nights in the week when most of our churches have no meetings. On these evenings you can go and work. Is it unreasonable for you to give two-sevenths to religion and five sevenths to temperance? Certainly not; and you ought not to fail to give the two-sevenths when you can use the balance for Murphy work.

We have written the above, not because we feel unkindly toward anyone of you, but because we cannot hold our peace while we see you persistently following that course which results in harm to you and the cause you represent. We are very happy to number you among the temperance workers, and we want you so to live that your usefulness will be multiplied a hundred fold. Therefore, BE CONSISTENT. **

The Right to Prohibit.

THE Wisconsin Legislature appointed a committee to inquire into the merits of prohibition. The committee reports favorably for a prohibitory law, and, as showing the right of the State to prohibit, and some of the reasons for prohibition, it says:

The right to prohibit is conceded by every civilized nation on the globe, as for centuries they have legislated to restrain and control the traffic, and the right to circumscribe and control presupposes the right to entirely prohibit.

Judge Taney said: "If any State deems the internal traffic in ardent spirits injurious to its citizens, and calculated to produce idleness, vice and debauchery, I see nothing in the Constitution (of the U. S.) to prevent it from regulating and restraining the traffic, or from prohibiting it altogether if thought proper."

Judge Woodbury says, "That the State may seize and destroy anything which is likely to cause disease and death."

"Whatever threatens the State must be resisted."

"The power essential to self-preservation exists in every organized community."

"Men and States may resist that which approaches to do it harm."

Your committee believe that the use of alcoholic beverages is undeniably and inevitably injurious to an overwhelmingly large majority of our citizens who use it—that it is destructive of the general welfare. It increases taxes, it educates criminals, it endangers life, it endangers property, it destroys public morals, it blasts character, it destroys the nice sense of honor that should be felt by and govern the conduct of our public men, and that it is a reproach to our civilization.

That it hangs like an incubus on labor; robs industry of its reward; produces pauperism and crime.

That it is a public evil, affecting every citizen, every industrial interest, and injuriously approaches every citizen, every family, every communiiy, and the entire commonwealth.

Commissioner Delano estimated the consumption of distilled spirits at 80,000,000 gallons in 1869; and by the census reports we learn there was produced in the United States 90,412,571 gallons of domestic spirits in the year 1860. The estimated retail cost of alcoholic drinks in 1872 was $735,720,048; and from 1860 to 1872—thirteen years—2,762,926,066 gallons were consumed, at a cost of $6,780,161,805. The annual consumption of distilled spirits is not less than 100,000,000 gallons.

Dr. Young estimates the annual cost of alcoholic drinks in this country at $600000,000.

There are 600,000 habitual drunkards, and 98,000 persons constantly disabled by the use of intoxicants. It creates each year an army of 9,338 maniacs, and 120,000 persons are annually left widowed or orphaned and dependent upon public charity by this traffic.

The United States Commissioner of Education says that "from 80 to 90 per cent. of our criminals connect the causes of their crime with intemperance."

An English judge says: "Every rime has its origin, more or less, in drunkenness."

The Hon. J. C. Park, of Massachusetts, declares that "ninety-nine one hundredths of all crimes spring from intemperance."

The chaplain of the State Prison of Massachusetts testifies that nineteen-twentieths of the crimes committed by those under his care arose from the use of alcoholic drinks

Our Demagogue Legislature Knew That.

GIVE us the local option liquor law and female suffrage, and the accursed traffic will be voted out of existence.—[Huntington News.

SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS—NOTEWORTHY EVENTS.

THE TEMPERANCE WORK AND INTERESTING ITEMS CONNECTED WITH IT.

—Mrs. Emma Malloy, is in Rhode Island.

—They have a post office saloon at Rochester, Ind.

—Fulton county, Illinois, has not a single saloon.

—Francis Murphy spoke at Bluffton on the evening of the 31st.

—Hillsboro, Illinois, elected every man on the Prohibition ticket.

—Lincoln, Illinois, population, 7,000, voted "no license" by a majority of 22.

—Flora, Illinois, gave the Prohibition ticket an overwhelming majority.

—A County Temperance Society was organized on the 31st at Bluffton.

—In New Hampshire, $12,000,000 is spent annually for rum. Hard Times.

ANTI-TREATING temperanee societies are multiplying throughout the country.

—The cause of O'Leary's failure in the great walking match, was intemperance.

—Cuba, Illinois, gained a complete victory by the election of the anti-license ticket.

—Good times have come at last. Three cents worth of New York whisky makes a drunk.

—Connecticut is said to be seriously considering the advisability of adopting the bell punch.

—Decatur, Illinois, with a population of 12,000, elected the Prohibition ticket by 250 majority.

—In England, arrangements have already been completed to hold open air temperance meetings every Sunday afternoon.

—For the privilege of selling intoxicating liquors at Gilmore's Garden, in New York City during the international walking contest, the sum of $2,500 was paid.

—Don't forget to induce the reformed man to take a temperance paper. It will prove to him a source of great strength in his endeavors to overcome his appetite.

—The Vermont law, requiring a person who has been drunk to disclose the name of the person from whom he bought the liquor, has been declared constitutional.

—Newbury has fixed the amount to be paid for licenses as follows: First, second and third class, $125, fourth class $65. Brewers license $200, and distilleries $300.

—The custom of serving coffee at the pools on election day at Utica, New York, was kept up last week, and the absence of drunkenness is said to have been noteworthy.

—The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have notified their employes that drunkenness and frequenting liquor saloons will be sufficient cause for immediate discharge.

—Rev. Dr. Newman says: "It is in testimony that out of 40,000 Chinese employed on these (California public) works, not six were discharged for intoxication or other causes."

—New Hampshire temperance people are wide-awake to the interests of the cause in that state. The Reform Clubs are doing a grand work, backed up by the legal suasion workers. The grog shops are decreasing.

—Taylorville, Illinois, population 3,000, elected the anti-license ticket after a hotly contested fight of several weeks, by 56 majority. Great rejoicing over the result, and a grand ratification meeting was held.

—Jefferson City, Mo., March 20.—A memorial from a large number of citizens of the state was presented by Mr. Hale, of Stoddard, protesting against the injustice of permitting drug store saloons.

—There is one particular in which some of our temperance orators might imitate the example of the immortal Washington with profitable results to the country. They could do a great public service by delivering farewell addresses.—[Issue.

—Wm. Howitt, the well-known English author, who died in Rome on the 3d ult., at the age of 83, was a total abstainer, and was able to accomplish an immense amount of mental and physical labor, "simply," as he says. "because I avoided spirituous liquors as I would the poison of an asp."

—The temperance people of Rochester, N. Y., have moved so far in the matter of prohibition as to procure the indictment of the Mayor and the Excise Commissioners, for allowing liquor to be sold in over three hundred saloons without license.

—The grog-sellers and those they control, are opposed to our Sabbath laws, and every year are becoming more defiant and determined to destroy the laws of the land, and it is a well-known fact that nearly every city in the world is under whisky rule, and nearly half the world's population lives in cities.

—Marion county, this state, has 272 saloons. The criminal court expenses amount to $2.54 to the voter, while those of Henry county, where there had never been a licensed saloon, are only eight cents to the voter. Marion county has one convict in the State Prison to every 90 voters. Henry has only one to every 3,540 voters.

—In Bessbrook, England, with a population of four thousand, there is not, nor has there been for thirty years, a policeman of any kind, while in Carnlough, a village one mile distant, with less than three hundred inhabitants the services of four policemen are in constant demand. No liquor sold in Bessbrook, while Carlough maintains eight dram-shops.

—Recently a school girl in Indianapolis jumped the rope 500 times without stopping. That night she was taken with a convulsive chill, and before morning was a corpse. Mr. Raemer, a baker of the same place, has entered into a bargain to drink 1,000 glasses of beer in 1,000 consecutive hours, which ought to make a corpse of him, and if it does not we miss our guess.

—The work of the Boston Woman's Christian Temperance Union in their "Friendly Inn" is very successful. Meetings are held there every evening, with marked interest. Men daily enter its doors asking the way to a better life, sign the pledge, humbly acknowledge their need of salvation through Jesus Christ, and go out into life with a new and pure purpose in their souls.—[Conflict.

—The liquor dealers of Ohio have organized themselves into an association called the "State of Ohio League," and demand protection. From what do they want to be protected? From their own consciences, or from the women they have made widows, the children they have orphaned, the political parties they have ridden to death, or the church members they have debauched—who will tell us?—[Issue.

—The Hon. Isaac C. Parker, United States District Judge for the Western district of Arkansas, reports that the Red Ribbon excitement prevails in Indian Territory, and that in consequence all the better Indians look with disfavor upon the use of intoxicating liquors. Crime has decreased to a great extent, and the Judge believes that Indian Territory is as peaceful and quiet as any section of the west and south.

—A bill has passed the United States Senate, and is now pending in the House, providing for the appointment of a commission to investigate the relations of the liquor traffic to the public welfare. The bill contemplates the appointment of five commissioners, to serve for five years. No compensation is to be allowed them; but a sum sufficient to cover necessary expenses, probabably not exceeding ten thousands dollars, will be appropriated, in order that the task assigned the commissioners may be efficiently performed.

—Mayor Cooper of New York, was so determined to show up the failures of the Police Commissioners that he donned a disguise suit, went out as a detective and worked up evidence against them. Now he brings them to terms, for he has the evidence. But what an awful wicked thing to do! O no! It isn't criminal and immoral to use detectives except against liquor-sellers. Then it's an awful bad way to convict criminals!

SWEAR NOT.

ANOTHER "ARGUMENT" PRODUCED BY SO-CALLED MORALISTS.

THE SIN OF OMISSION NOT LESS THAN THAT OF COMMISSION.

A MAN said recently that he did not attend the Murphy meeting because some of the members used profane language.

The gentleman professes Christianity and we respect his delicacy in the matter.

But we would call his attention to a duty.

A sincere Christian labors to save mankind.

He is CALLED FORTH by his feelings of love.

HE GOES OUT in the highways and hedges.

He is not satisfied with keeping sin from his home and his church, but he rebukes it on the streets.

We do not excuse profanity.

"It is a brutal vice."

No truly refined gentleman will indulge it.

It kills self-respect.

It destroys human feelings, and substitutes brutal ones.

But when we do not protest against it, we SILENTLY ENDORSE IT.

A Christianity, so-called, which will not rebuke a sin is a fraud.

A Christian man who will not reach out to a brother has mistaken pride for Christianity.

The Saviour sat down among PUBLICANS and SINNERS.

Christ's practice went farther than his preaching.

If the brother we mention is sincere in his professions he will go among sinners and teach them that HIS life is better than theirs.

He does not do this?

No!!!

But he stands across the way.

And wants the lost soul to find its own light.

He says, put on broadcloth.

Make yourself pure.

Prove your ancestry.

And if I find you have been a good man all your life.

Never profane.

Never lied.

Nor broke the Sabbath.

Nor "played pins for keeps."

MAY BE I will find room for you in the fold of my (SELF) righteousness.

He says GO, not COME!

He says purify yourself, and I will do everything possible to get the credit for it.

Are we sacrilegious?

We hope not.

We are all trying to get to heaven.

Its charms are none the less because it was once the abiding place of the devil.

Sin cannot harm the soul of a Christian.

The person who will not associate with sinners fearing that it will make him worse, doubts his Christianity.

Save the fallen.

It was the Savior's way and it MUST BE yours.

Help those who need help.

If they are not pure, make them so.

Go among them.

To make them better.

If you are a Christian, it will not hurt you.

If you are not, you are no better than they.

Ohio State Convention.

—The annual meeting of the Ohio State Temperance Christian Union will be held at Akron, of the 1st and 2d of May. The present officers are Frank Baird, of Akron, President; W. B. Chadwick, of Columbus, Secretary; and W. H. Doan, of Cleveland, Treasurer. Quite a number of prominent men will be present. Among them, W. B. Gibson, Francis Murphy, Hon. B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, and Elden Hamilton, President of the Kentucky State Christian Temperance Union. This promises to be the largest convention ever held in the State.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., has prohibited blinds and screens from being placed before the doors and windows of drinking saloons.

ARE you at work?

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, APRIL 9, 1879

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription—Per Year, $1,00.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE Arab who invented alcohol died 900 years ago.

CINCINNATI'S musical college has over 500 pupils.

MISSISSIPPI exempts printing offices from taxation.

PORTUGAL forbids the importing of American pork.

A PARIS (Ky.) sow has adopted a young puppy as a son.

AN Ohio cow last week broke a man's neck by a kick.

A TEXAS youth aged 18, has married his mother's aunt, aged 52.

BETWEEN the ages of 25 and 30 years the most people become insane.

THE United States Senate has 100 officers, at an annual cost of $150,000.

AUSTRALIA received 36,479 emigrants from Great Britian and Ireland last year.

THE law library in Washington is the best in the country and one of the best in the world.

RUSSIA and Mecklenburg are said to be the only European countries now without a constitution.

AN Ohio man has bequeathed $10,000 to distribute tracts setting forth the injurious qualities of lager beer.

THE Berlin exhibition of manufacturers is to be opened on May 1, and will remain open for five months.

SEVEN cents' worth of oatmeal produces as much force in the human system as ninety cents' worth of lean ham.

THE double-headed negro woman has returned from a tour in Europe to her old home in Columbus county, N. C.

SOME of the London barmaids have emulated the example set by those above them, and dress in Greek costumes.

IT is estimated that Pensylvania clears $10,000,000 a year on the stone and slate which creeps into its car loads of coal.

THE coal industry of Pensylvania has reached enormous proportions, the annual product being valued at $50,000,000.

THE Texas Legislature has passed a bill requiring that the voter shall have paid his poll-tax, provided the people indorse it.

A BRITISH professor estimates that bees, to collect a pound of honey from red clover heads, would have to make 2,500,000 visits.

PARIS has twenty-seven "avenues," most of which, a French journal says, "surpass in majesty" the boulevards, their predecessors.

AUSTRIA threw herself into a bankruptcy from which she has never risen, by expelling the industrious Protestants from Bohemia.

A BILL to prevent the double taxation of mortgages received a vote of 150 yeas to 18 nays in the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

A BILL is before the Italian Parliament granting $10,000,000 to the Roman municipality, to make the city "a more worthy capital of the kingdom."

A MONK named Serafino, at Alcamo, in Italy, who made a trade of predicting winning lottery numbers, has been murdered by two disappointed clients.

MARQUIS LORNE asks for $23,427,882 to run the dominion government, and the Canadians are satisfied, since it is $241,171 less than was called for last year.

A COLORED preacher of Florida has presented at the office of the Gainesville Sun 500 copies of a letter which he claims to have received direct from the Saviour.

TEXAS papers declare that is folly to catch murderers in Texas and go to the expense of trying them, because they are almost invariably turned loose by the jury.

THE Oglethorpe (Ga.) Echo says: "A mulatto woman taught school in this county last year, one side of whose hair was snow-white, while the other was black."

POPE LEO XIII. has ordered the private chamberlains in the Vatican to leave off the picturesque costume of the sixteenth century and to adopt one more modern.

A GIRL of 11 years of age is in prison at Cahors, France, awaiting trial for burning her little 2-year-old brother alive, because "it annoyed her to be obliged to nurse him."

A JAPANESE merchant has been condemned at Yokohama to ten years' imprisonment at hard labor for opium-smoking and setting an example for other Japanese to follow.

THE largest ship load of emigrants since last July arrived in New York the other day. They numbered 438. There were 200 Swiss among them, bound for the vineyards of California.

CLASSIC Boston, the Athens of Massachusetts, has had a peanut-eating match, the contestants trying to eat one quart of baked peanuts each quarter hour for forty-eight consecutive hours.

PRINCE NAPOLEON is described as a young fellow, in the first blush of joyous youth, and evidently just bubbling over with pleasurable excitement at the thought of going out to the seat of war."

EAGLES appreciate sarcasm. A Virginia farmer fixed up a straw baby and left it on the grass to be carried off by the proud bird. When the eagle discovered the cheat he left the neighborhood forever.

A LARGE mushroon is said to have forced its way through twelve inches of concrete, covered with a thick layer of asphalt, in the floor of the savings bank department of the General Post-office in London.

JUSTICE TEILER, of Fifteen-Mile Bayou, Tennessee, fined the remains of a suicide $25 for carrying concealed deadly weapons, and collected the money through the sale of articles found upon the person.

MR. STANFORD, the California railroad capitalist, owns a farm of 2,000 acres near San Francisco. Upon it are sheds and stables stretching for a mile, containing 300 thoroughbred horses, worth more than $200,000.

A SHOWER of meat is reported to have fallen at Snowville, Box Elder county, Utah, a few days since. The shower came from a passing cloud and had a peculiar taste, inclined to be rather salty. It lasted about an hour.

THE people of Lafayette county, Missouri, have succeeded in compromising all but $183,000 of their $1,200,000 debt at $720,000, bearing 6 per cent interest, and it is expected that most of the remainder will be compromised.

TO SOME young ladies who asked Pope Leo's permission to dance during the Carnival he is said to have replied: "Go, my dears, and enjoy yourselves in an innocent dance, only don't keep up too late your papas and mammas when they want to get home again."

THE Pope has sanctioned preliminary steps for the beatification of several French missionaries, a mandarin, and twenty-five other natives who were martyrs to Christianity in China and Cochin China between 1820 and 1860.

LONDON society is shocked by the appearance in the windows of a photograph of a Princess who has fine shoulders and wishes the public to know it. The picture shows her shoulders and back nearly to the waist entirely nude.

GOV. ROBINSON, of New York, is so prejudiced against the costly palace the State has provided for a Capitol that he has refused to occupy the elaborately elegant Governor's room set apart for his use, and still abides in his quarters at the old building.

THE somewhat startling feat of tickling a man to death was very nearly accomplished in Maryland the other evening by the man's wife and a couple of young ladies. In attempting to get some money out of his vest pocket they tickled him till he became unconscious.

SEVENTY-FIVE years of married life is a rare experience; yet an old couple in Fairfield county, Conn., lay claim to this unusual honor. Thery were man and wife long before the war of 1812, and have lived happily and peacefully together through three wars on this continent.

ACHILLE MURAT, while residing in Florida, succeeded in convincing himself that alligator was good eating. He also tried buzzard, and when asked how he liked it, said: "Oh! I can eat any kind bird—I am not affrate to eat anyzing. I have no prejudice, but ze buzzard is not goode."

THE bricks of which the pyramids of Egypt are built, contain abundant remains of animal and vegetable life, perfectly preserved, and throw light upon the civilization of ancient Egypt. Plants, grain, shells, fishes, etc., are so well preserved that there is no difficulty whatever in identifying them.

ANN ELIZA YOUNG, describing how woman suffrage works in Utah, furnishes this example: "I voted once—being compelled to do so by Brigham Young—and his coachman was deputized to take me to the polls and show me how. His instructions consisted in telling me to write my name on a piece of paper which he handed to me, and to this day I remain in blissful ignorance of whom I cast my vote for."

THE oldest tree, the age of which is historically determined, is the sacred fig tree of Anarojapoura, in Ceylon. It was planted by Divinipiatissa, in the year 288 B. C., and its history from that date is preserved by a mass of documentary and traditionary evidence. It was described by the Chinese traveler, Fa Hiam, in the year 414, and by the earliest Europeans who visited it. It still flourishes, and is an object of worship to the Buddhists.

THERE are two colored citizens in the State who are lawyers.

THREE genuine white swans were killed at Rome City a few days ago.

THE leg-mania prevails at Rochester, and walking matches are all the rage.

AN even dozen of "cullud gent" in Michigan City are married to white women.

MISS ALICE BLACK, a level-headed young lady of Jeffersonville, is studying law.

THIRTY children were confirmed last Sunday in St. Paul's Lutheran church, Richmond.

A LARGE tape-worm was recently taken from the stomach of a LaPorte county cow.

THE preachers at Angola issued a card, a few days ago, deprecating Sunday funerals.

THERE was only one interment in the cemetery at Kokomo during the month of March.

SOUTH BEND had a shower of worms, the other day. Whereby the small boy was made happy.

A PUCKERBUSH, Wabash county, citizen recently found a hen's nest containing 72 good eggs.

A LAGRANGE county fruit grower thinks there will be about one-third of the average peach crop this season.

THE citizens of Wabash propose to organize a live stock association, and hold a Horse Fair in that city, next fall.

WM. CANNADY, a New Castle barber, made a certainty of his exit from life by swallowing 120 grains of strychnine.

THE LaPorte champion in that line speared 138 bull-frogs, the other day, and it wasn't a charming day for frogs either.

NEARLY all of Henry county turned out, the other day, to witness and take part in the first county stock sale at New Castle.

A BREMEN expert has taken a contract to manufacture 10,000 bows for the present archery season, at the rate of 200 per day.

ON last Saturday a little child of George Wallsmith, of Fortville, accidentally chopped off its hand while playing with an axe.

THE invention of W. T. Garr, of Howard county, for tapping sugar trees is a great success. It is a combination of gimlet and chisel.

THE rock quarries near Bedford are doing a very pushing business, working to their utmost capacity. They ship from 10 to 12 car-loads per day.

MRS. GEORGE WILSON, of Chili, Miami county, was struck by lightning recently, and was so shocked that she lost the use of her mental faculties.

THE mystery of the dancing ball of fire on the spire of St. Andrew's church, at Richmond, has been solved. It was caused by a break in the lightning rod.

MRS. DARROW, of LaPorte, is 89 years of age. She has received her second sight, second hearing, and third set of teeth, and is as active as a maiden of eighteen.

THE Indianapolis Sentinel is responsible for the charge that there are at present at least a dozen women imprisoned in the Asylum for the Insane who are perfectly sane.

THE "President," the hotel car exhibited at the centennial, and the finest thing on wheels ever made, is now on the Pan Handle road through Richmond, running from St. Louis to New York.

THE Huntington News says that the temperance workers of that city, not being able to induce the ministers to attend their meetings, propose to hold an occasional meeting at the residence of each of the the divines.

A FEW days ago a mare owned by Isaac Beal, of Blackford county, gave birth to a colt with hoofs patterned after the bovine fashion. In all other respects the colt is perfectly formed, and is in fine health and growing rapidly.

EDGAR BOULTON, of Gloucester county, N. J., will plant ten acres of sweet potatoes the coming season on the farm of A. L. Wheeler, two miles west of Plymouth. Mr. Boulton will bring his seed potatoes from Jersey and grow his own plants.

DR. HARPER, of Forest Grove, Elkhart county, is accused of the dark crime of incest. The Dr. is 76 years of age, and the criminal relations with his daughter are said to have commenced many years ago. The daughter was married only two months ago to a respectable merchant of Middleburg, a small town in Elkhart county. By some means the husband became aware of the criminal intimacy between his wife and her father, and he applied for a divorce, the same being granted him on Thursday of last week. All of the parties concerned move, or did move, in the highest circles of society.

PERU and Bolivia have declared war against Chili.

DURING the month of March Chicago packers slaughtered nearly 200,000 hogs.

AMONG the Nihilists recently arrested in Russia, were several persons of high rank.

THE British forces in South Africa are not making any headway against the powerful and warlike Zulus.

BOSTON, taking time by the forelock," has appropriated $10,000 to aid in celebrating the Fourth of July.

THE first shipment of canned meats and vegetables from this country to India, was made a few days ago.

A COUNCIL BLUFFS dispatch says that vast numbers of emigrants going west are passing through that place.

THE Afghan warriors are no match for British troops, as the latter whip the former against odds of three to one.

GOVERNOR WILLIAMS has vetoed the act of the late Legislature codifying the common school laws of the State.

DURING March, the United States mints coined $5,577,086. The total number of standard silver dollars coined, up to April 1, was $28,774,950.

TOMATOES are selling at 25 cents a bushel at Key West. Within ten miles of Gainsville there are 600 acres of land upon which tomatoes are being raised.

THE increase of immigration to New York from foreign ports during the first quarter of 1879, is nearly thirty per cent. over that of the corresponding period last year.

SACKETT'S marsh, near Berlin, Wis., covers 760 acres, and has been known to yield a crop of cranberries in one year of 35,000 bushels. Marsh land may be made useful, after all.

"WE hate to tell it," says the Carroll county, Georgia, Times, "but it is an actual fact that hay is brought from Indiana and sold in this market. And yet your farmers spend all the summer in trying to destroy the grass so vigorous is it in this soil and climate."

THERE will be a public sale of Minnesota State lands to the credit of internal improvements and schools in Redwood county the 21st day of May. The sale will be held at Redwood Falls. About 18,009 acres of these lands were sold a year ago, but over 60,000 acres remain unsold.

SOME interest is excited in the New York iron trade by the fact that Mr. Vanderbilt has bought, in England, 12,000 tons of steel rails at a priee which equals $55 per ton landed here, while the price for the best American would be $45 dollars delivered. The rails are guaranteed for fifteen years, but the trade are reluctant to regard this as the reason for paying ten dollars a ton advance upon the home prices, and wonder what the other motive may be.

THE ship Niobe has sailed from New York for Sydney, New South Wales, with goods for the exhibition to be held there in October next. Among her cargo were nine locomotives, ninety-nine organs, 403 packages of clocks, dental goods, stamped ware and canned goods. One-third of the cargo consists of agricultural implements, camp-stools, sewing machines, and over 3,000 packages of tobacco. There were also scales, lawn-mowers and other goods. Owing to the postponement of the exhibition from August to October, another ship will be sent out, and will arrive previous to the fair.

A Hard Case.

A Woodward avenue druggist yesterday put up a prescription brought by a boy, and as he handed over the bottle the boy asked:

"Did you put any sugar in it?"

"I don't think I did," was the reply.

"Well, then, I don't believe ma'll touch a drop of it. I got some medicine here 'tother day and pa couldn't even hire her to take it, 'cause it wasn't sweet. She's purty sick, but she's down on medicine."

"Well, how does your father manage?"

"He don't manage at all. He tries to hire mother, but you see she's too old to care for candy and peanuts, and too young to want spectacles or a snuff-box, and there we are, you see. If them onion draughts on her feet don't do any good I'll bet I'll have a step-mother 'fore fall."—[Free Press.

Buy no fertilizers without knowing precisely what they consist of. Peruvian guano, and other reliable fertilizers, when genuine, always have a brand upon their bags, with a statement of their analysis.

CONDIMENTS.

The Nebraska farmer swears that the blackbirds and grasshoppers sit on his fence while he is sowing grain and chant "in that's wheat by and by."

Rector—"Those pigs of yours are in a fine condition, Jarvis." Jarvis—"Yes, sur, they be. Ah, sur, if we wos all on us on'y as fit to die as them are, we'd do!"

"Jane," said he, "I think if you lifted your feet away from the fire, we might have some heat in the room.' And they hadn't been married two years either.

That was a neat bull one of our clergymen perpetrated in his sermon the other day. Speaking of Bunyan in prison he said: "No one but his blind daughter came to see him."

If you don't believe the ladies have license—large license—to become pedestrians, just watch one as she paddles home in a rain storm, with her love of a bonnet on and no umbrella.

The man who can calmly and serenely roll up his trousers and walk half a mile in a driving rain to catch a train, is destined to become either a bank president or a cherubim.

The small boy is now taken in by his bigger companion, who persuades him that a dilapidated jack-knife is a good trade for a nice new ball of string and four three-cent glass agates.

Two darkies were vaunting their courage. "Isn't 'feared o' nothin', I isn't," said one. "Den, Sam, I reckon you isn't 'feared to loan me a dollar?" "No, Julus, I isn't 'feared to loan you a dollah, but I does hate to part wid an ole fren' forebber."

It is possible—barely possible—to believe that it rained sulphur in Mississippi lately, but when to this added the story that a ten-inch alligator was gently wafted down like an overgrown, distorted and discolored snowflake, we are inclined to doubt that it ever rained at all in Mississippi.

A gentleman addresses another gentleman, whom he don't know, at a party: "This affair is awfully stupid; let's go out and take a drink." "I would like to do it," was the reply, "but I can't leave very well." "Why not?" "Why, you see, I am the one who is giving the party."

A raw German who had been summoned for jury duty desired to be relieved, giving this reason: "Schudge, I can nich goot Inglish onderstan'," Looking over the crowded bar, the Judge replied: "Oh, you can serve. You won't have to understand good English; you won't hear any such here."

If there is a time in a young man's life when he feels green, it is the time when his best girl's mother steps into the parlor, just to "see if the gas isn't turned on too high," and finds it turned on altogether too low. A five cent counter couldn't look any cheaper than he does as he picks up his hat and glides out.

"Things," quoted David, in poetical mood, "are not what they seem." "Of course not," commented Sadie, "the sewing machine seams, but everybody knows the machine isn't the shirt it seams." And then nobody said anything for a long time, and David made some remark about people who couldn't appreciate sentiment.

It was very careless leaving the parrot in the parlor on Sunday evening; but she never thought anything about it until Monday morning, when he roused the whole house by making a smacking noise and crying, "Darling Susie! darling Susie!" He kept it up all day, too, and the old folks are much interested in the case.

A representative of an American paper had the audacity to call upon Bismarck in Berlin and solicit an "interview." "You hef a dreadful piece mit impertinence," said the Prince; "I never allows myself dot interviews." "What! Never?" exclaimed the journalist. "Vell, hartly ever—now get oud," said Bismarck.

Wash a baby up clean and dress him up real pretty and he will resist all advances with a most superlative crossness; but let him eat molasses gingerbread and fool around the coal-hod for a half hour and he will nestle his dear little dirty face close up to your clean shirt bosom and be just the lovingest, cunningest little rascal in all the world.

"Well, my little boy," said a Somerville clergyman, patting a little fellow on the head, "what do you expect to be when you grow up?" "Dunno," answered the boy, bashfully. "What would you like to be, then?" continued the pastor, expecting the youngster to say he would like to be President of the United States. But the boy's ambition soared higher than that, for he blurted out, "I'd like to be a walker, an' wax O'Leary."

Justice is grotesquely travestied in the new Colorado mining town, Leadville. A colored lad was charged with theft. The proceedings were opened by the remark: "Well, boss, what have you to say to that?" "You mean if I took dat money?" "Look here, young fellow, what have you to say agin this charge?" "Does de court know what de charge is?" "You bet your life," responded the classic judge. "You're charged with fastenin' your hooks into lucre that wasn't yours." "Well, Judge, I tell you how it all happened. Dat girl did give me a little loose change, and in lookin' through town I dropped into de bank, and of course bought a 'stack.' The cards didn't just come my way, and I lost." "What about the girl's money? That's what's botherin' the court." "Well, I blowed it in!" "Ten days in the county jail. Officer, let the prisoner go and see his friends before his inundation."

A NASHVILLE mule driven by a boy was frightened by a hog in the street, ran away and threw the boy, and the boy's father is sueing the city for $5,000 damages.

MARRIED WOMEN.

Their Rights and Privileges as Provided for in the New Law.

The following is the married woman law. Section 10 was put in by the House. A conference committee consisting of Messrs. Menzies and Harris, of the Senate, and Messrs. March and Dailey, of the House, were appointed over this section. Judge March announced that the whole bill should fail, or this section should be attached. Under these circumstances the Senate members were compelled to yield rather than see the whole measure defeated.

AN ACT CONCERNING MARRIED WOMEN.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, A married woman may bargain, sell, assign and transfer her separate personal property the same as if she were sole.

Sec. 2. A married woman may carry on any trade or business and perform any labor or service on her sole and separate account. The earnings and profits of any married woman accruing from her trade, business, service or labor, other than labor for her husband or family, shall be her sole and separate property.

Sec. 3. A married woman may enter into any contract in reference to her separate personal estate, trade, business, labor or service, and the management and improvement of her separate real property, the same as if she were sole, and her separate estate, real and personal, shall be liable therefor on execution or other judicial process.

Sec. 4. No conveyance or contract made by a married woman, for the sale of her land or any interest therein, other than leases for a term not exceeding three years, and mortgages on lands, to secure the purchase money of such lands, shall be valid unless her husband shall join therein.

Sec. 5. A married woman shall be bound by the covenants of title in deed of conveyance of her real property.

Sec. 6. A married woman may bring and maintain an action in her own name against any person or body corporate for damages for any injury to her person or character the same as if she were sole; and the money recovered shall be her separate property, and her husband in such cases shall not be liable for costs.

Sec. 7. Whenever the husband causes repairs or improvements to be made on the real property of the wife, with her knowledge and consent thereto in writing delivered to the contractor or person performing labor or furnishing the materials she alone shall be liable for materials furnished or labor done.

Sec. 8. A husband shall not be liable for any debts contracted by the wife in carrying on any trade, labor or business on her sole and separate account, nor for improvements made by her authority on her separate real property.

Sec. 9. Whenever a judgment is recovered against a married woman, her separate property may be sold on execution to satisfy the same, as in other cases. Provided, however, that her wearing apparel and articles of personal adornment purchased by her not exceeding $200 in value, and all such jewelry, ornaments, books, works of art and vertu, and other effects for personal or household use as may have been given to her as presents, gifts and keepsakes, shall not be subject to execution; and provided further, that she shall hold as exempt, except for the purchase money therefor, other property to the amount of $300, to be set apart and appraised in the manner provided by law for exemption of property.

Sec. 10. A married woman shall not mortgage or in any manner encumber her separate property acquired by descent, devise or gift, as a security for the debt or liability of her husband or any other person.

Unloading a Modern Noah's Ark.

There arrived at Philadelphia from Europe last Wednesday a vessel containing two elephants, one llama, one ostrich, one hippopotamus, one lemir, one warthog, one king vulture and a number of cockatoos for an American menagerie. Although the passage was an unusually rough one, all the animals arrived safe and sound, but considerably out of humor, and the task of unloading them was not easy. How this was accomplished the Philadelphia Press thus describes: "The male elephant was the first to leave the ship. But little difficulty was encountered in leading him into the car prepared for hoisting him up to the main deck, thence on the wharf, and without any noise or trouble he was placed in the railroad car in waiting. As soon as he had left the hold the female elephant scanned the hatchway, and seeing no more of her mate, began to snort and groan, plainly displaying her grief. When the car returned to carry her aloft, the men found that she was not inclined to take a short aerial voyage, and the job of putting her safely into the car and keeping her there was the work of time and much pulling and pushing. When finally she was on terra firma, she walked peacefully to the railroad car, and when she saw that there was about a foot's space between the platform and the car she deliberately placed her head between her fore legs, bending the latter to the knees, set up a terrible whining, and once or twice, looked to see if the hole was still there. This she continued to do, against the most earnest protestations of her attendants, until a board was produced, when she rose on her feet, still having her sea legs on, began to swing to and fro, and then gradually testing the strength of the plank, walked deliberately into the car. Upon being placed along aside of her mate, she gave evidence of satisfaction, and the pair began in unison to swing in the manner which their last ten days' life had accustomed them to. It was with considerable coaxing and ordering that the hippopotamus was induced to get into her box to be unloaded, and she made several strenuous efforts to bite her keeper, but the massive jaws were fortunately too slow, and the keeper managed to keep out of their range. She was finally placed in the car, and the loading of the other animals and birds proceeded with, each specimen having a separate box. While the warthog was awaiting his turn, he showed his evident displeasure at being penned up by pushing off a board in the side of his box and endeavoring to escape. This gives some idea of the great strength the animal possess in his head and paws, for the box had been securely nailed and fastened by the carpenter. After the collection was safely ensconced in the car, the door was locked and they proceeded on their way to Louisville, Kentucky."

An Obstinate Man.

A case that has created great interest among the Italians of the South, and is a remarkable one in all its aspects, is pending before the Governor of Georgia. About one year ago a young Italian named Pimonti savagely assaulted one Guiffridi with a hatchet and horribly mutilated him. Guiffridi was a barber, and had discharged Pimonti. One night when he was putting up his shutters Pimonti rushed in with a hatchet in his hand. He threw himself upon Guiffridi without a word of warning, and buried the hatchet in the back of his neck. Guiffridi dodged the second blow, but was left by the first one deformed for life, his head having settled down upon his shoulders all awry. The assault was murderous and brutal. When in jail Pimonti was violent, sullen and defiant. He showed no repentance or sorrow, and seemed to regret only that he had not killed his enemy. He could hardly speak a word of English; and appeared to have an ungovernable temper that at times almost went into paroxysms. His friends say that Guiffridi treated him wrong about his wages; that he brought him out from New York to Augusta, and after promising to increase his wages discharged him; that, writhing under this sense of wrong, in a strange land, half-starved and helpless, he threw himself upon the man that had wronged him. He was sentenced to ten years' hard labor in the penitentiary.

And now comes the strange part of the story. He became very violent, and declared that he would die before he would work. Upon reaching the camp he refused to take hold of the pick-ax. Under the discipline of the camp, he was stripped, tied up and whipped. He laughed and cursed in broken English as the cruel lash cut in the flesh, and when the whipping was over said, "Whip some more, me won't work." He was whipped again until the superintendent, seeing that he was exhausted, ordered him down.

He was whipped again next day and the next, but never would he touch the pick-ax. His back was lacerated, and it must have been torture every time the lash touched him; but he never winced. He would curse his keepers, and laugh at their efforts to conquer him. About this time it was discovered that he had not eaten a mouthful since he was brought to the camp, and that under the effects of whipping and starvation he was very near death. Mr. Twiggs, the engineer, went to see him, and asked him why he would not eat. He said he would never eat again until he was given a new trial. He seemed thoroughly convinced that he had been unjustly treated, and that if he could get a new trial he would be cleared. He said: "Nigger stole money, four years—me ten years. Why?" alluding to a negro who had been sentenced when he was. He was so weak he could hardly stand, and Mr. Twiggs asked him if it did not hurt him to do without food. "Hurt first three days; very nice now; nothing hurt me." To Mr. Twiggs' horror, he then staggered to the fire, and, picking up some live coals, held them in the palm of his hand, and, turning toward Twiggs, said: "Can you do that? Nothing hurt me." Mr. Twiggs says the smoke from the burning flesh rose from Pimonti's hands, but he did not wince. When the coals had blackened, he threw them to a guard, saying: "You get plenty dem when you go down stairs." Mr. Twiggs asked him if he wanted to die why he did not run and let the guards shoot him. He said: "Den me go down stairs." "But if you do not eat you will die." "Yes, but no killee myself. Judge killee me. Christ go to Jerusalem when know Jews killee him. Judge he Jews. He killee me." At last Mr. Twiggs promised he would write to the Governor asking for a new trial, and asked Pimonti to eat something. "No," he said, "you write; me live five, six days no eating." "But you may be dead before the Governor can reply." "Then you write Governor and tell him man dead—take no more trouble." At length, after their showing him a letter to the Governor, the stubborn, fellow was persuaded to take something to eat. He was then almost literally dying, and presented a shocking spectacle. He has not worked at all, and when ordered to do so simply says, bring straps. His case excites great interest, as the stubbornness with which he acts induces the belief that there may be extenuating circumstances. The Italian minister has written to Governor Colquitt about the case, and asked that the man be granted a new trial, promising that a capable interpreter shall be present to see that the prisoner has a fair showing and can have his story understood. A purse is being raised among the Italians of Georgia and Carolina for his benefit. The Governor is looking over the papers in his case.—[Augusta Special to Louisville Courier-Journal.

Three Sisters Married at Once—An Unique Sleigh-Ride and Ceremony.

The Rev. William N. Richie, pastor of the United Presbyterian church, on Forty-fifth street; Mr. H. H. Scott, an Eighth avenue shoe dealer, and the Rev. Smith T. Ford, pastor of the Baptist Church at Greene, Chenango county, New York, were married on Wednesday evening to Jennie L. Grant, Flora R. Grant and Mary H. Grant, respectively. The brides are sisters, and the ceremonies occurred all at once in the Congregational church at Greene. Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Scott, with a parlor car full of friends, left the Grand Central depot for Greene by Tuesday morning's train. Upon their arrival at evening, they were received by a special deputation of citizens, and on Wednesday met for dinner at the Grant mansion. The authorities of the township were also present and dispensed the hospitalities of the town lavishly. At dusk on Wednesday the fields around the Grant house were spotted with teams like tents at an encampment. The Grant family was one of the first to settle in that section, and is as rich in friends as in money. At 7 o'clock the stable doors in the great old fashioned barn were swung open and six horses, their harness bound with green twigs and leaves, drew out the family sleigh, heaped with furs and buffalo robes. All the bridal party got into the sleigh and the horses were given loose rein. The church was crowded to overflowing, and it was with difficulty that the six-horse sleigh could be drawn up to the porch. Mr. Ford and Miss Mary H. Grant led the way into the church; Mr. Scott and Miss Flora following, and Mr. Ritchie and Miss Jennie came last. The ushers, John H. Allen, John Woods, Mr. Searles, R. Beggs, Counselor Rowe and Mr. Bennett, owner of the "Woodbine" property, were all from New York, and they, with the bridesmaids, completed the procession. The church was elaborately decorated and the galleries were festooned with branches of evergreen. A floral arch has been erected over the aisle through which the procession passed, and it was surmounted by laurel leaves against a white ground bearing the names of the three bridegrooms. The contracting parties stood in line at the chancel railing. After prayer by the Rev. Mr Van Dusen, Methodist, the Rev. Mr. Pelton, Congregationalist, and a Baptist Professor of Madison University, married Mr. Ford. Mr. Taunt, Episcopalian, assisted Mr. Pelton to marry Mr. Scott, and he was assisted in marrying Mr. Ritchie by Mr. Scoville, Mr. Beecher's son-in-law. There was a reception after the weddings, and then Mr. and Mrs. Scott, with the ushers, took the midnight train for New York, arriving there yesterday morning. Mr. Ford and Mr. Ritchie, with their wives, arrived last evening. Mr. Scott went immediately into a new home on Thirty-first street, which he recently purchased and furnished, and Rev. Ritchie's friends had prepared a new parsonage opposite the church for his reception. Rev. Ford will occupy Rev. Ritchie's pulpit on Sunday.—[New York World.

Selling Off a Harem.

First came the reduction of the harem, when six hundred of the Khedive's slaves were to be married off. He professed himself delighted to get rid of so much useless female lumber, but the modus operandi was curious. The husbands were mainly chosen from the officers of the army and small officials. The plan adopted was simple in the extreme. An officer was informed that at such an hour he must walk up and down beneath the lattice of the Khedive's harem, to be inspected by black eyes of the ladies. When he had done this and was approved of, the ceremony was arranged for the following day, and then, for the first time, his bride was unveiled before him, and he saw whether she to whom he was about to confide his happiness, was old, black and wrinkled, or young and fair and beautiful. How the ladies arranged the choice of husbands among themselves. I have no means of ascertaining; but a curious tariff was established, the nature of which I will endeavor, as delicately as may be, to convey to your readers. If the bride was a virgin who had never been noticed by the Khedive, she was bestowed upon a very inferior officer, such as an ensign or a lieutenant, with a portion of £50. If she was a virgin upon whom the Khedive had cast a favorable glance and who had been transferred to the apartments set apart for those destined to receive his attentions, and had then been, forgotten by his Highness, she had advanced a grade, and was more valuable; she was therefore bestowed upon a captain or employe of corresponding rank, with a portion of £100 and a slave. But if she was of the highest rank of all, and was no longer a virgin, but had received the favors of the Khedive, she was bestowed upon a major or colonel, with £200, two female slaves and a eunuch.

Gen. Lawrence's Divorce.

A divorce was granted to-day in the Supreme court for Newport county to General Gallatin Lawrence from his wife, Eva Lawrence, niece of President Zachary Taylor. The case has been a noted one in high social circles of Washington, Baltimore and Newport. The scandal began by the intimacy of Mrs. Lawrence, who was a noted belle at the capital, with Ameda Vand Den Nest, Secretary to the Belgian Legation at Washington. Before her marriage to General Lawrence the lady was the widow of Captain Kingsbury, son of Major Kingsbury, of Chicago. Captain Kingsbury was shot at Antietam. Last summer, when General Lawrence first learned how far matters had gone between his wife and Van Den Nest, he went to Belgium and fought a duel with the Belgian, but neither was hurt. The plea charged Mrs. Lawrence with adultery and desertion. The evidence did not establish adultery. The plea was granted on the ground of gross misconduct in violation of the marriage contract. Both parties are allowed to marry again. Mrs. Lawrence has been in Europe since she fled from her husband's house in February, 1878. There was practically no defense.—[Newport (R. I.) Special to Chicago Tribune.

THE ASTLEY BELT.

The Next Contest—Rowell Challenged by Ennis—The Articles of Agreement Signed.

The next contest for the Astley belt is to take place in London, commencing on June 16th. Articles of agreement to that effect were signed in New York on Thursday between the present champion, Charles Rowell, and John Ennis, the latter depositing $100 with Mr. George W. Atkinson, Sir John Astley's representative. The match is to be subject to the same conditions as those which governed the recent contest and the belt is to be held by the winner on the same terms and conditions which it is now held. The London Sporting Life is empowered to appoint referees, time keepers and scorers, but all matters of dispute or appeals upon questions not already provided for are to be referred to the trustees of the belt, whose decisions shall in all cases be final. In the event of any other person or persons joining in the match, they must deposite the sum of £100 with the appointed stakeholder within four weeks previous to the day fixed for the commencement of the race; the gate receipts, after all expenses are paid, to be divided as follows:

If only one man complete 450 miles, or more, the whole of the gate receipts, less expenses, to be paid over to him. If two competitors complete 450 miles, or more, the winner to receive two-thirds of the receipts and the second man one-third. If three men complete 450 miles, or more, the winner to receive one-half, the second 25 per cent.; third, 15 per cent.; and the fourth 10 per cent. If five men compete 450 miles or more, the winner to receive one-half, second, 25 per cent.; third, 12 per cent.; fourth 8 per cent.; and fifth 5 per cent. If six men complete 450 miles, winner to receive one-half, second, 20 per cent.; third, 12 per cent., fourth, 8 per cent.; fifth, 6 per cent.; and sixth 4 per cent. Should more than six men complete 450 miles, the winner to receive one-half, and the balance to be distributed among the other competitors in proportion to the number of miles completed, as may be directed by Sir J. W. Astley, Bart., M. P., the giver of the belt.

A Bootblack's Revenge.

"Shine?" "Black 'em?" "Shine?" yelled a little bootblack, named Dennis Hallin, as he sauntered down Center street yesterday morning with a box slung over his shoulder. A well-dressed man, wearing a high hat and white necktie, beckoned the youngster. The boots were quickly blackened and the man who wore the boots threw the bootblack a nickel. Thereupon the bootblack informed him that it was Sunday, and his price was 10 cents instead of 5. The man refused to comply with the demand, and, after a few hot words had been exchanged, the bootblack, who had read all the 10-cent novels, swore that he would get even. The man entered a saloon in the vicinity, and soon forgot all about the difficulty. Not so with Dennis Hallin, the bootblack. He spun around the block like a deer, and in a very few minutes had the "gang," which consisted of seven other bootblacks, ready for an attack. A large ash-box and several barrels stood on the sidewalk in front of the saloon, and behind these the "gang" secreted themselves, armed with mud balls especially prepared for the occasion. They had hardly perfected their arrangements for the attack when the well-dressed gentleman with the high hat, white necktie and shining boots emerged from the saloon. "Now, slug 'em!" yelled Dennis. This order was carried out to the letter. A large mud ball struck directly under the well-dressed gentleman's chin, bespattering his white shirt bosom. He had not time to recover from his shock before his hat sustained serious damage by coming in contact with a flying shoe. A dirty barrel-hoop took effect around his neck, and blacking-brushes and tin cans followed in hot pursuit. The last touch of the "make up" was given by Dennis himself, who threw a mud ball, which, to his great delight, completely closed the well-dressed gentleman's left eye. The man then turned on his assailants, and succeeded in capturing Dennis. A police officer arraigned him in the Tombs Police court. Justice Smith held the youthful transgressor for trial in default of $300 bail on complaint of the well-dressed man, who gave his name as Morris Wolf, of No. 435 Broome street. —[New York Herald.

Wonderful Pedestrian Feats

Lazy as we are wont to consider the Orientals, many of the "matches against time" achieved by them may bear comparison with the best of those now pending among ourselves. An Arab donkey-boy will go at a run all the way from Cairo to the Pyramids and back again, without any visible signs of fatigue. A Sikh dispatch-bearer will scamper through miles of jungle in the dark, with a heavy bag on his shoulders, shaking a bunch of metal rings to scare away the tiger and the hyenas. Four meager Hindoos, who appear barely able to carry a hand-bag, will take a heavy palanquin, containing an officer and all his belongings, over the ground at a smart trot for hours together. Even more marvelous are the achievements of the Persian shatirs (professional couriers), who, trained from their very childhood to feats of strength and activity, daily accomplished distances bordering upon the incredible. Not many years ago one of these men reached Theran fully two hours before his appointed time, having covered an immense track of very difficult country in fourteen hours of almost incessant running; but his chief, so far from praising him, simply remarked: "Could you not have done it in twelve?" and on his return journey the indomitable man actually did so. The occupation is a dangerous one, not only from the extraordinary exertions which it demands, but also from the fact of the runners being so tightly girdled that a fall or even a stumble would be certain death. Persian chroniclers relate that a certain native once promised his daughter to any man who would keep up with his chariot all the way from Teheran to Ispahan. A celebrated shatir undertook the task, and held his own until the gate of Ispahan was full in view, when the Shah, alarmed at the prospect of having to make good his rash promise, let fall his whip. The runner, knowing that it would cost him his life to stoop, contrived to pick it up with his feet. The treacherous monarch then dropped his ring, when the shatir, seeing that his fate was sealed, exclaimed reproachfully: "Oh! King, you have broken your faith, but I am true to mine!" picked up the ring and fell dead on the spot.

Jewish Emilgraon} Scheme.

An emigration movement that may possibly assume proportions of some importance has recently been set on foot by some Jewish residents in this city, and looks to settlement in homes in the far West either of newly-arrived indigent Jewish emigrants or of families that have been impoverished by the hard times. At present, the movement includes only about fifty families, in all more than 160 persons, most of whom are recent arrivals from Hungary and from other European countries, but it is not limited to such, and any person wishing to commence life anew are invited to join the colony. The project is to obtain suitable lands on as favorable terms as possible, and to parcel them out into farms, each emigrant acquiring the title to his property on certain easy conditions. As now composed, the colony embraces farmers, skillful artisans, carpenters, plumbers, and others who have worked at trades, but all of them very poor, and decidedly in need of a helping hand. Mr. Meirowitz, of No. 374 East Houston street, is at present acting as an agent for the colonists, and has put himself in correspondence with Rev. Dr. Wise, of Cincinnati, and leading Jewish rabbis and men of wealth in Western cities, with a view to obtain accurate information and reliable counsel. Correspondence has been opened with prominent men belonging to the United Hebrew Benevolent Society, with a view to place the movement under such tutelage as will command the confidence of the community. Mr. Mierowitz said, yesterday, that it would be premature to enter into detail, as everything depended upon replies to letters which he had just put in the mail. He would say, however, that the movement was not intended especially for the benefit of the poor immigrants with whom it originated, but would be made as large and general as possible. Prominent Hebrews in this city and elsewhere, among them Rev. Dr. Gothiel, have been for a long time discussing and maturing plans for the benefit of the poor of their race in the larger cities of this country, and a convention has been called of prominent Jewish citizens, to meet on July 7, in this city, in order to consider the best method of carrying into execution an extensive scheme of colonization. —[New York Times.

The Hole in the Top of the Pocket.

If a person loses a little change, a door-key or a pen-knife, or some other trifles through the bottom of his pocket he feels more annoyed at his own carelessness in not discovering the hole than his loss. Yet there is many a man who suffers the inconvenience and embarrassment of poverty in consequence of an enormous opening in his pocket, and he goes on from day to day, from month to month, and year to year—from boyhood to age—without ever discovering the source of his misery, or reflecting that the opening might be made smaller. The reason is that the opening is in the top instead of the bottom of the pocket.

This hole in the top of the pocket is always open. The draught through it is something enormous. The attraction of gravitation, it is true, can not operate through it, but the frequent insertion of the owner's hand makes up for the deficiency.

Keeping this opening in the top of the pocket prudently closed, or permitting it to be too much and too often extended in one's youth, makes the difference in after life and in old age, between dependence and independence, between poverty and wealth.

It becomes every young man to keep a sharp lookout for the hole in the top of the pocket. A thousand insidious attacks are made upon his substance through it. A firm resolution and an established system are requisite to regulate his outgoes. Many a man who could command an army has never been able to proportion his own expenses down less than his receipts, but it has very likely shaken his resolution and self-control more severely than all his military exploits.

We hear a great deal about swindlers and thieves and robbers and burglars, but where one man is ruined or injured by these, a thousand are ruined or injured by the too ready or too frequent insertion of their own hands in their own pockets through the opening at the top. We warn the young men that in closing this opening the old adage emphatically applies, "A stitch in time saves nine."—[Baptist Weekly.

EX-GOVERNOR LATHAM, of California, a man of push and intelligence, is at the head of a powerful company organized to light San Francisco with electricity. The most approved apparatus is on hand. It will not, therefore, be long before the electric light will have a fair trial.

Fisk & Hatch appear to have been the only firm who had the forethought to secure a supply of the new United States $10 certificates, and there was to-day a rush at their office to secure samples.

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTER & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, APRIL 9, 1879

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All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE SIGNAL is authorized to announce that W. H. Smith, formerly editor of the Star, will be a candidate for Clerk of the city of Logansport, at the spring election.

Mr. H. J. ROACH authorizes THE SIGNAL to announce his name as an independent Democratic candidate for the office of City Marshal, subject to the will of the people

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

SINGING.
SIGNING.
HURRAH!
SIGN and stick.
WILL you sign.
WEAR the blue.
REVIVE us again.
STILL they come.
HAVE you signed.
WE want workers.
MEETING to-night.
SAVE your brother.
BIG, bigger, biggest.
BEER makes boys bad.
EVERYBODY is signing.
31st—what will be done?
WE still carry the banner.
THE meetings are crowded.
WE want to hear from you.
ARE you a working Murphy.
THE good old times have returned.
MEETING every night until Saturday.

"SILVER TOP" is reviving New Albany.

NEXT issue we want a report from your union.

WORKINGMEN have a right, and ought, to be sober.

IF you cannot vote for temperance men, do not vote.

BRO. D. B. GRAHAM addressed Flora union last Saturday night.

REV. BARNETT, of Winamac, gave a splendid talk Wednesday night.

WE will publish soon a list of the subscribers who have never paid their subscription.

THE Monitor-Journal comes to hand only once or twice a month. What's the matter, Bro. Shiel?

THE editor and others will go to Metea next Saturday night, and if possible aid the work in that vicinity.

SHALL we have bummers for city officials during the next two years? Answer that question, reader, at the polls.

DA-NI-EL COMINGORE was in the city on the 30th. Da-ni-el has many friends here who are always pleased to see him.

FRANK COMINGORE, foreman of the publishing department of the Carroll County Record, has joined the Good Templars.

THE current temperance agitation in London takes the shape of a controversy as to the extent of beer adulteration.

THE temperance work should be rendered progressive and aggressive. If we cannot stop all sin, let us stop the greatest sin.

BRO. HALL, of Indianapolis, who feels "like he wanted to hug something," sometimes, made a rousing talk at the hall, recently.

REV. HUDSON MCKEE will be here next Thursday. Those who want to hear an eloquent speaker should take advantage of this occasion.

THE election of officers occurs on the third Friday evening in April—18th. We would suggest no change in the present efficient corps of officers.

WE are pleased to note that Mrs. I. Himmelberger has almost entirely recovered from her recent severe illness. Her pleasant face has been missed.

THE stalwart, Bro. Joe Ivins, drops down from Peru, Sunday evenings, and takes time on each occasion to make one of his good speeches at the hall.

BRO. WM. MCEWEN, now of Paducah, Kentucky, writes to the editor that he "longs to be with the good Murphys of Logansport again." He feels so lonesome.

PLYMOUTH union elected new officers on the 28th. Marshall county is doing a noble work, and the people are determined to stop the traffic in rum. God speed them.

HUGHES and Ward, the giants, are now at Hoopeston, Ill. They have promised to return to Logansport immediately after the completion of their work at Hoopeston.

WILL. B. HUNTER, ESQ., and the editor will talk to the Murphys at St. John church, Clinton township, one week from next Saturday night. A full attendance is promised.

IT is the desire of THE SIGNAL to give matters of interest to all societies, and hence solicit news from the Temple of Honor, Good Templars, Sons of Temperance and all other societies.

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

A GRAND promenade concert will be given at the hall next Saturday night. Good music has been engaged and the occasion will be one of rare pleasure. Tickets may now be obtained for 10c.

BRO. JOHN STOLL'S name appears on our subscription books numbered one. He remarked Friday night that his family could not do without THE SIGNAL, and so he paid up for another year.

WE had a little hope in the Greenback party, but we see by their recent nomination for city officers that it, too, like the others, caters to the wishes of whiskyism. One half of its ticket is whisky.

WE met at Georgetown a "natural-born orator" So he said. Such orators should not let their abilities lie dormant when there is so much need of their influence. They are a power in the temperance work.

NEWS correspondence will be welcomed any hour not later than Monday before going to press. Other communications should be received at least two or three days previous to that time. Several are laid over this week.

WE want a special agent at once, for THE MURPHY SIGNAL, in each and every town in the United States and Canada. To those who can devote all or part of their time, we make very strong inducements. Write on a postal card for special terms.

"THE Woman's Tribune," an independent journal wholly devoted to the interest of women, is worthy of the encouragement of every women in the State. We urge every lady to see a copy of the paper, knowing they will be delighted with it. It is published at Indianapolis.

CLUBS of subscribers from Paxton, Champaign, Ill., Big Rapids, Mich., Paducah, Ky., Lafayette, Corydon, Anderson, Muncie, Bourbon and other places in this State, made our little heart "swell" with—pleasure, this week. Send them in, friends. We welcome you all.

THE Detroit Free Press gives an account of a man in that city who has been a great drinker for twenty years, and who says that for the past twelve months he has drank not less than a quart of pure alcohol per day. Five years ago he was worth $25,000; the other day he pawned his wife's cloak to get liquor.

LAST Friday night Rev. Hudson McKee delivered one of the finest and most practical addresses we have ever heard. His eloquence and thought holds an audience spellbound, and his logical reasoning convinces. We are proud of such a speaker, and so is Cass county. He will address the union again one week from next Sunday night.

AN election of officers took place at Bethel union Sunday afternoon, at which Bro. John Julian was elected President, and Bro. S. R. Mellinger retired from that position after having served his union long and faithfully. Another regular meeting will be held next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, and at the same hour every two weeks thereafter.

BRO. ROHER wants us to announce that a "roaring" meeting will be held at Spring Creek next Friday night. It is nothing unusual to hear Roher roar and it is likely the whole community is afflicted with the same virtue; so if you want to have a real jolly good time, go, and take your friends and relatives, and their friends and their relatives and any other man, and his—well, do not fail to go.

ONE of the best workers we have ever met is Milo P. Ward. His visit to our union last week created more enthusiasm than anything else has done in many weeks. We can hardly express our appreciation of such workers. Our people universally pronounce him as we have said, and the results of the meetings corroborate it, as sixty-six signed the pledge during the two nights he was here. He was invited to return amidst great cheering. Logansport people will always extend him a warm welcome.

THE early bird warbleth its song; the horny-handed rural tilleth the soil; the handy housewife rubbeth and cleaneth, while the lord of the mansion sighlent-ly devoureth the cold lunch, the rising young man taketh unto himself a better half or moveth westward; all of which indicate that Spring has arriv-ed. Later—The Journal says saloons are selling without license, and should be stopped; and the concert saloon should be put down. The Pharos says "yea, yea, 'tis so, 'tis so; name them and the deed shall be did," and other unerring signs prove, also, that an election is near at hand. 'Twas ever thus?

THE meeting at Georgetown on last Thursday evening resulted in eleven additional signatures to the pledge. The audience was large and intelligent. Dr. Abbott and Mr. Miller made some very excellent remarks. The latter believes in abstinence from tobacco as well as rum. The union has the prospect of a successful future; with such determined persons as Bros. Kinney, Abbott, Coble, and the ladies in the lead it will not fail. Here we met Mrs. Schladerman, and the junior Schladermans, whom our readers will be pleased to know are doing well. Harry has signed the pledge and wears the blue. Good for Harry.

WE give prominence, in this issue, to an article addressed to "certain church members." While we cannot endorse it, we believe the writer has spoken in honest convictions of the heart, though apparently prejudiced. We shall probably refer to the matter at length in the next issue. The article on its face would seemingly argue a purpose of crippling the Murphy union, by withdrawing what little Christian support it now has. It is a notorious fact, and it is a disgrace to our correspondent, to the Christian people, and the chuch, that at least one-half the Murphy meetings are conducted without prayer, for want of a proper person to lead. If the writer would give ONE-FOURTEENTH of his time to the work he would soon learn this. EVERY night in the week church meetings are held.

Our Sentiments.

AN effort is being made by many to introduce politics into our temperance movement. We wish to be placed on record as being opposed to any such undertaking. Our people and our union here are decidedly opposed to it. This cause should not be made the means for political hucksters and rascals to ride into office on. It is charged that many persons are taking active part in the work, in hopes that the movement may be made a political organization, and that their chances may thus be enhanced for a share of the spoils. If it is desired to bring the movement to an ignoble end let it be dragged into politics; if it is desired to see it go on in usefulness, and accomplish much more good, steer it around all political organizations.—Fairland Bulletin.

State Reform Club.

THE reformed men of the State are thinking of organizing a State Reform Club. We cannot see why such a move would not be beneficial. The reformed men need more encouragement than is given them in every-day life. This would not only add to the efficiency of the temperance work, but would give the reformed workers a better understanding of the requirements, and what they need most. Let us organize a State Reform Club.

This Alone Ought to Convince.

THE following truthful comparison is very suggestive:

State.	Population.	Convicts
California.....	560,240	1,462
Maine.....	626,916	300

In the latter State a thorough-going prohibitory law has been enforced since 1853.

Draw your own conclusions.

Better and Better.

BRO. PERSHING, of Plymouth, a big hearted, whole-soled temperance man, who may always be found in the front ranks, writes to the editor:

"I like THE SIGNAL better and better every week. I think temperance business men ought to sustain it by liberally advertising their business."

Murphy a Prohibitionist.

FRANCIS MURPHY has fallen in line. He is said to be in favor of moral suasion and total abstinence for the drunkard and total prohibition for the drunkard-maker.

DRUNK.

THE MODERATE LEGISLATIVE DRUNKARDS AND THEIR "STYLE."

A SCENE FROM THE PROCEEDINGS THAT SHOCKS ALL DECENCY.

THE MEN SENT TO MAKE LAWS MAKE THEMSELVES PERJURERS AND BLACKGUARDS.

THE most disgraceful affair ever known in the State occurred at Indianapolis just previous to the adjournment of the Legislatnre. The scene as authentically described by the Indianapolis Journal is the very embodiment of rowdyism, and a convict in the State's prison should be less subject to censure. The people may not have known that they were giving power to licentious blackguards, but they know it now, and a repetition of the debauch should cause every respectable citizen to hide his face in shame.

The Journal says:

Twenty-five or thirty members of the Legislature forgot their dignity and brought disgrace on themselves and the State, last night, by participating in a shameful orgie in a disreputable variety hall on East Washington street. The statesmen assembled at Crone's beer garden quite early in the evening, and by 9 or 10 o'clock many had succeeded in getting noisily drunk. They climbed on chairs, yelled and howled, and otherwise demeaned themselves in a manner that would have brought a blush of shame to the cheek of a sand-lot hoodlum. A half dozen or so street walkers and gutter prostitutes, who were sitting in the hall, were made the object of special attention on the part of the distinguished bummers, and all sorts of obscene language was bandied back and forth. At one stage of the performance the Love sisters, variety artistes, came to the footlights and begged that the uproar might cease so that they could go through their parts. These appeals were greeted with jeers and bowls, and one drunken member proposed a call of the house. Suiting the action to the word, he mounted a chair and begun calling the roll, his associates responded in drunken accents when their names were reached. The climax of the humiliating scene was reached when one old member followed two street-walkers out upon the street, where he was arrested for drunkenness and associating with a prostitute. He was slated at the Station-house under the name of James Hains. Being without money he was forced to send for a brother member, who came and bailed him out. In the meantime the mob at the garden became noisier than ever, and when Special Policeman Bechtel went among the men to quell the disturbance, he was hustled until he was only too glad to retire without a broken head. It was nearly midnight before the disgraceful mob of law-makers dispersed. The next hour was spent in trying to keep the particulars of the affair from the reporters. It is to be hoped that the General Assembly will have manliness enough to make a horrible example of the parties to this infamous piece of business.

We are sorry the Journal does not give names.

The people have a RIGHT to know who the creatures are.

We guarantee their names will be found in the list of those who voted against local option and Shield's license bill.

Among those who "believe temperance is a good thing," (?) but who vote against it on every occasion.

Will you, sober people, Christian people, longer submit to such outrages, silently?

At the ballot-box repudiate such men of every party.

If political parties will not nominate good men, do not go to the polls,

Clear Grit.

THE Grand Jury of Camden Co. N. J. has ignored the complaint against the Rev. J. B. Graw, editor of the Temperance Gazette, who gave very serious offence, and still more seriously contributed to the political defeat of the liquor interest of this locality. Commenting thereon, Mr. Graw says:

"In this connection we want it distinctly understood that we have never retracted a single word, we have never modified a single expression, we have never yielded an inch, and we never will yield * * * We have drawn the sword and we have thrown away the scabbard; between us and the rum men there is nothing but war, a war that will never end until they give up their criminal traffic."

North Manchester.

THE temperance meetings are becoming more interesting as they progress, although commencing under unfavorable circumstances. The meeting at Heeter's Hall last Sabbath afternoon was largely attended, as also the Sabbath evening meeting at the M. E. church, where some short speeches were made by quite a number of persons. A goodly number of persons have taken the pledge and donned the ribbon some of whom for the first time. All classes are becoming interested in this grand work, and seem disposed to aid in the furtherance of the cause. The announcement was partially withdrawn on Saturday evening in view of the benefit entertainment for the band. Fifty-four new names have been added thus far. Mr. Sewell is a live worker.

MURPHY SIGNALS.

Shots from the Shoulders—An Item or Two that Cannot Be Denied.

BLOATED faces may be an indication of generosity, but there are other ways of proving this virtue which are far more preferable.

WE often hear that drinking men are generous and kind, but when a man spends his last dime to gratify his own selfish appetite, a dime his starving family should have for bread, we at once question his generosity, but not his selfishness.

The man may be kind who beats his family while drunken, but we prefer to call it brutality.

Drinking men may be generous and kind when sober, but a semi-monthly drunk does not prove it.

The young man who prefers to debauch, contrary to the wish of his parents and interested friends, may properly be call selfish.

If we teach only by condemnation, it is more than likely we'll be condemned.

Precept is good, but practice is better.

A Christian can successfully worship God in plain clothes.

The heart, not proud, which truly desireth to be made better, is always bettered by the desire.

Do not mistake recklessness for generosity. Drinking men are oft times generous with their money, but more generally RECKLESS.

Most drinking men are good men, but their habit never improves their disposition.

IF DRUNKENNESS IS BEASTLY, AND MODERATION IS HUMAN, THEN TOTAL ABSTINENCE IS DIVINE!!!!

Those who sow wild oats generally reap a large crop of the same cereal.

Charity forgiveth all things which ARE, but it does not permit a repetition of what WAS.

There may be such things as respectable saloons, but respectable families are seldom seen there.

Beer is sometimes drank at saloons for "sociability's" sake; but oftener to gratify an unnatural appetite.

Beer is sometimes drank at home for the "health," but more frequently because it is not known that beer lights the flame that burns to the lowest hell, that it starts the son in the world a HOME-MADE DRUNKARD.

Vote as You Pray.

THE city elections are at hand.

It is important to the temperance cause, to the city's welfare and to the people that honorable, upright men be placed in office.

We do not want a grand demonstration.

Nor loud talking.

Nor unnecessary wind-work.

But we urge every temperance man.

Of every political complexion.

In every city, town and village in the State.

To attend the PRIMARY meetings.

And if possible send men of SOBER principles to your general convention.

Instruct them to nominate temperance men for office.

If your party does not do this, vote AGAINST it.

If neither party does this, STAY AWAY FROM THE POLLS.

Accept no compromise.

You have the power and we want you to show it.

We have borne the burden of intemperance long enough to know its moment.

We have been the slaves of party long enough.

Let us be FREE men.

They will propose to you that "of two evils choose the least."

CHOOSE NEITHER!!!!

Either evil means injury to you.

They have made this same proposition hundreds of times!!

How much has it benefitted you!!

Then we urge you, as a true citizen, you if cannot have a sober candidate to vote for, do not vote.

Question of Time.

A PERU saloon-keeper announces that he is "determined to reach the bottom in the saloon business." What can he mean? Is it the bottom of the gutter or his pocket book he has reference to? If it is the former he needs no resolution to that effect, for if he continues in that degraded business he will naturally locate there finally; and if he means the latter it is only a question of time when he or his posterity will come to that unenviable predicament.—North Manchester Journal.

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

GOOD FOR VALPARAISO.

To the Editor:

WE claim, and it is admitted, that we have the banner "Temple of Honor" in the State.

Truly yours,
D. P. POMEROY.

Valparaiso, April 5th, 1879.

GALVESTON, IND.

To the Editor:

THE good work still goes on. Last Sabbath day "The Galveston Union" enrolled twelve more members. We hardly know how strong we are growing. We number over three hundred. Everybody belongs. The ladies are at work, now, which accounts for recent successes. Accept thanks for your enterprising paper. We must have a large club soon.

Yours truly,
S. F. LANDREY.

Galveston, April 2d, 1879.

FLORA, IND.

To the Editor:

OUR meetings still continue with an increase of members at each meeting. Our people were humbugged by a man calling himself a temperance orator, named West, but happily for us he did not speak much and left us. We had with us on last Saturday night Bro. D. B. Graham, of Logansport, and Rev. Mr. Anderson. Bro. Graham held the audience spell bound for one hour and a half. Mr. Anderson made a short address, and we added seven new names to our roll. Bro. Graham speaks for us again on the 19th.

We are the only good working order of Murphys in the county, and we are determined that ours shall be a lasting one. JIM.

VALPARAISO, IND.

To the Editor:

MY first letter to THE SIGNAL, published in the first number of last month, did not contain any news. I simply gave the result of my observations of the temperance work and its successes. This result is a confident belief on my part that temperance will come out victorious. In this letter, however, I wish to give some news items.

William Bowman and Vi. Smith, are among the leading temperance workers of our county. Both are reformed men, and, as they are very zealous in the work, and never fail to handle the subject of intemperance without gloves, they generally do good work wherever they go.

These two soldiers lately organized a company out at Jackson Centre, seven miles north-west of Valparaiso. The recruits at that point now number 85, and they have bright prospects. Their vigorous work promises an abundant yield.

One of the leading temperance clubs is at Flint Lake. Everybody and his mother in-law have gone to work with self-sacrificing zeal. The young people there deserve especial credit for their untiring interest in the cause.

On the 11th inst. there is to be a grand temperance celebration at Hobart. It is the first anniversary of the organization of the Hobart Club. I will tell you in my next, something of what they do. BAMROOLA.

April 1, 1879.

NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

To the Editor:

IN your last issue you spoke of the murder advocate as being too dishonest and contemptible to tell the truth, which calls my attention to a temperance convention held in Corydon three years ago, when the mother you referred too rose in the convention, with streaming eyes, and requested the prayers of all present for her boy, that his appetite for strong drink might be removed. She stated that she had repeatedly requested the keeper of the pitfall to not let her boy have whisky, and had done everything possible, almost, without avail. The boy would become frenzied from rum, unconscious of the mischief he was doing, the wreck he was making of his own life, or the sorrow he was bringing upon a dear mother. Her boy, whom she expected to be the staff of her old age—now ruined, soul and body; her heart broken, future prospects blighted, everything before her a dark, dreary, hopeless waste; her only chance left, the destruction of the pitfall where her son sacrificed his all.

A similar occurrence happened in Portland, Maine, which was the beginning of the agitation that has resulted in the entire prohibition of murder mills throughout that entire State.

A terrible howl is raised because a mother tries to save her boy from a drunkard's grave, and if every time a son or father is ruined by the murder mills was to cause such a howling, the three hundred thousand keepers of toll gates to hell would never hear it thunder. The only thing they would ever hear would be, "Depart from me into everlasting fire. I know ye not."

JOS. CADWALADER.

New Albany, March 27th.

A Bud I Saw—A Rose I View.

To the Editor:

THE bud was our little pamphlet, our first MURPHY SIGNAL. It was a trial sheet, and many laughed at the idea of a temperance paper succeeding here in Logansport; but it has succeeded; it has been crowned with success, and has expanded more and more until now we have it in its perfect form, a full blown rose! Last issue was a credit to Indiana. It has walked right up and taken its stand at the head of the State's literature; and it is not copied from other papers, but is original. Nearly the entire paper is contributed by its editor and correspondents. No other temperance paper, in this State, can compare with it. It is now one of the very best papers in Indiana. It is second to none, and we feel proud of it. It has sent bright rays through many homes, and has scattered "roses of love" and charity over many paths, that once were overwhelmed with waves of bitterness, causing them that trod therein, to sink down into the deptes of despair; and by steadily drawing from the liquor seller's population by its beneficient influences, it has protected the lives and good order of society; and in an earnest voice it carries its whole soul in its tone; and will give power to the majority of its readers that will be felt in the near-by future at the election polls, for it has won the attention of the cultured men and women, and they are surprised that in the past years they have paid so little attention to the liquor trade, that has made such bitter trouble and horrible despair. For desolute darkness was on the face of the earth, but the expanding bud has brightened many human destinies, and many hearts are going up with a great bound of joyous thankfulness that once were an abode for agony and shame. And as the past year has been one of great benefit to temperance principles, we can but say, God bless all papers that uphold and assist, in this great work. It has been very pleasant to hear and read, how far we have distanced all previous epochs of the temperance work. THE SIGNAL has stood with us when we were in the darkest places, and under its influences Murphyism has grown steadily, here and elsewhere, and we have worked and prayed for it, and with great care, a bud has grown; it was not forced; but gradually it unfolded its petals, and now we view with pride a full grown rose. L. L.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

To the Editor:

THE cause of my delay has been inadvertance. Hereafter I will try not to be so negligent.

The temperance people here are not unmindful of the fact that they have a great duty to perform. They are employing all honorable means to encourage the keeping of the pledge, and are making every possible effort to secure signatures.

Some weeks since, a member of the blue ribbon club held that alcohol was not a poison, but a food, and cited several authorities to sustain his assertion. Another member replied that it was a poison—a deadly poison—and referred to a number of authorities confirming his argument. He proved his point conclusively. The formers's argument would have a tendency to induce those habituated to the use of alcohol to use it again as a food, and your correspondent is loth to have such an outrageously false doctrine promulgated. Every reliable authority pronounce it a poison, far more to be dreaded in its effects than arsenic. Its true character should not be disguised.

Recently, the subjects of local option and prohibition were before the club for discussion. Some members took the side of local option, because it was prospectively successful to prohibition, and because it was the best law that could be had at this time. Prohibition could not be obtained because public sentiment did not call for it, and local option would be preferable as the next best thing. Radical prohibitionists wanted nothing but prohibition. They did not care whether the people were educated to receive it or not, they would be satisfied only with absolute prohibition. There the matter rests. How can temperance people expect to accomplish anything with so little unanimity of action—so many differences? Certainly the temperance sentiment ought to be such that any law could be secured, but this sentiment will never be made as long as disagreements are so prominent in the clubs. Let us take either law if we can get them. A license law is evidently a barrier to our work. The writer would greatly prefer a free whisky law to license. A license law is the ruin of a State or nation.

A disposition has been growing to turn the blue ribbon club into a political meeting. The party leaders and those who expect to be candidates on the various tickets seem to have taken hold of it, and are running it by machinery. Your correspondent deprecates any such proceedings. The question has been up at different times as to the advisability of organizing a distinct party. Prospective candidates on party tickets are opposed to such a movement; others, who are not anxious to sacrifice themselves on the altar of party, favor the proposition, for reasons not less creditable. These discussions should not be countenanced, as their tendency is to destroy the harmony of clubs and of members, and the good attained.

BLUE RIBBON.

April 2d, 1879.

WHERE ARE YOUR CHILDREN EDUCATED.

To the Editor:

THIS is a question which, we fear, many parents are not sufficiently concerned about.

We often thought that if parents in Logansport could follow their children and take note of all the objects that attract their attention, and all the language that enters their ears, and all the various influences that are brought to bear upon their minds—if parents could accurately learn these things, they would soon come to the conclusion that the school to which they send their children performs but a small part of the task of educating them.

Some citizens' children are taking lessons every day at the rum grocery, to which they are sent to purchase articles for consumption for the family. There they see the mysteries of the bar in the dark corner, and witness the drinking, and hear the coarse and vulgar jest and witticism, and the profane swearing and blasphemy There, also, ther are sometimes taught by the barkeeper to take a little sweetened liquor, as a reward for their custom, or to induce them to continue their visits; and then they are taught to conceal from their parents the fact that they were tempted to drink. And thus, in a little while, the child is taught to love the poisonous liquids, and to crave a regular supply. Here, too, he learns to smoke, chew, swear, etc., and all this while the unsuspecting parents imagine their child is merely performing a useful service for the family in purchasing groceries, etc.

I have known professed temperance men to send their children to these groceries to purchase tobacco; and in this manner they are taught that it is an article of luxury, as much so as the real substantials of life. It is not known how largely parents contribute to form the manners, habits and principles of their children by example. We know that our children gather with groups of bad, profane boys in the streets, who contribute to form the manners and habits of children on their way to school, so that the child of Christian parents, who went forth in the morning comparatively innocent, returns at evening with a tainted mind, with vicious ideas, which may take root and grow into fruitful luxuriance, while the parent has no suspicion of his initiation into evil.

It is saddening to think of the evil influences which beset our children on all sides, and which wield a power over the minds and affections, when no watchful eye of parent or guardian sees the danger. It is evident that unless a a powerful influence at home is busy in instilling sound views and feelings, and investing the children with the whole panoply of virtue, truth and goodness, the outside educators will carry the conquest, and effectually corrupt and debase them. How can we as parents, guardians, temperance men, while environed in smoke, lecture children in the higher forms of civilization, when they, like angels, stand aghast at the figure we make.

Father, mother, pause a moment and consider the question with which we began this article, "Who is educating your children. It should be of great moment to you. Are you attending to it? If so, how? Have you such an uncontrolable appetite for alcoholic drinks or are you immured day and night in tobacco smoke, so that you cannot quit, and set and example of sobriety before them? Or, have you drank and smoked so long that your appetite has become fixed? If so, you cannot, as parents and guardians, employ any direct systematic effort in training your children in the virtuous principles and habits of sobriety, and they must be left to take care of themselves; and you may be assured that the street education which your offspring are to receive will develop fruits which you will hereafter contemplate with deep sorrow and shame. RENALDO.

ARGOS, IND.

To the Editor.

WE still hold temperance meetings at Jordan. It is reviving here now and I hope it will hold out. I want to use all the ways that is known to man to put down this terrible drink traffic. We should let our actions speak as well as our words, for actions speak the loudest of the two. I wish all temperance men would stand in one grand party, so firmly united that the drunken party could not bring back the old political strife. Then we could say to all sellers of whisky and all its followers that we mean to rule in the halls of Congress and in our State halls; we would show them that we had been mocked long enough; we would fill our offices with temperate men who will put law in force. We don't expect to be insulted always by this class. Go with me, if you please, to some of our county offices, what is the first thing you get the scent of; why it is whisky. When I was in your city I found some in office too drunk to do business, or they had the softening of the brain: but as I am no physician I could hardly tell which; but I could tell they were not sober. C. M.

Argos, April 5th, 1879.

CLUB US.

Iub Us Hard—Club Us All Over—Club Us Everybody.

THE SIGNAL will be furnished at the following rates, to societies and individuals getting up clubs:

One copy, one year	$ 1 00
Five copies, one year	4 25
Ten copies, one year (with extra copy)	7 00
Fifteen copies, " " "	10 50
Twenty-five copies, " " "	15 00
Fifty copies, one year, " " "	25 00

Every union in the state should take advantage of the above offer.

It will pay you to circulate temperance literature among your people.

The cash must accompany each list.

Address all communications to the editor, box 411.

Responsible agents wanted in every county in the union.

Drug Store Rum Selling.

IT is currently reported by those who have every facility for knowing that not a few of our druggists are doing a regular saloon business in selling liquors. Gentlemen, have you fallen so low that for a few dollars you will become a bar tender and deal out to men that which you know will ruin them? We had supposed that you have too much self respect to do anything of the kind. If you are selling liquors to be used as a beverage you are not a whit better than the saloon-keepers with whom doubtless you would not associate as social equals. Have you secured a license as the law requires? If not we advise you not to add law breaking to the other crime. How would you feel if you were arrested and proved a law breaker? It may be done; it will be done if you persist in your transgression.

A Good Move.

A PROPOSITION that may startle some folks has been made in the board of alderman, of Springfield, Mass. It is to pass an ordinance forbidding screens, blinds, curtains, or any other obstructions to a full view of the interior of bar rooms from the outside. The idea is to make the hiding of violations of the Excise law impossible. The liquor dealers view the proposed measure with alarm, not so much because it might compel their obedience to the law, but they have a reasonable fear that comparatively few men would drink so publicly.—[The Conflict.

State Prohibition Convention.

All friends of political action in the cause of prohibition, are requested to meet at Temperance Headquarters, Indianapolis, at 10 a. m., Wednesday, May 21, 1879, for the purpose of nominating a State ticket pledged to prohibition, to be voted on in 1880.

By order of the State Central Committee of the Prohibition League.

T. A. GOODWIN,
Secretary.

We are told upon the best medical authority that O'Leary lost in the great International Walking match because he took too many drinks. This is only another of thousands of cases where failure has been caused by whisky. Men in every profession have lost many important cases because they yielded to appetite for strong drink. Rum does not help men in the great storms of life.

A pleasant social party was held last evening at the residence of Mr. G. P. Washburne.

T. B. LOUIS'

Music

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You will find at the

Cor. Broadway & Pearl St.

A well-selected stock of

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It must be hired for not less than six months, but it may be returned at any time after that. If retained until the price of the Organ is paid, it will become that person's property without further payment.

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WEBER PIANOS.

N. B.—Lessons given at reasonable rates. 5.3m.10

A BROKEN STRING.

Sing, and to you! No—no—with one note jarred
The harmony of life's long chord is broken,
Your words were light and light lips were spoken,
And yet the music that you loved is married.

One string, my friend, is dumb beneath your hand,
Strike and it throbs and vibrates at your will,
Flatters upon the verge of sound, and still
Falls back as sea-waves shattered on the strand.

Touch it no more, for you shall not regain
The sweet, last tone. Take what is left, or let
Life's music sleep to death. Let us forget
The perfect melody we seek in vain.

And yet perchance, some days before we die,
As half in dreams we hear the night wind sweep
Around our windows, when we fain would sleep,
Laden with one long, sobbing, moaning cry

One faint, far tone, will waken, and will rise
Above the great wave voice of mortal pain;
Hand will touch hand and lips touch lips again,
As in the darkness it recedes and dies;

Or lingering in the summer evening glow,
Then, when the passion of the crimson west,
Burning like some great heart that can not rest
Stains as with blood the waters as they flow.

Some old forgotten tones may rise and wake
Our dying youth and set our hearts aflame
With their old sweetness—to our lips the name
Of love steal softly for the old love's sake.

—[Cornhill Magazine

THE OBSTRUCTED TRACK.

On a crisp night in October the wind rustled the leaves in the woods that surrounded Viola Vathek's house.

Above the fair girl who looked out of a small dormitory window shone countless stars; she might have seen Boots and Orion had she looked up, but that night the worlds of heaven had no attraction for her.

She was listening to a strange sound borne from the west by the nocturnal breeze that chilled her cheek. I might have said with propriety, a succession of sounds, for it seemed as if a number of persons were cording wood or moving heavy timber not far away. Save this noise the night was quiet, and she heard without interruption from the window of her boudoir.

"I believe it is in 'Gwynne's Cut,'" she said at last to herself. "Perhaps some villain is obstructing the track for devilish purposes. The Red Bird will soon be due, and this is Ed's trip down."

Her face grew a trifle paler as she spoke, and a moment later she stood before the ancient wall-sweeper in one of the rooms.

The moonbeams stealing in at the window fell on the face of the dial and told Viola that it was 12 o'clock.

"Twelve," she murmured. "What! 12 o'clock, and he whistles to me at half-past! My heavens! what if the track is obstructed in the cut!"

With the last word on her lips, she turned and soon left the house.

At the gate she paused a moment and listened. The sounds were still to be heard, and she believed that they emanated from a spot in the cut near the cattle-guard. Then she started forward again and crossed the meadows that lay between her home and her destination.

The stars looked down upon a little object that glittered like silver in Viola's hand. It was a revolver, and her fingers held it firmly. Once or twice she glanced at it as if to satisfy herself that it was there. Then she looked up again with an air of determination.

She was the belle of the country she inhabited. Her father was dead, and with her widowed mother and a little brother of 12, she dwelt in the humble house won by the sweat of her father's brow.

A railway station called Beamont was the only settlement near, and it was six miles from her home. She seldom went thither, for there was no society there, and she could enjoy herself better at home.

The track of iron was the making of Beamont, for the road was new, and towns were springing up all around the line. Viola could see the cars from her window, and often had she sat there until the flaming headlight of the midnight express had appeared and disappeared. An opening in the woods enabled her to see the headlight for a moment, and then the lighted windows of the cars.

Did the engineer know that she was watching—that his engine gave two shrill shrieks as it reached the opening—two shrieks that seemed to say, "Viola! Viola!" She always smiled when she heared the sounds, and with a smile lingering on her face, or a flush, she would listen to the rumbling of the train as it died away beyond the uncommercial Beamont.

The brace of shrieks, loud and shrill, told her who drove that engine toward the great city on the Mississippi's banks. They recalled the day, one year since, when the first engine she had ever seen stopped at Beamont, scarcely a station then.

The engineer was young and handsome; as he saw her examining the great driving wheels, and looking with wonderment upon the mighty beauties of his iron pet, he leaped to the ground.

"A pretty piece of machinery," said he to her, "and she goes like a bird."

She blushed when she caught his eye, and the sound of his voice thrilled her.

Overcoming her timidity, he helped her into his cosy apartment on the engine, and explained to her the wonderful mechanism of this beautiful monster. Then he said good-bye, and she saw the train move off, and his hat waving from the engine was the last thing she saw as the train darted around the curve.

A week later she found herself at the station talking to him again. Their meeting seemed purely accidental, and no doubt it was such; but I am sure the meetings that followed it were not.

By and by Ed Gordon, the engineer, carried a picture over his heart, and on Viola's bureau lay the photographic semblence of his face.

Thus the acquaintance at the station, during the Red Bird's trial over the new road, had ripened into love, and two midnight shrieks told her he was safe and driving his engine towards the river metropolis.

She sat at her window ofttimes, with the lamp on the sill, and often fancied she could see him leaning from his engine, with his eyes fixed, to catch a glympse of her, but the train would be swollowed up in the woods again.

This life was excitement and joy to Viola; but it was passing away. The time was coming when Ed Gordon would leave the road and accept the superintendency of the company's car shops.

But let me return to the October night when Viola left her home to investigate the sounds that seemed to come from Gwynne's Cut.

She felt that obstructions were being placed on the track in the dismal place.

Of late the company had incurred the hatred of several persons residing in the vicinity of the station, and once or twice the track had been tampered with, but fortunately, to no serious extent.

The night express generally went through the cut with undiminished speed, for no obstruction had been encountered taere, though the cattle-guard in the center would assist the evil disposed.

Viola at last reached the cut, into which the mellow moonbeams fell, and paused. Something high and dark obstructed the track before her, and the very spot where the cattle-guard seemed to be, and she held her breath. It was twelve o'clock when she left the house, and her walk had occupied a number of precious minutes. The shrieks of the Red Bird would soon be heard, and a moment thereafter its headlight would flash into the cut or gorge. She saw more than a pile of strong ties on the track. She saw the dark figure of a man moving about the pyramids, as if contemplating his night's work and speculating upon the death and ruin it would cause. She watched until she believed that one man had accomplished the diabolical deed, then she crept forward through the shadow of the bushes that lined the sides of the cut, until she stood within ten feet of him.

"I'll go back to the station, now," she heard him say to himself. "I can get there before the accident, and when it occurs, why I can run up there and see him under the ruins of his engine, so crushed that the doll-faced girl of his will not recognize him."

A cruel laugh rippled over his lips as he stepped back from the heap of ties, several of which he had forced into the guard, where they were wedged like posts of iron. He enjoyed his own words, and viewed the work of his mad hands.

"I'll crush the Red Bird," he said, turning away, "and put him out of my path forever!"

The last words, *full* of devil's triumph, still quivered on his lips, where Viola stepped from the shadows and thrust the muzzle of her revolver into his face.

He started back with a cry of horror and uttered her name.

"This is your revenge, Morgan Duke," she said, looking sternly into his eyes. "Now, obey my commands, or there will be a lifeless body on this track, to be mingled among the ruins of the night express. To work at once; off with your coat, and remove every obstruction your wicked hands have placed here."

"The train can't be saved now," he said, and there was joy in his tones. "It took me one long hour to obstruct the guard. In twenty minutes or less, perhaps, you'll see the Red Bird's headlight up the cut."

"Villian!" she cried, "if this track is not clear when I see her headlight I'll drive a bullet through your brain. You know what to do. I'll talk no longer."

Covered by her revolver as he was, Morgan Duke, the station-master, doffhis coat and went to work,

Viola never took her eyes from him, and the silvery moon that rested over the cut showed his every movement. He was on the pile of ties, hurling them one by one, with the strength of a modern Sampson, upon the not overwide grade. He worked for dear life, for he knew when the thundering train was due, and a glance at the girl on the track told him that she would surely kill him if he did not do her bidding.

Once she said to him, as he paused for breath before attacking the ties which he had driven in the cattle-guard:

"I never thought this of you, Morgan Duke. When I rejected you I thought you would bear it like a man."

He replied not, but glanced at his watch.

"Half-past 12," he said.

"To work?" was the stern command, and Viola stepped forward and brought the revolver nearer his head.

"I can't get them out," he said.

"You must," was the reply.

"I drove them in with a sledge."

"I did not hear the sound."

"It was deadened with my coat"

The girl's face grew paler than ever, and she glanced fearfully up the cut.

"Take them out!" she said suddenly; "the train is coming. I hear it."

The villainous station master heard the rumbling and again turned to the ties.

"You have your choice," Viola said to him. "A bullet or an unobstructed track."

She watched him as a woman never watched man before. She knew that he was doing all that could be done to undo his wicked work, and while she watched, her heart grew still beneath the rumbling of the express.

"He'll soon call me," she said to herself. "There! there!"

The familiar shriek cleft the cool October air, but they brought no joy to her heart. She was not at the old window beside the light he loved to hail from his engine. Perhaps she would be the first to kiss his cold brow beneath the stars at Gwynne's Cut. She almost shouted for joy when she saw the first tie drawn from the guard by the desperate man.

"Quick! the sledge! break the guard!" she cried.

"God, I never thought of that," he said, and the next moment he was shattering the long guard with the heavy sledge.

At that the tie was broken, and he thrust the other ties down into the long opening he had made.

At that moment the train, rounding the curve, dashed into the cut, and the flashing headlight, not twenty feet away, almost blinded the eyes of the twain.

Morgan Duke stepped from the track and threw himself upon the heap of ties, utterly exhausted. He saw triumph in the girl's eyes, and watched her as the train came on.

Oh! for strength to hurl her upon the track and beneath the wheels of the thundering train. Her revolver had ceased to cover him, but he could not have lifted even a child.

The train dashed by. Viola saw her lover's face for a moment, and an exclamation of thankfulness welled aom her heart. He was safe, and the precious lives that he carried westward had escaped Morgan Duke's machinations.

You're a worker, Morgan Duke," she said to him, smiling. "We will part here."

He looked at her a moment in silence.

"Are you going to tell?" he asked.

"Such men as you are dangerous," she replied.

"Then you are going to expose me?"

"I am."

He did not reply.

They parted forever there. Morgan Duke was never caught by the officers of the law, but justice afterwards overtook him. The iron wheels of a railway train caught him on the track.

The company presented Viola with a beautiful house, when her husband took charge of the car shops. I know she will never regret her night in Gwynne's Cut with her rejected lover.

How Snake Poison Operates

M. de Quatrefages presented to the French Academy of Sciences at its last sitting a note from M. Lacerda relative to some researches he has been making at Rio de Janeiro into the action of the venom of the rattlesnake. Hitherto the general belief has been that the poisonous matter secreted by certain species of reptiles was nothing more than poisonous saliva acting in the manner of soluble ferments. His investigations, however, show that the matter in question contains what is called figured ferments, the analogy of which with bacterides is very remarkable. From a young and vigorous crotalus subjected to the action of chloroform he obtained a drop of the venom on a chemically clean piece of glass and at once placed it under a microscope. Almost immediately he observed the formation of filamentous pulp in an aborescent disposition. Gradually the thickened filament after having pushed out spores dissolved and disappeared and the liberated spores swelled and enlarged visibly, each of them sending out a minute tube which lengthened rapidly. After a very short period the latter separated from the first spore and constituted another nucleous for engendering the deadly contamination. In the examination of the blood of animals killed by the bite of one of those snakes, M. Lacerda noticed that the red globules of the blood commenced by presenting some brilliant points on the surface which spread with great rapidity, and ultimately the globules melted one into the other, forming a sort of amorphous paste, which could no longer circulate in the veins. Other animals in which that blood was injected, immediately after the death of the first, expired in a few hours, presenting all the symptoms of having themselves been bitten, and their blood always showed the same alteration. M. Lacerda concludes by stating that numerous experiments have shown that the true antidote for serpent poisoning is in the injection under the skin of alcohol or its administration by the mouth.

American Agriculture.

The possibilities of American agriculture can best be appreciated by reviewing the facts that the area of arable lands in the United States exceeds 1,500,000,000 square miles, while the area at present under cultivation is estimated to be 174,900,000 acres, or less than 275,000 square miles. It is probable that the next census will show a valuation of farms exceeding $11,000,000,000, and an annual production of $3,000,000,000. The fact that more than one-half of all our people who are engaged in the ordinary pursuits of life are directly employed in agriculture, is at once sufficient evidence of it universality and importance.

In the year 1878 there were 51,008,000 acres in Indian corn, producing 1,371,000,000 bushels; 32,208,000 in wheat, with a yield of 422,000,000 bushels; 13,176,000 in oats, giving 411,855,000 bushels; 1,790,000 in barley, showing a crop of 42,000,000 bushels; 1,621,000 in rye, with 25,800,000 bushels, and 673,000 acres in buckwheat, yielding a product of 12,277,000 bushels. Thus the total cereal productions for 1877 was 2,284,902,000 bushels, raised on 100,476,000 acres, while in 1874 the total crops were but 1,454,480,200 bushels; in 1873,1,962,821,600, and in 1877, 2,178,934,646 bushels. The future increase in the farm productions of this country will result largely from improved systems of cultivation, as well as from extended areas under the plow. A system of agriculture presents but little to be proud of which averages to the acre over the whole country a yield of but twelve bushels of wheat, less than twenty-seven bushels of corn, and only twenty-eight bushels of oats. Compared with what modern agriculture is capable of in this direction, it is not too much to affirm that our farm crops, even on their present area, may be doubled in quantity.

JIM SHANKS.

At First He Didn't Seem to Amount to Much, But He Came Out Very Strong at Last.

The boys used to say that you couldn't understand a man until you had tented with him at the front, and there was considerable weight to the saying. A comrade might be known as a jolly, good-natured fellow at home, but his whole nature would change in a week when you had him where the real manhood and worth of the man came to the surface, or where a miserably mean spirit took the place of it, and disgusted you with him. A comrade who shared his last cracker, performed his full share of camp and field work, stood by you in sickness and divided clothing with you in health—such a man was more to you than all the brothers at home, and if he lived to come out of the war has not been forgotten. The army is the place where a man can be meaner than dirt and uglier than a wolf, and yet retain his place in the ranks, or he can be a white man all through and receive no reward except the gratitude of his tent mate.

Now, I never saw a meaner private soldier or a more sulky and morose tent mate than luck gave me in the winter of 1864-5. He came down in the fall to us as a recruit, having enlisted for the big bounty, and at the time the old vets who had faced shot and shell for several years had an edgewise feeling against these "fresh fish," who had pocketed $500 or $600, and came down to spend the winter in a warm hut. Some of the recruits realized this, and by their good-nature and pleasant ways soon banished the feeling so far as they were concerned. Others were nettled and indignant, and were not inclined that the old vets should get relieved of one single camp duty because of the arrival of new men.

Fate or luck sent me "Jim Shanks" for a tent mate. He was Jim some one else, but the nickname was very appropriate. He was dogged and sullen from the first, and we hadn't known each other more than two hours before we had a quarrel. Next day we fought again, and after that we did not exchange a word for four weeks. When I found how mean he was, and that kind words, kind wishes, and friendly interest would not touch him, I left him alone as far as I could, and contented myself with knowing that every other member of Company E hated him as much as I did.

One night a band of twenty-five men moved out of our camp for a scout across the London Valley, then held by Mosby, and luck placed Jim Shanks alongside of me. He was selected by accident, it being the intention to take a better man, but he was there just the same, silent, sullen, and ready to elbow or bayonet any one who accidently brushed him. That night, as we filed along the muddy highway, speaking only in whispers, I saw Jim in front of me, and I whispered to myself:

"Jim Shanks, if you don't get killed down here, you'll be hung for murder before you are out of the army a year!"

Just in the gray of the morning, and when within a mile of Union Town, Jim Shanks and I were sent forward to reconnoitre. I would sooner have went alone, and ten times sooner had the company of any one else, but luck decided it. We said not a word. I watched Jim, and saw that he was as cool as an old soldier. He knew as well as I did that we were advancing on Mosby's headquarters, but he stepped out boldly and with no change in his demeanor. When we had hardly reached the church, standing on the hill above the town and facing the road leading away to Leesburg, I halted, knowing that a picket must be near. I had not exchanged a word with Jim for days, but now I whispered to him that we must proceed with caution.

"If you are tired, sit down in the mud," he growled, striding along, and after a minute I followed him, both of us walking on the side of the highway. I knew he would strike the picket, but it was either follow Jim or turn back. Suddenly, and without a word, five or six men rode up in our path. I had barely discerned them, when one seized my carbine, and another tripped me down, while a third growled out:

"If you make any fuss you will get a bullet mighty quick."

I didn't propose to make any fuss, but Jim Shanks did. The two men who grabbed at him were brushed off like flies, and, whirling his carbine around his head, he cleared a path for himself and was lost in the darkness. More than a dozen shots were fired after him, and being intercepted in his retreat down the road he made for the church on the hill. Before he reached it there were a score of enemies about him, and the reports of the carbines sounded more like a brisk skirmish than a conflict with a single soldier, and a raw recruit at that. I think he meant to get into the church, though he could not have told whether it was a church or other building in the darkness. Failing to get in, he found a retreat under the front steps, and in the darkness the Confederates believed that he had escaped altogether. They, however, threw a line of videttes across roads and fields, and it would not have been possible for Jim Shanks to regain the road by which he had come.

Had the rest of the command moved up on hearing the row, there might have been a show to release both of us, but they did not come. By the time the soldiers had given up the search for Jim our comrades were on the back track for the Potomac. I was retained at the picket post because Mosby's Lieutenant was there, and he hoped to bribe or frighten me into furnishing him information of value. I was, therefore, in a position to see the result of Jim Shanks' work, single handed and alone. When he broke away he disabled one man by a blow from his carbine. In his flight he killed one and wounded two others. Wounded and dead were brought to the picke post, and I saw them. Mosby's men were terribly incensed, and but for the fear of an attack by our force, whose strength they did not know, I believe they would have hung me up in their first rage.

It was the guerrilla chieftain's last dash into the beautiful valley. He was gathering forage and hurrying it back to Lee's lines, and many farmers were robbed of their last horse and their last ear of corn. In three days more they would have been out of the valley entirely. At the first signs of daylight, and when the old church on the hill was hardly visible through the gray of the morning, came a bullet which bored a soldier through and through and dropped him dead in his tracks. It was from the carbine of Jim Shanks. Hiding under the steps, he had only waited for daylight to open the fight anew—not waiting to be hunted out and captured. All was excitement in an instant, and as soon as Jim's location was betrayed th guerrillas scattered and formed a skirmish line. The fire of this line was concentrated on the steps, and was as rapid as if opposed to a line of battle. The firing had just begun when one of the skirmishes fell away from a stump with a bullet in his head. In three minutes another was shot through the chest. Jim Shanks had forty rounds of ammunition, and he fired slowly and with precision. I could see splinters fly from the steps every time a ball struck, and I knew that many of the bullets were driven through the boards. For a long twenty minutes Jim held that skirmish line of thirty-five men at bay, killing three and wounding two. I counted his shots, and he fired just twenty-one times.

A re-enforcement of about twenty mounted men finally came up, and hitching horses under cover of the hill, the men took the skirmish line. Just as the firing began anew, Jim Shanks suddenly left his cover and ran for the horses down the road. Every skirmisher rose up, and there must have been at least 100 bullets fired at the running man in the next minute. I saw them plough up the earth all around him, and one of them sent his cap sailing into the air. As he got in line with the horses the fire slackened, while the men saw his plan and rushed forward. Jim was in no hurry. Resting his carbine over a saddle, he wounded another of his pursuers, and it seemed a full minute before he mounted and rode off toward Leesburg. There was a rush for the horses, and away they galloped after the recruit, firing as they rode.

The strange luck that had stood by Jim Shanks in his fight might have aided him to escape had he selected a better horse. After a gallop of half an hour he found his pursuers gaining, and in trying to get into the fields his horse fell, rolled over the poor fellow, and the pursuers found him dead when they rode up. His clothing was fairly riddled with bullets, and yet his flesh had not been scratched. The church steps were as full of holes as a colander, and about the same distance apart, and yet Jim was not wounded. Mean-spirited, obstinate and dogged as a tent mate, he had the courage of a lion and the gallantry of a knight, and the first and last grave ever dug for a Union soldier by Mosby's men was hollowed out for a recruit who had never been at the front.—[MQuad in Detroit Free Press.

An Incident of the Afghan War.

The London Figaro says: "Although the Zulu war is dimming the luster of our Afghan promenade, it is just as well that the English people should take the trouble to read the scant news that come to hand concerning the latter. Here is an incident to which I would direct special attention. The inhabitants of a village eleven miles south of Basawal killed a camp-follower. To avenge the deed the British General ordered the village to be surrounded by Rifles and Ghoorkas, and whoever attempted to escape was to be shot. Six women and two children were shot down by the British, and the whole of the huts and the inclosures were put to the flames, the cattle were seized and forty-two of the inhabitants were taken prisoners. Now listen. After all this wholesale destruction had taken place, the whole of the prisoners, with the exception of two, were released, because only two were found to have been concerned in the murder of the camp follower. This disgraceful affair occurred on the 23d of January, and will, I trust, be the subject of Parliamentary inquiry. The outrage had the same amount of justification that there would have been if Darnall had been burnt to the ground and its inhabitants shot because Peace murdered Mr. Dyson. Seeing how we foam at the mouth and become hysterical over Russian cruelties, it behooves us to see that the British arms are not defiled with incendiarism, pillage, and the massacre of innocent women and children.

Sudden Death in a Church.

A Baltimore dispatch of March 16 to the New York Herald says: "A startling tragedy occurred at the High Street Baptist Church during the regular service to-night. The pastor, Rev. J. T. Craig, had just baptized a young lady, and the latter, accompanied by Miss Louisa Donaldson, retired to an anteroom below to change her clothing. While in the act of assisting the convert Miss Donaldson inquired if she did not feel purer and more heavenly after being baptized, and added: 'I would like to tell you something, but'—and before completing the sentence she fell forward unconscious. The young lady ran into the church for her friends and alarmed the congregation, causing for some moments almost a panic. Physicians were sent for, but as the first one arrived Miss Donaldson expired. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of her death."

MORE space has been applied for in the New South Wales Exposition, than can be given.

WINNIE'S WELCOME.

WILL EMMETT.

Well, Shamus, what brought ye?
It's dead, sure, I thought ye—
  What's kept ye this fortnight from calling on me?
Stop thare! Don't be lyin';
It's no use denyin'—
  I know you've been watin' on Kitty Magee.

She's ould and she's homely;
There's girls young and comely,
  Who've loved you much longer and better than she;
But 'deed I'm not carin'
I'm glad I've no share in
  The love of a boy who'd loven Kitty Magee.

Away! I'm not cryin'
Your charge I'm denyin'
  You're wrong to attribute such wakeness to me;
I'd had ye be knowin'
If my tears are flowin'
  They're shed out of pity for Kitty Magee.

For mane an' consated,
Wid pride overweighted,
  Cold, hartless, and brutal, she'll find you to be;
When ye shall be gettin'
She'll soon be regrettin'
She e'er changed her name from plain Kitty Magee.

What's that? Am I dhramin'?
You've only been shammin',
  Just thryin' to test the affection in me;
Bet you're the sly divil!
There, now! Plase be civil;
  Don't hug me to death I'm not Kitty Magee.

Your kisses confuse me
Well, I'll not refuse ye—
  I know you'll be tindher and lovin' wid me;
To show my contrhition
For doubts and suspicion,
  I'll ax for first bridesmade Miss Kitty Magee.

AS THEY THAT WATCH FO R THE MORNING."

CHARLES B. MACLAY.

Lyre in hand doth the poet stand
  By the shore of the sleeping sea,
While the fading gray, with a rosy ray,
  Showeth what the morn shall be.

Now the sheeving beach, in its farthest reach,
  Draws a tremulous, silvery line,
And across the breast of the sea at rest
  Glows a burning beam divine.

His pulse leap as his fingers sweep
  The chords to their measure drawn,
For his soul hath caught for a subtle thought
  From the bright auroral dawn.

When the gloom of death with the parting breath
  Shall the mortal vision whelm,
And the soul explore the lurid shore
  Of the dark. Plutonian realm.

A morn shall break and a music wake
  Flooding sea and air and earth
With a glory known as the spirit's own
  In the hour of a second birth.

A GHOST STORY.

The Spirit that Visited a Colored Man's Cabin in the American Bottom.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A gentleman of this city who owns a tract of land in the American Bottom, near East St. Louis, and rents it in small lots of from two to ten acres to farmers and gardeners, relates an amusing scene that occurred a few days ago between two of his tenants. One of his ten-acre lots has a comfortable house on it, and is rented to a thrifty German and his wife. Adjoining is a two-acre lot, on which is a small cabin, which the owner had some difficulty in renting, but a short time ago found a tenant in the person of a sable son of Ham, recently from the South and possessed of all the superstitious feelings of his race. Near the two houses is an old graveyard, which was long since abandoned as a place of burial, and during the winter many of the bodies were removed. In exhuming the bodies fragments of coffins and headboards were left behind, and these the thrifty wife of the German converted into kindling-wood, to the horror of the African, who regarded the act as the worst kind of sacrilege. The German and the negro were not very neighborly, and the former conceived the idea of frightening the latter from his cabin by working on his superstitious fears. One night, as the negro was preparing to retire to his couch in front of his fireplace, the door of his cabin was thrown open, and a tall figure, clad in white, with arms outstretched, stood before him in a threatening attitude. The poor negro was frightened out of his wits. He supposed the visitor was the spirit of one of the tenants of the graveyard whose coffin had been converted into kindling-wood, and, falling on his face he begged piteously for mercy.

"O, good Mr. Ghost," he exclaimed, "it wasn't dis nigger what done it. Fo' God's sake, let me alone; it wasn't me, 'deed it wasn't. Go way from me, and go arter dat Dutch'oman over dar. She's de one what burnt up your coffin. O, Mr. Ghosty, spar my life; I's innocent, 'deed I is. It wur de Dutch-'oman what made kindling wood of your coffin."

The ghost disappeared, leaving the negro more dead than alive. The next day the negro went to see the owner of the land, and told him what had occurred, and informed him that he wouldn't stay in the cabin another night for a million dollars. The landlord, knowing his German tenant was anxious to frighten the negro away, assured Sambo that the ghost was harmless and could not hurt him. He told him he had been trying for a long time to capture a ghost for the anatomical museum in St. Louis, and would give him $50 if he would catch one.

"How I gwine to cotch 'em?" inquired the darky, feeling a return of his couraged at the prospect of making $50 in a single night.

"You can catch him easy enough. I've got an old musket, and I'll load it with horseshoe nails, and you just poke he muzzle through the crack in the door, and when the ghost comes pull the trigger; but mind you must aim low and shoot him in the legs, because he must be taken alive. You shall have the $50 just as soon as I get my hands on the ghost."

"Foh God, I'll do it. I'm not afraid of ghosts, no how."

The landlord next called on his German tenant and informed him of the arrangement he had made with the negro to shoot a ghost, and requested him, if he should hear a shot fired, to go over and help his colored neighbor secure the ghost by putting its head in a bag. The German expressed a doubt as to the negro's ability to shoot, but was convinced, when informed that Sambo had served among the colored troops who fought nobly during the rebellion.

It is needless to add that the negro has had no more visits from the ghost, and that the landlord still retains both his tenants.

She Sewed on His Buttons

Old Blummer is tight-fisted. Several days ago he said to his wife: "Maria, I want you to look over that broadcloth vest of mine and put new buttons on it, 'cause I'm going to a card-party to-night."

"But, Ely," answered Mrs. Blummer, "I haven't any buttons to match that vest; and—"

"Thunder!" broke in Blummer, "the idea of a woman keeping house as long as you have, an' pretendin' to be out of buttons. By George! I b'lieve you'll ask me for money to buy 'em with next"

That evening Blummer hurried through his supper and began arraying himself for the card-party. Presently he called for the broadcloth vest, and Mrs. Blummer, with marvelous promptitude, handed it to him. He took it, hastily unfolded it, and then, as his eye took in his complete appearance, he stood as one transfixed. It was a six-button vest, and there were six buttons on it, and the dazed optics of Blummer observed that the first, or top one, was a tiny pearl shirt-button, and that the next one was a brass army overcoat button with U. S. gleaming upon it, and that number three was an oxydized-silver affair, and that number four was a horn button, evidently from the back of one of the Puritan fathers' coats, and then came suspender-button, and then, as the dazzled eyes of old Blummer reached the bottom button—a poker-chip (found in Blummer's pocket) with two holes punched through it—he gave a snort that made the chandelier jingle. There is, after all, a fine sense of humor about Blummer, and he laughed till he cried. And there won't be any button money grudged in that household hereafter.

One Bullet to a Basketful.

An incident occurred in the battle of Franklin, which I have never seen in print. The sanguinary battle was at its height, and now and then there was a soldier who would not face the music, and, holding to the idea that "distance lends enchantment," on all such occasions would exhibit his faith in the idea by taking "leg bail" for the rear. These cases were too numerous towards the close of the battle, and Col. B——, Assistant Adjutant General, of our brigade, was sent back to the rear to intercept those seeking for safety and return them to their respective posts of duty.

Col. B—— said he hailed one fellow who was making tracks for some place of safety with all the energy of dispair.

"Halt! I say, and return to your company!"

The flying Mars took no notice of the command.

"Halt! I say, and go back to your post!"

Tne soldier paid no attention to him.

The Colonel now became exasperated, and yelled out:

"If you don't turn and go back to your command I will shoot you, sir!"

Without pausing in his flight the soldier yelled back at him:

"Shoot and be hanged! What's one bullet to a basketful!"

Col. B—— let him go, and after the battle told the incident as a good joke. —[Exchange.

Cincinnati, April 7.—Wm. Jenkins, sexton of the M. E. Church on Walnut Hills, is believed to have fallen heir to an estate of $7,000,000 in London. The Harwoods amassed a great fortune as iron-keepers years ago two miles from London. They invested largely in land which is now the heart of the city. The heirs for the estate have been advertised for, and Jenkins, upon examination, finds that his grandmother was a daughter of Harwood. He has a brother and sister in Pensylvania, and a sister in Iowa, and they, with himself, constitute the heirs to the immense property.

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[Sundays Excepted.]

Trains Run as Follows.

[Taking Effect March 17, 1879.]

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Logansport.....	6:30 a. m.	2:35 p. m.
Arrive at Frankfort...	8:30 a. m.	5:20 p. m.
" Colfax...	9:00 a. m.	5:55 p. m.
" Indianapolis, via Colfax.....	10:50 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
" Cincinnati.....	4:00 p. m.	
" Crawfordsv'll	9:55 a. m.	6:58 p. m.
" TerreHaute...	12:55 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
" Vincennes.....	5:22 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
" Evansvill.....	7:35 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
" St. Louis	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m

Close connections at Terre Haute with trains East and West on the Vandalia and I. & St. L and South on the E. & T. H. railroad.

Ask for through tickets, and get your baggage checked through.

Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Platforms on all Passenger trains.

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A Splendid Chance for a Home.

The award of the following fine property will be made at Logansport, Ind., on

THURSDAY, APRIL 24th, 1879.

The net proceeds of these sales are set apart and applied for the benifit of a most worthy and afflicted lady of this city.

GLANCE AT THE OFFERS.

LIST OF PRIZES.

7,500 Shares of $2.00 Each.

Premium Farm of 320 acres.....	$ 3,200 00
1 Premium lot, corner North and Eleventh streets, Logansport.....	2,000 00
1 Premium lot, next to the corner of North and Eleventh streets.....	1,700 00
1 Premium farm of 160 acres.....	1,600 00
1 Premium farm of 80 acres.....	800 00
1 Premium farm of 40 acres.....	400 00
2 Premium lots in South Brookside addition, Indianapolis, ($700 each)	1,400 00
1 Premium lot in Atkinson's addition, Logansport.....	300 00
1 Preminm lot on Clifton avenue, Logansport.....	300 00
1 Premium buggy.....	175 00
1 Premium horse.....	100 00
1 Set premium buggy harness.....	80 00
1 Premium sleigh.....	25 00
54 Premiums Logansport M'f'g Co's Stock, $50.00 each.....	2,700 00
1 Premium cash.....	50 00
2 Premiums cash, $25 each.....	50 00
4 Premiums cash, $10 each.....	40 00
10 Premiums cash, $5 each.....	50 00
15 Premiums cash, $2 each.....	30 00
100 Premiums, aggregating.....	$15,000 00

Agents Wanted Everwhere.

J. N. BOOTH, Sec'y.

DR. J. B. SHULTZ, L. G. PATTERSON, A. R SHROYER, } Com, on Award.

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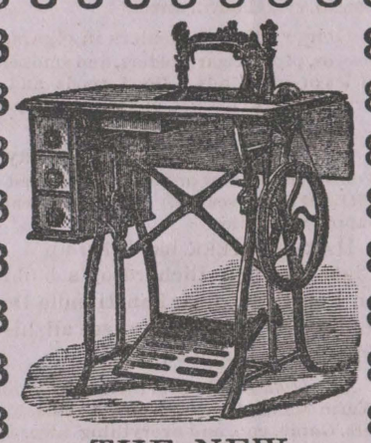

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Eel River Railroad,

TIME TABLE

On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND.		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.23am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	.S Whitley..	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City...	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00 m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	..Aubnrn J..	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	...Auburn....	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 am	
	2.23 pm	...Reading...	1.24 pm	
	2.35 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.50 pm	..Jonesville..	12.55 pm	
	3.55 pm	...Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	....Detroit.....	7.00 am	
	5.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw...	7.15 am	

Connection is made at Denver with the I., P. & C. railway, for Rochester. Plymouth, LaPorte and Michigan City; at Columbia City with P. Ft. W. & C. railway, for Ft. Wayne and Pittsburg; at LaOtto with G. R. & I. railway, for Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids; at Auburn Junction with Ft. W. J. & S., and B. & O. railways, for Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw Defiance, Tiffin, Bellair, Washington, and Baltimore.

Trains from the east make close connections at Lognsport with T. W. & W. railway for Hannibal, Quincy and St. Louis, and with P. C. & St L. railway for Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk and all points west.

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10	Cases Prints per yard,	3 c
500	Bolts Best Fruit of the Loom, per yard,	7 3-4c
500	Bolts Lonsdale, per yard,	7 1-2c
10	Cases of Ginghams, perard,	7 1-2c
100	Pcs Choice Dress Goods, per yard,	8 1-3c
100	Pcs Choice Alapacas, per yard,	15 c
1000	Towels at a bargain, each,	6 c
1000	Pairs Lady's Hose, per pair,	5 c
2000	Pairs Mises Hose, per pair,	5
250	Pairs Lady's Calf Shoes, per pair,	$1.00
250	Pairs Lady's Kidd Shoes, per pair,	$1.25
150	Pairs Men's Boots, per yar	$1.80
250	Pair Good Pants, per pair,	$1.50
150	Suits of Good All Wool Cassimere,	$5.00 to $10.00

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, ETC.

50	Bags Good Rio Coffee, per lb,	12 1-2c
50	Bags Good Rio Coffee, Choice, per lb.	15
50	Barrels of Sugar, per lb, only	5 c
50	Barrels of A Sugar, per lb, only	8 1-3c
50	Barrels New Orleans Sugar, per lb,	6 1-4c
20	Barrels Choice Syrup, per gallon,	40
20	Tierces Carolina Rice, per lb,	7 c
100	Chests of the Choicest Teas, not opened, per lb,	25 to 50c
200	Boxes Best Raisins, per lb,	8 1-3c
5	Casks New Prunes, per lb,	7
100	Boxes Best Laundry Starch, per lb,	5
100	Boxes Cream Cheese, per lb,	10 c
The Best Crackers per lb,		5 c
Coal Oil only		12 1-2c

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L. H. EMMONS & CO.,

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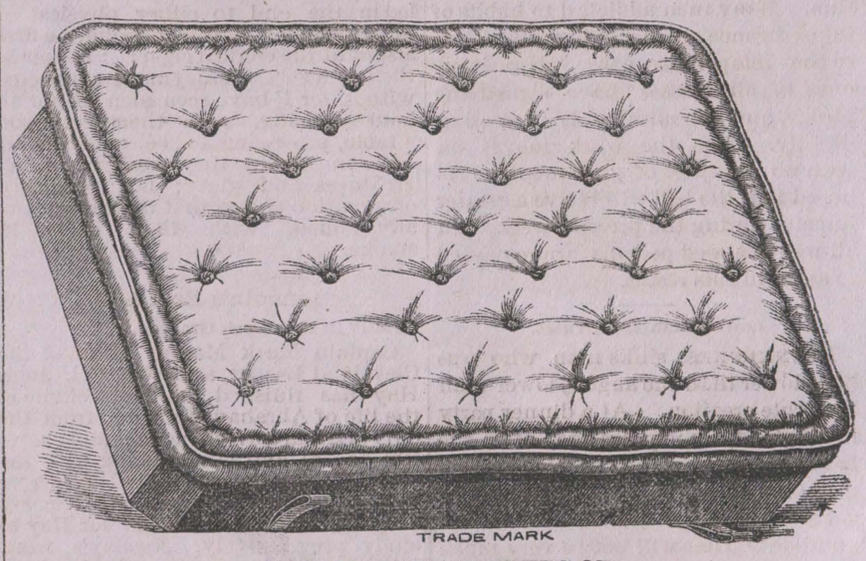

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Address, W. H. LEEDY, or H. C. EVERSOLE, Logansport, Ind.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, APRIL 9, 1879.

WHISKEY DID IT.

William Hahn Killed by a Switch Engine, While in an Intoxicated Condition.

Friday night shortly before eleven o'clock, John Stoll, who was on his way to his home on the West Side, going by way of the railroad, discovered the body of a man lying in the Pan Handle railroad bridge over Eel river, about fifteen steps from the east end. A momentary glance assured him that the man was dead, and he turned back for assistance. After proceeding a few steps he hailed officer Gere. Officer G. at once went for Coroner Irons, and Stoll went to the Pan Handle depot for assistance. Here he found John Gallagher, Clem Kern and David Middelton. In company with these he returned, and the body of the dead man was removed from the bridge. By the light of the lantern it was discovered that the body was that of William Hahn, a German about fifty years of age, and lately the proprietor of the old Barnett House saloon. In a short time the coroner arrived, and a jury was hastily impannelled. After viewing the body, all adjourned to the city offices where the inquest was held, and he dead body was given into the hands of the undertaker. At the inquest it was shown that Hahn was last seen about 9 p. m., at the saloon of Martin Heenan in company with John Downey, badly intoxicated and in a quarrelsome humor. A search was made for Downey, but he was no where to be found. The jury then adjourned until next morning at nine, when the case was further investigated. The body of Hahn was badly mangled, and when discovered was lying outside the track, face down and with one leg over the rail. It is supposed that being intoxicated he fell down in the bridge, while on his way home, went to sleep and was killed by a switch engine, which was returning from helping a freight train up the hill.

MURPHYISM.

The Meetings of the Last Three Nights Largely Attended.

The Murphy meetings of Saturday, Sunday and Monday evenings, were largely attended, and prolific of grand results. The spirit of revival has apparently taken firm hold. New speakers are introduced almost every night, which adds variety to the interesting exercises. The number of strangers attending is also a cause of comment. The home workers seem determined to press the work until their purpose is realized—the extinction of rum. Many men addicted to habits of intemperance are declaring allegiance to the temperance cause. Numerous ones of all classes have signed the pledge, and the number is increasing nightly. Thus the work moves on with no prospect of abatement. It is hoped that the ball will recive a greater impetus during the present week, and all well disposed persons are requested to assist in this result.

Lower than the Brutes.

DRUNKENNESS sinks man who was little lower than the angels, lower than the brute creation. At a dinner party in England, some years ago, after the ladies hed retired one of the gentlemen (?) asked: "How drunk shall we get?" "Beastly drunk," answered another. "That will not be very much a drunk" said a third, "for beasts never get drunk of their own will." This would seem to be confirmed by the following which we copy from an exchange:

"Sixty years ago, when I was a teacher in Kilmalcum parish," says John Fraser, "I was using whisky bitters for my stomach's sake. One day I dipped a piece of cake in it and gave it to the dog. He grudgingly ate it, curling up his lip to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy; he howled most piteously, and unnaturally looked up in my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. The appearance of his face and eyes was extraordinary. He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly; it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever afterward I went to the press for the bottle he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being shut, he sprang at one bolt through a pane of glass to get outside. So much for the wisdom of the dog—infinitely surpassing foolish drinking men."

Hard Times and Whisky.

In a sermon at Baltimore recently on the Lord's prayer, Mr. Moody touched incidentally upon the hard times. "We hear," he said, "a great deal of talk about hard times; but what has caused them? Sin. Look at the money spent in this great country for whisky alone. We don't say to God, 'give us this day our daily whisky,' do we? I tell you there are mints of money spent for whisky that ought to feed children's mouths with bread. The fact of the case is, this nation has been too prosperous. The Jews, the chosen people of God, never could stand prosperity. As soon as they got rich they went to worshiping idols, and, whenever they got fat, they began to kick against God. I fear American morals suffer in proportion as the nation prospers."

A Canadian Romance.

New York Tribune.

A romance of the Gatineau is, on the whole, pleasanter reading than the latest Connecticut elopement, albeit the runaway bride is not the daughter of an ex-Governor, nor is the impetuous bridegroom a promising young coachman. The Gatineau courses through the wilderness and pours its flood into the picturesque Ottawa. On the banks of this stream lives a sturdy farmer whose eldest daughter, Elva by name, is a clear-eyed, plump maiden, with a wealth of red hair, but fair withal, especially to the eye of Samuel Degeer, a young farm laborer in the employ of her father. Samuel and Elva fell deeply in love, and when he asked for her hand the father stoutly objected. The young man was ordered to leave the farm and never return. The lover did go away, but he took the girl with him. The old man lost no time in pursuing them. Jumping into the saddle he was close behind them for several days, but they managed to keep ahead, although they traveled by stage. After being on the road four days, they reached the railroad, where they took the train for Grenville. Here the knot was tied, and two throbbing hearts beat as one. The next place they made for was Montreal, where they arrived last Friday. The old gentleman reached the city soon after their arrival, and lay in wait for them in one of the public squares. Presently an open sleigh came from the direction of St. Maurice street, and from the dark and cozy recesses of innumerable buffalo robes he heard a well-known timid voice. He seized the horse by the head, and then began to swear at the runaway pair. After a while his wrath cooled. The party of three returned to the hotel, where matters were amicably arranged, and the old man showered his blessings on the wedded pair. Back to the wilderness they have all gone.

Bishop Simpson on Stimulants.

In his third Yale lecture Bishop Simpson advises the young men who are entering the ministry to avoid all stimulants, and in connection with this advice gives a bit of information which is not generally known: "I would scarcely suppose that any one who feels himself called to the ministry will countenance their use; yet kind friends will sometimes suggest that you are week, your nerves are tremulous, you have been out in the cold, you need a little stimulant, and they will urge the taking of a little wine or brandy before preaching. These friends will tell you that the most distinguished ministers are in the habit of using them; and I regret to say that in many churches both wine and brandy are there kept in the vestry for the use of the minister, both before and after preaching." He further says: "I have known some young ministers who have used a few drops of parogoric or opium to give them strength for the pulpit. I am glad to say that I have known but few such cases; but I must add that these were led in the ehd to either physical or moral ruin." And in passing, he fires a shot at the clerical cigar: "I suppose there is a sort of enjoyment connected with it, for I have seen men sit for an hour smoking, with their feet upon a table, professing to be studying. I have no doubt they had visions of greatness and glory; but prolonged observation shows that their lives usually ended, with their cigars in smoke.

Lincoln's Real Life.

"Gath" in New York Graphic.

Captain Mark Mason, editor of the Cleveland Leader, says that Col. John Hay has finished the first volume of the life of Abraham Lincoln, from the only original correspondence and executive papers, and is advancing with the second volume. Colonel Hay wrote the whole of the text. Mr. Nicolay prepared the whole matter for Hay to study progressively. Nicolay's work was one of the most remarkable pieces of literary sifting and codifying ever known. He used the envelope system, and into each envelope, as the unit of an index, placed all the clippings and memoranda applying to that head. The united envelopes would fill several wagons. Nicolay thus made the assortment, the harvesting, and Hay, unassisted, began to thrash it out. Colonel Hay has a salary of $10,000 for capable business assistance given to his father-in-law, Amasa Stone. He exchanged his share of Tribune stock some time ago for a fine building site on the Palisades. His residence in Cleveland is nicely adapted to literary work, and his wife is independent, while a parcel of pretty babies rejoice the invervals with play, as becomes the preparation of so kind a life as the gentle Abraham's.

The Blue Ribbon at Logansport.

La Fayette Courier.

Milo Ward has returned from Logansport. He held two temperance meetings—one on Sunday evening and one on Monday evening, in the city, to splendid audiences. Everybody was enthusiastic, and the results were highly satisfactory. Sixty-six put on the blue ribbon. Logansport, like this city, is fast becoming a temperance town. The local workers claim 10,000 signatures to the pledge, and this number have joined within the past two years. In a word, Mr. Ward got a splendid reception, and returned with a high opinion of Logansport people and their hospitality. He proposes in company with Hughes to hold a series of meetings there at an early date.

THE Moffet Liquor law, as amended in the Virginia Legislature, reduces the tax on each alcoholic drink from 2½ to 1½ cents, and the tax on retail liquor dealers in proportion. The tax on malt drinks is retained at half a cent. The law is further amended so as to enforce more fully the general observance of its provisions. It is made mandatory on the courts to revoke the license of any dealer, if upon the monthly return it appears the law has been evaded.

"Shoot the tramps. Cry them down. Put them out." It is getting to be a very common thing; but few take into consideration the real cause of them. The people should realize now, which they will be obliged to do eventually, that rum makes the tramp nine times out of ten. Abolish the rum, we say, and do not abuse men because they are unfortunate victims of YOUR OWN legislation.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

John Gray is continually receiving New Goods.

W. H. Bringhurst, General Drug Store. The Best Baking Powder in the city. Market street, north side, near Bridge.

E. Steckel, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, etc. Goods sold at lowest prices. Corner North and Sixth street. Call and examine goods and learn prices.

Geo. W. Hoffman, City Drug Store, keeps pure drugs and patent medicines. Also a full line of toilet goods, perfumes, brushes, combs, etc, Fourth street.

Geiger Bros., dealers in cigars, tobaccos, pipes, cigar holders, and smokers articles of all kinds. Good goods and low prices. Market street, opposite trade palace.

Ice Cream.

Frank Beamer, corner Broadway and Fourth street, now announces the first ICE CREAM of the season. He is now ready to supply all parties.

HARVEY MEEK has fitted up a new Cigar Store, in Richardson's building, on Fourth st., near Pan Handle Depot, and would be pleased to see all his old friends, and new ones.

At *Hick's Restaurant* can be had Warm Meals, Lunch, Cigars, Candies! Oysters, Game, etc., and everything nice. Call Broadway, near Murdock Hotel. Open day and night.

S. A. Von Behren has purchased the City Cigar Store, formerly owned by Harvey Meek, and will keep the best brand of cigars and tobacco in the market. Give him a call.

Geo. W. Brown's drug store, an old established and reliable House. Prescriptions filled with the greatest of care. Everything pure, also a line of paints, glass, brushes, &c. 3m5-1

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas repaired: 171

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be as he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

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JOHN GRAY, dealer in Dry Goods, Carpets, etc. Honest goods at honest prices, and full measure. Goods guaranteed as represented. Fourth street, opposite City drug store.

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H. P. Biddle

The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., APRIL 23, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 9.

THE CHURCH.

THE DUTY IT OWES TO FALLEN HUMANITY.

Four Distinct Articles Addressed to the Author of "An Address to Certain Church Members."

In Which the Writers Would Prove That They Are Fulfilling the Requirements of Christ's Church.

Respectfully Submitted for the Consideration of Those Interested Either Way.

To the Editor:

THE last number of THE SIGNAL bearing date of April 9th 1879, contains an address to "Certain Logansport Church members," to which I desire to reply, from the fact that the same mistake applies to nearly every place where temperance organizations have stated meetings.

The position taken by the writer seems to set at variance these two great organizations. Hear the words:

"If, to be an active temperance worker, I must thus neglect my church, I must be excused."

We would cite the authors to the fountain of all truth, where to find that by Divine authority they are inseperably joined, [See II Peter, 1:5-7.] First temperate, afterward Godly.

The church is good because it nourishes the internal principle that will change man's nature; it is a spiritual realm, not a natural one; it is a kingdom of qualities, not of temporalities; its genius—Christianity—developes an unused power in the soul, brought out by the stimulus of the Holy Spirit.

Christ, the founder of the church, while on earth, in establishing and demonstrating its precepts, passed by all the outward opposition to the principles taught. He uttered not a word agaist Roman despotism, avarice, and the disgusting form of concubinage; but He well knew that these must and would be broken in order to insure happiness to mankind. He recognized civil government as a means of regulating these irregularities. Then why not incorporate civil governments into our churches, and "talk" government, and "pray" government, and hold government "prayer-meetings." We then might dismiss a large number of civil dignitaries; the church deacons might sit as an elective board, and the elders might constitute a lower house of law makers, while the bishops would hold the balance of power. Am I guessing at the principle? No. The world has been cursed by this Lordliness of the church in extending ecclesiastical authority, the union of church and State.

Again, in the days of Christ and the Apostles there was much attention given to the healing of bodily disease, the deaf, blind, and lame, were healed by Jesus and the Desciples. That was a happy work. I think I can hear the glad rejoicing of the afflicted ones now healed. Now, my dear correspondent, why not incorporate this branch of the work into the church and dispense with M. D.'s and apothecaries, etc.? Yes, why not?—there is the mystery. Christ the author, otherwise ordained, and by so doing he leaves the record stand: that some of the greatest of human interests are beyond the care of the church.

You seem to put stress upon "stated times," etc. You say, in speaking of the churches, that "on the very nights when they hold their stated services that you pass them that you may go to Murphy Hall." This, you say, is

"NOTORIOUS."

I am reminded of the Scribes and Pharisees who complained of the Savior when he departed from religious duty and healed the withered hand upon the Sabbath day: "What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it and lift it out?" How much then, is a man better than a sheep?

WHEREFORE IT IS LAWFUL TO DO WELL ON THE SABRATH DAYS.

[See Matt. 12th chap.; Luke 6th chap.] Christ's declaration stands: "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days." Temperance meetings on Sabbath evening in Murphy Hall do good, and may be participated in with profit to all and without injury to any. Notwithstanding your ideas of "notorious."

STATE LIBRARY INDIANAPOLIS

Again, you say "we are taking temperance out of the churches rather than into it." If so, are we not justified, from the fact, that total abstinence is ignored by very many church members? Have you ever carefully informed yourself of the exact number of church members who totally abstain from intoxicants? The church has some noble temperance workers, but there are so many of the other class. This may help you to account for the exceeding few temperance prayer-meetings.

You seem to manifest the same stupidity respecting pastors. You say, "Get your pastor to preach an occasional temperance sermon." Your language implies that ALL pastors are temperance men. I have personal knowl edge of several who ignore a temperance pledge and temperance organization.

From these facts, are we the only ones guilty of "taking temperance out of the churches?

Again, you say we "are very seriously hurting our churches; drain them of a part of their strength, sapping them of their vitality, turning away from work and worship." In answer let me give you a problem:

1. Find whole number of membership;
2. Number who are identified Murphys;
3. Number of absentees from stated meetings;
4. What per cent. of absentees are Murphys;
5. What per cent. are not Murphys?

I think by a comparison of per cent. of the two classes, you will find a greater number of the absentees from the church services are of that number who

ARE NOT MURPHYS.

This fact may call forth from your pen a second address to "Certain Church Members;" and here, let me suggest, that the publication of your second address in the "Pharos" or "chronicle" would more likely find these absent ones than through THE SIGNAL, for I fancy in these a lack of relish of temperance literature.

The concluding paragraph of your communication informs us, using your words:

We have written the above, not because we feel unkindly toward anyone of you, but because we cannot hold our peace while we see you persistently following that course which results in harm to you and the cause you represent.

Thus branded, we are not indignant, for we have a "conseience void of offense" in trying to do good, though our

"ZEAL" FOR TEMPERANCE

should be a "serious mistake." I wish to remind you here of the number of special temperance meetings held in your city by the churches, outside of the Christian Temperance Union, during the winter just past.

In view of this and all the facts, there certainly is some ground of justifying our course. Along the Atlantic coast the government of the United States has established numerous life-saving stations in order to render assistance to helpless seamen. In one of these stations adjacent to a small village, on a beautiful Sabbath evening, the village church-bell calls the worshipers together. I see a little company of heroic men, strangely dressed in navy blue—men who live amid the breakers and battle with the elements to save a life—but ere they reach the chapel steps, a

CRY FOR HELP

is heard, a life is perishing in the wave. Do they pause to consult of the "opportunities for religious worship?" Do they calculate the the claim by "seventa?" No! no! They cry, "To the breakers! to the breakers!"—just in time they reach the wreck and rescue a life from death. In that village church, while the struggle between life and death is going on without, the pastor gathers around him the less fearless, the old and young, at the church altar, and devoutly pray for the success and safety of both the wreckers and the perishing, committing into God's hands the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of all.

Now, my dear correspondent, let me inform you, the Christian Temperance Union is a life-saving organization, and as long as the cry of the perishing is heard amid the dashing breakers of a disordered civilization, these pledged, plumed Murphys will man the

LIFE-BOAT TEMPERAMCE,

and, at a risk of losing all, go out from cushioned church-pews and happy worshipers, to meet the sterner realities of life; in reaching down into that dark ocean trough, where the struggling form was last seen, and voice last heard, to save a wrecked mariner on life's great ocean.

And now, while these wreckers are among the white caps of vice, in the great whirl of public excitement, will you rally to your pastors and the faithful ones, and pray earnestly ("two agreed never can be denied") for the success and safety of these reckless adventurers, that ere long they may be able to board the wrecked ship, Intemperance, readjust her sail, bring her safely to port; and you and your pastors and the praying ones, be at the dock in waiting, to preach the Gospel of Christ to the rescued ones. For our business it is to save men's live's, by making them sober; the church, to save their souls by making them religious.

A MURPHY.

ANOTHER.

To the Editor.

IF the brethren of our Christian churches were all at work for some neighbor's son who is going to ruin, these sons would halt and do battle. There is no doubt of this. A lack of interest on the part of professing Christians has done and is

DOING MORE HARM

among us than all the combined power of the saloons brought together. Under what leader does a saloon-keeper serve? Satan! Under satan's banner he keeps time to the music of the infernal regions. He marches on in his work of destruction, day by day, steadily, faithfully; early and late; taking in your dimes for his vile poison, which the boys drink, thinking to have a good time. Satan is a powerful leader, but I know of a better than he. If Baal is God, serve him, if satan is more powerful than the Creator, then to him we may bow the knee now, for it will come to that eventually. If the Lord is God, then serve him. We Christians stand in the shadow of a gigantic evil. We are washing our hands in innocency, and shielding our omissions in duty by saying "let the erring come to our church and we will do him good—in that way he can asuredly be saved.

I appeal to you, mistaken man and woman, that they

DO NOT KNOW HOW TO COME

into our churches. We must go to the sinners where they are, and take the light of loving kindness with us—the spirit of kindnes of the Lord Jesus. Many of the churches are to-day standing in the way of one of the grandest evangelical tidal waves that ever burst upon the world. Not God's people, but the Gentiles run before the Christ, and spread their garments on the ground for him to wall upon. Not God's chosen people, but the redeemed man—the

REDEEMED SINNER

cried, Hosanna to the son of David. It was God's chosen people that plaited the crown of thorns and placed it on his sinless forehead. We, who are too excruciatingly elite to step into the front and do what we are under vow to God to do, "raise the fallen, cheer the faint, heal the sick, and lead the blind," are off the track we have lost the way—we need a Saviour ourselves. Not God's chosen people, but a redeemed woman sat at the feet of the lowly Christ and poured ointment on them, and as she thus annointed his sinless feet, her falling tears mingling with her deep love. How many of us sit at Jesus' feet, to learn of him some holy precept of life. Our religion is too much one of false pretense. We sing anywhere with Jesus, but we are

FALSE TO THE TRUE SENTIMENT.

We refuse to go. A young gentleman friend of ours, when passing up a public avenue to his home, early one evening, saw in front of him a young acquaintance staggering under the influence of alcohol. He was horrified at the spectacle. His first impulse was to hasten to his assistance. That was his noble manhood at the front, sword in hand, ready to work—but the next instant brought an array of questions as to the

RESPECTABILITY OF THE ACT

of linking arms with a former companion in a state of helpless intoxication on a public thoroughfare. What if any of his stylish friends should see him? In another instant the thought of his manhood drove the selfish cowardice from his mind, and he hastened to the side of his now fallen comrade, raised him from the sidewalk and escorted him to his home—not entirely free from the ghost of fear of what people might say, "until," said he to me, "I placed my foot firmly on the neck of my pride, by saying it is but my duty to help this erring one. I am pledged to do this if I am a Christian. As to character, mine is established; I feel it; I know it. I am young, but I must dare to do right."

Well, I said, did your adventure end there?

"No," he repled; "the next day I met an aged gentleman, who had observed my experience with my intoxicated companion, inquiring for the young man; my aged friend emphasized peculiarly the words 'friend' and 'companion.' I felt glad of an opportunity to say that I was grateful for the integrity which gave me courage to fly to the assistance of a fallen brother, to speak words of warning, and yet to

STAND ALOOF FROM HIS SIN."

This, my dear readers, is the kind of Christianity we want. We are all the time looking away off—O, so far up the valley and up the mountains—for God that we do not see him at our side.

The good Christian ladies of Hillsboro, Ohio, did not think that God was so near to them as he proved himself to be when they opened their hearts to him and sought to be led in any way, anywhere, so that they might reach their fallen neighbors, sons, and husbands, who had gone from the path of virtue and temperance.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in a ladies' meeting in that city, related his own experience; how his own mother had saved him from a drunkard's doom by following him at night, and every other time possible, praying in saloons amid the scoffs and oaths of drunken men, and the poisoned vapor from the pit infernal. Christian young man, I appeal to you; single out the young friend or neighbor whom you will SEEK, so that you may win him from sin to a noble life.

"Do good, do good, there's ever a way,
There's a way where there's ever a will:
Don't wait for to-morrow, but do it to-day
And to-day when to-morrow comes still.'

Let not false pride deter you.

Your friend in the cause of the Master.

MRS. E. MILLER.

AND STILL ANOTHER.

To the Editor:

IN the last issue of THE SIGNAL I noticed an "address to certain Logansport church members." He, or she, says, "in your zeal for temperance are you not making a very serious mistake." In what way lies the mistake? In our meeting night after night, striving to raise up and reclaim the fallen, to help them out of the mire of drunkenness, sin and death, encouraging them to be faithful, and go out into a new and better life, to stand firm, "Dare to do right" and be men?

Will the correspondent please look around among the members of the Murphy organization and see how many of them have become Christians since the Christian Temperance Union started in Logansport; and in our Murphy Hall is where many of them have taken the first step toward heaven. We want the co-operation of all the churches, and all christians, we do not force any one to attend our meetings, all are welcome, and we should be only too happy to have some person at the Hall always to open our meetings with prayer; yet it is, as Brother Leedy says, a shame and disgrace to the christian people and the church that so many of our meetings must open without prayer for want of a proper person to lead.

Our Murphy Bible teaches us to assist the weak, raise the fallen, wherever we may find them; it teaches us that Christ came to bring sinners not the righteous to repentance; and it is impossible to make a christian of a drunkard; they must first become sober men to feel the need of salvation. There are a vast number of young men, and even old ones, who would never enter a church door, who will attend Murphy meetings in our Hall, and there they cannot fail to hear something good, something that can elevate, and help to make them better men.

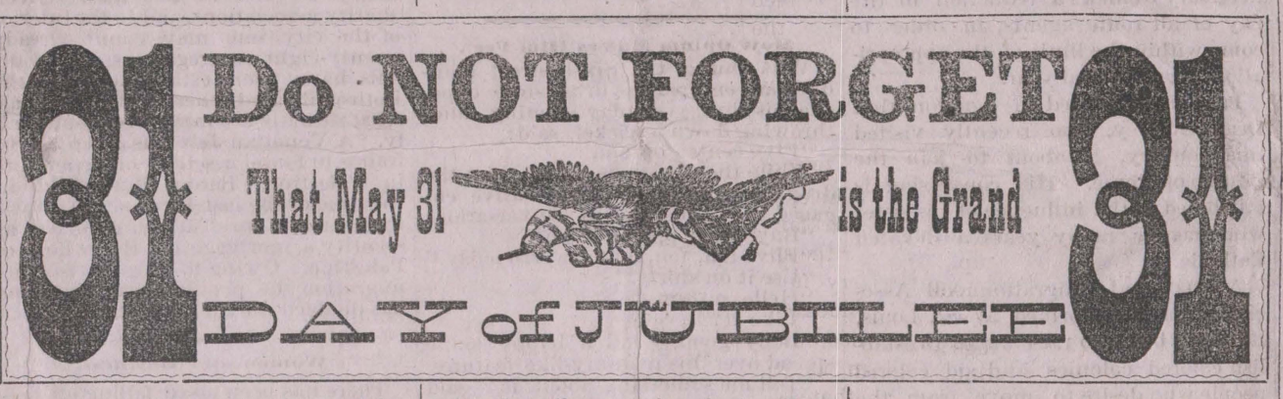
I am a church member, and I trust a Christian, and my conscience does not upbraid me, that I pass my church to attend Murphy meetings. To those who feel it their duty to attend every church meeting it would be a grievous sin to pass the church to help raise a fallen brother. To those, I would say, draw your mantle of self-righteousness around you, and should you meet one of those poor, unfortunate, weak, erring ones, one who has been tempted by this rum fiend, but had not the strength to resist, as you would have done, gather your mantle closely for fear of contamination, and pass by on the other side.

The correspondent says again, "you are seriously hurting your churches, you drain them of part of their strength." The few Christian workers whose absence is so "notorious" can do the church little hurt, and may be reaping a rich harvest for Him in the future by their labors in the Murphy Hall. We do not "whine and cry about the coldness of the Christian people" in regard to temperance work. We have invited, urged, and plead for their assistance, but, because they refuse that assistance, shall we falter in what we feel to be our duty? God has already blessed our labors most bountifully, and we purpose with His help to press steadily on, working for humanity and the uplifting of the fallen.

And to the correspondent, whom it is plainly to be seen is not a Murphy, although he may be one of those "good staunch temperance men whose heart is in the work, and who hopes we will succeed," but who never lends his presence to help along its glorious work, to him we extend a kindly invitation to our Murphy meetings, to come and go with us, to put on our beautiful blue badge and go to work and we can assure him a most hearty welcome.

ONE CERTAIN CHURCH MEMBER.

[Another reply will be found elsewhere in this issue.—ED.]



Clarence Lowther, the young man who, until recently, presided over the saloon, with gorgeous red front, on Broadway, and slacked the thirst of the weary traveler and red nosed bummers, with foaming beers, two for a nickle, has come to grief, and is now an inmate of the cooler, where he languishes under charge of selling liquor without a Government license. Thursday, bailiff Frank Palmer, found that he was located in an upper story over the Tivoli, and started to take him in. Young Lowther gave notice that he would raise an awful muss, and probably eat up two or three good sized bailiffs before he went to jail, but the plucky officer shoved a revolver under his nose, and Clarence came along like a little man.

H. C. Mehaffie, left Thursday, for Johnson county, to visit his brother and friends.

The Murphy Signal.

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W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE taking of the census next year will cost about $4,000,000.

MARRYING a woman for her beauty is like eating a bird for its singing.

THE average business life of a Boston street car horse is about four years.

GENEVA, Switzerland, is to hold a grand exhibition of watches in 1880.

IT is now stated that the water of boiled celery is a sure cure for rheumatism.

THE Rev. J. W. Cole has been shut out of his Methodist pulpit in Charlemont, Mass., because he disciplined his wife with a horsewhip when she refused to hear him preach.

A WRITER who saw General Butler in court says that on his watch chain there hung a bone whistle, mounted with gold, a Florida bean, a heavy seal ring and several other trinkets, which, during his address to the jury, dangled against his round, full stomach, making a noise like the jingle of a car bell.

ANDREW JONES, of Chester, Pennsylvania, argued with Lizzie Welsh, from 6 p. m., until midnight, in a vain endeavor to convince her that it would be well to marry him. Then he committed suicide, and the girl says that if she had known he was so deeply in earnest she would have accepted him.

THE Queen of the Belgians, while in London, visited the Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea. Her Majesty is a great admirer of small dogs, and is used to carry one always in her arms which is arrayed in a coat of the same color as her dress. Each time the dress is changed by the august lady, the dog's coat is also changed by an attendant.

THE following extraordinary inscription appears on a tombstone in the English graveyard at Peshawur: "Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Blank Blank, A. M., who spent seventeen years as a missionary among the Afghans, and translated the Holy Writ into their language. He was shot by his attendant. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

AN impromptu mock auction sale of women was amusing and profitable, at first, in a Racine (Wis.) church fair. The young men bid liberally for the attractive girls, and it was all very funny indeed until an ugly but influential sister was put up. The auctioneer was compelled to knock her down at 25 cents, and she was so angry that she put on her things and went home.

RUSSIAN Nihilists are as unscrupulous as they are audacious. It would be difficult to imagine anything more savage than the following letter sent to Baron Drentolon, who escaped assassination a short time ago: "We know that you do not fear death; but we also know that there is in this world a person whom you love passionately. It is your daughter. The committee have, therefore, decided to kill her in your stead."

THE astounding cruelty of Mary E. Morris to her daughter, in Charlestown, Mass., appears to have been the result of a mania. The girl is 14 years old, and until a few days ago, when there was an official interference in her behalf, she had never been off the family premises, and seldom out of the house. She was compelled to do all the drudgery of the household, was deprived of education, and outrageously whipped on slight provocation, even for going to a window to look out.

THE recent murders of Alston and Elliott seem likely to have a good effect upon Georgia society. The Grand jury of Atlanta has returned seventy-five true bills against carriers of concealed weapons, and demanded of the county's representatives, in both branches of the General Assembly, to endeavor to pass a law that shall effectually stop the buying, selling, owning, possessing, loaning, borrowing or bringing into the State any pistol or pistols, or in buying or selling any pistol cartridges. Among those indicted for carrying concealed deadly weapons are two women.

TWO HERDSMEN quarreled on a Nebraska prairie and each threatened to kill the other. Neither was armed, but there was a gun in their hut, a mile away. Both started for the weapon, and it was a race for life, for the man who got it was certain to shoot his companion. They had several fights on the way, and were bruised and exhausted when they neared the goal; but they ran with desperation, and kept abreast until close to the house. Then one tripped and fell, giving the other the lead. The victor dashed into the building, pulled the gun down from its hooks, and mercilessly murdered his fallen foe.

RUSSIA demands the extradition of Nihilists by England.

THE prospects for a good peach crop n Delware are flattering.

A PETROLEUM spring has flooded a coal mine in Lower Alsace, Germany.

A DISTINCT shock of earthquake was felt a day or two ago at Norfolk, New York.

TRICHINOSIS has appeared for the first time in Italy at Brescea and Placeniza.

GEN. JAMES SHIELDS is reported very ill with bronchitis at the Sisters' Hospital in Kansas City.

SEVENTY heads of families in Terre Haute represent the Caucasian and African races—colored husbands with white wives.

THE lower portion of South Carolina was visited by a terrible tornado, the other night, which did great damage to life and property.

EUREKA, NEVADA, was visited by a million dollar fire a night or two since, by which two thousand persons were rendered homeless.

THE London correspondent of a Scotch paper states that there is a probability that Queen Victoria will abdicate, on account of ill-health.

MISS CHARLOTTE BRUCE has sued John B. Gibson, one of the proprietors of the Gibson House at Cincinnati, claiming $50,000 damages for a breach of promise of marriage.

MISSISSIPPI and Lousiana have combined in calling a mass meeting to consider the negro exodus, and to take measures to allay the excitement among the colored people.

ROCHESTER and Henry townships, Fulton county, have voted $44,000 aid to the Chicago and Atlantic Railway Company, narrow gauge, and track laying has commenced at Huntington.

THE General Superintendent of the Railway Postal Service has found it necessary to make a reduction in the pay of all route agents, in order to come within the limit of the appropriations for the fiscal year.

IT is freely stated in London that Dean Stanley, who recently visited this country, is about to join the Church of Rome. His conversion is attributed to the influence of his sister who has for many years a devoted Catholic.

A COLORED Immigration Aid Association has been formed at St. Louis, its object being to raise funds to establish colored colonies and aid colored people who desire to move from the Southern States to other parts of the Union.

A. B. ANDERSON, of Wabash College, was awarded the first prize in the Oratorical contest at Indianapolis, on the evening of the 17th inst. A. L. Mason, of Asbury, took the second, and E. G. Laughlin, of Butler, the third prizes.

OF 953 dogs entered, 700 were on exhibition when the show opened, in Gilmore's Garden, New York City. A deer hound and pug dog are scheduled worth $10,000 each, while an English setter, red setter, Irish wolf hound and setter pup are valued by the owners at $5,000 each.

IT was a schoolmaster who shot five times, only three paces off, at the Czar, and missed him "every pop." Now, if it had been an American school-boy, the Czar would have been done for at the first fire. There's nothing like training up the youth of a land in useful acquirements.

Two bombs were thrown into the Church of San Antonio, at Seville, Spain, on a recent Sunday, with the object, it is supposed, of creating a panic and stealing the valuable sacramental plate belonging to the church. Several persons were injured by the explosion. Several arrests have been made.

AT an English trial for adulteration, it came out that a patent medicine dealer sold annually 250,000 boxes of castor oil pills, composed of cayenne pepper, soap, bitter aloes, ginger, molasses, rhubarb, tar and a little castor oil.

THE rice fields on the Cape Fear River, near Wilmington, N. C., which have lain idle and grown up with weeds since the war, have been reclaimed and planted this season by several energetic parties, who expect to raise 200,000 bushels of rice in the next five years.

THE total failures in the country for the quarter ending the first of this month are reported as being only 2,524, against 3,355 for the same period last year. The proportionate falling off in the amount of liabilities of the bankrupt firms is much greater—forty-three millions in 1879, against eighty-two millions in 1878.

PERSONS who desire to invest in government refunding, or ten-dollar certificates, must make their purchases before the 17th of June, as the Secretary of the Treasury has an offer for the entire amount by a syndicate of bankers, which he will feel bound to accept at that date. The certificates can be had either at the banks or post-offices.

A farmer named James Keetor, residing near Deep Creek, Norfolk county, Va., while ploughing recently in an old field that had not been under cultivation for several years, unearthed an iron chest containing several thousand dollars in American gold coin of dates as far back as 1830. The treasure is believed to have been buried during the last war.

PITTSBURG papers give particulars of a remarkable case of petrifaction in that city, in which the body of a man weighing 363 pounds at the time of death and interment, less than two years ago, was found, on being exhumed for removal a few days ago, to have turned to stone and assumed the color of common brown store paper, and its weight increased to 925 pounds.

ROMAN Catholic colonization in the United States has been taken in hand by the national board of colonization, at the head of which is Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minn., who has for years devoted much attention to the subject. The largest Roman Catholic settlements of late have been in Minnesota, where nearly the whole of Swift county, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, is occupied by 600 families. The land was obtained in 1876 for about fifty cents an acre. Three other colonies in the same state are smaller, but growing steadily. A Virginia colonization scheme has been successfully pushed by the Irish Benevolent Union of Philadelphia, which two years ago purchased 7,000 acres in Charlotte and Mecklenburg counties, and has already established 125 families in farming on that and other land. Another project, a private speculation, is to settle Roman Catholic families in the west of Texas.

How Opium Makes Him Feel.

Wha Shung, the Sixth street laundryman, entered the drug store opposite his dive yesterday evening, and, throwing down a nickel, said:

"Five centee opium."

While the clerk was getting him the drug an Enquirer representative engaged the Chinaman in conversation:

"Buy much opium, Wah?"

"Flive ten, ten, centee worth a day."

"Use it on shirts?"

"Helle, no, smoke it."

"Like it?"

"Belly good," and a happy smile spread over his mummy-like features.

"Tell me something about it," said the Enquirer man; "what kind of an effect does it produce—how does it make you feel?"

"Makes Chinaman feel likee,"—and here he was stuck for a comparison to denote perfect happiness and contentment; "makes Chinaman feel likee—likee Melican man General Grant, allee time plenty money, no much workee, takee things easy."

"Makes you forget your troubles, does it?"

"Yes; forget troubles allee same like when you sleep."

"See nice things in your dreams?"

"Belly nice. Everything big and beautiful," and he made an enraptured gesture with his hands.

"Everything grand, I suppose?"

"Belly grand. Chinaman's cellar look likee Gibson House."

"Is it possible?"

"Smoothin'-iron ook likee train of cars and washee-wash-tub likee a steamboat."

"You don't say so? And what else?"

"Oh, heep else. Wah Shung feel likee sold out and gone back to China with $2,500."

Mad House Mysteries.

A few months ago a prominent citizen of Boston was arrested and put into the insane asylum. He was on the point of going to Europe, having just previously made his will, the contents of which were unknown to his family. It cost $1,80 to get the same man out of the mad house. A few days ago some legislation was advanced a stage, with a view to improving the laws relating to lunacy in Massachusetts, more especially with reference to commitment, release and supervision.

There are 4,000 persons confined in the asylums of this state, one-half of whom are in private institutions. Some of those private asylums are used for the "privacy" of the drunken sons of wealthy parents—sons "who have gone to Europe for their health." The certificate of "two respectable citizens" will send a person to an insane asylum in this State, but in England no person can be committed to an insane asylum unless it is stated why he is committed. Such a thing as a trial by jury is unknown or unauthoized in Massachusetts. One-man power runs the insane asylum of this state. If a man is charged with murder, he has a chance to prove his innocence, but a sane person committed to an insane asylum in this State has no chance to prove his sanity. Such a person can only be released upon the say of the person who caused his commitment. The hospitals of Massachusetts are 100 years behind the age. The scientific ring rules these insane hospitals, and the laws which govern the insane hospitals here are the worst in the United States. In Illinois a man had his wife locked up in an asylum because she differed with him on the five points of Calvin. But the superintendent refused to hold her any longer, and foiled by the law, the husband tried for years to decoy her into Massachusetts, where no doubt he could have had her incarcerated until her death.—[Chicago Journal.

A Texas Apology.

If it should be heralded that a man had been killed in France, it would excite no special interest nor particular remark. France is a great Empire, and with all its broad domain surely the killing of a man would not throw civilization into convulsions. When it is published that murder has been done in New England—comprising six States—the journals of the Union do not consider it incumbent on them to place it under the head of "Crime Rampant in New England"—for in six great States the killing of one man need not excite especial remark. And yet Texas is larger than France; its territory far exceeds that of all New England. Texas has hundreds of miles of frontier—a frontier given up to Mexicans and Indians. Texas is a new State. It has counties named, as yet unorganized, that exceed in area that of States as old as the Union itself. For years Texas was the refuge of men who fled from the consequences of their crimes in other States. There are to-day in Texas crime and criminals—crime that is the product of its imported criminals. There is nothing in the climate of Texas, nothing in its later growth that inculcates crime.

Most of its criminal calendar has been made by men born elsewhere, educated elsewhere, raised elsewhere. This much should be placed to the credit of Texas.—[Fort Worth (Tex.) Democrat.

The Jews Regaining Their Land.

A French newspaper says: "Judging by reports, which appear tolerably well confirmed, the Jews are little by little retaking possession of their ancient patrimony. Eighty years ago the Sublime Porte permitted residence in the holy city to only 300 Israelites. Forty years ago this number was raised, but the Jews were obliged to reside in a special quarter of the city which bore their name. This last restriction, however, disappeared in its turn ten years ago, and since then the Jews have bought up all the land in Jerusalem that could be bought, and have even built entire streets of houses outside the walls. Synagogues and Jewish hospitals have multiplied. The German Jews have no less than sixteen charity associations, and in the interior of the city one may count already twenty-eight congregations. Two journals have been established. In the Rothschild and other Jewish hospitals 6,000 patients are ministered to annually. A Venetian Jew has given 60,000 francs to found a school of agriculture in Palestine. Baron Rothschild, at the time of the last loan of 200,000,000 francs made to Turkey, accepted as security a mortgage on the whole of Palestine. Owing to the Jewish immigration the population of Palestine has doubled during the last ten years."

Women and Business.

There has been a sad falling off here in the development of women in a business capacity. The women's famous Tea Company went to the winds. Women would not accept the position as subordinate merchants. The company had money enough and enterprise enough, but two women in New York could not retail teas all over the land. Miss King bought a ship and fitted her out for Canton. She is detained in Honolulu and cannot get freight enough to come home. Thirty years ago the heaviest real estate operators were women. Eleven in number were constant visitors at the Real Estate Exchange. There are but two of these operators now in business, both of them maiden ladies. Miss St. Johns is said to be worth seven millions. She is ninety-three years of age. She very frequently appeared at the real estate sales, when a block of houses were up, with a certified check of $500,000. Miss Susan A. King is a Maine girl. She came to New York very poor, and walked the streets because she could not pay for a bed. She is now a millionaire and is keen as a brier.—[Boston Journal.

A Duck Hunter's Expedients.

Goose Rock, in East Lyme waters, is a favorite resort of black duck. During this season Edward P. Luce, of Lyme, has shot 200 of these fowl, and he has also captured four hair seals. He conducts his sporting campaign in a hut built upon the rock in a manner to represent nature as closely as possible. A stove and other ordinary conveniences furnish the hut, and from a loophole facing the water he watches the birds. When a flock settles within gunshot he blazes away with both barrels. One lucky shot brought down eighteen birds A trained water spaniel is his companion in the hut, and he is sent after the birds. When he emerges from the water he is covered with ice, but plenty of blankets and a "snooze" behind a red hot stove take the shiver out of him.—[Hartford (Conn.) Courant.

THE Treasury Department has place $2,000,000 to the credit of the Commissioner of Pensions with which to pay the claims under the Arrears of Pension act. During the current fiscal year the total amount that can be paid out is $3,500,000. The Commissioner has commenced to send checks to claimants whose claims have been passed upon and allowed.

CONDIMENTS.

It does not follow that women are cobblers or blacksmiths because they are good hands to shoo hens.

A Boston fellow has kissed his girl 450 times in two hours and one lap, and claims the belt—and all there is in it.

One of the greatest feats of woman's endurance is when the female with a diamond ring wipes her mouth 3,000 times in 3,000 quarter hours without complaining of the least fatigue.

A Chinaman never swears when he gets mad, because there are no "cuss words" in his dictionary. He simply upsets his washtub, butts the bottom out, kicks a dog, and feels better.

"Now Willie," said his anxious mother, "How did you get that big daub of molasses on your best jacket?" "Oh, sirup-titiously, ma," and his peculiar wink saved him a boxed ear.

"Close fitting waists prevail, the closer the better." We approve of fitting waists close, no; fitting close waists, pshaw! waists fitting close. Give it up, we're mixed and wasting our time.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," but there's no use chucking a copper cent into the contribution-box loud enough to make the folks on the back seat think the communion service has tumbled off the altar.

New Orleans has had no circus this year. The goats are weary waiting for pictures of horses on the fences, and so they dine on lace curtains or whatever among a week's washing looking tender and inviting.

It is a mouth devoted to and by the immortal gods set apart for weather, and sometimes in a good April, that understands its business and can get up and bristle around, there are eight kinds of climate in one day.

If there is any time in a man's existence when life insurance seems appropriate, it is just before he attempts to break a colt. If there is true grit in him he will either break the colt or his neck—the man's neck we mean.

"Can a man belong to a brass band and be a Christian?" asked an exchange. We see no impediment in the way. But if he is given to practicing at home, it is an utter impossibility for the man living next door to be a Christian.

Did you ever notice the poor old chap that stands in the first picture of the almanac, with the fish, and sheep, and scropions, and bulls, and twins, &c., around him? Did you ever notice that he was naked, and had nothing in his stomach? Well that poor fellow used to edit a paper and take his pay in "I'll pay my subscription next week.

"Sambo, yo' young scragegoat, shuffle along hyar, an lemme see how you's fillin up. Who was de fus gemman?" "Dunno." "Who war de fus shemale?" "Dunno." "Wha' wuz your fus fodder's bufplace?" "Dunno." "Whar yo' gwan fotch up when yo' froo brevin?" "Dunno." "Law sakes, chil, wha' duz yo' know?" "I knows 'duff notter meddle wid idees dat I ain't 'qupinted wid; dat's my mezure, ole man!"

Jennie June says girls should be taught to help themselves. We sat opposite to a delicate, blue eyed, spirituella creature of seventeen, at the boarding house table, and saw her help herself to a plate of soup, a sirloin stake, a chicken's wing and drumstick, two baked potatoes, three plates of corn, two pickles, four hot rolls, a dish of macaroni, a quarter of mince pie, a wedge of apple pudding, with sauce, and two dishes of vanilla ice cream. They do help themselves.

"What does your husband do?" asked the census man. "He ain't doin' nothin' at this time of the year," replied the young wife. "Is he a pauper?" asked the census man. She blushed scarlet to the ears. "Law no!" she exclaimed, somewhat indignantly, "we ain't been married more'n six weeks." Then the census man threw down his book and rushed out into the depths of the gloomy forest and caught hold of a white oak tree three feet through, to hold himself up by.

She tore the azure blue robe of night and set the stars of glory there. She did, for a fact. She is a young and careering genius of Portland, Me. She has written a story, she has. She has drawn it mild—very. Here is the mildest passage in it: "And even as she mused the clatter of horses' hoofs was heard along the labyrinthian avenues of the out-spreading park. It was Juanita's Alphonso de Cassa Blanca and his retainers. Reining in his prancing steed beneath his casement window, he cried in oleaginous and farinaceous tones, 'Juanita, appear!'" Wow!

Assassinations in Russia.

In a hotel in Moscow known as the Nobel'schen Gasthaus, a young man engaged the rooms numbered sixty and sixty-one ostensibly for a family. He immediately took possession, and on the following morning went out, returning in about half an hour's time—whether alone or with a companion is not known, although several residents of the hotel saw two young men in the corridor, who entered the apartment No. 60. For eight days the door of No. 60 remained locked without the fact attracting attention. Finally a disagreeable smell was detected pervading the corridor, and the police were summoned and broke into the chambers. In No. 60 a pidjak was found hanging. In No. 61 was lying the corpse of a man, face downward, and the feet directed toward the door of the chamber. The head was partially covered with a pillow, beneath which was a pool of congealed blood. On the back of the murdered man was pinned a paper, upon which was written: "Traitor and spy, condemned and executed by us, the Russian Socialists and Revolutionists. Death to the Judas, death to traitors." The murderers are still at large.

HAVE HOPE.

FATHER RYAN.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart
the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs above
the mountain's head—
And the highest heart and lowest wear the
shadow of some pain,
And the smile is scarcely fitted ere the an-
guished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there ever been without a
weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which
never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has
never been a year.
And their tempest hide their terrors in the
calmest summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move
amid its maze,
And we grope along together, half in dark-
ness, half in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the
mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and never
wholly bright.

And our dim eyes as a beacon and our weary
feet a guid,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek the
meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it
hangs the crucified,
And he answers all our yearnings by the
whisper—"Follow me."

A SOUTHERN SENSATION.

The People of Robeson County, N. C., Wild Over a Murder Trial.

One of the most exciting cases that ever occurred is now agitating Lumberton, Robeson county, North Carolina. The facts are brought out by the indictment of Miss Amelia Linkaw, a tony young lady of Lumberton, in the Superior court at that place, for the murder of her seducer, J. E. Hartman. Owing to the isolated situation of Lumberton, it was impossible to hear from there until recently.

The tragedy referred to was enacted last October, and caused great excitement then, but the trial promises to be more exciting still. The fair murderess is the daughter of a well-known and higly esteemed merchant of Lumberton. Hartman, a young blood representing a Baltimore house, had been her accepted lover for two years, but he betrayed her, and she, to get even with him, shot him. At 10 o'clock in the morning she drove in a hack alone to Rauck's Hotel, and, getting out, she walked quickly to the parlor, where she found Hartman engaged in conversation with a friend. She stepped up to him, and said, in a dramatic tone: "You have ruined me, and now I will ruin you!" and with that she drew a derringer from her cloak pocket and fired, the ball taking effect in his abdomen. He lingered two hours in terrible agony, and then died. But he made a statement in which he protested his innocence.

Miss Linkaw surrendered herself to an officer, and was committed to jail to await the spring term of court. She gave premature birth to a child, and public sentiment rose to a high pitch, some believing the statement of the murdered man, but a majority sided with the young lady.

The Superior Court was opened, Judge Warsaw presiding. Lawyers were present from all parts of the State, and thousands of ladies and gentlemen came from adjoining town. Hundreds arrived, and the jail was besieged by a multitude of idle people, anxious to be admitted to Miss Linkhaw's cell. On Friday morning all roads leading to Lumberton were filled with vehicles and horsemen, and crowds of pedestrians hurrying to the Court house. By 10 o'clock nearly 3,000 people had massed around the temple of justice, and by noon, when the court convened, the assemblage was estimated at 4,000; it included the flower and chivalry of the country.

The prisoner was taken from the jail and, accompanied by a sergeant, rode in a carriage to the court house. A company of volunteer soldiers marched in front as an escort, to keep the crowd from pressing on the conveyance. The pageant was inspiring. When the court house was reached, it was with difficulty that the military could make an avenue through which the prisoner was to pass. Young men cheered and waved their handkerchief, and the ladies cried and shouted by turns. The accused was dressed in deep mourning, and was heavily veiled. The court room was packed, but only a small proportion of the vast crowd could get in. The larger part remained standing in the court green.

When the court was opened, solemn silence reigned. Seated near the prisoner were her counsel, several kinsmen, and three young lady companions. After the jury, which had been taken from a venire of 500, had been sworn, the Clerk read the lengthy indictment—the accused standing as is the custom. When the question was asked: "What say you, Amelia Linkhaw, are you guilty of the murder for which you stand indicted, or not?" The answer came in tremulous accents, "Not guilty," and turning to the court, "I am not guilty, sir, but am a miserable woman."

The Judge wept. Then the counsel for defense arose, and called attention to some irregularity in the indictment, and entered into a lengthy argument, after which Judge Warsaw postponed the case until next term.

It was evening when the court adjourned, but it was late at night when the crowd dispersed. Miss Linkhaw was remanded to jail. As her carriage drove off, a multitude ran after it cheering. All of the ladies sympathize with the prisoner, and say that she should be acquitted, and in fact, the public generally side with her, although a few still believe that she killed the wrong man.

Miss Linkhaw's case is a very romantic one. She refused to have any counsel and declines to converse with counsel that her father employed. She is a beautiful brunette, black eyes, black hair, and classic features. Every day since she has been in jail, a former discarded lover has sent her a flower or some little token of regard; but the most romantic incident of all was brought to light yesterday.

It seems, when Kate Southern was in trouble in Georgia for the murder of her husband's paramour, Miss Linkhaw wrote her a letter of condolence, and sent her money to assist in employing counsel; and a few days ago she received a letter of condolence from Kate, dated at the penitentiary, telling her to be of good cheer. She has received letters and books from strangers from all parts of the South. Miss Linkhaw is highly educated, and has spent her time in jail in literary work. Among other things, she has translated "Le Livre a Ferrura," a French story, for the Southern Herald. She occupies the jailor's room, which has been fitted up handsomely with velvet furniture and Brussels carpet.

The Romance of a Prison.

One benign spring day, just three years ago, a party of visitors were shown through the penitentiary at Jefferson City, Missouri. Among the prisoners a young man was pointed out, whose story the warden told to the curious sight-seers. He was serving out a long sentence for embezzlement, which lacked at that time a few years of termination. When but a boy just out of college, through the influence of older associates who, leaving the shame to him, escaped with the booty, he had been implicated in the misappropriation of trust funds. On his trial his family, which was one of wealth and high social position in the west, not only declined to assist in his defense, but publicly renounced him as a disgrace to their name. The warden represented him as the youngest of the convicts, the best behaved and the most friendless, not a soul having inquired about or written to him in all the time of his confinement. This story kindled the sympathy of one of the party, in particular, a charming belle from a New York town. Amid the "Did you evers!" and the "Well I nevers!" of her companions, she demanded that the young convict be introduced to her. She was so pleased with his manner and conversation that there, right before them all, to the utter horror, and despite the protestations of her friends, she promised to write to him. Returning home, she resolutely fulfilled her promise, notwithstanding the objections of her mother whom she took into her confidence. Two months passed on; the letters grew longer and warmer, and the result was that the fair missionary promised to marry the felon so soon as he should be free. This, too, she was not ashamed to acknowledge to her mother. The other day, the one on which the convict's term expired, a carriage drove up to the penitentiary a Jefferson City and stopped in front of the entrance. Not long did it wait ere the young fellow, pallid from confinement and the happiness of the supreme moment, plunged through the open doors that released him to love and liberty, and dashed straight into a pair of arms that were stretched out from the carriage. Then, then, ah, beatific moment! when heart beat to heart, and lips clung to lips, and eyes read revelations through joy's mists, a horridly unromantic old officer stepped up and arrested him on another indictment. Whether we should end this story with a gloomy "Finis," or a more promising "to be continued," remains for the future to tell.—[Louisville Courier Journal.

Loveless Marriages.

There is something really touching in the superstition here about their Princes and Princesses. It is only shown when one of them dies or marries. Royalty is to them as the mirror in which a child first looks and imagines that itself and what it sees therein are behind the glass. Thus, I have seen it stated in many newspapers, especially such as are religious and which circulate among the humbler dissenters, that the royal marriage just celebrated at Windsor is one of "pure affection." Precisely the same thing has been said about each of the marriages of the Queen's children, and that simple faith is cherished by millions who would be shocked if they realized the fact that these young people are bartered between the cabinets of Europe. Old Lord Palmerston would not get up any humbug about the marriage of the Prince of Wales, but bluntly told the House of Commons that he had selected a wife for the Prince and she was pretty. The fact is, every marriage in the royal family has been as utterly without affection as that of the Queen was. In two cases the arrangement has been against very strong feelings in the parties most interested, and in one the political marriage involved a sad sacrifice of happiness to lovers. The notion that the Duke of Connaught had any special interest in the German princess he married, or she in him, is absurd. They were hardly acquainted. She is not beautiful, but has a fresh, sparkling countenance, and is said to have good sense. The Duke is affable and good natured. So it is to be hoped they will manage to make the best of their destiny. But amid all the splendor of the scene at Windsor Castle and the gifts of gold and silver, one thing was lacking which would have outweighed all in value—a heart. —[London Dispatch from M. D. Conway.

Cost of Living in London.

The retail buyer has to pay for rump or sirloin steak 30 to 32 cents a pound, and for the round 24 cents, best roasting pieces 25 cents, and less desirable cuts at corresponding rates. Mutton; neck pieces 20 cents, leg 24 cents, saddle 30 cents, and chops 32 cents. Fresh pork, roasting pieces, 20 to 22 cents, salt ditto, 18 to 20 cents. Poultry invariably high, chickens and turkeys ruling from 25 to 30 cents. Butter, very common, brings 30 cents, good table ditto, 35 cents, and choice 50 cents and upwards. Eggs always command good prices. At present they sell for: ordinary, 36 cents a dozen; fresh laid 50 cents. Milk is 10 cents a quart. Fresh fish is always high, cod and haddock bringing from 20 to 25 cents a pound, or even higher when scarce. It is well understood that the supply of fish for the London market is regulated by telegraph between the city and the coast, so that an excess in the supply is not permitted, and hence prices are sustained. It is believed that large quantities are thrown away in seasons of plenty, in order to keep the market in the power of those who manipulate it. Dried and smoked fish are comparitively cheap. Vegetables also command high prices; potatoes, for instance, which are sold at retail by weight, fetch a shilling for five pounds, or about five cents a pound. A barrel of potatoes, if I remember rightly, weighs ninety-five pounds; so the rate is equal to $4.75 a barrel. Other vegetables are proportionately dear. The houses are constructed without cellars in which to store vegetables, or cool places in which to hang up meats, provided it would keep in this climate without ice; and as refrigerators are generally unknown in families, no advantage can be had in buying by wholesale, as in America. Provisions of all kinds, therefore, are procured day by day, as they are wanted.

The foregoing list of prices I have obtained from a landlady, who has had experience as the keeper of a private boarding house in London for many years, and who pays cash down for all her purchases.—[Cor. Boston Advertiser.

ouse Mysteri

A few months ago a prominent citizen of Boston was arrested and put into the Insane Asylum. He was on the point of going to Europe, having just previously made his will, the contents of which were unknown to his family. It cost $1,800 to get the same man out of the mad house. A few days ago some legislation was advanced a stage, with a view to improving the laws relating to lunacy in Massachusetts, more especially with reference to commitment, release and supervision. There are 4,000 persons confined in the asylums of this State, one-half of whom are in private institutions. Some of these private asylums are used for the "privacy" of the drunken sons of wealthy parents—sons "who have gone to Europe for their health." The certificate of "two respectable citizens" will send a person into an insane asylum in this State, but in England, no person can be committed to an insane asylum unless it is stated why he is committed. Such a thing as a trial by jury is unknown and unauthorized in Massachusetts. One-man power runs the insane asylums of this State. If a man is charged with murder he has an opportunity to prove his innocence, but a sane person committed to an insane asylum in this State has no chance to prove his sanity. Such a person can only be released upon the say of the person who caused his commitment. The hospitals of Massachusets are 100 years behind the age. The scientific ring rules these insane hospitals, and the laws which govern the insane hospitals here are the worst in the United States. In Illinois, a man had his wife locked up in an asylum because she differed with him on the five points of Calvin, but the Superintendent refused to hold her any longer; and foiled by the law, the husband tried for years to decoy her into Massachusetts, where no doubt he could have had the woman incarcerated until her death.—[Boston Correspondence Chicago Journal.

Lady Nihilists.

Ladies who move in the highest circles of Russian society have joined the Nihilist conspirators. No fewer than three young ladies of high birth took a leading part in the late outbreak at Kieff. The policeman who was killed during the struggle fell by a ball aimed at him from a revolver, which was fired by Olga Raffowska. Two preliminary meetings of Nihilists were held before the affray—one composed exclusively of men, the other of women. At the latter, according to the same authority, appeared the daughter of General Gerstfeld, whose father lives at St. Petersburg, and belongs to the highest official class of the Empire, and also the enthusiastic Countess Panin. The name of the young Countess is inscribed on the books of the University of Kieff. She is a zealous student, and renowned for her singular beauty. Her mother is dead, but her mother-in-law is a court dame of the Russian Empress, and a power in St. Petersburg society. Her great-grandfather was a favorite of the Empress Catherine, and was the second Imperial Chancellor of the Russian Empire.—[New York Tribune.

Petted and Then Enslaved.

"Handsome as a Caucasian girl" is the highest tribute which a Turk can pay to female loveliness. Beautiful features, lovely eyes, and a matchless complexion are the inheritance of a race with which the principal nations now inhabiting Europe are supposed to have a common origin. In every Caucasian home, whether rich or poor, the daughters are the real mistresses of the house, iddized by the parents, and kept from every toil which might impair their personal charms. They live a happy life under the maternal roof; but all this indulgence ceases as soon as they marry. Hard work in the field and household drudgery is the lot of the Caucasian matron, and soon takes away the bloom of her youth so much that generally after one year of married life she appears a mere wreck of her former self. The wife of the Caucasian mountaineer has to do everything—till the soil, carry water and fuel, tend the horses and cattle, grind the corn, and prepare the food, besides having to weave cloth and linen necessary for the members of her family, and make their garments and shoes.

MR. JOHN L. FORKNER, Auditor of Madison county, has a Poland coach dog which was presented him by Count Bozenta, husband of Modjeska, the amous actress.

Faintness and Its Causes.

Faintness consists in a temporary failure of the activity of the heart; the blood, in consequence, is not properly circulated. It does not reach the head, and the patient loses clearness of vision and color, and, if not prevented, falls on the floor, where, however, or even before reaching it, he recovers. There is no convulsion, and, though he can scarcely be said to be conscious, he is not profoundly unconscious, so as not to be able to be aroused, as happens in epilepsy. There are all degrees of faintness, from merely feeling faint and looking slightly pale to the state we have described; and in some cases the state of fainting is hardly recovered from well before it begins again and again, for hours and days together. We need hardly say that such cases as the latter are altogether beyond the reach of domestic medicine. What are the causes of faintness? It is not very difficult to describe these. Some people are so easily affected that they faint if they cut their finger, or even if they only see the cut finger of another. All one can say of such persons is that their muscular fiber is not strong, and that their nerves are sensitive. The heart, which goes on for years circulating the blood, is essentially a muscle. It is weak in some people, stronger in others. As a rule, it is weaker in women and stronger in men. Hence women faint more rapidly than men. Whatever weakens the heart and the muscles generally acts as a cause of faintness. Close, foul air is a common cause of faintness or of languidness. Anything which greatly affects the nervous system, such as bad news or the sight of something horrible or disagreeable, will sometimes cause fainting. But of all classes of faintness, none is so serious as the loss of blood. The muscles, in order to act well, must be supplied with the blood; and if the blood of the body is lost—if it escapes, from a vein opened purposely, or from piles, or from the source from which menstruation proceeds—in excessive quantity, then faintness will happen. The degree of it will depend on the constitution, and on the amount of blood lost. A loss of blood that would scarcely be felt by one person will be a serious cause of faintness to another. Sometimes frequent faintness arises from becoming very fat, the muscular system of the heart being impaired by fat deposit.—[Cassell's Household Guide.

How a Drowning Man Feels.

Capt. Schwensen, who was tendered a reception in New York Monday, in honor of his heroic conduct at the sinking of the Pommerania, told this incident of his experience:

"I had already in my own mind made up my account. I found the doctor lying on a bench on the quarter deck, and, shaking him, found that he was dead—perhaps from excitement and apoplexy. Then I stumbled upon the second officer. 'Fokkes,' I cried, 'why are you here and not in your boat?' 'Captain,' he answered, 'my boat is in good command; the carpenter's boat was stove in, so I put him in mine, and I didn't want to leave my old captain.' At that moment the ship lurched; we were standing in water; the bow pitched down; we said 'Good by' to one another, and a final blue light aft, showing that Zarnow was faithful to the death, was the last thing I saw as the water closed over me.

"Do you want to know how a man feels when he is being drowned?" asked the captain. "I had a feeling that some awful sea or maelstrom was swallowing me down. Then came the sensation of being forced through the water as if I had been discharged from a canon, and when I could hold my breath no longer, I opened my mouth, and found I was at the surface with floating things about me. I found a board six feet long and counted the five boats in the distance, and I could see them because they were painted white. For an hour the tide carried me rapidly toward the German Ocean. Then I saw the light of a steamer coming directly toward me, but almost at the same time I was taken with cramp in the legs, and thought for a second time that I surely must die. Yet the steamer came nearer. I shouted, saw the steamer stop, saw a light go down the side, and heard the dip of oars, and the boatswain saying, 'don't strike that man on the head.' Then a hand grasped me and I fainted. The next thing I remember was seeing a ball of light before me, surrounded by a dark rainbow, which kept growing brighter. Then a prickly feeling, beginning at my feet went up my whole body, my eyes opened, and I found myself looking at a lamp burning on the deck of the City of Amsterdam, which carried me to Rotterdam, where I lay sick for three days.

Birds Must Die and Children Starve.

The other day I came upon a new store in the city. The windows were fairly dazzling with color. A stray sunbeam falling upon them, the shop front flashed back a rainbow of blue and green and red and yellow, indigo and vermillion, umber and black and white. I paused to gaze. It was a store devoted to the modern fashion of adorning ladies' hats, bonnets and dresses with birds and butterflies. All the corners of the earth had been ransacked to satisfy this new craze. Whole birds, birds' wings, tails, breasts, were here by the thousand. Butterflies and hummingbirds vied with each other in wealth of color and beauty of arrangement. It is true there are lots of stores in London devoted to specimens of "natural history," where these things may be purchased; but here is a shop full of them, not as studies or specimens, but as articles of adornment. Travelers and others tell me that bird slaughter, as a trade, has now reached proportions which threaten the very extinguishment of some of the rarest, as well as gayest, species. One can understand this when it is stated on authority that a German dealer in this city recently received a consignment of 32,000 dead hummingbirds, and 80,000 aquatic birds of several varieties, and 800,000 pairs of wings. This to one dealer alone; while at the same time all the other traders are increasing their orders to foreign shippers. There is something very sad in these figures. Surely our women can not think about the subject, or they would never promote this sacrifice of bird-life for a mere freak of fashion. The rage for feather fashion has produced a new style of ornament. So that to please the latest whim, birds must die and children must starve. You may stand "on the bridge at Coventry" now and see scores of people loitering there who, but for the superseure of ribbons by feathers, would be busily at work in the locked-up mills.—[London Letter to, New York Times.

A Drunken Deer.

Man is reproached or commended, according to taste, as the only animal that gets drunk. But how about the deer? It is stated by an authority that the deer—at any rate the French deer—for all his amiable qualities, gets tight. But only at this time of the year. He then "throws himself with avidity" upon certain tender shoots containing a juice which ferments in his stomach and intoxicates him to such an extent that he strays from his usual haunts and "follows his nose." Thus it came to pass that a deer "in liquor" was discovered by a peasant, also "in liquor," lying "dead drunk" in a ditch on the road to the Village of Queue-en-Brie. The peasant, delighted at the godsend, tied the deer's legs together with a handkerchief, and, having hoisted the animal on his shoulders, prepared to carry him off. The deer, roused from his drunken sleep by this treatment, became so troublesome that the peasant, who was of an inventive turn, took off his blouse, passed it over the deer's head, and improvised by means of it a sort of straight-jacket, which paralyzed the beast's movements. He had just finished these intelligent proceedings when he perceived two gendarmes who without more ado, requested to be furnished with his name and address, in view of legal proceedings. In the meanwhile the deer, whose feet had untied, scampered off, a little embarrassed by the blouse, to his doe and family, whose consternation at his strange appearance may be readily imagined. He probably had a bad time of it when he reached his own quarters, while the peasant had to reckon with the legal authorities. Thus we see how a deer, as well as a man, got into trouble through drink.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

A Free Translation.

A hardy pioneer, fresh from the wilds of Arizona, in an eating house yesterday, was describing to a city bred acquaintance a terrific "grizzly bar" encounter he had lately experienced. "The bar," said he, concluding a story in which he had gone over a lengthy trail hunting the "bar," and finishing with the finding of him: "The bar, arter I'd emptied my rifle, closed on me, knocked me down and tried to rip me open with his hind hoofs. I felt his claws travelin' over my abdomen like a harrow tearin' up a forty-acre lot; then I drew my bowie knife, half a yard long, and as good a piece of metal as you ever see, sharp enough to shave with; what do you think grizzly did? Chawed it up quicker'n a weasel'd wink; chawed it up blade an' all an' spit the horn handle out into my face. Then I thought I'd better do something. So I emptied my two revolvers into him; fourteen shots fair in his left side. He just smiled sweetly and pressed me to his bosom until I felt my gallowses give way an' every bone in my body crack. I closed my eyes, thinking it was all up with me. Then I remembered my gun barrel was under my head I reached out, got it, struck him square between the eyes and stretched him out colder'n a wedge!"

"By George!" said the almost speechless listener, "that gun barrel was your dernier resorte!"

"You're mighty right, Cap. It was my dern near last resort!"

"Here, barkeeper, whisky straights for two."—[Indianapolis News.

Baptizing in Midwinter.

A number of journals in New Jersey and Ohio have betrayed grave anxiety of mind in respect to the hardships and perils of baptizing in the open air in cold weather. In particular, the enormity of baptizing persons in water that could be reached only through an opening made in the ice that covered it, excites very lively emotions. It does not seem to have occured to these our brothern of the press—what is nevertheless the authentic fact verified by many witnesses—that the suffering in the cases last referred to is all in the imagination of lookers-on. It seems to have been forgotten that water under ice is warmer than the atmosphere above the ice. We have personally tested the point, and the nearest approximation to the sensations of a warm bath in the act of baptizing, within our exyerience, were felt on a cold day in Winter, in a baptistry formed by cutting through more than a foot of ice. The water seemed tepid. —[Boston Watchman.

Getting Rid of Snow in Cities.

More than eight years ago the city authorities of London offered a prize for any invention which would enable them to get rid of snow in the streets. Seventeen schemes were submitted. The successful apparatus was at once erected, and has been in operation every year since. It consists simply of an inclined plate of iron, fixed below a manhole leading to the main sewer. Under this plate are ranged gas burners. The snow carted from the adjoining thoroughfares is shoveled down the manhole grating, falls on the heated plate, is reduced to water, and passes away down the sewer. The consumption of gas is very moderate, and the cost is said to be muce less than that incurred by carting away the snow on the old system. The apparatus, says the engineer, has proved extremely successful, and the invention deserves to be widely adopted.

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTE & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS
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ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE SIGNAL is authorized to announce that W. H. Smith, formerly editor of the Star, will be a candidate for Clerk of the city of Logansport, at the spring election.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

TO-NIGHT.
NOT dead yet.
STORM the fort.
VOTE temperance.
STAND by the cause.
EVERY night this week.
GRAND rally on the 31st.
BE careful how you vote.
Hughes and Ward to-night.
L. P. STREETER is at Xenia.
PREPARE to celebrate on the 31st.
JESSE ARNOLD, Wabash county Representative, is a Murphy.

THE prayers of those who are not willing to help availeth nothing.

SILVER TOP is at Salem, Washington county, where he is doing good work.

EVERY one who is not favorable to temperance is doing saloon-keepers and the devil great service.

WE are indebted to National Prohibitionist for sever items in column of "Signalistics," this week.

ON the 21st of next month a convention will be held at Indianapolis to nominate State Prohibition officers.

THE officers and "Bro." Leedy (that's us) promise to keep the grand ball of temperanee rolling on, if the friends will do their part. Let us pull together.

FOR the last four or five days Hughes and Ward have been holding successful meetings at Thorntown, Ind. All the meetings they hold are successful, it seems.

OVER two pages of contributions this week. That's right. That is, friends, its right to write, (that's a 'pun') and we are always glad to hear from you, (that isn't). Yours truly.

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

WE have not the time, space nor inclination to bandy words. The editorial space we have devoted to the church will end our say in the matter. We have a more important job on hand.

WE devote considerable space to home work this week. While the larger portion of it is interesting to all our readers, those at a distance will be favored with more general news hereafter.

THE beer boozer, Reicheldafer, of Ft. Wayne, Representative, who presented the obnoxious whisky bill in the last Legislature, has come to grief. * * * * He is accused of criminal association with a character not his lawful spouse.

HOMER KLINE, our ex-secretary, has gone to Attica, to engage in the dentistry profession, of which he is a young though promising member. Homer is worthy of the association of all good Atticaites; we hope his new home will be a pleasant one.

TERRENCE MCGOVERN paid THE SIGNAL a high compliment last week. He has observed its progress from the beginning, and says we should be proud of its success. He wants it continued, as he regards it as one of THE best papers of the day.

WE want a special agent at once, for THE MURPHY SIGNAL, in each and every town in the United States and Canada. To those who can devote all or part of their time, we make very strong inducements. Write on a postal card for special terms.

AFTER a successful term of six months Bro. Murray retires from the Presidency, with all the honors the office is capable of bestowing. He has been faithful in the performance of his duties, and will always be remembered with kindest feelings.

SEVERAL of our country brethren favored the Logansport union with their presence last Sunday evening. Among them were Bro. McDowell and his faithful wife, Bro. Cook and his faithful (we hope) "gal," Horace McGrew, and his—and others. Come often.

THE temperance question, before many years, will be the national political issue. The time is rapidly approaching, and all well-meaning temperance persons should hasten it by active service in the field. Solid sense and truth should be preached constantly in every neighborhood.

HUGHES and Ward last week concluded a seriers of meetings at Hoopeston, Ill., a place of 1,500 inhabitants. Over 1,100 signed the pledge, and every saloon closed up for good. Eleven meetings in all were held, the enthusiasm was intense, and the burg surrendered everything to Murphyism.

A day or so since the Chicago Times contained an account of the lynching of John Stevens, a former resident of Logansport. Stevens murdered a companion for a bottle of whisky, and then got gloriously drunk. The friends of the dead man got up a necktie party for Stevens, and swung him from the nearest tree.

THEY have come. They will conquer. Lafayette Hughes and Milo P. Ward are in the city, ready and anxious to commence the work of salvation. All good people should rally around and sustain them. We expect none to falter in their duty, and it is the duty of every Murphy to come to the front and do battle for the right.

THE good results of temperance literature can hardly be computed. It takes direct to the home of the indifferent truths that will arouse him from a lethargy. It reaches those who cannot be reached in any other way. We urge our county union to provide for the wholesale distribution of printed truths in every district under its jurisdiction.

BRO. DAN. J. WOODS has located himself in the blacksmithing business at Monticello. Dan is without doubt one of the best workmen in the state. As a reaper repairer he is par excellence, having had fourteen years experience in that line of repairing. As a horse-shoer he has a reputation in this county any man may be proud of. He is a thorough workman in all branches of the business, and we recommend him to the people of White county.

THE Alexandria, Ind., Bee gives an account of very successful temperance meetings at that place, under charge of Bro. Wade, and says the State has few better speakers than that gentleman. We are always pleased to hear of the progress of the work, and to learn that our speakers are persistent in their efforts to stop the rum traffic. Local papers containing notices will be gratefully received, and items of interest of every character will be appreciated to their fullest extent.

The good people of Clinton township meet in St. John's church, every two weeks, and talk Murphyism in the most approved style. Bro. Clymer, the president, does not spend much time in red-tape proceedings, but he is a genuine worker, and the union will prosper under his supervision. The singing of Misses Minnie Clymer, Rachael Reed and other worthy young ladies, and several young gentlemen, is a valuable help to the work. We are obligated to Mr. Richard Tyner and his family for favors and courtesies.

IN temperance journalism THE SIGNAL stands at the head. The characteristic excellence that has given it a wide-spread reputation, will in future increase its popularity and desirability. When it is know that the first number was only 8in. by 12 in. size, its unprecented progress can be more fully realized. The purpose to make it the neatest, positively the best, and cheapest temperance paper published, prompted every effort expended, and the best assurance we have that it is such is the endorsement it receives by ten thousand homes and families. We shall labor diligently to sustain every department, and shall continue to rely upon the aid of our friends in securing the important temperance news of every county and State in the union. The encouragements and substantial contributions have sustained us in dark hours, and now that our way seems clear for our onward progress, we will not forget those who have bestowed them. We feel that each reader is a near and dear friend, and we hope our regular semi-monthly visit has afforded them one-half the pleasure it has the publishers. We trust each reader will remember us to his neighbor, and aid us in securing one thousand new subscribers every month.

FIGURES.

THE TOTAL NUMBER OF OUR CHURCH MEMBERS.

If the Few Who Attend the Hall "Drain the Churches," They must have Very Small Congregations.

THE SIGNAL, this week, devotes considerable space to correspondence relating to an address to "certain church members," a communication published in the last issue.

We have nothing to say as to the DUTY of church members, but wish to prove that the Murphys have not been guilty of "draining the churches of their strength, sapping them of their vitality," etc.

Hence, we call your attention to the membership of each church:

CHURCHES.	MEM.	S. S, S,
First Presbyterian	320	250
Second Presbyterian	210	150
Cumberland Presbyterian	60	
Broadway Methodist	268	150
Market Street Methodist	75	250
Wheatland Street Methodist	110	100
Central Christian	140	150
South Side Christian	60	95
North Side Christian		
German Protestant	21	25
Baptist	130	150
Trinity Episcopal		
St. Vincent du Paul, Catholic	800	
St. Bridget, Catholic	600	
German Catholic	550	
German Lutheran	400	
Total, as given	3704	1320

By the above it will be seen that the city has 3704 church members, and 1320 Sabbath-school scholars. It will also be observed that if the number (of church members) were divided into seven parts, the hall would not contain the entire number in seven nights.

Thus we estimate:

Twenty per cent. of the number have never attended a Murphy meeting!

Sixty per cent. have never attended a half dozen meetings each.

Less than fifty church members are REGULAR attendants at the meetings

On an average one minister attends every two weeks.

Rev. Mahin has been the most constant in attendance.

Rev. Hawkins, second.

Rev. McKaig, once or twice since January.

Rev. Stetson has spent about one hour's time since January 1.

Rev. Post was present at one session of the county union.

Rev. Schofield has not been in the hall for a year.

Rev. Wright has been present whenever his health would permit.

Sunday-school superintendents, elders, and prominent church workers are seldom seen at the meetings.

Are these the "certain church workers" our friend and correspondent has reference to?

No, indeed.

Has our writer no word to say to these regarding what is necessary for the proper culture of temperance sentiment?

Does he realize that intemperance is the greatest barrier to the church's progress, and that members, when fighting intemperance are working for the church and nothing else?

Less than ONE per cent. of our church members attend our meetings.

Do you wish to DESTROY the little Christian influence we now have?

True, we have some good, Christian temperance workers, and we owe more to them than we realize.

They have been consistent and zealous.

And are they not doing more good to their cause, than they could possibly do at their church.

Not that they find the hall and our meetings preferable to the church, but that there is a greater field for effective work.

Rev. M. Mahin said before our convention:

"I regard the present temperance movement as a movement of great importance. I believe that good is in it, and that his hand has been and is directing its movements. Hnd I believe that it is the duty of every member of every church in the land to give it an earnest endorsement, and do all they can to increase its usefulness."

We do not believe that church members ought to neglect their churches, and we do believe that more churches have been neglected through the influence of the lecture association than that of the Murphy movement.

Our correspondent speaks sensibly, thus:

By no means do we wish you to stay away from all the meetings. There is no necessity for that. There are five nights in the week when most of our churches have no meetings. On these evenings you can go and work. Is it unreasonable for you to give two-sevenths to religion and five sevenths to temperance? Certainly not; and you ought not to fail to give the two-sevenths when you can use the balance for Murphy work.

But will it bear investigation. Let us see:

Baptist—Regular meetings, Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday nights.

Presbyterian—Wednesday, Sunday.

Market St. M. E.—Monday, Thursday, Friday, Sunday.

Thus every night is occupied.

We want to assure our church friends that we have no desire to antagonize them or their work. We love to see them and mingle with them.

We are trying to prepare souls for the church, and they are preparing them for heaven.

Can we not work together and help each other!

Election of Officers.

Logansport Daily Journal.

The Murphys, to the number of 300 or more, met at the hall last night and performed a very important semi-annual duty—election of officers. Vice President T. B. Louis occupied the chair.

The report of the Treasurur was heard and referred to the Finance committee.

The Secretary's report was received and ordered placed on file.

Reports of different committee were called for and received.

The Union then proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

President—W. H. Leedy.
Vice Presidents—1st Mrs. E. Miller; 2d, D. B. Graham; 3d, T. B. Louis; 4th, H. C. Mehaffie; 5th, Mrs. C. Gray.
Secretary—W. P. Marshall.
Assistant Sec.—Miss Nellie Jackson.
Treasurer—J. C. Glines.
Chorister—H. C. Mehaffie.
Organist—Miss Jacobs.

The new officers find the Union in a prosperous condition, and it is hoped they will perform their duty no less faithfully than did the retiring ones. Mr. Murray has shown himself an excellent presiding officer and manager, and it is regretted by many that his business requires so much of his time.

It is the fourth time Mr. Leedy has been elected to his present important and honorable position, and his ability as a worker is too well known to need praise from the Journal

The work of the Union will not be permitted to lag in the least degree. It is proposed to continue the work with renewed zeal and energy.

Down to Business.

THE people of Harrison county have been doing a most effectual work for temperance. Their antagonism to license and rum dens has culminated in an open warfare between them and whisky bloats, and the engagement promises the prohibition of every den in the county.

May the good work go on.

The time is approaching when the people of every district will take sides on this important question, and the result will surely be in our favor. We must have possession and control of our interests, and, while we do not desire a hand-to-hand conflict if unavoidable, we are ready for any movement to gain that end. We do not make a secret of our purpose. It is an unselfish, holy purpose. A right God vouchsafed unto us, and in pursuance of our liberty rumism shall be no barrier.

He Did His Duty.

OUR blue ribbon Representative, Hon. B. F. Campbell, has returned to our midst, after a hard winter's work in the General Assembly. During the term he secured the passage of three important laws, and three other bills presented by him passed the second reading. Cass county has never had a more honest Representative, nor one who devoted himself more closely to the interests of its people. While some of the political ringsters may condemn him for refusing to dance to their music, the people honor him all the more for steering clear of political chicanery and dirty political schemes. Let justice be done the man who has so faithfully represented our greatest interests.

A Sure Crop.

WILD oats may be sowed at any season of the year.

They thrive in any soil.

The crop produced is always large, and partakes of the nature of the seed.

They supplant any other cereal, requiring little cultivation.

Any person can sow them, and reap them.

We advise every young man wanting to make a fool of himself to sow wild oats.

Important Call.

EVERY union in the county are hereby requested to send two delegates each to a meeting at the Y. M. C. A. rooms, in this city, on Saturday afternoon, April 26th, at one o'clock, to consider important matters relating to the county convention of May 30th, and the celebration on the 31st. It is urged that all wide-awake unions respond without fail. By order of

W. H. LEEDY, Pres.
M. S, PETTIT, Sec. C. C. T. U.

—E. H. Dunbar, of Cincinnati, is talking around in Indiana.

EVIDENCE.

A Correspondent Gives Evidence on an Interesting Subject.

To the Editor:

I SEE in an article in your paper, a word to church members, and their duty as such. Now I must differ from the writer of the article, for I do believe that the duty of every christian person, or should be, the elevation of fallen humanity. Let them be who or what they may, and to work for the salvation of which, whenever, and wherever they are to be found; so if the Murphy hall is full night after night, with the low and outcast of society, as the moral paper of our city says is the case; then the Murphy hall is the place for all good people to rally and help to save them by showing that love the Savior had when he was here on earth, for if we have taken his name with us, we must walk in the same path he has laid down for us, and if he came not to save the righteous, but sinners, then come ye all to the help of the Lord. Now I don't ask any one to leave the church meeting to be at the hall, if they think they can do more good in the house of God, for there is your place; and I don't think that you ought to ask me to give up the hall and its meeting, when I think that I can do more good by being there, in the work of reform. Now, it was at the Murphy meetings that I was induced to sign the pledge and be a man, and in that hall, I ask the prayers of the Young men's christian association; and in that hall did the Savior speak peace to my soul, and I saw the light of a brighter day, and for that purpose I am willing to work for others, that they may see that I am their brother, and that they can be as good as I am, or any one else, if they will but give their hearts to God. Now the church meetings could not have done this work; for it would not have reached me in the gutter while under the influence of drink. I had to break the chains that had been forged and riveted around me, and held in the grasp of the evil one. And when once broken, the mind being clear again, I sought more loftier objects, and left the darkness behind, for the more glorious light of the gospel of Christ. Now let us all throw aside all feeling of strife and discord, for a more harmonious work in the elevation of mankind and all christian people of sect and creed, and temperance workers, in all societies, will be the better for knowing that we, each one, are doing what we can for Christ our Savior.

J. H. IVINS.

CLUB US.

Inb Us Hard—Cl Us A l Over—Club Us Everybody.

THE SIGNAL will be furnished at the following rates, to societies and individuals getting up clubs:

One copy, one year	$ 1 00
Five copies, one year	4 25
Ten copies, one year (with extra copy)	7 00
Fifteen copies, " " "	10 50
Twenty-five copies, " "	15 00
Fifty copies, one year, " "	25 00

Every union in the state should take advantage of the above offer.

It will pay you to circulate temperance literature among your people.

The cash must accompany each list.

Address all communications to the editor, box 411.

Responsible agents wanted in every county in the union.

The Big "31."

THE 31st of May is the second anniversary of the Murphy movement in Cass county, and it is proposed to make it the grandest occasion known in the history of the county. Every township will send large delegations to the grand rally and jubilee, and immense excursion train will be run from every direction. The best orators of the country will be present, and every possible effort will be made to make it the largest and most enthusiastic celebration of the kind ever held in the west. Prepare to come and enjoy the festivities, and our victory.

State Prohibition Convention.

All friends of political action in the cause of prohibition, are requested to meet at Temperance Headquarters, Indianapolis, at 10 a. m., Wednesday, May 21, 1879, for the purpose of nominating a State ticket pledged to prohibition, to be voted on in 1880.

By order of the State Central Committee of the Prohibition League.

T. A. GOODWIN,
Secretary.

North Manchester.

THE temperance revival at North Manchester, conducted by Bro. James Sewell, of Marion, resulted in no small amount of good. The work now seems to be in excellent condition again, and we anticipate a thorough and effective summer campaign.

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

Bringhurst, Ind.

To the Editor:

SEEING in your paper that you want to hear from all orders of Good Templars, I thought I would say something about our Lodge. We meet every Monday evening. We started five months ago, with fifteen members, and now we have a lodge of 61 members, who dare to show their colors for temperance. We have met with considerable opposition, but think we are different from most organizations—we 'stick together,' and if a brother falls we help him up. We nave quite a number from Flora who had been members of the Murphys for some time, but wanting to join the red with the blue, they came over. We are are always glad to welcome any to our cause. Ours is the only lodge of Good Templars in the county. But few have ever broken their obligation, and the number will be less in the future. Our attendance averages from 45 to 50. JOE.

April 21.

Kansas.

To the Editor:

I WOUD like to know what has become of the Murphys of Walton, as I have not heard a word from that union for some time. I desire to hear from them through THE SIGNAL. Boys, brace up, and rid your town of the rum traffic. It can be done with a little work. It won't hurt you one bit to talk temperance at least one-third of your spare time. I know that there are many good and noble-hearted temperance workers in Walton, and they deserve credit for the efforts they have made; but it will do no harm to publish reports of what they are doing. Show to the world the banner of true and earnest seekers of reform.

We need an an organization here, as we have one beer and gin "slinger," and a little Murphyism would be a good remedy, but by the next month we will commence a campaign that will overbalance all whisky and rum dens. You can see that since my last letter the whiskyites have been gaining ground, for one month ago we were free from all rum influences; to-day we have one saloon; but they are like wild-fire—apt to spread and become dangerous. But I can say this much for the people of Kansas—the most of them are against rum bitters, and will vote right when the time comes; and so will Indiana.

I will close for this time, hoping to hear a word from Walton in the next issue. KANSAS HOPPPER.

Osborne City, April 17th.

Facts about Tobacco.

To the Editor:

TOBACCO acts upon the two nervous systems of sensation and volition, this undue activity is followed by deficient power and paralysis.

Tobacco excites a profuse flow of salivi, which instead of aiding digestion impairs it.

Tobacco injures the glands and tonsils of the mouth, and brings on a disease of the throat known as the "smokers sore throat."

Tobacco brings on, or aids consumption and chronic bronchitis.

Tobacco brings on delirium tremens.

Tobacco, Dr. Dysdale tells us, is one of the chief factors of disease in the male sex.

Tobacco inflicts injury upon the stomach, brain and heart.

Tobacco poisons the blood, effects the lungs and is the primary or secondary cause of various specific diseases.

Tobacco is the poor man's luxury, and the rich man's stumbling block.

Tobacco poisons the rising millions, who in turn poison posterity, and thus the death wave rolls on.

Tobacco outgenerals all our temperance efforts, colleges and churches, and the arch fiend is by professed temperance men now permitted to stand by and laugh us to scorn.

Tobacco has nothing to recommend but "sordid pelf;" it is productive of "infinite mischief."

Tobacco is to drunkenness what lust is to charity, and temperance has gained no vantage ground in the past twenty years because of criminal silence on the debasing influence of the weed.

Tobacco makes a good vomit if medically used, but if taken as tinkers do ale it is a plague, a mischief, ruining body and soul.

Tobacco is a stepping stone to other bad things, such as drinking and swearing.

Tobacco is a letter of introduction to evil associates—a boy or man with a cigar or quid of tobacco in his mouth will not be very particular about his companions.

Tobacco is a narcotic plant which no brute will eat, it affords no nutriment, it stupefies the brain, shatters the nerves, destroys the coats of the stomach, creates an insatiable thirst for stimulants, and prepares the system for fatal disease.

Tobacco employs more hands, handles more money, and weilds more influence, makes more drunkards, and destroys more men, body and soul, than any other vice.

Tobacco like other demons has his peculiar "wiles" and his depths you have not known.

Tobacco tends to make drunkards. Do not suppose yourself safe on the temperance score so long as you smoke or chew. Says the bible, "Come out from among them, be ye separate," and touch not the unclean thing.

Tobacco makes hypocrites of ministers, for it makes a slave of them, and they cannot preach a sermon on self denial or consecration to God, or battle "the world, the flesh, and the devil," in Jehu style.

Tobacco is an idol—it has brought many to their death bed. It is the great ally of the intemperate use of alcoholic liquors. Then use no more of "Markley's Daisey," "Cavendish," "Ladies Twist," "Honey Dew" and all the infernal paraphenalia of a fashionable tobacco saloon. RENALDO.

North Judson.

To the Editor:

Sheaksphere, the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of any people, said: "He that steals my purse steals trash, but he that steals my good name takes that which does not enrich him, but makes me poor indeed." Yes, truly, but he who taketh strong drink losses both "purse" and "good name." I imagine a young man of sobriety and moral worth, leaving the dear old home to enter the great drama of life; I see him as he bids mother farewell, and receive the "God bless you my dear boy," from her quivering lips. Behold him as he takes the hand of the father, and then turns to the beloved sister, and receives her last tender caresses, and lastly stops to imprint the good-bye kiss upon the rosy, dimpled cheek of baby. I behold him with throbbing heart and grief, too great for utterance, taking a last, long look at all that clusters around the home circle to make it attractive and beautiful, and then, with face to the stern world, and a fixed resolution that "I will succeed and return home, an honor to my parents, and an ornament to society." Alas! young man, the tempter is before you. Years pass and we again turn to make inquiry of our promising youth, who, but yesterday, left the parental roof to seek his fortune in the great city. Yes, he secured a position, because he was a young man of good habits. He gradually grew into favor with his employer, and soon made his way into the most fashionable social circles. But alas! he "looked upon the wine when it was red." He became a fashionable drinker, but soon was made servant of his appetite, lost his position, spent his hard-earned money for drink, and was finally taken home a wreck. Behold the spectacle! Truly he had lost his "good name," and, as a consequence, was "poor indeed." His honor, position, bright prospects in life, manhood, "purse," all gone, to satisfy and satiate the desire for drink. O men of a free country, whose government is of and for the people, can you tolerate such a nefarious business as this? May we, as a people, rise up as one man and crush this serpent that is imbibing from us, the best blood of a mighty nation.

Fraternally,

GEORGE ARTHUR MURPHY.

April 9, 1879.

Indianapolis.

To the Editor:

I just want to tell for the benefit of temperance clubs in general, of a social, at which I was present, given by the social mite society of the Red Ribbon Temperance Club here, last Thursday night; though I believe they hold them every week. Cakes, ice cream, etc., are freely donated by the friends of the cause, and are served to all possessing a ticket of admission, which cost only 10 cents—just the price of one drink. The entertainment of which I speak of, was opened by choice musical selections; Mrs. Thomas at the organ, after which brief speeches were made by Chas. Ewanen and others, followed by music and then the presentation of a beautiful plant to beautiful Miss Clara Milla, a sprightly little miss of ten years, who had sold more tickets than any other one person. Mr. Peter J. Gall, who presented this plant, is a young man. I believe from your city, and is a good example of prosperity for other young men. He exhibits an interest in temperance matters, far beyond his years, and I doubt not but time will show that the temperance people have great strength in him. After this little ceremony, refreshments were served, and all entered into the full spirits of the occasion, it was a season of real enjoyment, adding greatly to the friendship before existing between the members of the club.

The G. T. R. A. hall, where these socials are held, is under management of Mr. W. A. Hensley, who has won the respect of all with whom he comes in contract, by his gentlemanly deportment and regard for the comfort and feelings of others, particularly the reformed man and the inebriate. If the clubs throughout the State would get up their socials, they would find it a pleasant and profitable way of paying their expenses. Yours truly,

INDIANAPOLIS.

Harrison Townshiy. I

To the Editor:

IN accordance with previous announcement the Murphys in the vicinity of Baptist church met at that place about 4 p. m., for the purpose of organizing a society.

After a few remarks the following officers were elected by rising vote, to serve during the next quarter.

President—E. C. Meade.
Vice President—J. W. Watts.
Secretary—J. E. Fergus.
Treasurer—John Pool.
Editor—G. W. Fergus.
Choristers—J. E. Fergus and Thomas Barr.

We were then favored with a short address by the retiring president, the substance of which was that the more he worked in the Murphy cause the more zealous he became.

J. W. Watts made a very interesting speech in which he referred briefly to the sad fate of some who in olden times used whisky quite freely during harvest time.

M. C. Dill then made a few remarks in which he showed very plainly the ungenerous and uncharitable position those were occupying who would not join the society because it is a practice of the institution to allow what may be called a confirmed drunkard to come back and renew his pledge and try it again.

The paper which was read by the retiring editor contained many words of encouragement and many good and strong arguments for a more vigorous prosecution of the work.

Interesting speeches were made by others, and the members seem to be waking up to more zealous work. The meeting then adjourned to meet at 5 p. m., Sunday, April 27th, 1879.

I am also requested to pen the fact that we would be pleased to have a visit soon by our township vice-president, W. H. Mehaffie. Yours,

M. C.

Colorado.

To the Editor.

FOR some time past I have not referred to our individual work or society in Leadville, from the fact that the agents of the opposition are ever ready to snatch at and crow over the decline of our cause at any point; and as a report of failure would work to the opposite of good to the cause, I have patiently with-held until the cloud should have passed, which, thank God, it has done, and as a society here we are no longer "non est," as the following from a notice in the Chronicle of this place will show:

"Last evening, at the Methodist church, which seems never weary in well-doing, after a most interesting prayer meeting, participated in by a large number of its members, the congregation was organized into a temperance association, under the name of the Arrington Blue Ribbon Temperance Association of Leadville; a constitution of four lines adopted, and the following officers elected:

Presidents—Mrs. A. W. Arrington and Geo. C. Bates, Esq., (to preside alternately.)
Vice Presidents—J. K. Harkenstein and Miss Olive Osborn.
Secretary—Geo. Robinson.
Treasurer—Brother Uzell.

Steps are already taken to have Murphy come here and hold a series of meetings in the streets and sporting houses in this city.

Aided as this new Arrington society will be by the prayers of all Chsistians, and under the lead of its officers, both ladies and gentlemen, it cannot fail of success And we welcome it as we do whatever is for the greatest good of the citizens of Leadville."

As "the sun is always brightest after a storm," we hope, by the ordeal thro' which we have just passed to come out with a new zeal and permanence, which will render our new society a brilliant one in the great temperance battle. Our society is again on its feet a new reading room established; and the Y. M. C. A. has again rallied and permanently organized; so we are neither dead nor idle, but among the workers, fully impressed with the fact that the welfare of our brother is a part and parcel of our own, and that to a certain extent his fate is in our hands. Such a spirit, universally evinced and practically manifested would render the task of driving the accursed habit of intemperance from among us a matter of small importance. No one habit at present is so universally indulged in, and no one is so materially detrimental to the welfare of the human family, Not a single essential to the advance or bettering of the human race escapes its degrading tarnish; yet the politician, scientist, reformer, and even a large majority of the clergy inevitably regard it as a secondary affair in their would-be speedy rush for the grand Milennium. Templars, revive! Murphys, wake up!! The temperance cause has passed the ordeals of "ridicule" and "argument," and now only needs your earnest, co-operative assistance to reach the third or adoption in that of a prohibitory law, backed by female suffrage.

A. A. COOKE.

Leadville, Col., April 14th.

MURPHY MOVEMENTS.

A Large Meeting Sunday Night—Installation of Officers.

The hall was filled to its utmost capacity Sunday evening. T. B. Louis occupied the chair, and the first half hour was devoted to the installation of officers, each one of whom made a short address pledging faithfulness in the performance of their respective official positions.

Rev. Hudson McKee was then introduced by W. H. Leedy, and spoke for forty-five minutes. He was given the closest attention throughout, and his address was one of more than ordinary merit. The gentleman is highly educated, and his remarks abound with the very cream of thought. He is assured of a large audience every time he speaks in this city.

Hoopeston, Ill.

WE have just received a copy of the Hoopeston, Ill., Chronicle, containing much interesting temperance news, but as we go to press time will not permit extended mention. Resolutions were recently passed by the Hoopeston union expressing an incompetency to fully show the gratitude of the people for the work of Hughes and Ward; expressing confidence in them, and commending them to the people of every locality; the pastors of the churches bespeak for them the hearty support of the clergy.

At the recent city election two temperance men were run for Mayor.

Only one of them was elected.

Our correspondent will tell you all about Hoopeston next issue—if not more than all.

Annual State Convention.

THE Annual Convention of the Indiana State Christian Temperance Union will be held in Temperance Hall, 75 E. Market street, Indianapolis, on Wednesday, the 14th day of May, at 2 p. m. All local unions throughout the State are entitled to five delegates each. The convention will last two days, and matters of much importance to the temperance people will be considered. All unions wishing to send delegates please correspond with me, and I will send them certificates whereby they can procure half-fare on the railroads centering in this city. Arrangements have been made to that effect.

D. B. ROSS, Cor. Sec.

Indianapolis.

Good Law.

NEW YORK has a liquor law that makes the dealer responsible, just as the apothecary is who sells the deadly drug. If a man kills his wife and leaves several children without a protector, the children can recover damages from the man who sold the whisky which made the father drunk. Massachusetts has a law pending, which makes the owner of premises where liquor is sold liable for damages, as well as the liquor seller or any one that gives liquor.

Wabash County.

A convention of all temperance unions in Wabash county was held in Union hall, Wabash, last Saturday afnoon, and a county organization perfected. The people of the county mean business, and the reign of King Alcohol is limited.

Several free fights, caused by imbibing too much hard cider, occurred Sunday at Walton. Several bloody noses and a sundry collection of blacked eyes were among the results of the disturbance.

Good News from Galveston.

Our correspondent writes:

"Our work is progressing finely.
"Saloon about starved out."

Go and hear Hughes and Ward tonight.

Corn husks, for beds, at Ash's.

T. B. LOUIS'

Music

AND

Notion Store.

You will find at the

Cor. Broadway & Pearl St.

A well-selected stock of

NOTIONS

Consisting in part of

COLLARS,

CUFFS,

HANDKERCHIEFS,

JEWELRY,

BUTTONS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

ORDRS FROM the COUNTRY

Promptly attended to, and

FILLED as DIRECTED.

A share of your patronage is respe et fully solicited.

THE

MASON & HAMLIN

ORGAN

Is conceded to be THE BEST NOW MADE, and can be had very

Reasonable FOR Cash

Also, on the plan of

EASY PAYMENTS,

or Renting an Organ until Rent pays for it.

It must be hired for not less than six months, but it may be returned at any time after that. If retained un il the price of the Organ is paid, it will become that person's property without further payment.

For all particulars call at

Cor. Broadway & Pearl St.

All kinds of

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE Kept

Also, Agent for

WEBER PIANOS.

N. B.—Lessons given at reasonable rates. 5.3m.10

WITH A CASKET OF FLOWERS.

What I have written is written;
And here you will find it some day,
In this old black ebony casket,
Dated and hidden away;
When your heart will have warmed to another,
Although you swear not to be true,
Then I hope you'll tear up my letters,
Lest she should discover them too.

You exclaim I say this to torment you,
To scoff at the love you have sworn;
Kiss fondly the words I have sent you,
And vow they shall never be torn;
And that if time should tempt me to sever
The fetters that suit you so well,
You will throw yourself into a river,
Or live like a monk in a cell.

Yet why should you think I would wound you?
I know you have loyally loved,
And all I have said in these letters
I think that I too, dear, have proved;
And I well know you think as you say, dear,
That your heart will forever be true;
But every one says that men change, dear,
And so I suppose that they do!

So, if in the unknown future
You chance on this ebony case,
You needn't look over my letters
Ere taking them out of their place;
There'll be no need to prize them or spare them,
Dry fruits of a faded desire;
You had much better take them and tear them,
And toss them all into the fire.

Still what I have written is written;
And here you will find it some day,
When most of my words are forgotten,
And half of your hair is gray;
But you needn't think sadly of me, dear,
Or lament that you havn't been true,
For I think that you will probably see, dear,
That I shall have changed then, too.
—[London World.

FREDERETTA'S HERO.

"I wish I could see a real hero," and Frederetta Floyd closed her richly bound Tennyson and leaned back in her chair. "If I had lived in those days of knightly chivalry how proudly I should have bent my head to wear the jewel of love bestowed upon me by such as Geraint, Lancelot of the Lake, Sir Galahead, but the sighing swains of to-day, who substitute words for deeds, and if tested would not turn a finger, should it endanger their precious lives. Pshaw! it makes me impatient to compare them!" and she rose from her chair energetically and walked across the floor to the western window, where the mysterious silent beauty of a September afternoon wrought itself into the surrounded landscape.

"And do you think the nineteenth century deficient in heroes?"

She turned quickly at the interrogation from the reclining form on the lounge. She may have felt slightly guilty, for her remarks had been a tacit condemnation of that person. But she flashed back, excitedly.

"Yes, I do think the present age deficient in heroes. I am a firm believer in the good old times."

A pair of deep blue eyes looked at her with something of admiration in their unread depths, and a gentleman with a rather pale but handsome face, and a slight elegant figure, rose from the sofa and walked across to her side at the window. She looked almost scornfully at the —it seemed to her—effeminate man beside her. Would he never drop this unruffled mien and do something—she did not care what—that would betoken energy?

"Well, there is no use getting cross over it," he said cooly; "we'll have to take the world now as we find it. Come, get your hat and walk with me!" laying his hand on her shoulder half caressingly. "These rare days will pass all too soon, and we shall not have enjoyed them thoroughly."

Something in his touch shot through her a little electric thrill. She did not know the latent power he held over her; dimly shadowed forth as yet it irritated her; when he willed it would control her. A casual observer would pronounce her the most positive character of the two; a physiognomist would pronounce it differently.

They stepped out on the broad piazza into the golden air and walked leisurely to an arbor at the foot of the garden, passing through gay bordered walks where bright autumn flowers glowed and breathed—in flower fashion—in the potent elixir of that sun-laden atmosphere which had matured them into rare and perfect beauty.

He was a chum of her brother's and Frederetta wondered what Will found in him so attractive. Only a few days of their vacation remained, and then they would go back to the city.

Everett Reynolds had found his friend's home singularly attractive—made so by the presence of Frederetta, whose wayward moods he loved to study, though she knew it not.

Her book which she had brought along with her lay on her lap. She threw off her hat on the rustic seat, and Everett, looking at her with half-closed eyes, thought within himself, how fair she looked with the chequered sunlight caressing her low brow and bright brown hair, her white dress and pink ribbons investing her with the charms which becoming dress gives to woman.

"Won't you read to me?" he asked, at length.

"You do not admire Tennyson?" lifting her lashes to let her eyes upon his face. "You always rate him low when I speak in his favor."

"You are mistaken. I do admire him, and I think nothing finer than the 'Idyls.'" He took the book and began to turn the leaves. Frederetta eyed him anxiously; it came to her suddenly that more was here than met the eye. He passed the book to her open at "Enid."

"You like that?" she asked; "the dutiful wife who questioned not her lord's right to command, 'I speak not, but obey'"—with a defiant laugh. "You will find her like as rare now-a-days as the brave knight of the 'Table Round."

"You may sometime find that neither are as rare as you suppose; but please go on," and she did so until coming to the insults heaped upon the gentle "Enid" through the jealousy of her husband, she closed the book, saying, angrily.

"That poem always proves to much for my patience!"

"Ah! but, if you want those brave knights of olden times, you will have to wink at such exhibitions of their lordly requirements, and drop your modern woman's right's ideas. It seems they exacted something in return for their wondrous deeds of chivalry."

There was an air of sarcasm, a quizzical tone, that nettled her; but she concealed the feeling, and said, laughingly:

"You and I cannot discuss this question without quarreling. Suppose we drop it?"

"And so you are not going to finish 'Enid?'" He reached for the closed book. Do you ever read 'Maud?'"

"Yes. But why do you like such sentimental nonsense?"

He turned to it and read the part commencing:

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown."

She had never heard him read before, and glad pleasure filled her heart to hear her favorite poet so correctly and finely rendered as he went on—

"There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion flower at the gate,
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate."

Frederetta comprehended that this man understood more fully than she this exquisitely wrought description of the grand passion that sways the world as the rich, mellow voice glided over the stanzas, and a heart vibratiou quivered in the words as he ended:

"She is coming, my own, my sweet,
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat
Were it earth in my earthy bed,
My heart would hear and beat
Had it lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And blossom in purple and red."

"There," he said, "find me a finer piece of sentiment than that. You know the sudden transition the poem makes from this brightly wrought ecstacy of passion to the depth of wild despair. One catches a rare glimpse of the extremes of happiness and misery in a human soul. But I can never fully describe the feelings which some parts of this poem stir within me."

His face was flushed now; she had never seen him moved to such enthusiasm. She did not know that apart from the inspiration of the poem the wine of love had made summers in his veins.

* * * * * * *

Day had mellowed into twilight and they in turn, had darkened into cool, dewy night. Calm and pure the moon shed her silvery light upon hushed nature. The home of Frederetta was hushed to repose. The flowers slept with drooping heads under the soothing influence of the goddess of night, from which the odorous kiss of the sun should awaken them on the morrow. No sound broke the stillness, save the chirp of the cricket and the occasional note of a night bird.

Just as the clock in the hall strikes the midnight hour a bright, lurid square of light suddenly flames out in the darkened space where the houses throw their shadow. The windows of a large room on the second floor are one broad sheet of flame. Next to the room on fire was the one occupied by Everett Reynolds. A premonition of danger, such as often comes to us in peril, awakened him suddenly from his slumbers, and springing from the bed he glanced out of the window. Hastily dressing, he rushed into the hall, crying:

"Fire! Fire!"

At once all were aroused and the customary wild confusion ensued, the servants and family rushing about to ascertain the locality and extent of the fire. It was soon found that no earthly power could stay its course. All that could be done was to hurry and save the most valuable articles.

Frederetta, in a loose wrapper and unbound hair, with the rest, acting under the calm direction of Everett—for even the master of the house seemed paralyzed—and the servants had begun to carry out the things of least value, with the strange inconsistency so often displayed in such cases. The fire gained rapidly, but so active had all been under the direction of the indolent, careless man, now for the first time showing his superiority, that nearly everything of value had been removed. They stood gazing sadly upon the burning mass, which shot up red flames to the calm, pure sky, rendering pale the moonlight, and defacing the fair landscape with a hideous blot. Suddenly a sharp, wild cry, a wail of terror, sounded above the crackling of the flames.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Frederetta, "Sarah sleeps in the attic. It is she; she will be burnt to death!" And she covered her face with her hands as a white-robed figure appeared at the window, shrieking for help, and then sank from sight.

Everett Reynolds began to make preparations to ascend a tall tree that rose very near where the girl had fallen. It was blackened by the scorching flames.

"It will be sure death to attempt to enter," said several voices. "The roof is just falling in. You will both lose your lives."

He paid no attention, but quickly ascended the tree until on a level with the window, which Sarah had raised when she had found out her peril. He vaulted into the room. He almost stumbled over her insensible form, for the blinding smoke almost suffocated him. Tongues of flame were already darting through the roof, and the anxious watchers below held their breaths until he reappeared at the window with his burden. He seemed to have the strength of three men and the agility of a cat, as with one hand he aided his descent and placed his burden on the ground.

The cheers changed to anxious inquiry as he rolled over, insensible. He had the bravery of a lion, had never known fear; but his physical strength was not equal to great deeds of daring. The unusual exertion brought on a slow fever, through which Frederetta nursed him. Her manner toward him had changed; she regarded him with a deference which he was not slow to perceive.

"Do you despise me as you used to do?" he asked her suddenly, one evening, as he sat in an easy-chair, supported by cushions.

"Despise you? I don't understand," she said, consciously.

"I love you, Frederetta. Will you allow me to tell you so, or are you still looking for one of the brave Knights of the Round Table?"

Their eyes met a moment, and in hers he read his answer. He drew her toward him and pressed his first kiss on her lips. And so she found her hero.

The Cruel Khedive.

The accounts of the distress now existing in the valley of the Nile remind the writer of a scene he witnessed in the winter of 1866. Starting from Cairo for a trip up the Nile we stopped the first night opposite the ruins of ancient Memphis, to which we walked in the moonlight. We were surprised at seeing on the plain a mile or two south of us a large gathering of people bearing lights. Upon going to the spot we found more than a thousand men, women and children engaged in throwing up an embankment for the railroad the Khedive was building from Cairo to Thebes by forced labor. No machinery or tools whatever were used except baskets. These the poor wretches were filling with their hands, placing them upon their heads, and slowly and wearily, except when excelerated by the voice or lash of the overseer, dragging themselves up the embankment and dumping them at the end. This embankment, I judged, was about twelve or fifteen feet higher than the plain, and perhaps forty feet wide. The baskets of the men would contain about three pecks of the light, dry, alluvial earth; those of the women about a half bushel, and the children a peck. This was all forced labor—no pay whatever. The Khedive would send a steamer up the river to a village, and call for from fifty to two hundred people of all ages and sexes to go, and work on this railroad for one month, at the end of which time he would send them or what was left of them, back. The bodies of those who died from exhaustion helped to swell the embankment. No time for sentiment. What their hours of labor were I could not find out, but I saw them at work at 10 p. m. I saw villages up the river partly depopulated because of a late visit of these steamers, and one entirely abandoned and partly in ruins, having been fired into, as was said by our dragoman, because the "Sheik" could not or would not furnish the required quota. It was the intention to grade the entire road for several hundred miles in this way. Whether it has been accomplished I am not aware. Our party chartered a government steamer for the trip. At the coal stations the officers impressed the natives they could catch and compelled them to coal our steamer in the same manner the railroad was being graded, in baskets carried on the head. I do not wonder that with this system of unpaid labor in full force, with all the palaces of the Khedive, with his great desire for improvement, and his large and disastrous attempts at cotton-growing and sugar-making, there should finally be distress in the valley of the Nile.—[Communication in Hartford Post.

Younger's Sore Throat.

On the 21st of September, 1876, the Younger brothers, now safely lodged in the penitentiary in this city, were captured in a large clump of bushes near the village of Madelia, by a posse of seven men, after a severe hand-to hand encounter, in which two of the robbers were killed and Jim Younger severely wounded by an oblong bullet from a needle-gun in the hands of Capt. T. L. Vought, who was standing within ten feet of him when he fired. The bullet split his upper lip, carrying away the right half of the jaw and penetrating the back part of the throat, where it is supposed to have turned upon the maxillary bone, lodging in the muscles of the back part of the throat, where it has been ever since. For a long time past he has not been able to do any work whatever, and it was thought he would necessarily die soon. However, last Monday, the prison surgeon, Pratt, made an incision in the roof of his mouth to where the bullet lay, but found it firmly imbedded in the muscles, and, it was thought, attached to a piece of bone. A day or two passed in the most intense pain and agony, when Hospital Steward Clark, at the earnest request of Younger, made an examination, and with proper instruments proceeded to carefully separate the muscles from the ragged and battered bullet without doing any more cutting, as it lay near the salivary gland and deep muscles of the throat, which rendered it a very difficult place to work. A portion of the two days was spent in this manner, when last Thursday, the bullet was dislodged, much to the joy of the sufferer, who is greatly relieved, and whose prospects of recovery are now good. The bullet would have undoubtedly sloughed off in time, but its early removal has relieved him of an immense amount of suffering he would have had to undergo had it been left to work its own way out. Jim bore up under the tedious operation bravely, without the use of any stimulant or medicine; says that $10,000 would be no temptation to have the ugly thing returned to the place it has occupied so long. The bullet, which is at present in our possession, is twisted, battered and creased out of any describable shape, and is the property of Stewart Clark, to whom it was given by Younger, as the most entitled to it. It is a valuable curiosity.—[Jefferson City, (Mo.) Journal.

A stiffly-starched shirt collar, with jagged edges, will make a man sit down and wonder how many flights it is to the other world.

G. W. ON LOVE.

A Letter from the First President to His Adopted Daughter.

Mrs. Lossing in Philadelphia Times: Nellie Custis was a sweet child, and blossomed into a charming woman. When she was 16 years of age she first attended a ball at Georgetown, and wrote an animated description of it to her foster father, then President of the United States, the seat of government being in Philadelphia. In her letter Nellie made some remark about her indifference to the beaux. The letter drew from Washington a reply as follows, which I copied from the original manuscript, in possession of the late Mrs. Lee, wife of General Robert E. Lee:

PHILADELPHIA, January 16, 1795.—Your letter, the receipt of which I am now acknowledging, is written correctly and in fair characters, which is an evidence that you command, when you please, a fair hand. Possessed of these advantages, it will be your own fault if you do not avail yourself of them, and attention being paid to the choice of your subjects, you can have nothing to fear from the malignancy of criticism, and your ideas are lively and your descriptions agreeable.

Let me touch a little now on your Georgetown ball, and happy, thrice happy, for the fair who were assembled on the occasion, that there was a man to spare; for had there been seventy-nine ladies and only seventy-eight gentlemen there might, in the course of the evening, have been some disorder among the caps; notwithstanding the apathy which one of the company entertains for the "youth" of the present day, and her determination "never to give herself a moment's uneasiness on account of any of them," a hint here: Men and women feel the same inclination to each other that they always have done, and which they will continue to do until there is a new order of things, and you, as others have done, may find, perhaps, that the passions of your sex are easier raised than allayed. Do not, therefore, boast too soon or too strongly of your insensibility to or resistance of its powers. In the composition of the human frame there is a good deal of inflammable matter, however dormant it may lie for a time, and, like an intimate acquaintance of yours (a sister just married), when the torch is put to it that which is within you may burst into ablaze; for which reason, and especially, too, as I have entered upon the chapter of advices, I will read you a lecture drawn from this text.

Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is, therefore, contended that it can not be resisted. This is true in part only, for, like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with ailment, it is rapid in its progress; but let these be withdrawn and it may be stifled in its birth or much stinted in growth. For example, a woman (the same may be said of the other sex), all beautiful and accomplished, will, while her hand and heart are undisposed of, turn the heads and set the circle in which she moves on fire. Let her marry, and what is the consequence? The madness ceases and all is quiet again. Why? Not because there is any diminution in the charms of the lady, but because there is an end of hope. Hence it follows that love may and therefore ought to be under the guidance of reason, for, although we can not avoid first impressions, and we may assuredly place them under guard; and my motives for treating on this subject are to show you while you remain Eleanor Parke Custis, spinster, and retain the resolution to love with moderation, the propriety of adhering to the latter resolution, at least until you have secured your game, and the way by which it may be accomplished. When the fire is beginning to kindle and your heart grows warm propound these questions to it:

Who is the invader? Have I competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character, a man of sense? For, be sure, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life, is he a gambler, a spendthrift, or a drunkard? Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live and my sisters do live? And is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection? If these interrogatories can be successfully answered there will remain but one more to be asked. That, however, is an important one. Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me? Without this the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated—delicacy, custom, or call it by what epithet you will, having precluded all advances on your part.

The declaration, without the most indirect invitation of yours, must proceed from the man to render it permanent and valuable, and nothing short of good sense and an easy, unaffected conduct can draw the line between prudery and coquetry. It would be no great departure from truth to say that it rarely happens otherwise than that a thorough-paced coquette dies in celibacy, as a punishment for her attempts to mislead others by encouraging looks, words or actions, given for no other purpose than to draw men on to make overtures that they may be rejected.

* * * * * * *

Best regards are presented to your mamma, Dr. Stuart and family, and every blessing, among which a good husband, when you want and deserve one, is bestowed on you by yours affectionately, G. WASHINGTON.

The Horoscope of 1879.

The following is an abstract of the predictions developed in the course of an interesting conversation reported in the Graphic of Wednesday last, the prophet being, it is believed, Mr. D. G. Croly, who was lately the managing editor of the journal named:

1. The year 1879 will, on the whole, be a prosperous one for the United States. There will be a general revival of industry, labor will be employed, and confidence in the future universally felt. Before the close of the year there will be a wide spread interest in precious metal mining. A dangerous speculative feeling in other industries will soon show itself.

2. There will be a partial failure of crops this year. Our hay crop on the Atlantic Slope will be short.

3. At least two important failures of Wall street magnates will take place this year. They will be of persons with whose names every one is familiar.

4. An unexpected weakness in our national banking system may be developed during the coming year.

5. The disproportion between our exports and imports, such as we have witnessed for the past two years, will come to an end before 1881. Home prices will go higher and foreign goods be sold cheaper. We shall export less and import more. Unless the "unexpected" occurs there will be a drain of gold abroad, and then resumption, as at present established, must be legislated upon anew or it will fail.

6. Should the country be prosperous and resumption stand until the national conventions meet in 1880, John Sherman will be the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency.

7. Resumption has not settled all our financial difficulties. Questions affecting the business interests of the country will be the subject of many warm political contests. But the final result will be the establishment of a national bank similar to that of Great Britian or France, but called by us by a different name. When that occurs the Secretary of the Treasury will be stripped of much of the power he now possesses.

8. A foreign war before many years are over is not improbable, due to the weakness of our navy and the unprotected condition of our rich seaport cities.

9. A new pestilence or the revival of an old one, which will affect the people inhabiting the temperate zone, is among the probabilities of the near future.

10. A new motor will soon be discovered which will make air navigation possible.

"Please Let Her Go Home.

"Please, sir, to let mamma go home with us. If you send her away there'll be no one to take care of little Alice; and then she's so good to all of us. We won't let her go away again and—and get drunk, and she won't want to, we love her so. Please to let he go."

"But doesn't your mother spend her money for drink which ought to buy you bread and butter?"

"Only once in a while, sir; there never was a better mamma than ours, and we'll take such good care of her and be so good that she won't want any more whisky, 'cause it's that, sir, which makes her bad once in a while."

"What have you to say; madam? You have been let off so many times on good promises that I am losing faith in you."

"Your honor, I know I don't deserve any mercy at your hands, but for the sake of these darling children let me try once more to be the good mother they think I am. God only knows why I can't help drinking, and why I should degrade myself by getting drunk and then abusing these little innocent children. I thought this would be the last time, and that they would be so much better off without me, that I said I would drown myself, and I was angry when a policeman pulled me out of the lake and saved my miserable life. I don't do anything to feed and clothe them; why do they love and pity me so? I only spend their hard-earned money for drink. How much better for them if I could be dead! More than once, your honor, have they gone hungry for days, and been dressed almost in rags, just because I had spent the last pennies for drink. I have a helpless little babe at home who was almost starved, I know, and yet none of them ever complained. I am not fit to go back to them; send me to the Bridewell, where I may find fit companions in drunkards and outcasts, and can scrub and dig at the lowest work till I make myself forget that I ever had a home and such precious children. My God, what a thing I am! You don't know how I despise myself. Is there any hope for me do you think, sir? I wish I could deserve your kindness and love, and your mercy. If you can let me go again my broken promises shall be renewed and I'll swear by the help of my Maker to keep them in the future."

"Let the fine be $100, but I will suspend it and try her again."—[Chicago Times.

Women in Cyprus.

At 9 or 10 the girls are lovely, having eyes like antelopes, and softly rounded cheeks, hinting at Hebe by and by. But in after years, when comeliness is needed most, much of this beauty fades. Fine eyes remain; but contour, color, bloom, expression, all depart. The Moslem females seem to understand their fate. If their sisters of the orthodox rite were knowing, they too would glide about the courts and market places veiled. A Christian woman bares her neck and face; a Moslem shows no more than a pair of sparkling eyes. No man looks twice at the retreating figure of a Greek, though she is habited, in pink and amber. Every one turns and gazes at the gliding mystery of a girl in white whose face is shrouded from his view. —[Hepworth Dixon's 'British Cyprus.'

SOME time ago Cardinal Manning issued an order forbidding women to sing in the choirs of Westminster diocese, and now Archbishop Fabre, of Montreal, has proclaimed that after June 1st the same regulations will be enforced in his diocese. He says: "We permit females to sing by themselves, but it must be well understood that the mixture of choirs of men and women is prohibited."

SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS—NOTE WORTHY EVENTS.

THE TEMPERANCE WORK AND INTERESTING ITEMS CONNECTED WITH IT.

—Tuscola, Ill., is without a saloon.

—Cloverdale, Ind., is minus saloons.

—Kirksville, Mo., has voted no license.

—Fairfield, Nebraska, by a vote of three to one, adopted prohibition.

—A Woman Suffrage local option bill has been introduced by Dakota.

—Mitchell, Ind., temperance folks have nominated a ticket for town officers.

—Kearney, Neb., elected the entire prohibition ticket by a handsome majority.

—Highstown, New Jersey, again elects the prohibition ticket, by a large majority.

—The prohibitionists of Minnesota are thoroughly organizing in every part of the State.

—At the recent election in Waxanachie, Texas, only three persons voted against prohibition.

—In Wharton county, Texas, out of a vote of 1,050, only five votes were against prohibition.

—Gilford, New Hampshire, voted to prohibit the sale of beer and cider with only six dissenting votes.

—Clinton, Ill., is strong for prohibition this year. The anti-license ticket was elected by a large majority.

—Twenty-five saloons have suspended in Lafayette since the temperance work started there one year ago.

—Jack Warburton has been talking temperance again at Michigan City. The meetings were large and enthusiastic.

—The English parliament has been besieged by 518,771 petitioners who ask for the passage of the Sunday closing act.

—A petition signed by 5,000 women has been presented to the Connecticut legislature, asking for the restoration of the prohibition law of 1854.

—A traveling man reports that prohibition is making remarkable strides in Kansas. Out of thirty-three towns visited he only found three saloons.

—McPherson county, in the temperance State of Kansas, has a population of about 14,000, and has but three paupers, not a single prisoner in jail, and but one under bond.

—The second annual gathering of the National Temperance camp meetings will be held at Bismarck Grove, near Lawrence, Kansas, commencing August 14th, and continue twelve days.

—Spring Valley, Minnesota, a city of 2,000 inhabitants, for the third time votes for prohibition—the last time by a vote of four to one. There were only two arrests during the last two years.

—The farmer's caucus in the Missouri Legislature unanimously passed a resolution endorsing the Constitutional amendment entirely prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors.

—The Scientific American renders good service and is scientific in the best sense, in advising tired and exhausted workers to rely upon sleep rather than resort to "stimulants." During sleep with the brain in a state of rest, the process of recuperation goes on undisturbed, and the needed nutriment is appropriated from the blood. "While," it is affirmed, "mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves, they goad the brain, and force it to a greater consumption of its substance, until that substance has been so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply, just as men are so near death by thirst and starvation that there is not power enough left to swallow anything, and all is over." Such counsel and admonition from an exponent of scientific truth of acknowledged authority is welcome and timely aid to the temperance reform.

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TWO TRAINS DAILY
[Sundays Excepted.]

Trains Run as Follows.
[Taking Effect March 17, 1879.]

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Logansport.....	6:30 a. m.	2:35 p. m.
Arrive at Frankfort...	8:30 a. m.	5:20 p. m.
" Colfax.....	9:00 a. m.	5:55 p. m.
" Indianapolis, via Colfax.....	10:50 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
" Cincinnati.....	4:00 p. m.	
" Crawfordsv'll	9:55 a. m.	6:58 p. m
" TerreHaute...	12:55 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
" Vincennes.....	5:22 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
" Evansvill.....	7:35 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
" St. Louis.....	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m

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Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Platforms on all Passenger trains.
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W. H TRUESDALE, G. T. A

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TIME TABLE

On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND,		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.23am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	.S Whitley..	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City...	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00 m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	..Aubnrn J..	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	...Auburn....	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 am	
	2.23 pm	...Reading...	1.24 pm	
	2.35 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.50 pm	..Jonesville..	12.55 pm	
	3.55 pm	...Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	....Detroit.....	7.00 am	
	5.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw...	7.15 am	

Connection is made at Denver with the I., P. & C. railway, for Rochester. Plymouth, LaPorte and Michigan City; at Columbia City with P. Ft. W. & C. railway, for Ft. Wayne and Pittsburg; at LaOtto with G. R. & I. railway, for Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids; at Auburn Junction with Ft. W. J. & S., and B. & O. railways, for Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw Defiance, Tiffin, Bellair, Washington, and Baltimore.
Trains from the east make close connections at Lognsport with T. W. & W. railway for Hannibal, Quincy and St. Louis, and with P. C. & St L. railway for Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk and all points west.
All Passenger trains fully equipped with Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Couplers and Buffers.
S. HOWELL, Gen'l Ticket Agent.
FRANK J. HECKER, General Superintendent.

A Splendid Chance for a Home.

The award of the following fine property will be made at Logansport, Ind., on

THURSDAY, APRIL 24th, 1879.

The net proceeds of these sales are set apart and applied for the benifit of a most worthy and afflicted lady of this city.

GLANCE AT THE OFFERS.

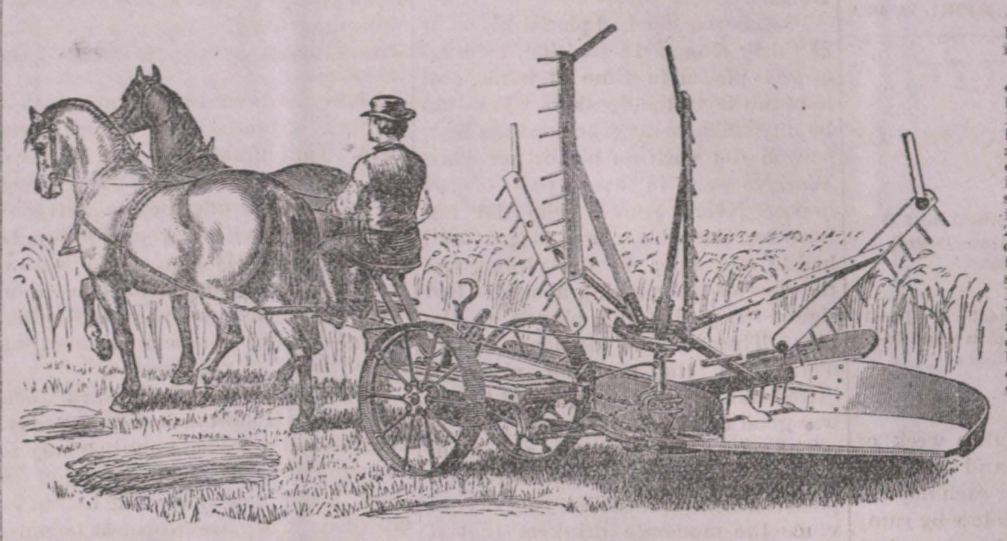
LIST OF PRIZES.

7,500 Shares of $2.00 Each.

Premium Farm of 320 acres.....	$ 3,200 00
1 Premium lot, corner North and Eleventh streets, Logansport.....	2,000 00
1 Premium lot, next to the corner of North and Eleventh streets.....	1,700 00
1 Premium farm of 160 acres.....	1,600 00
1 Premium farm of 80 acres.....	800 00
1 Premium tarm of 40 acres.....	400 00
2 Premium lots in South Brookside addition, Indianapolis, ($700 each)	1,400 00
1 Premium lot in Atkinson's addition, Logansport.....	300 00
1 Premium lot on Clifton avenue, Logansport.....	300 00
1 Premium buggy.....	175 00
1 Premium horse.....	100 00
1 Set premium buggy harness.....	80 00
1 Premium sleigh.....	25 00
54 Premiums Logansport M'f'g Co's Stock, $50.00 each.....	2,700 00
1 Premium cash.....	50 00
2 Premiums cash, $25 each.....	50 00
4 Premiums cash, $10 each.....	40 00
10 Premiums cash, $5 each.....	50 00
15 Premiums cash, $2 each.....	30 00
100 Premiums, aggregating.....	$15,000 00

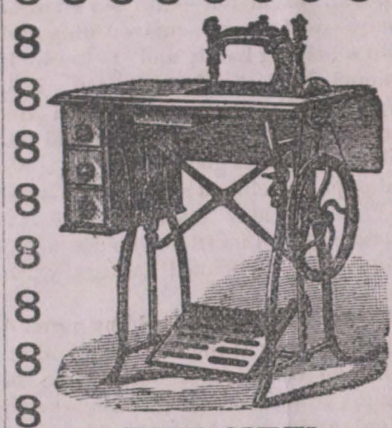
Agents Wanted Everwhere.
J. N. BOOTH, Sec'y.
DR. J. B. SHULTZ, L. G. PATTERSON, A. R SHROYER, } Com, on Award.
jan16d&wtd

The Standard Hubbard Reaper.



Height of Cut changed while in motion.

Farmers, when you want a combined Reaper and Mower, buy the changeable motion Hubbard It has two fingerbars, 3 knives, 5 rakes, besides a change of motion, which is easily changed while the team is in motion), while many of the so-called combined machines in market have but 1 fingerbar 2 knives and 4 rakes, thereby depriving you of some of the best as well as the most expensive parts of the machine. The Hubbard has broad faced wheels, runs light, and makes a perfect gavel. In fact, such confidence have we in our Combined Machine that we defy competition and seek comparison.
For sale by
T. C. Barnes,
512 Broadway,
Logansport, Ind.
3m9 70



THE NEW
WHEELER & WILSON
No. 8
—IS—
PERFECT AND COMPLETE
—AND—
NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.
AGENTS WANTED
IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY.
ADDRESS
Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.
182 WEST FOURTH STREET,
CINCINNATI, O.
Also, for Sale by G. P. WASHBURN north side Broadway, east of canal.

EIBIC'S
FEVER AND AGUE CURE
IN
Liquid or Pills
Positively CURES the worst forms of
Chills, Fever, Dumb Ague,
Third-Day Ague,
Fever without Chills, Neuralgia or Sick Headache, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, builds up the System to overcome Malaria—makes you feel like yourself, and never fails to cure.
Sold by W. H. Bringhurst, Lee W. Redd, and Needham & Keesling. 3m8

Removed
WILLARD N. HALL,
Printer, Ruler and Binder,
Has removed to Hall Building,
Cor. Fourth & North St
Old Pharos Building, where he is prepared to do all kinds of
Job Printing, Ruling, Binding.
EVERYTHING NEW.
3m20

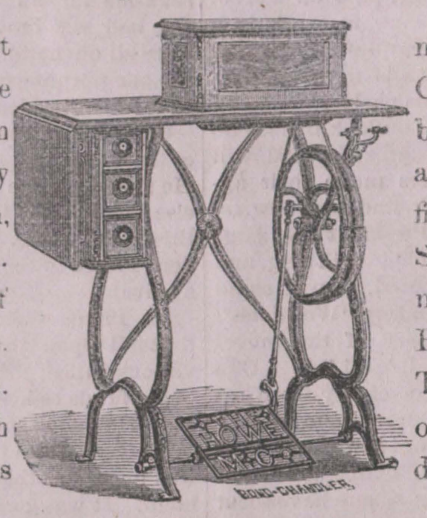
AN ELEGANT BOOK FREE.
Your choice between two books, "The Age we Live In," and "History of the Sherbro Mission, in Africa." will be sent free to every subscriber to the LIFE BOAT, the popular temperance monthly. Only 75 cents per year, and 10 cents in stamps to mail the book. The books are nicely bound in cloth and gold, and sell for more than the price of the paper. $2.00 worth for 85 cents. The greatest offer ever made. Sample of the Life Boat free. ROUZER & MOWRY, Dayton, O.

I. N. CRAWFORD,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DALER IN,
HARDWARE, GUNS,
PISTOLS, SAWS, CUTLERY, GLASS,
CHAINS, BELTING, SASH,
Doors, Blinds, Mechanics' & Farmers' Tools of all kinds,
No. 84 Broadway, - 1y2-4p - *Logansport.*

FRANK SWIGART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Logansport, Indiana.
All matters left with given given prompt attention. 19-3m521

PLEDGES By mail, postage paid 30c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

HOWE.
Greatest Triumph of Inventive Genius.



The most perfect machine in the World. We Challenge comparison. It combines lightness in working, beauty and excellence of stitch, strength, firmness and durability of seam. Simplicity and perfection of mechanism, will last a lifetime. Range of work without parallel. The hemming will not wash out like that of other machines does.

We handle nothing but honest machines, no rebuilt stuff, pawned off for new. We warrant each machine for five years.
A full line of attachments kept constantly on hand, also oil, needles, and everything else in the Sewing Machine line, at No. 512 Broadway. apriil19-1y T. C. BARNES

L. H. EMMONS & CO.,
Practical Upholsterers.

AND MANUFACTURERS OF
Parlor Furniture, Spring Mattresses and Lounges,
—ALSO—
STUDENTS, LIBRARY, CLUB HOUSE AND EASY CHAIRS, LAMBREQUINES, ETC., ETC.
No. 515 Broadway, Logansport.

MERRIAM & RICE,
DRY GOODS.

We have received our full Spring purchases, comprising a larger assortment than ever, of

General Dry Goods,

Especially in the new styles of fabrics for Ladies' dresses and over garments,
Brocade silk and worsted piece goods in the new dark, medium and light shades.
Black and colored silk in extra good qualities, at extremely low prices.
Silk, Cashmere and cloth sacks, cloaks, dolmans and scarfs; also piece goods and rich trimmings for above garments.
Cloths and cassimeres in piece and suit patterns, in finer quality and greater variety than we ever had.
An immense stock of ingrain, tapestry and body Brussels carpet, at incredibly low prices; also mattings and oil cloths in all widths and qualities.

OUR STOCK IS UNUSUALLY COMPLETE

In all the kinds of goods we keep, and we invite examination of them as to quality and prices.
MERRIAM & RICE.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, APRIL 23, 1879.

LAFAYETTE.

AN INTERESTING REVIEW OF ITS WORK.

Excursion to Hoopeston—Election of Officers—Anniversary Meeting—County Work—Political.

Our Correspondent on "Preachers"—President Williams as a Politician—And Interesting News Items.

To the Editor.

WE are now in our eighth week of this temperance revival, and the work grows better and stronger each day.

Those who have fallen low by rum, and are now endeavoring to reform, find strength by attending and taking part in this work. I have seen men sign, but for fear some one might make remark about them, would not put on the ribbon. In a great many cases these men will fall again. When a man signs the pledge, puts on a bit of blue ribbon, and goes to work in a fearless manner, regardless of what the rumites or their tools may say, that man will stick to his pledge.

From the present outlook there is no telling when this great revival will close. New workers make their appearance each week, and also new recruits nightly. President Williams says as long as the choir will sing, and new signers are secured, he will stand at the helm daily, and cry "Well done."

The first anniversary of the movement was celebrated April 1st. * One year ago there were eighty-three saloons in the city, now there are fifty eight—a reduction of twenty-five. This alone shows that the temperance work has done something. There have about 14,000 signed the pledge in one year. But this is not the end of our work. We know that intemperance is a crime and we will not stop till the last saloon is closed and our army is increased many thousands more.

Col. A. W. Scott, of Boston, has been here for two weeks, speaking daily, He has won many warm friends, who bespeak for him a success wherever he goes.

Sunday afternoon last the meeting was conducted on the "love-feast" order, under the direction of Col. Scott. It was the first ever held here, and proved to be a success, and will be kept up every Sunday afternoon.

The Irish temperance people have started to work among themselves, and much good is expected of them.

Preparations are being made to keep up the meetings throughout the county during the Summer. Good speakers are sent out every Sunday in all directions.

I would not be doing justice if I was to close this letter and not say something in favor of the lady workers, who attend all of the meetings, and who are always ready and willing to lend a helping hand. Among the many we notice Misses Anna Stoy, Ida Wilson, Lyle Bartlett, Mrs. Roseberry and daughters, Misses Kelloggs, and Jessie Cable, who are seldom from their posts of duty.

With such earnest leaders and workers, the blue ribbon movement cannot help but be a success.

THE SIGNAL is looked for by hundreds, who will bear testimony that it is the best temperance paper published.

LATER.

THERE had been arrangements for an excursion to run to Hoopeston, on the evening of the 11th. During the day it rained most of the time. In the evening there were over 200 faithful workers, including the choir, at the depot ready to brave the storm for new fields of labor.

After a ride of two hours

HOOPESTON

was called. Here we found a large turnout of the good people of that town, with a band of music, among them Hughes and Ward, who at once commenced shaking hands and introducing the visitors. We were led to a large hall where a fine supper was in waiting. The Hoopestonites vie with one another to wait on their visitors. At this point, I might say a good joke rests on some of the ladies of the choir, who would not eat any snipe, as they said, "those chickens were not old enough to be roasted."

After supper we were taken to a large church, where Ward opened the proceedings in his usual good way.

Then Mr. Honeynell, the Mayor, and a man who dares to wear the blue ribbon, came forward and made the welcome address, which, we are sorry, we did not take down.

Colonel Williams, our President, replied.

Speeches were made by Col. Scott Harry Burton, Nick Niebert, I. S. Wade, Rev. Mr. Goben and Colonel DeHart.

Prof. Serverson had placed his choir of thirty singers in position, as a reserve, is placed in time of battle, and kept music to the speakers. It would be impossible to say who done the best, so well did each do his or her part. Workers were in every part of the house. Every person who did not have on the ribbon was seiged, and had to surrender to the pledge. At the close of the meeting about 150 had signed the pledge and pinned on the blue. They arrived at home at two o'clock in the morning, although "tired and sleepy too," yet felt that it was good to be there.

The next night found the old standbys at their post, in the hall here, still pleading for signers, still trying to convince the moderate drinkers that it was a crime to drink, still pleading that law, health and society demanded temperance.

The meeting of this evening was one of the best among the many goods ones.

Saturday evening, the 12th inst., was set aside for an election of officers. The hall was crowded. The workers were all on hand. They had come for the one purpose of re-electing Colonel Williams President.

Colonel Williams made a retrospect of the work during his term of office. He stated that he felt that some one else should share the responsibilities of this position, etc. He called ex-President Pierce to the chair and retired as a private.

Mr. Pierce then spoke of the duties that fell upon the President; of the various duties; the trials and hardships to get funds to keep up the expenses, etc. He knew it was a benefit to Col. Williams to be a blue ribbon man. It was good for the temperance movement. It was good for the community. It was good for christianity, morality, law and order. That he was now ready for the election of a President of this club. Colonel DeHart moved that Col. Williams be elected President of ths club for the ensuing term. This motion was received with applause that the hall seldom if ever, heard before. Mr. Pierce stated the motion was carried unanimous, which tended to increase the applause. He then stated that all who sustained his decision to stand up. All in the hall raised to their feet amid shouts.

Col. Williams then came forward to the rostrum; said he had signed the pledge for life. If his party (Democratic) read him out for his action in this temperance movement, he did not care. That he was willing and ready to work for temperance any place the people saw fit to put him.

The rest of the old officers were returned.

Mrs. Briggs then sang a beautiful solo. The choir concluded the meeting with one of their best songs, when the temperance people went home, feeling full of joy to know that the officers who had conducted a three months' revival so successful were retained to still carry this revival on three months longer.

Rev. Blackburne, of the Baptist, and Rev. Goben, of the Trinity M. E. Church, attend these meetings very regular. They are good workers, always willing to lend a helping hand.

Rev. Goben spoke the other evening. In his speech he stated a point that I liked. He stated that when this movement started a year ago, he attended and saw it was just the right movement. He then went to his church and told his people if they did not take an interest in this temperance movement and assist the cause, that they must not expect much, if any, sympathy from him. If all of the members would only do this much for us, we could accomplish much more. It is evident that a man must become a temperance man before he can become a Christian. If ministers can not take any part in temperance—the first foundation stone of Christianity—they had better step down and out. If they are not willing to come down and work with the masses of the people for the good of virtue, law, order and sobriety, they had better quit trying to preach religion, and go into politics.

If a minister has become so refined that he can not come down and speak on a temperance rostrum, and plead to the weak and fallen humanity, then it is evident he has not the love of Christ in his heart.

At the present the temperance people here are badly broken up. Both political parties have put their tickets in the field. Part of the Republican ticket—I am told—are temperance men. The head of the ticket is an anti-temperance man, and has been endorsed by the liquor dealers' association—enough to kill any decent man.

The Democrats have got their ticket out; of it I know but very little, as never drill in that school I do not know but little of their drill-masters, but a part of it has met with the endorsement of the liquor association. These tickets have left us in a bad situation.

There has been considerable talk of putting a temperance ticket in the field. I am afraid it is too late now to accomplish much by such an action, for it might cause a division in our ranks which would never be healed again. My plan would be now, if there were not temperance men on our party ticket, to vote the other. If there is not a temperance man on either ticket, to vote none.

Hughes and Ward finished their meeting in Hoopston last Wednesday, and stopped over here on their way to Thorntown. The mere mention of their being here caused the hall to be crowded. They are to open at Logansport on Tuesday. If they can make it a success there, or even get a foot hold, an excursion—with our choir of course—will run up some evening and lend a helping hand; and I know if Colonel. DeHart, Harry Burton, I. S. Wade and the choir, was to hold the fort one night in Logan, it would do the sinners some good.

Joseph Critchfield spoke here Thursday and Friday evenings. Joe is a rattler; he had no trouble to get a full house. He is looked for again this week.

There is talk now of holding a grand camp-meeting at the Battle Ground, to continue three days, some time in June. Francis Murphy, Hughes and Ward, and a host of other successful workers will be present. This will be a grand affair. Arrangements will be made with all of the railroads to have reduced rates. Provisions will be made to accommodate from 30,000 to 50,000 people each day; and with these successful workers, it will be a grand and brilliant affair.

I cannot close without sending in my protest against these dead beats who travel around talking temperance. They study up one or two speeches, they repeat them till they get them down to a fine point, and they travel. They will go in a town uninvited, put in a plea of just got up from a sick bed—of course broke—and want to make a speech. Well, you know the rest. The sooner clubs make it a practice not to recognize them, the better it will be. I have no sympathy for this kind of temperance men. C. D.

LaFayette, April 21, 1879.

An interesting interview occurred late Saturday night on the corner of Twelfth street and Broadway, between an enormous dog and a drunken man. The dog barked at the man, and the man swore at the dog, and between the two it was a stormy entrance for Sunday morning in that immediate locality. A couple of young rascals across the street might have kicked the dog and taken the man home in a hack, but they did not Names will be withheld this time, but never again, at least hardly ever.

Geo. Ash, corn husks for beds. Window shades made and put up.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Window shades at Ash's.

John Gray is continually receiving New Goods.

Mrs. W. J. Potter for new millinery goods and dress patterns.

J. W. Fuller, cannot be got away with in prices for all kinds of harness.

Potter does papering and calsomining cheap, don't you forget it now.

Harry Denbo manufactures the finest brands of Cigars in the city.

William Bevans flour and feed, coal and wood yard. Corner of Fifth and North Street.

Try that new calsomine at the People's Drug Store, all ready for use, the best in the market.

Everybody says that John Deboo is the best horse shoer; if you don't think so, go and see him.

T. R. McElhany keeps pure groceries, no whisky in them. Good wait and cannot be beat in prices, according to quantity

H. Ball, Jr., 112 Market street, is still receiving new supplies in tinware, hardware, agricultural goods, for which he cannot be undersold.

Frank Harwood has got a new safe; is happy over his new supply of goods, that he has just received; it must be cash for all orders.

H. B. Helm makes a splendid boot and repairs neatly and with dispatch, at Merritt's old stand, corner Sixth and Broadway.

Frank Beamer has got a splendid Fountain, Good soda and delicious ice cream, Come and see him, corner Fourth and Broadway,

J. T. Morris, is determined not to be pested with flies, he knows how to beat them, his shop is clean, and choice meats, at his butcher shop, corner North and Sixth street,

Death of High Prices

THE MOTTO:

CASH SALES, SMALL PROFITS!

I have found to be the most successful way of doing business, and gains the most friends. You are respectfully invited to call and see my line of goods before buying elsewhere, and you will find it to your advantage.

JACOB HERZ,

Tailor,

5-3m5 Sign of the Big Hand, 427 Broadway

Best Soda's.

John Peck opens out with soda; now you can drink all kinds of pure syrups.

Hen ker, Dealer in Harness, Saddles, whips, Robes, etc. Repairing harness etc, done by competent workmen. Market street, east of Fourth.

You can get anything at the five cent counter, at John Grays. It is very convenient to be accommodated, but John is always obliging to his customers,

Harry Denbo, Broadway, third door west of Sixth st., manufactures excellent brands of Cigars. Smokers desirous of a good smoke should consult his stock.

WILSON & SON, the Jewelers, have one of the largest stocks in the city. Watches and Clocks, reliable time-keepers, at lowest prices. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry Repaired and satisfaction guaranteed.

Geo. W. Brown's drug store, an old established and reliable House. Prescriptions filled with the greatest of care. Everything pure, also a line of paints, glass, brushes, &c. 3m5-1

J. W. FULLER, dealer in Harness, Saddles, Collars, Whips, Robes, etc. etc. Harness repaired on short notice, and work warranted. Market street, between Bridge and Fourth.

Mrs W. J. Potter keeps the latest styles of dress patterns at her millinery store. See wire sign across the street above the post office.

HARVEY MEEK has fitted up a new Cigar Store, in Richardson's building, on Fourth st., near Pan Handle Depot, and would be pleased to see all his old friends, and new ones.

At *Hick's Restaurant* can be had Warm Meals, Lunch, Cigars, Candies! Oysters, Game, etc., and everything nice. Call Broadway, near Murdock Hotel. Open day and night.

For a good Cigar, call on Harry Denbo, manufacturer, Broadway, near Sixth Street.

E. Steckel, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, etc. Goods sold at lowest prices. Corner North and Sixth street. Call and examine goods and learn prices.

JOHN GRAY, dealer in Dry Goods, Carpets, etc. Honest goods at honest prices, and full measure. Goods guaranteed as represented. Fourth street, opposite City drug store.

Patterson & Tomlinson, dealers in all kinds of Garden and Field SEEDS, all fresh and good. Also Plows and Agricultural Implements. This old and reliable firm needs no commendation from us. Buy of them,

Twenty-five fancy cards, snowflake, eastlake, etc., no two alike, for 10 cts. Chromos 30 for 10 cts; transparent, 25 for 15 cts. All all the latest styles, such as diamond shape, gold edge, bevel edge, gold border, etc., etc., only 25 cents for 25 cts. Address Chas. Longwell & Co., P. O. 1246, Logansport Ind. Office over the Postoffice.

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be as he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

Corn Husks, for beds, at Ash's.

John Winch, Boot and Shoe maker. All work done in approved manner; Repairing of all kinds done neatly, promptly, and at lowest rates; Shop on south side Broadway, opposite Howe office. 3m2-521

To U. S. Pensioners.

We are now prepared to secure without the least possible delay, back pensions under the arrears of pensions bill enacted by Congress, January 25th, 1879. Call early.

McNARRY & LEEDY,
feb22d&wtf 412 Broadway.

Gincinnati Market.

I HAVE ESTABLISHED

At No. 445 Fourth Street, near the Pan Handle depot, a

MARKET STAND.

At which I will keep all kinds of fruits and nuts in their season. Fresh fish, ready dressed; poultry and vegetables of all kind; butter and eggs; game in its seeson.

GIVE ME A CALL.

I will keep the best and freshest of all goods.

S. M. RAINES,

WHEN YOU WANT

A GOOD PICTURE

Of any kind, go to

A. N. DONALDSON'S,

Cor, Broanway and Fourth Street,

LOGANSPORT, IND. 6tf

The Largest Assortment of

Trunks, Traveling Bags, Satchels, & Shawl Straps

To be found in the city. Trunks and Sample Cases made to order. Our prices are always the lowest. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. 3m17-602

THE SINGER M'F'G CO. have REMOVED their office to a room OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, where they will keep on hand a large stock of Machines of every style. Also, all Part Attachments, Twist, Linen, and Cotton at greatly reduced prices. Needles, 25 cents per dozen, etc., etc.

Special attention given to Repairing all kinds of old Machines. Please give them a call, and don't forget the place, just opposite the p. o. 3m1-521 GEO. W. WERNER, Agt.

THE REASON WHY

WALKER, RAUCH & CO.,

SELL MORE

BOOTS and SHOES

Than any other house in town is because they sell the best goods

THE CHEAPEST.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas!

H. T. MANLOVE,

DENTIST.

Rooms over Murdock's Store, corner Fourth and Broadway, Logansport, Ind, 1y2-4

DR. OVERHOLSER'S

DENTAL ROOMS,

Cor. Fourth & Market St., [Entrance on Fourth

LOGANSPORT, IND.

All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.

Teeth extracted positively without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, or Protoxide of Nitrogen, the safest and pleasantest anæsthetic known. 173m120

TAYLOR & VELSEY,

DENTISTS.

Office: 312 Market Street, Up Stairs,

LOGANSPORT, IND.

All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.

Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

MURDOCK BARBER SHOP.

WM. KRAUT, Proprietor.

SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING

In most fashionable style.

BATH ROOMS CONNECTED

CHARLES HARTWIG,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Market Street, bet. Pearl and Fifth, Cummings old stand, opp. Merriam & Rice,

LOGANSPORT, IND.

Clothing Cut, Cleaned, Repaired and Remodeled. 3m8-521

H. BRUNER,

DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES.

CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.

RUBBER BOOTS REPAIRED AND WARRANTED.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

No. 324 Market-st., T. P. Swigart's old stand.

M'NARY & LEEDY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

AND REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTING AG'TS,

All business promptly attended to.

No. 410 BROADWAY.

WILL. DeHART.

DENTIST,

LOGANSPORT.

Office over Nat. Bank.

SHANNON HOUSE,

COR. THIRD AND MARKET STREETS.

John Shannon, Prop.

LOGANSPORT, IND.

$1.00 PER DAY.

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INDIANA STATE LIBRARY

H P Biddle

The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE.—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., MAY 6, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 10.

SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS — NOTE WORTHY EVENTS.

THE TEMPERANCE WORK AND INTERESTING ITEMS CONNECTED WITH IT.

—Xenia, Ohio, 2,500.

—Oberlin, Ohio, has 2,000.

—Springfield, O., has 9,000.

—Danville, Ill., voted license.

—Fremont, Ohio, claims 1,500.

—Kearney, Neb., voted against rum.

—Ashtabula, Ohio, reports 2,500 Murphys.

—At Dayton, Ohio, there are 10,000 Murphys.

—The good work is progressing at Norwalk, Ohio.

—Eleven thousand have signed the pledge at Toledo.

—Many are signing the pledge at Williamsport, Ind.

—The Indiana Greenbacker devotes space to temperance news.

—A gospel temperance war is sweeping the sands of Medina, O.

—In Butler county, Ohio, there are 12,000 pledge temperance people.

—A Temperance Protective Union has been organized at Columbus, O.

—The Scotch number only 4,000,000, yet they pay $75,000,000 for drink each year.

—It is authentically stated that 30,000 girls and boys of Chicago are patrons of saloons.

—The temperance cause in Moline, Ill., has never been in a better condition than it now is.

—"The saloon," says Dr. Larimer, "is as much the gate of hell as ever the church was of heaven."

—Two young ladies of Attica have been industriously engaged in circulating an anti-treat pledge.

—The temperance people of Pennsylvania met in State convention on the 24th and 25th of last month.

—Prohibition party conventions are being called for many counties in Ohio. They evidently mean business.

—The Murphy Union at the Soldiers' Home, Dayton, Ohio, is in a flourishing condition. On the roll there are 740 names.

—The House of the Minnesota Legislature defeated a bill to prohibit the liquor traffic by a vote of twenty-two to seventy-four.

—Mr. Moody's meetings have contributed largely to arouse a deep feeling in the cause of temperance in Baltimore and vicinity.

—The red ribboners and rummys matched in a game of base ball, recently, at Covington, Ind. Thus the good work is carried into politics.

—The temperance fires in Michigan and Ohio are leaping to the very skies. Their brightness is lighting thousands of men out of dark ways and deadly paths.

—The Temple of Honor of Janesville, Wis., numbers 300 members, and is in a most flourishing condition, as are the Temples, generally, throughout that State.

—The Ohio S. C. T. Union met at Akron, on the 1st and 2d inst. Francis Murphy, B. Gratz Brown, Gen. W. H. Gibson and other prominent speakers were present.

—The time has come when the people must say whether rum or righteousness shall rule in this country, and we are called upon to crush the one in order to save the other.

—The Liquor Dealers Association of California have issued a circular, and are otherwise doing their utmost against the adoption of the new constitution, because it favors local option.

—A bill has passed the Assembly of Missouri, by a vote eighty-three to seventeen, to submit to the vote of the people an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors in that State.

—In Oregon the law requires every man who intends to drink to take out a license, which costs him five dollars, the possession of which gives him the right to drink any where in the State. The saloon keepers are prohibited, under heavy penalties, from selling liquors of any kind, except to licensed persons.

—Francis Murphy is projecting a Temperance Colony for the settlement of Rose county, Kansas, by picked temperance men. He has secured the whole county, and will dispose of the land at three dollars per acre in such a way that no liquor traffic can be established there.

—Arrangements are being perfected for the following summer temperance meetings, at the following well-known camp grounds: Thousand Island Park, July 30 to August 5; Spencer, Tioga county, New York, August 6 to 11; Old Orchard Beach, Maine, August 13 to 19; and South Farmingham, August 19 to 25.

—The New York Times publishes the letter of a correspondent in which, speaking of the great mortality amongst the colored race in the cotton States, it is said, "intoxicating liquors are killing them off by the thousands and their enslavement to the saloon traffic causes them more suffering, misery and death than the slavery from which they have escaped."

—Geneseo, Elkhart, Wykoff, Clinton, Canton, Harwood, Belvidere, Jacksonville, Mattoon, Petone, Danvers, Yorkville, Lanark, Gilman, Charleston, Tolone, Streator and Paris, have all in their municipal elections, gone anti-license. Rockford has redeemed herself, giving 552 majority for no license.

—Alcohol is the corrupter of society, business and politics, the producer of ignorance and pauperism. It wastes, it steals and murders; it burns houses, wrecks railway trains on land and ships at sea—all in the light of modern Christian civilization. Law and order on one side, and rum and riot on the other. Who are the fanatics?

—That new movement among the business men of New York, known as the "moderation" movement, is meeting with quite general approbation. Three pledges are offered for acceptance, the red, the white, and the blue. The first is the usual total abstinence for a term not to exceed one year; the second a pledge not to drink during business hours; the third pledge, not to treat or be treated.

—At a gospel temperance meeting held in New York City recently, Dr. McDougall, speaking as a physician, said that if his hearers could send their voices down to the depths of perdition and ask the damned what brought them there, the answer would be, "My doctor sent me here with his prescriptions." The Dr. besought the assembly to remember that the Great Physician had a cure-all called faith, for drunkenness and every other disease.

—Under the prohibition law of 1854, in Connecticut—commonly called the "Land of Steady Habits"—crime diminished seventy-five per cent. On the restoration of license in 1873, crime increased fifty per cent. in a single year, and in two years, in Hartford, according to the official returns, crime increased in that city 400 per cent. In New London the prison was empty, and the jailer out of business for a while after prohibition went into effect. Connecticut has now a local option act. Under it, New London recently voted for no license.

—One drinking saloon for every twenty-five male adults is a large proportion even for New York City; yet such number there are, according to the orators of the Assembly. It is plain that some sensible law to regulate them is necessary to the public morals and public peace. For more than a year hundreds of the 11,000 drinking places—many of them unlicensed—have been open day and night, on Sundays as well as other days, at the will of their owners. The bill before the legislature, made to apply to New York, Brooklyn and Buffalo alone, has the approval of every member from these cities, yet men from country districts, who think they better understand these cities than the men who represent them, array themselves against it. The bill should pass. —[N. Y. Sun.

—Indictments against 53 liquor dealers of Portsmouth, N. H., through the testimony of detectives Messrs. Drake and Webster, continue to excite public discussion. A meetihg of every seller of spirits in the city with two exceptions, was held Tuesday night, at which a protective league was formed and officers elected. It was unanimously voted strenuously to contest the indictments, case by case, and able counsel was engaged, and a large sum pledged. Proffers of pecuniary assistance were also given from parties in Boston, New York, and other places, to an unlimited extent, if needed. We hope the temperance men will also stand united and firmly together, and that the church and all good citizens will give their sympathy upon the side of law and order. It is simply an outrageous attempt of the rum power to over-run law and decency.

—The Legislature of Missouri is on the right track. By a vote of 87 to 39, an act to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors by druggists, defining who shall be known as dealers in drugs and medicines, was passed. Some of the provisions are as follows: The stock must be equal in value to $500. No druggist can sell less than one gallon at a time, and cannot be drank on the premises, without a license. The dealer in drugs and medicines who shall violate any of the provisions of the act, will pay a fine of not less than forty to three hundred dollars, and for forging or counterfeiting any prescription or certificate, can be imprisoned for not less than thirty days or more than three months.

—The temperance ranks of Great Britain have met with two severe losses—the first in the death of Sir Walter Trevelyan, at the advanced age of 80 years. It was at a Liberal banquet, in honor of Sir George Gray, in 1853, that Sir Walter avowed his temperance principles. He was President of the Alliance of the National Temperance League, and of the London Temperance Hospital. Over the Alliance he presided for twenty-six years. His funeral, March 27, was very largely attended. The bearers of the coffin were twelve of his own workmen and laborers. He was a particular friend of Mr. Ruskin. Mr. John Fraser, also just dead, at the age of 85 years, brought out The True Scotsman, in which he advocated total abstinence at a time when such advocacy was considered an act almost of madness. His family, as vocalists and instrumentalists, were well known in the United States under the title of "The Fraser Family." To the last Mr. Fraser preached and practiced temperance principles.

THE Massachusetts House has passed a Civil Damage Liquor law, providing that, if damages to property are done by intoxicated persons, damages may be recovered from the owner of the building where the liquor is sold in whole or in part causing intoxication, and the owner of the building to recover from the tenant, if desired.

NAT. LAKE, the saloonman of Pendleton, has a cigar box full of red ribbons, which he exhibits as trophies of the chase, and claims to have captured members of the Red Ribbon Club, and deprived them of their scalps, so to speak. Mr. L. has been imposed on by soakers, who never belonged to the organization, depositing a red ribbon every time they take a smile.

Stephen R. Smith has extricated himself from his troubles at New Albany, and is now engaged in the organization of a Band of Hope at Greencastle.

LOGANSPORT is cursed.
All over.
And through.
By its Mayor.
By its officials.
And rum runs rampant.
No saloon is closed.
If it had no Mayor it would be better off.

We are tired of this silence on the part of his "royal highness," and we want him to speak out in school and state why the Tivoli is not closed.

And why the saloons are open on Sunday.

And why they sell to minors.

And why he visits saloons on Sundays.

And why they sell to drunkards.

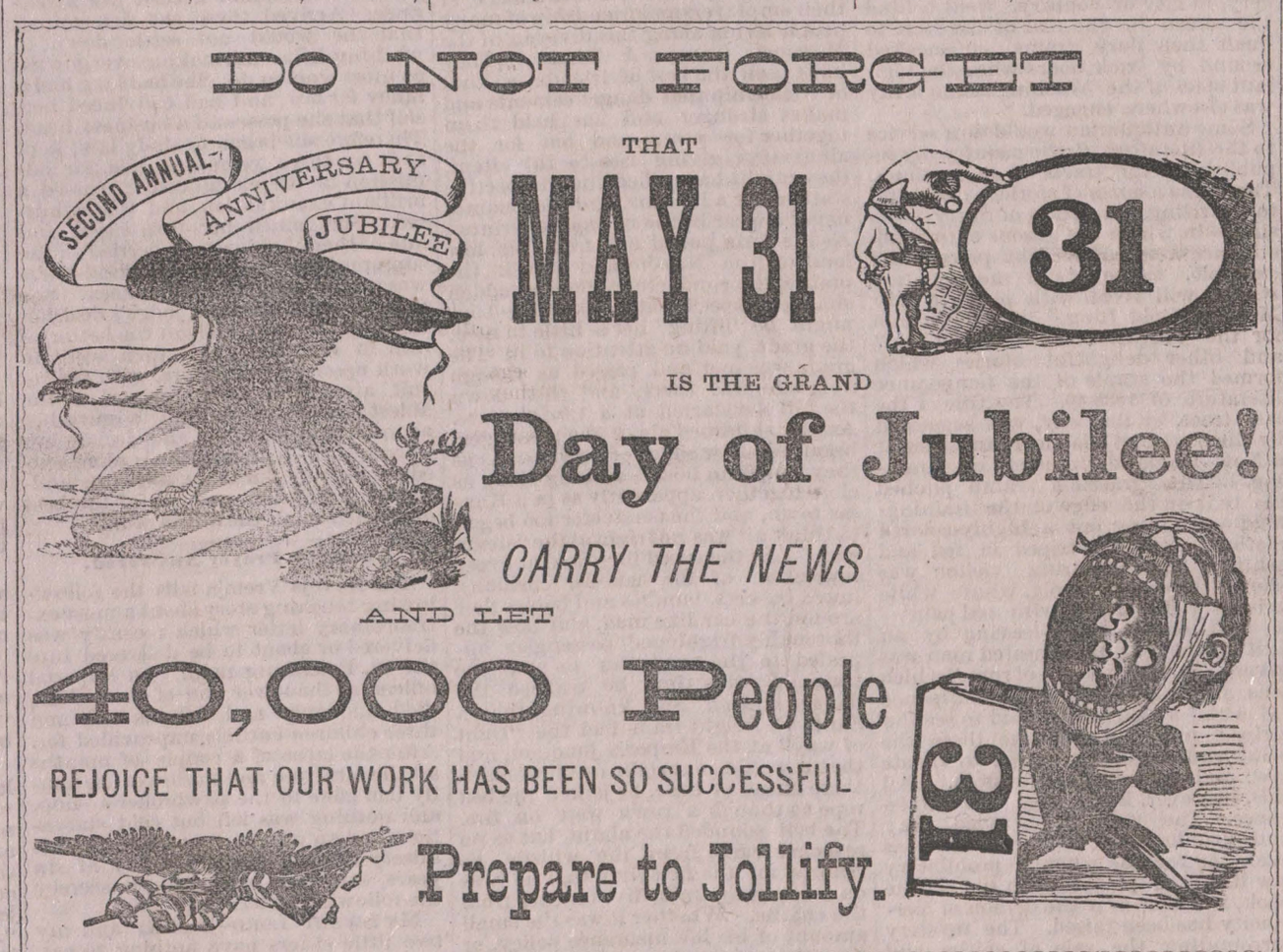
And why he is so negligent.

Why he fines the drinker and not the seller.

These things must be explained.

And the sooner the better.

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.



License and Prohibition.

IN his address to the Liquor Committee of the Legislators of Massachusetts, Mr. W. F. Spaulding concluded as follows:

Let me sum up, briefly, the results of this examination of the history of four years of license.

The law has been less thoroughly enforced in the courts than the prohibitory law was, prosecuting officers have been less energetic, and juries have convicted fewer, in proportion, than under prohibition.

The plain provisions of the law in regard to innholders and victualers have been trampled under foot by license officials, who have connived with rumsellers to enable them to evade the law, and the friends of license have not even protested.

The admitted decrease in drunkenness is due entirely to the reform work and the hard times, and wherever the reform work has waned there is already an increase of drunkenness.

The "civil damage" provisions of the law are worthless and should be so changed, whatever law upon may be upon the statute book, as to make real estate owners responsible for the drinking of liquor sold upon the premises.

There is a great need of some State force to execute the license law in the large places as there was for such a force to execute the prohibitory law.

The power to stop the prosecution of liquor cases should be taken from district attorneys, and no case should be laid on file without the consent of the court.

A law should be passed compelling the authorities to put bonds in suit in defaulted cases, under liquor law.

Another Lie,

A RUMMY asserted that the excursion from Lafayette was the best thing for his trade that has happened for a long time. Well, you shouldn't have mentioned it, for if it be true we shall feel inclined to call around and take up a collection. If the Murphy work benefits you so much, we can't see why you do not come to the front, and if possible increase its influence. My lying friend, you have slightly prevaricated, and all such assertions are lying bosh to which none but an idiotic fool will give credence. If your bloated and bleared brethren is an evidence of your prosperity, you are indeed prosperous, but if you wait until Murphyism gives you trade you will die of starvation. Without doubt some of the Lafayette bums came with the good people from Lafayette, but if you believe their patronage will make you wealthy, move your dens to that city and you will find the same starving process in operation there that greets you here.

Morality is Not Righteousness.

MORALITY is human, and comes from the spirit taught by an honest heart and soul.

Righteousness is divine, and is given by the great Ruler.

Morality may be and is from principle.

Righteousness is the "man born again," and can only be while the spirit of God dwells in and controls the being.

Morality is not righteousness.

But righteousness includes morality.

Who Gets the Dollar.

A Nebraska paper puts the case in these forcible words:

Every dollar made by the saloonkeepers comes out of what would otherwise be legitimate trade. Banish the saloons, and the grocery, hardware, dry goods, and boot and shoe trade of Kearney would be increased twenty-five yer cent.

The same may be truthfully said of Indiana cities and towns, or any other place cursed with rum mills.

Protect Right by Prohibiting Wrong.

THE Citizen's League says:

What is wanted is, legal protection against vicious and unscrupulous traffic. In the matter of money-getting many are unprincipled, and it matters not how absurd or how ruinous to others the method, men will pursue it if not prevented. The prohibition of the wrong is the most effectual way to protect the right.

Conditional.

THE election is at hand.
Go to the polls.
And vote.
That is:
If there are temperance men to vote for.

Worse than That.

LEADVILLE saloon-keepers sell good water flavored with poor whisky.—[Exchange.

Indiana saloon-keepers don't even use good water.

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INTERESTING ITEMS.

PAPER napkins are having a great sale.

THERE are 5,000,000 land-owners in little France.

WOODEN pavements everywhere have proved a failure.

THE railroad to the top of Mount Vesuvius will be finished by fall.

THE French soldier is to have gray trousers instead of red hereafter.

PUBLIC opinion in favor of the Sunday Closing Bill is increasing in Ireland.

WITHIN the past year eight Mormon girls have married colored men in Salt Lake.

LAST year it was estimated that there were at least 150 casks of dewberry wine made in Point Coupee parish, La.

AT a petroleum factory in Paris it is noticed that new workmen with bronchial or pulmonary disease soon lose them.

BONNER keeps a veterinary surgeon in his employ at a salary of $1,500 a year, to take care of his $300,000 worth of horses.

IN Portugal, as well as in France, complaint is made of the lack of candidates for the Roman Catholic priesthood.

A ROCHESTER cow of playful temperament, hooked her horns into the ground, turned a somersault and broke her neck.

THE effects of too much sleep are not less signal than those arising from its privation. The whole nervous system becomes blunted, so that the muscular energy is enfeebled.

THE telephone has been successfully introduced into the Breckenridge street Presbyterian church at Buffalo, so that the pastor can address at once two congregations two miles apart.

AN inhabitant of Astrakhan, disgusted with the rigorous action of the German physicians, amiably sent to Prince Bismarck in a letter some of the hair of a plague-stricken patient dipped in the blood and ulcers of the patient, but no harm came of it.

Two Kentucky lovers have centred their affections upon a damsel who would be happy with either were t'other dear charmer away. A walking match has been proposed, and the successful competitor will get the girl.

REMARKABLE electric storms are said to occur on the summit of Pike's Peak. Little thunder accompanies them, but the whole mountain seems to be on fire, and the top one sheet of flame. Electricity comes out of every rock, and darts here and there with indescribable radiance.

HARRISON was 67 when he was sworn as President, and died exactly one month afterward, April 4. 1841. Taylor was 65 when he was sworn in as President, March 7, 1849, and died in 15 months, July 9, 1850. Wm. R. King was 67 when he was sworn in as democratic Vice-President, March 4, 1853, and died on his own plantation in Alabama, in little more than a month afterward, April 7, 1853.

IN the hippodrome of Czarskœ Selo, Russia, there was recently a "hunt of wild beasts." A number of wolves, foxes and hares were let loose in the arena, with the dogs in pursuit. One of the wolves became furious, and dashed from the arena among the spectators. Both the people and the animals were thrown into a panic. After tearing around for a time, without injuring anybody, the wolf took refuge under the benches, from which he was dragged out and secured.

A YOUNG woman of Tannerville, Georgia, married an elderly widower, but soon found herself in love with his son. The matter was fully discussed, and it was decided that the old man should procure a divorce and let his wife marry his son. This was accomplished with the aid of a sympathizing court. Since then the aged gentleman has married his ex-wife's mother, and the entire family is happy.

A DRESS woven from the webs of the large spiders common in South America has been presented to Queen Victoria by the Empress of Brazil. It exceeds in fineness any manufactured silk known, and is very handsome. Spaniards, nearly 200 years ago, endeavored to make gloves, stockings, and other articles of spiders' webs, but they yielded so little profit, and necessitated so much trouble, that the manufacture was abandoned. In 1710 the calculation was made that the webs of 700,000 spiders would be required for about forty yards of silk. Such dresses are occasionally seen in South America.

The Moderate Drinkers.

There was a time when it would have been thought rank heterodoxy to plead that temperance means anything but total abstinence. "Moderate drinking," the teetotalers were wont to say, "is a league with death, a covenant with hell, a device of Satan to drag men down to the lowest depths of drunkenness." The temperance reform in this country began about thirty years ago. The societies organized by the promoters of the movement were known as "Washington Societies," the name of the Father of his Country being borrowed, for some inexplicable reason, as the warcry of the new crusaders. Nothing short of total abstinence was countenanced by this society, the founders of which were six reformed drunkards of Baltimore, in 1840. The lines were drawn very rigidly, and the taverns, inns, and other places of public entertainment, were speedily divided into two classes—those which did not keep or sell even malt liquors or wines, and those in which roystering, defiant drunkenness and carousal were the habit of the guests. Prior to this date, say 1838, nobody pretended to cure intemperance by total abstinance. The drinking of beer and wine was encouraged, and in Boston, where Medford rum and Holland gin had been the common beverages for generations, one of the early temperance societies built and maintained a brewery for the use of its members in order to promote, as far as possible, the use of beverages which should displace the fiery spirits most affected by the Bostonians of the time. The Washingtonian movement changed all this. The wine decanters, which had heretofore stood in rank and file upon the sideboards of substantial people, went into the sideboards. Men who had drunk at the counter of the grocery, in city or country, went behind the screen in the rear of the store to quaff their fiery drams, or sneaked around by back doors when the vigilant spies of the Washingtonian army was elsewhere engaged.

Some antiquarian would do a service to the literature of the country by republishing the tracts of those times. There was a series of stories—delightful to the rising generation of thirty years since—in which the lessons of total abstinence were enforced by precept and example. Some of our more mature readers will recall with pleasure "My Mother's Gold Ring," "Good Enough for the Vulgar," "The Striped Pig," and other delightful stories which formed the staple of the temperance literature of 1838-40. The title of the last tract, by the way, was suggested by the device of a lawless rum seller at a New England "muster" or "training." This graceless scamp pitched his tent on the edge of the training-field and hung out a highly-colored picture of a pig striped in red and white. The inquiring visitor was shown a common pig, whose white bristles were striped with red paint—a bold cheat; but, leaving by an exit in the rear, the cheated man was given "fourpence worth of rum," which was ample return for the fourpence (6½ cents) which he had paid to see the striped pig. By arts like these the seller and the buyer agreed to violate law and new-fangled custom. All this, however, is by way of reminiscence. The years have rolled away and drunkenness is as prevalent as ever. In regions where a prohibitory law has been placed upon the statute book, it seems as if the demon of perversity has been raised. The mystery surrounding the sale of spirits and wine has apparently enticed into the snare of "the old serpent" thousands of people who would not have hankered after strong drinks if they had not also been "stolen waters," proverbially sweet. Total abstinence, as preached and practiced, has accomplished no permanent reform. The crying sin, the great crime of society, to-day, as in 1840, is drunkenness. The awful pit is filled now, as then, with the lives and happiness of millions of our countrymen and countrywomen.

There is something pathetic in the spectacle of an assemblage of comfortable, well-to-do citizens, who plead to the total abstainers, "Let us up easy." They see and know the evils of intemperance. They ask to be allowed to practice the virtue of temperance. It is needless to add that by "temperance" they do not mean total abstinence any more than they mean "raw beefsteak" when they call for "rare done." The temperance men of the new order plead that they may be not too roughly snatched from their beer and claret. They do not ask for brandy, unless they take a "pony" with their black coffee; and all sorts of rum and other spirits they heartily eschew, except in the most moderate and artistics doses. But, like the lotos-eaters, they plaintively lift up their voices against being disturbed by any violent reform. The ascetic zealot of teetotalism launches his diatribes on these gentle lovers of good living and moderation, and cries, "Woe unto you, moderate drinkers! You set the example to the whisky-bibbers, to sots, and the drunkards! You sip your Chateau Lafitta, and therefore the coaser herd fuddle themselves with bad spirits and chain-lightning." Then it is agreed that, though men may drink for themselves, they will not be the cause of drinking in others. They will not "treat." This is striking at the root of the great evil. The rumsellers will all hold up hands against a reform like this, which will destroy nine-tenths of their custom. A man accepts an invitation to drink in a public drinking place. Presently, he returns the compliment by inviting his entertainer—and his entertainer's friends. The party, say, now numbers eight. It is inevitable that each of the eight shall "treat" the company once at least. Possibly, when each man, by some curious unwritten law of etiquette, has "treated" in his turn, the round begins again, and, with a rigid observance which is worthy of a better cause, each drinker stays until he has drank and has "treated" his whole share of what is sardonically called "the entertainment o. the company." This is a most miserable business. The men who have the courage to pledge themselves not to treat anybody, as the phrase goes, deserve honor and encouragement. In one of his sermons, F. W. Robertson told young men that there might come to them, some time, a total eclipse of faith, when the heavens were as blackness of darkness over them. In such a crisis, he said, they should remember that it was better to be honest than dishonest, better to be pure than corrupt, better to be courageous than cowardly, better to tell the truth than to lie. In like manner, men who cannot be total abstainers—and there are not a few—may serve their fellow-men by engaging not to drink in business hours, by pledging themselves not to treat other men and thereby enticing others to drunkenness, and by agreeing not to drink spirits of any kind. Something must be done to stay the tide of intemperance. For thirty years or more the total abstainers have tried their ineffectual experiment. Those who can constantly practice total abstinence are safe any way. Let us see what the "temperance" men can do for the reformation of society.—N. Y. Times.

A Runaway Train.

Last Monday evening a passenger train on the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad came rattling up the valley between Parsons and Emporia, with Dave Dunham at the throttle and Johnnie Haley at the furnace, just as it has every evening for the past six years.

As engineer and fireman, these two boys have stood side by side on this run since the spring of 1873, and have not only registered "on time," but have, by their strict attention to rules of the road, gained the confidence of their employers and friendship of many people living along this division of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas. (They have been the best of friends—a kind of friendship that danger cements and makes stronger and has held them together for years—and but for the altercation giving rise to this item, they might have filled their respective stations for a lifetime, and their names never appear in the newspaper prints.) As the train pulled out from the low land on the Neosho and struck the prairie, the conductor noticed a sudden change in speed, but thinking the boys might be "lifting" her a little to meet the grade, paid no attention to it. The grade was met and passed as though no grade was there, and then down the hill she started at a terrible rate. As she skimmed along the passengers began to show signs of nervousness as they saw farm houses rushing along as close together, apparently as in a Kansas town, and the conductor too began to think all was not right at the "steam end." As the speed increased at every revolution of the wheels, cushions, lunch baskets, bundles and babies flew around the car like mad, and now the thoroughly frightened passengers appealed to the conductor to stop the train. By this time he realized the danger himself, and knowing that a Santa Fe freight train had the "right of way" at the Emporia junction, and that it would be certain death to reach there ahead of time, he jerked the bell rope as though a town were on fire. The bell sounded the alarm, but as no response came from the whistle, he realized for the first time that he was on a runaway train, five coaches from the engine. Whether it was the small amount of his life insurance policy, or the safety of the passengers that urged him on, will remain an open question, but it is morally certain that he was not many seconds in passing through the coaches, scaling the iron rail of the mail car, and landing on the coal pile near the locomotive, which was writhing under the pressure of sixty-five pounds more steam than was necessary for celerity, comfort or convenience. He says as he struck the water tank and rolled down into the cab, the engine was going so fast that the telegraph poles along the road looked like a "picket fence." It took but a moment to put on the air brakes, reverse the lever, and slow her down and find himself within two hundred yards of an open switch at the Santa Fe crossing, and that the run of eight miles had been made in less than eight minutes. When the train stopped the fireman jumped from the engine and ran down the track toward the city, and the engineer, arising from the floor of the cab, explained that just as they neared the Neosho grade, Haley, the fireman, accused him of having reported something discreditable to him to the division superintendent. This he stoutly denied, whereupon Haley assaulted him with a coal pick, and a hand-to hand scuffle ensued. In the melee the throttle was thrown open, and going at the rate of a mile a minute they "fought it out on that line." On leaving the train Haley ran down to the court house, and had Sheriff Moon lock him up in a cell, fearing he would be overtaken, he said, by Dunham and his friends. Dunham was conveyed in a carriage to a physician and had his wounds dressed. His face, head and shoulders were terribly cut and bruised, the cut in the back of the head by a pick being a severe one.

The conductor ran the train through to Junction City, leaving his engineer in the hands of a nurse and his fireman in the hands of the sheriff.

How an Artist Went Mad.

M. Mouchot, a French painter of great merit, though scarcely in the first rank of his profession, has lost his reason under circumstances of the most painful kind. For some time past his friends had noticed a marked falling off of his powers, and M. Mouchot was himself under no illusions on the subject. He knew he was suffering from brain disease, and was slowly but surely losing his faculties. For the sake of his wife and child he toiled on, but with so little success as to convince him that the active exercise of his profession would soon become impossible to him. Nevertheless, he felt equal to discharging the functions of Professor of Drawing at the Ecole Politechnique—a place which happened to be vacant a short time ago. There were about 100 candidates for the place, and on the day of the election M. Mouchot, whose friends had bestirred themselves on his behalf, waited in sickening anxiety for the result. The hour was already past, when M. Mouchot saw an acquaintance approaching him with a dejected look on his face. The unhappy man concluded that he had failed to obtain the place, and sank senseless into a chair. A minute after another friend came to tell him that he had been elected Professor, and that the first friend was mistaken. It was too late. The shock of the disappointment had precipitated the work of years. Mouchot was raving mad. In this state the poor man remains. A committee, which includes the best names in the artist world of France, has already been formed to raise a fund for the benefit of his family; and it is a relief to know that the future of those for whom M. Mouchot toiled so bravely is in a fair way of being assured.

Lavinia Goodsell, who has attracted a good deal of attention in Wisconsin by drawing up a bill to the state legisture, providing that no person should be refused admission to the bar on account of sex, and securing its passage, seems to be possessed of unusual energy and of decided talent for law. She owes her success and reputation entirely to her own unaided exertion. Some time ago she was employed here on a fashionable journal, but conceiving that she could do something better she resigned her position and went to Janesville, Wisconsin, where her aged parents reside, and needed her assistance. Arrived there she determined that she would not settle down to washing dishes and making over gowns, as most women do. She had long had a fancy for law, and had convinced herself that she possessed a business head, Therefore she began to study law; kept at it for three years; applied for admission to the circuit court; passed a brilliant examination, and was admitted. She gained her first cases, and one of them having been carried to the supreme court, her right to plead there was denied on account of her sex. She reviewed the supreme judge's decision in a legal journal, and got the better of him in argument, and then went to work upon the legislature, with the result already known. Some of the ablest lawyers in the state admire her acumen and learning, and declare her to be a born barrister. She is represented as entirely feminine, notwithstanding her profession, and one of the best of women in all the duties of life.

A Boy's Prayer Answered.

The Novoja Vremja tells the following touching story about a most extraordinary letter which recently was delvered or about to be delivered into the St. Petersburg mail. An imperial officer, at the lower end of the ladder, died suddenly and left his wife and three children entirely unprovided for. After the lapse of a couple of months all the furniture and clothes of the family had gone to the pawbroker's shop, and nothing was left but cold starvation, and an unpaid rent bill. In this misery the eldest child, a boy of six years, sat down and wrote in secrecy the following letter:

MY SWEET LORD—Mother and my two little sisters have nothing to eat, and are very hungry. Won't you please send me 3 kopeks, that I may buy bread to them, and I shall pay back the money when I grow bigger. Yours truly,

* * *

With this letter, which was addressed to "God in the High Heavens," the boy ran to the nearest station, but being unable to reach the box and slip down the letter, he asked a gentleman who stood beside him to help him. The gentleman, who happened to be the parson of the parish caught sight of the address, and opened the letter and read it. He then accompanied the boy home, provided for the immediate needs of the family, and next Sunday, having told the story in the church, he made a handsome collection of 1,500 rubles among the congregation for the widow and her children.

A Clean Sweep

It was a sad looking tramp, with a pained expression of face, that entered a Sutter street bar-room the other day, holding in his hand a small, battered red canister. "Look at this," he said sorrowfully. "I went into a gun shop and begged for something to eat, and the mean man handed me this can of powder. He said I could go shooting—a starved man go shooting. Just think of it?"

"Well, mizzle," retorted the barkeeper, who had just set four fancy drinks for a row of customers.

"I pledge you my word," said the vagrant, holding the can within an inch of the stove. "I'm so miserable, I've almost a mind to blow myself up."

"Dare you to do it," said one of the bystanders, winking at the crowd.

The wrecked party gave a sad, lingering look at the poured out liquor, as that he might ne'er behold again, and tossed in the can.

The yell that the whole crowd gave as they started for the other side of the street was heard on Telegraph hill. When they filed in about ten minutes after the empty can did not explode there were four empty glasses on the counter, the lunch table was an empty mockery and the till looked like a savings bank on the day after a really large deposit.

CONDIMENTS.

When you wake up at night and hear the baby crying, look out for danger—for there is a rock ahead.

"Oh, yes, I have made faces my study. Do you paint, Miss Brown?" "Sir?" "I mean, do you paint pictures?"

"Can a clergyman marry himself?" asks an exchange." We suppose he can but we are afraid he would not be a happy couple.

When you observe a family sitting about the dinner table, each member bathed in tears, remember that the horse-radish season is upon us.

Life is but a span. Marriage is a double team. Youth wedded to old age is a tandem. A cross old bachelor is a single and all sulky.

The man who sits down on a bent pin may not remark that he has felt that pin afore, but he certainly performs a comic hoppery.

It is a well-known fact that the favored suitor for most girls' hands is the fellow who can light the hall gas without the aid of a chair.

"Smile when you can," is the latest thing we are asked to do by those gratuitously admonitory beings, the poets. No one can smile when he can't.

A domestic named Angelica Jordan has passed over her last name and became a portion of her first name. She attempted to kindle a fire with coal oil.

"We are going out with the tied," said a young man to a friend, as he filed down the aisle after a wedding. "In that case," said a lady in front, you can afford to get off my train." And he did.

"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor biting me?" said a lady visitor at the Zoological Garden. "Not the least, marm," replied the showman, "he never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."

In the middle of fly time, when both hands were engaged, we have sometimes thought, as a persistent fly playfully fondled our nose, that it was a great mistake when our primeval ancestor discarded his caudal appendage.

The ceremony of baptism by immersion was celebrated in Texas the other day, and when the fourteen candidates walked down to the water, fifteen revolvers were deposited on the bank of the stream, that of the preacher making the fifteenth.

A colored baby fell from an attic window the other day, and the mother tells the story thus: "Dere dat child was coming down feet fust, wid every chance of being killed, when de Lawd, he turned him over, de chile struck on his head, and dere wasn't so much as a button flew off."

"Angelinaw," said Augustus, eagerly, "I've made aw conundwum. It's weal nice, too. What did Jonah find to wide on when he was thrown ovawboard?" Angelina—"Oh, Gussy! Why, he—tell me, darling." Augustus—"He went by the wail way. Ain't that awfully jawly, Angelinaw? Took me two hours to do it; pon honaw."

Harper's Drawer: A correspondent at Portland, Oregon, furnishes this of the "Heathen Chinee": "John" had bought a watch at our jeweler's, but as it ran too slow, he took it back, saying, "Watchee no good." "What is the matter with it?" asked the jeweler. "Oh," said John, "watchee too much by'm-by."

A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece, placed there pour les convenances. In the adjoining room, with the door open, were the rest of the company. Says the little niece, in a jealous, and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me too!" I leave you to imagine what had just happened. "You should say twice, Ethel dear; two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder. Clever girl, that.

Josh Billing's Philosophy.

The philosophy ov the monkey will outlast the philosophy ov the sage; if Solomon was on erth to-day, and wouldn't put on the cap and bells, he couldn't git twenty dollars a week for writing proverbs.

Young man, saw wood, shell beans, tend a guideboard at the forks ov sum kuntry road, do ennything almost except to steal, rather than undertake to live bi yure wits; nine men out ov ten who undertake to live bi their wits are no better off than a lost dog.

It takes a very smart man to be a sukcessful phool.

Whisky is responsible for sum patriotism. much poetry and more pauperism.

Young man, the citizens ov the wourld are watching yu, not so much to see yu reach the top ov the ladder as to see yu fall off, and perhaps sprin your ankle.

It iz easy enuff to git along with our enemys; to manage a friend requires much pashunce and skill.

It is often the case that the shrewdst men are unable to advise others at all correctly.

Thare are multitudes ov people now living who are anxious to prove that 2 and 2 make five, and i am astonished to kno thet thare are full an menney w o are anxious to beleave it.

Jeff Davis' Keg of Gold.

A keg of gold amounting to $12,000 was lately recovered from a mill pond, where it had been hidden for fourteen years. A guide that was with Jeff Davis when he was making his flight through Georgia deserted the party upon arriving in Wilkes county, stole the keg of money and rolled it into the pond. On his death-bed at the penitentiary, where he was soon afterward sent, he disclosed the locality of the treasure. Many a pond has been searched in consequence.—[Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.

Farmers are like fowls; neither will get full crop without industry.

FIVE SKELETONS.

The History of a Betrayed Woman's Vengeance—The Secret of the Tower Stairway—One of the Most Atrocious Crimes Ever Recorded—The Latest Sensation in a Foreign Capital.

A story of a crime has been brought to light in Vienna which has in it some features of a highly novel nature. In 1858 Louis Lem erg came to the Austrian Capital from a small town near Brunn, in Moravia. He was just of age, tall, well-made and handsome. His education had not been neglected, and he was a good musician. He was well connected, and had friends in Vienna, occupying a good socially position. He entered a large banking house, and was soon advanced until he held the place of cashier. This was in 1861. In that year he formed the acquaintance of Marie Bleirs, a beautiful girl of eighteen, occupying a humble station in life. His attacks on her virtue were unavailing, and he at length promised her marriage. He placed her in what she supposed was a respectable family, and visited her daily. The wedding day was fixed, and all the arrangements for the event were about to be made, when Louis was taken ill with a fatal malady. Marie was not allowed to see him, and to her inquiries reply was made that he was in a most critical state. After two or three daye Marie was told that Louis desired to see her before he died. Bowed down with grief she went to his residence, and found her lover lying.

He was barely able to recognize her, but after a while he rallied, and entreated her to remain and take care of him. She consented, and as the night wore on, at his request, put on a wrapper and lay down beside the half slumbering form of the sick man. She fell asleep, and when she awoke found herself undressed and in the warm embrace of her lover. He tried to pacify her, and, as the past was beyond recall, she submitted to her fate. For some time they lived together happily, but at the end of two years, that is, in 1863, Louis quitted her, and soon afterward married a fashionable lady.

In the meantime Louis' younger brother, Francis, had come to attend college in Vienna, a fact well known to Marie. When Louis deserted her she laid a trap for Francis, and he readily fell into her toils. Through him she kept herself acquainted with the affairs of Louis, who was entirely ignorant of his young brother's intrigues with his discarded mistress, while Francis, was, of course, equally ignorant of the connection which had existed between Louis and Marie. It was Marie's custom to ask, with what Francis took for womanly curiosity, all about his brother's habits, his dwelling and the peculiarities of his new wife, her relations, acquaintances and so forth. Francis gave the information as well as he was able, never suspecting any nefarious design.

On January 2, 1865, a son was born to Louis, and duly christened August. On the evening of the ceremony Louis gave an entertainment at which his brother was present. The child, elegantly dressed, was shown to the guests, and then removed by the nurse. Five minutes later there was a terrible outcry that the child was missing. Dreadful consternation seized all, and the mother fell into a deep swoon from which it was very difficult for some time to arouse her. The nurse ran about half frantic, and the father was so dazed he knew not what to do. When the nurse recovered her presence of mind, she related the facts as follows:

As she was ascending the stairs and had reached the first landing, Francis Lemberg, the uncle of the child, springing down from the landing above, said in a tone of urgency:

"Nurse, a lady has just fainted in your mistress' dressing room. Go and attend to her, and I will hold the baby until you return."

The girl hesitated, but the uncle reassured her by promising to follow her and remain at the door of the dressing room with the child. She entered the dressing room, but found no one there. Hastily returning she found that the child was gone, and every effort to find it was in vain. Then the alarm was given, with the results already known.

The police were notified, and strict orders issued to search the city for the missing babe. What the object of the brother could be could not be divined. He was on the most amicable terms with his brother and his wife, and seemed fond of the child, for whom he had bought a very beautiful present on that very day. The occurrence was involved in mystery, and, as day after day passed without any clew to the child or its uncle being disclosed, it grew deeper and deeper. What rendered the circumstance more singular was that Francis' overcoat and hat had been left behind when he fled with the infant.

It would be impossible to describe the dreadful state of mind produced on the parents by this strange and unexplained abduction of their new-born infant. The weary days and nights passed by, messengers came and went at all hours, new clews were continually followed only to lead to disappointment, and fresh theories adopted only to be abandoned when they were found to be futile. At length the silence and stupor of despair settled down on the bereaved mother, and the father came and went and did his busines as one in a dream. Months and years passed away and nothing was heard of the child and its abductor.

In the meantime another child was born to Louis but he died suddenly at the age of two years, after returning from a walk in a neighboring park with his mother. In less than a month after this, Louis' wife, who was always ailing, was taken ill with a mysterious malady which baffled the physicians, and in 1869 she died, her death being attributed to heart disease. By this time Louis had risen to affluence by successful speculations. He became somewhat loose in his morals, and one night he was brought home suffering from an attack of apoplexy. He never rallied, but died the next day.

A few days after the trial, a woman claiming to be his lawful widow sought to obtain the interests in his property which the laws allows. She produced a paper which showed that in 1861, she was married to Louis Lemberg, and produced all the necessary evidence of the fact. Having no blood relatives living, this woman got possession of his property, and entered into the enjoyment of it in 1871. The house in which Louis lived at the time of the birth of his first child was part of the estate, and there his supposed widow took up her abode.

The facts now to be related are given in their order, although they have only become known within the past month.

On August 17, 1871, the widow Lemberg went to reside in the house referred to. It was in a suburban part of the city, and had a fair-sized garden around it. The widow brought with her two companions, attired as sisters of religious order, who were continually with her, and slept in the same apartments. In the daytime they drove out together in a close carriage, and at night received three male visitors, who joined them in their apartments, where a reckless carouse was carried far into the morning. Then the males departed, and the women kept their beds until noon next day. Night after night this went on for a year.

On October 17, 1872, awful screams were heard by the domestics coming from the apartments used by the widow. On going thither Madame Lemberg was found lying on the bed in horrible convulsions, and the two women holding her down. This thing recurred from time to time until 1875, when the two companions of Madame Lemberg suddenly disappeared from the house and never returned. In June of that year Madame Lemberg was married to the Baron Kronacher, and the couple seemed to enjoy happiness for a time. In December following the Baron disappeared, and the Baroness represented that he was a pretender, and had robbed her of valuables and money and decamped.

Two years passed away, and the still attractive woman secured several handsome male acquaintances, who visited her from time to time. In September, 1877, she brought to her residence a maimed lad of about 12 years, and installed him in the kitchen in care of the domestics. The left foot and hand of the boy were gone, cut off at the joint. Otherwise he was a well-built, comely boy. He stayed there until the sequel of this strange narrative.

It has been said that the house stood in the suburbs in the midst of a garden. At one corner was a tower stairway leading to a lookout. As the stairs were decayed, the place had been closed when Lemberg bought it. The entrance to it was from a small anteroom adjoining the chief sleeping apartment, which, during Lemberg's time, was used as a stranger's room. On the 7th of January last, Madam Lemberg ordered the cripple, who was known as Jean, to carry coals to this room, where a fire had been lighted. The boy did so. It so happened that a new domestic had been engaged a few days before, and this woman was in the act of passing down the stairs when she heard a noise as of some one struggling in the stranger's room. Having heard that her mistress had formerly been subject to convulsions, she turned toward the room and entered. The sight which met her gaze was an astounding one. In the entrance to the ante-room the cripple Jean was struggling in the grasp of his mistress. She had him by the throat, and was forcing him backward to the floor. Horror-stricken, the domestic fled down stairs and gave the alarm. It happened that a policeman was close at hand and entered. Ascending the stairs he reached the ante-room in time to save the cripple from death. The door in the tower was open, and the Baroness was forcing him over the threshold into the abyss, for the glacis and floor had decayed, and there was a hole reaching to the foundation of the building. The officer rescued the boy and secured the woman.

There is no space to tell at length the sequel to this narrative. A search in the dreadful pit from which the officer delivered the boy disclosed five skeletons. There lay the bones of the unfortunate Francis Lemberg, and beside him the skeleton of a baby. To one side were the skeleton of two females, the musty, half-rotten clothes indicating beyond question that the remains were those of the two women who, under the garb of Sisters of Charity, had entered the dwelling, and had so long been the companion of the widow. The fifth skeleton was that of the Baron Kronacher.

The woman, when arrested, showed no symptoms of insanity, but told freely the story of her crimes. She had resolved to have vengeance on Louis Lemberg, and through Francis obtained a knowledge of the tower and how it might be entered. On this she based all her plans for vengeance. Night and day she brooded over them, and circumstances more than suited her desires and purposes. On the night of the christening of Louis' first-born she dressed herself in Francis' clothes and hid her attire in a capacious overdress. She found little difficulty in getting into the dwelling. Secreting herself for over and hour, she at length saw Francis enter the stranger's room. Thither she followed him, and with the agility and vigor of an accomplished highwayman garroted him from behind. In an instant she dragged him into the ante-room, opened the door to the tower, and dropped him into the horrible abyss. Then she threw off her attire, and appeared so much like Francis that only a very close observer could have seen the difference.

Watching her opportunity, she carried out her daring scheme to capture the child, and flung it down the tower after its uncle. Then hastily closing the door, she fastened it, and assuming the female attire which she had temporarily laid aside, she managed to elude observation and escape from the house. For a long time after this she remained quiet. When the second child was born she watched its growth, and resolved to remove it by poison. Disguised as a seller of candy, she gave the unsuspecting infant a poisoned lozenge, and its death speedily followed.

Louis' wife was the next victim. She was removed by a slow poison, introduced into the medicine prescribed for her by a physician by his assistant, a paramour of the murderess. Finally Louis himself was decoyed by a courtesan into his former mistress' power, and brained with a sand-bag. Then he was carried out and laid in the street, where he was found.

The avenging demon's next victims were the women who kept the house of ill-repute into which Marie Bleirs was decoyed and where she was ruined by Louis Lemberg. These women had been guilty of a great crime, and when Marie found them they were in hiding. She proposed to them to assume a sacred garb, and join her in her newly acquired prosperity. They did so, and for a time Marie would seem to have forgotten her vengeance and allow herself to relapse into dissipation. But the end came, and the two women were choked and flung down the well of the tower. So far all was well. But the physician's assistant was becoming imperious, and so she suggested that he should assume the title of Baron Kronacher and marry her. Once in her power she soon disposed of him, and he was laid at rest beside her other victims.

And the crippled boy—who was he? Her own child by Louis Lamberg. In a moment of horrible passion she severed the limbs of the infant at the joints, and then gave him to a miserable hag to extort charity. Afterward the idea that she would like him to repose with the rest, and so she took him to her dwelling, and would have ended his fate but for the timely intervention of the domestic.

Two things remain unexplained in the narrative. Nothing is known of the cause of the woman's convulsions, and she has refused to say how she secured the papers to prove her marriage to Louis.

There is little chance that Marie Bleirs will suffer for her crimes beyond incarceration in a lunatic asylum, the dreadful and unheard-of nature of them naturally suggesting the idea of insanity.

The Mischief a Reckless Victorian Gentleman Did for Australia.

The Sydney (Australia) Herald devotes an article to two nuisances from which Australia is suffering—the kangaroos and the rabbits. In 1874, a gentleman in Victoria, desirous of sport, turned out four couples of rabbits, and already their progeny may be numbered by millions. They have within this short period done much toward desolating two of the finest districts in Victoria, and they have spread over its limits into South Wales. All efforts to check the advance of the rabbit plague have thus far proved unavailing. Where the rabbit can not find grass he can live on bushes, and when driven from one district, he has no difficulty in finding means of existence in another. All the best methods of killing him have been tried—shooting, netting, blocking the burrows with stones; but none have succeeded; the rabbit has continued to multiply. Unless immediate steps of a more energetic nature are taken to stamp them out, the south-western district of New South Wales, says the Herald, will soon be overrun, and to no small extent destroyed. In the Wimmera district of Victoria stations which before their appearance supported thousands of sheep can not now carry one quarter of the number, and it seems uncertain how long they will continue to sustain even the reduced flocks.

Selector's crops are devoured wholesale, acres upon acres being destroyed in a single night. Stocks of hay or grain are riddled through and through, gardens are completely stripped, and unless new and stronger measures be adopted, the whole of the country in that direction will be reduced to a desert. An enterprising farmer in Victoria went to Melbourne for a reaper and binder, but before he could get to work the whole of his crop was eaten off by the rabbits. In other parts the kangaroos are almost as destructive, but they can be seen, and either caught or kept at a distance with some little trouble; but the rabbit hides himself beneath the ground, and often defeats detection. In France and England a great deal of money is made by rearing rabbits for the market. A single pair has often yielded a hundred per cent as an investment. The fecundity of this animal is so great, however, that it becomes a nuisance whenever it is allowed to run at large.

American Schoolma'ams.

Curiously enough the female schoolteachers of the United States were a subject of discussion in the house of commons one night this week. Mr. Mundella had referred favorably to them, when Mr. Mills indulged in a sneer and doubted that the custom was one that could be profitably followed in this country. Then up rose Mr. Plunkett, a gallant Irishman, who said that he had been to the United States and there studied the subject, and expressed his opinion that "it would be a great benefit to this country if we could import 200 or 3000 of these women teachers." Mr. Maclaren also quoted the bishop of Manchester, who has declared also from personal experience that their teaching is generally "much better than that given in the schools of this country." Your lady teachers were thus eloquently and successfully defended, but it was surely an odd subject for discussion in the British house of commons.

CALL A MAN.

A plain, unassuming, bashful young man was John Eldred, living with his mother on a good farm, left him by his father, who was dead. They were in excellent circumstances and John was as happy as a well to do farmer can be. He was no fool, either, for he had a good library, and read it, too, and gained a great deal of useful knowledge. John was a good looking, not a handsome man. But John had one failing in my eyes; he was twenty-six years old and not married. Nor was there any prospect of any such event happening very soon, for of all the bashful men who ever wore a shirt collar, John Eldred was the worst. The girls in the immediate vicinity were strangers to him. John always avoided everything that wore a dress except his mother and sister.

John's mother was a quiet, loving woman, who had uppermost in her mind the happiness of her children, consequently she had for some time secretly wished that John was married.

Gertrude, John's sister, was a very pretty young lady, and also shared her mother's wish, but how to bring it about she could not imagine.

In the same neighborhood lived Judge Clark, who had a daughter named Mabel. Now John had for a long time admired Mabel, and although he had never betrayed it, his sister had guessed his secret, and had resolved to bring about a match between the two, but just how to do it was a thing she did not know.

It happened in July, the anecdote I am now in shape to relate. Gertrude had invited a number of girls to a quilting party one afternoon, Mabel among the rest. She told John they were coming, and then added:

"Now, John, for my sake, do come in to tea this afternoon. You know all the girls that will be here, and—"

"But, Gertrude, that patch of timothy by the north wood must be cut, and as Jim has gone to stay over Sunday I shall have to cut it."

And so, much to Gertrude's chagrin, he took his scythe over his shoulder after dinner and started for the patch of timothy. But he lingered around the orchard until he saw the plump figure of Mabel Clark coming, and then, heaving a sigh, he started for his work.

The patch of timothy referred to was a newly cleared piece of land, nearly surrounded by woods, and so full of stumps and log piles that it was impossible to use the machine.

Here we will leave John mowing and return to the party.

It was a warm day, so the girls had moved the chairs out of doors in the shade of some large maples, and there they sat chatting, joking and laughing as only a parcel of light-headed girls can.

Meanwhile John had moved several times across the patch, and it began to be terrible hot. The sun poured its rays down with great intensity, and the thick woods on all sides kept off any breeze that might be stirring. John was more than hot—he was fairly boiling, and as thirsty as an old toper. So John, thinking that no one could possibly see him, sat down on a log and took off his shoes and pantaloons, and then, with his long gingham shirt, and wide rimmed straw hat and his socks, resumed. He had mowed twice across the place, and was picking out the tall grass around an old log pile, when he saw a pair of blue racers right beside him.

John was no coward but he was mortally afraid of snakes. If he had been warm before, he was a chunk of ice now. With a dash of his scythe he cut off the head of one of them, and the other raised his head and darted toward him. John dropped his scythe, turned and jumped, just as the hookep teeth of the snake caught above the wide, firm hem of the rear end of his shirt.

He cast one look behind him and saw his dreaded enemy—streaming out like a penant from a steamship—and thinking of the terrible fate that awaited him if he stopped, bounded away toward the house with the speed of an express train.

On, on he ran through the north meadow and orchard, and as he neared the house the thought of the party flashed on his mind. But there was no other way, and so on he ran.

He dashed down past the west end of the house and, as he rounded the corner, the whole party of girls met his view.

"Call a man!" he yelled, and then turned the corner.

So great was his momentum that the snake swung around and struck his bare legs like the sharp sting of a rawhide whip.

The girls screamed and jumped and the quilt went over on the ground. The vision sped around the corner, and once more came the cry:

"Call a man?"

No quicker would he disappear around the corner of the house than he would appear at the other corner. Every time he turned a corner he would receive a terrible blow from the cold, slimy snake, which would raise him from the ground at least four feet, and at every blow he would yell:

"Call a man!"

The frightened girls rushed for the house, and they had hardly got inside the door when John flew past it with a shout:

"Call a man!"

Down across the road he went, leaping the gate at a bound, and as he cantered through the flock of hens, scattering them in all directions, the shout rose loud and clear:

"Call a man!"

Around the barn, back again toward the house went the strange pair, and as the gate was again leaped, came the cry, this time of:

"For God's sake, call a man!"

As he again disappeared around the house, Mabel Clark ran out of the door, and selecting a stick some four or five feet in length, stationed herself at the corner with the cudgel elevated above her head. On he came around the corner, down went the club, barely grazing John's head, but striking the racer a blow that broke its hold and back at the same time.

An hour later Gertrude tapped at his door. "John, will you come down to tea or shall I call a man?"

"I will come down, Gertrude, was his answer, in a firm voice.

And he did. He made a careful toilet and there was not a feature of his face that betrayed embarrassment. Mabel had extracted a promise from the girls not to speak of the episode, or betray any knowledge of it whatever.

Mabel had John's company home that night; and in the glorious October weather there was a wedding at Judge Clark's. It was not until then that the story came out, but John often says to Mabel: "I am thankful to Providence that you did not call a man."

Why a Tyrant was Killed.

At Moscow, and probably throughout the whole of the Russian Empire, the following printed proclamation has been distributed, explaining the reasons for which the Governor of Kharkoff was assassinated by the orders of a Revolutionary Committee:

"The Russian Socialist Revolutionary party has disposed of one of its deadliest enemies—one of the most inhuman jailers of its condemned and imprisoned brethren. On the 9th of February Prince Krapotkin, the Governor of Kharkoff, was dangerously, and no doubt mortally, wounded with a revolver. This execution was carried out by the Russian Socialist Revolutionary Organization, which is also responsible for all the executions in 1878. As on the last occasion, that organization begs to lay before the public, frankly and sincerely, the reasons that have compelled it to have further recourse to the revolver.

"Krapotkin had committed the following crimes: First, at the end of last year he sanctioned and ordered the barbarous treatment to which political prisoners were subjected in the prison of Kharkoff. Second, he falsely reported to the Minister of the Interior on the subject of the last disturbances at the University of Kharkoff, that the police had been attacked by the students, whereas in reality it was the latter who, by his own orders, had first been flogged with Cossack whips. Third, he is directly responsible for the ferocious and barbarous treatment of political prisoners at Borisoglebsk, and his name is intimately connected with the history of the Central Prison in that town, where he was guilty of the following acts: (a) After the invalid prisoner Plotnikoff had been put in chains, the other prisoners transmitted to Krapotkin a memorial in which the revolting conduct of the chief jailer was set forth. The jailer, irritated at this step, deprived the prisoners of the privilege of obtaining food from outside, reduced the time allowed for taking exercise, put chains on sick prisoners, abolished their extra rations, and at last caused the openings over the cell doors to be boarded up, to the exclusion of all ventilation. In reply to the prisoners' memorial, Prince Krapotkin issued the following order: 'Although the chief jailer was not justified in putting chains on the prisoners who had undergone the period of probation, nevertheless, as a punishment for insulting the jailer by making a complaint to the Governor, the refractory prisoners shall be locked up in the black hole of the prison for periods of one to three days, while those who have already passed the required period of probation shall be restored to the list of prisoners undergoing probation, and be put in irons.' (b) On the 3d of July six of the political prisoners resolved to put an end to the insupportable existence to which they were condemned, unless some relaxation of the prison discipline was granted, and determined to cut short their misery by starving themselves to death. Prince Krapotkin not only rejected their petition, but after they had passed seven days without tasting food, and after several of them were no longer able to rise from their beds, he sent to the prison an officer who deceived them by promising compliance with all their requests, and thus again condemned them to a continuance of the wretched existence which they had previously resolved to terminate. By a series of similar measures Prince Krapotkin reduced the prisoners to a condition which was equivalent to that of being buried alive.

"Such are the crimes committed by Krapotkin. * * * Such are the causes and considerations that have compelled the Russian Socialist party to sentence one of its enemies to death. Death for death, execution for execution, terror for terror! This is our answer to the threats, the persecutions, and the oppression of the Government. Should the latter persevere in its old course, the bodies of Heyking and Mesentzoff will not have turned into dust before the Government will hear from us again."

Col. Ingersoll's Last Lecture

Contains this beautiful apostrophe to laughter: No day can be so holy but what the laughter of a child will make it holier. Strike with the hand of fire, oh, weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ's keys; blow bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know your sweetest strains are discords all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy! O, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beasts and men, and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and petrify all the tears of grief.

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How does your work progress!

GIVE us a rattler, says Hughes.

THE devil and his cohorts howl.

PREPARE to celebrate on the 31st.

HUGHES and Ward are "rousers."

BRO. ROHRER was at the reception.

IF you are not for us you are against us.

P. H. MCGREEVY is a good blue-ribbon boy.

BRO. MELLINGER attended the meeting Sunday night.

WE will publish 25,000 copies of THE SIGNAL for the 31st.

WARD'S tragical rag-baby story is the best "take off" of the season.

THE SIGNAL is issued one day sooner this week, for obvious reasons.

EVERY arrangement is being made to get 40,000 people on the 31st.

RUM drives out human feelings, and the brutish ones take possession.

LET us try to improve that which really is, rather than that which might be.

SHALL there be another Fourth of July bum. Decide that at the polls to-day.

THE best speakers of the United States will be here and address the people on the 31st.

ARGOS and Marshall county were favored with a visit from our eloquent T. H. McKee, last week.

T. B. HELM was at the meeting Sunday night. He's a good Murphy, but ought to be a better one by wearing the ribbon.

SHELBY county dignifies one of its many good societies with the name of "Pinhook." It is baited with moral suasion.

OUR union is indebted to the excellent editors of the Daily Journal, Messrs. Bryer and Landis, for notices and many favors.

THE visitors from Lafayette last Friday evening, departed for home at 11:35, leaving behind them 10,000 newly-made friends.

INVITATION is extended to every temperance man in the State to participate in the grand demonstration on the 31st of May.

A NEW worker has been added to our number in the person of Rev. H. S. Wooten, of Wheatland St. M. E. We welcome him.

WE noticed among the Lafayette visitors last week some of the most prominent citizens of that city, as well as the most beautiful ladies and aspiring young gents.

THE Pharos says the Murphys will put a ticket in the field at the spring election. Ah, indeed! You seem to know more about it than the Murphys do. Please tell us all about it.

THE murder advocate and Logansport's moral (?) sheet have struck hands over the blood of myriads of lost souls, for the sake of the offals of the traffic in human misery. They make a good team. The lyin' and the jackaphant shall eat from the same slum trough, and lie down together.

THE SIGNAL will make the future warm for the enemies of humanity We propose war to the knife. Though we may have been somewhat lenient in the past, we propose to give every villain his just dues in the future.

WE want a special agent at once, for THE MURPHY SIGNAL, in each and every town in the United States and Canada. To those who can devote all or part of their time, we make very strong inducements. Write on a postal card for special terms.

ON the 31st of May, Cass county will have known our Murphy movement for two years. It has saved many men since its beginning, and we should show joy at the fact on the above date with the grandest jubilee known in the history of the State.

THE politicai parties must learn soon that temperance people have interests at stake fully as dear to them as the rum interests are to the rummys. We have never been given a consideration, nor apparently a thought, and we give notice now, that this thing shall be no longer.

THE call for a State prohibition convention at Indianapolis, on the 21st of this month, is calling forth an expression from the people. The general sentiment appears to be against the movement. But it is not one unworthy of calm consideration, as much as we may be prejudiced against distinct political action.

THE Lafayette choir consists of about fifty vocalists, who are accompanied by several instruments. This latter has never received the notice deserved, from oversight, as it is evident the music is greatly enhanced by it. When speaking of the choir we include, also, the excellent orchestra, which is a part of it.

A NEW temperance paper was issued at Lafayette last Saturday, by Messrs. Burton and Howe. There is need of such papers in every county, and we heartily desire this one to meet with a success that will insure its continued publication. People of Tippecanoe county, give it a wholesome support: your interests demand it.

Mahlon Bell was quite severely hurt in his saw-mill at Lincoln, last Thursday, while adjusting the belt. His brother and partner in the mill was also hurt at the same time, but not so seriously. Mahlon's injuries, were were at first thought to be alarming, but on yesterday he was much better, and it is hoped that he will soon be entirely well again.

THE good Mrs. Weaver has resinged her position as matron of the Lafayette blue ribbon reading rooms, because ill-health would not permit her to give the attention she felt was needed. She has been faithful and true to her trust, and it is universally regretted that her motherly presence will no longer grace the institution. We hope her successor will be as capable of meeting all requirements.

SOME men wouldn't make drunkards if they'd try ever so hard. We have reference to those who take every opportunity to discourage a reformed man. They are so small and contemptible that it would take 500,000 of them to conititute a passable, second-class saloon-keeper. In heart they are the meanest animals known in history. Their occupation is to growl and grumble. The lowest depths of depravity won't recognize them.

WILL Mayor Jacobs please state why the Tivoli is permitted to exist. The slight technicality upon which it bases its right to carry on its accursed work of destruction, will not hold good before a jury of Mississippi mules, let alone before an honest jury of honest men. If Mayor Jacobs can give no reason for the prosecution of this much needed curse, he will please say so. If not, let him step down and out.

A CHOIR has just been organized at the hall, which bids fair to become second to none, and warns the brethren of our sister city to look out for their laurels. It is composed of thirty voices and several instruments, with H. C. Cushman and J. M. Stallard as leaders The music dispensed is already very fine, and is attracting flattering attention. It is a valued acquisition, and we greet each member with proverbial cordiality.

THE communication from Bro. T.H. McKee, in another column, suggesting that delegates be sent to Indianapolis to protest against the nomination of a State prohibition ticket, has been considered. All facts considered the President feels that the matter is beyond his jurisdiction, for reason that it is an act of the State Prohibition League, and a supplement to the original call states emphatically that no opposition to the object will be permitted. It is proposed to nominate the ticket at all hazzards. It is an injurious move.

LAFAYETTE.

A VISIT BY THREE HUNDRED MURPHY WORKERS.

THEIR RECEPTION AT THE HALL AND OPERA HOUSE.

The Speakers—The Choir—Everybody—Full Proceedings.

They were three hundred strong, and a strong three hundred, they from LaFayette who girded on their armor and donned the blue Friday evening, to meet the Murphys of this city in a united attack against the evil of intemperance. They were not the rag-tags and bob-tails of creation, such as are usually attracted by cheap rates, and the prospect of a high old time, but representative people of LaFayette, comprising all grades of society, from the professional to the laboring classes. They came by a special train chartered for the occasion, arriving in this city at seven o'clock p. m. Three passenger coaches and a baggage car were packed and jammed until every available inch of room was taken up, and the surplus were stored on the platforms. They were met at the Wabash depot by a delegation of two hundred Murphys from the city, and from there were escorted to Murphy Hall. The procession was headed by Fornoff's brass band, who captivated the hearts of the visitors by the excellent music which they rendered. It was anticipated by the good ladies of the Association here, that the visiting Mnrphys might be in need of something to stay their appetites, and in this they were not mistaken. The people of LaFayette are known all over the State as good, healthy feeders, and last night they proved their justice to this claim. But Logansport will return the visit of last night, and then it will be well for LaFayette to look out. A splendid supper had been spread. Six long tables fairly groaned under the burden of chicken, ham, beef, cakes, buns, pickels, preserves, etc., and when the large company was fed, there still remained enough to feed a small army.

At the opera house the exercises were in keeping with the occasion. An audience of 900 persons gathered at an early hour, and for over three hours gave strictest attention to the addresses of the LaFayette workers. The choir which came with the excursion was accorded the most prominent position on the stage, and at given times dispersed music of the most pleasing character, and all that has been said in eulogy of the music of this band of vocalists does not express the true merit of it. Prof. Severson has trained his choir to a proficiency that is indeed creditable, and makes it one of the finest anywhere. It completely captivated the audience, and will long be remembered for its part in last night's meeting. The meeting was conducted on the "jubilee" plan. After singing by the choir and prayer by Mr. W. E. Murray, President W.H.Leedy in a few choice words heartily welcomed the visitors to the city and hospitality of the temperance Union. Col. Jno. S. Williams, President of the LaFayette Union, responded to the welcome in language befiting the sentiments of those he represented. He spoke for about ten minutes, and referred to Logansport many years ago, when he was familiar with its history. He urged all business and working men to adopt total abstinence as a rule of life, and showed the benefits to the masses resulting from temperance. The choir then sang a "rattler," and Hughes and Ward came to the front and in their usual good way appealed for signers.

Judge Higginbotham, of Frankfort, an able speaker and prominent man of the State, gave his sentiment in a forcible way. He referred to the laws of former years and those of to-day, and stated that the recent failures of enforcement was for lack of public sentiment. He wanted everyone to sign the pledge and wear the emblem of which no one should be ashamed.

Singing and signing was next in order.

Mr. Samuel Moore made a very enthusiastic address. He addressed himself especially to the business men, and claimed that the one who feared to do right from pecuniary interest, would never become a successful business man. He closed with a stirring appeal to every class.

Mr. A. E. Pierce, a life-long temperance worker, followed Mr. Moore with an address that secured the closest attention, producing much sound argument in favor of the blue ribbon cause. Some of those who had labored with him in former years were present, and it did him good to know that they were still working for God and humanity.

Mr. Frank Coombs, a prominent lawyer of LaFayette, spoke brilliantly, and referred to his past life in proof of his assertions. He had experienced the curse of intemperance, but had changed his life, and become a Christian, and ever expected to be found on the side of sobriety.

Mr. Nick Nierbert, a reformed man, gave his experience in a few words. No man, in his opinion, was so low as to be unable to reform.

Mr. J. S. Wade, Chief Templar of the Temple of Honor of the State, made an eloquent address of ten minutes, depicting in vivid language the pleasures of sobriety, and horrors of drunkenness. He is a forcible speaker, and created a favorable impression by his earnestness.

The meeting was a grand one, and the occasion will be remembered by our people as one in which a noble feeling had full vent. Some thirty-three names were added to the roll. Hughes and Ward played a good part in the exercises. Their whole-souled desire to forward the work is making for them innumerable friends and sympathizers. Col. Williams said, in his address, that Logansport, like LaFayette, would like "the boys" better every day, and that the people could place confidence in them.

The fine appearance of the visitors was the subject of much comment. All agreed that it was the best looking company of excursionists that ever visited Logansport. Especially was this true of the young ladies, whose bright eyes and comely faces would rival even those of the Logansport girls. These latter, by the way, THE SIGNAL would inform the LaFayettee people, are noted all over the world for their beauty and wit.

On motion, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered the visitors for their presence and assistance in the Murphy cause. The occasion of last night was a most happy one in every respect. Such social intercourse is calculated to promote, not only the cause in view, but also to bring about a better feeling and understanding between the two cities.

Boost the Bummer.

THE Republicans of Lafayette have nominated Louis Kimmell for Mayor.

He is a beer boozer.

A whiskyite.

Of the lowest kind.

Look at him.

Bloated, bleared, blasted.

After the last election he headed a band of soaks, who paraded the streets and made an exhibition that disgraced ever sober sense.

During the last two years whiskyism has run rampant, and Kimmell approved and permitted it.

Louis Kimmell is the enemy of every sentiment of true Americanism.

Through his negligence hundreds of persons are cursed by rum.

He laughs and gloats.

He is the avowed friend of the saloon keeper and the devil.

Temperance man, you should not vote for him.

He is your enemy.

You cannot vote for him.

He has never closed one illegitimate saloon.

The concert saloon.

The saloons without license.

The saloons open on Sunday.

The saloons that sell to minors.

And his own professions are evidences of his character.

Would you sacrifice your principle for your party?

The party that would chain you and murder you is not entitled to your suffrage.

No Compromise.

THERE is no need of withholding longer our convictions. There seems to be no hope only from a direct legal war; a war that will end only when the work is completed. THE SIGNAL has been considerably mild in its denunciations of the damnable rum traffic, hoping that good might come from it, but the only promise of relief seems in a direct and positive, aggressive conflict, by which every rum den must be put down at the point of vengeance, or justice, as you wish. If the Republicans and Democrats ever expect to do anything for the temperance cause, they must do it at once, or we promise them every temperance man will leave their parties and combat them. We do not want a distinct political movement, but we MUST have laws and officers in keeping with our sentiment. Do you hear? We have come down to solid business, and will no longer play with this dangerous work before us.

THE 31st will be the biggest day of the year—to the Murphys.

BOOMING.

HUGHES AND WARD AND THE MURPHY WORK.

THE REVIVAL FAIRLY ON ITS WAY.

THE revival conducted by those giants, Hughes and Ward, is prolific of the most flattering results. Every night the hall is crowded to its utmost seating capacity, and the interest is constantly on the increase. There seems to be a unity between the workers never before so apparent, which tends to make every effort availing. Hughes and Ward, as workers, wield a powerful influence. Perhaps no persons in the field are more successful in accomplishing a lasting good, and the reports from wherever they have been substantiate this belief. They have already gained the implicit confidence of the people by their earnestness and zealousness, and their disinterestedness in any pecuniary reward gives an influence to their work few others could command.

Mr. Hughes has been a terrible sufferer from intemperance; at one time becoming so wretched and desperate as to attempt his own life. The ball of the weapon used even now lurks near his heart, and constantly reminds him that if he would save himself he must save others. Though at times he may become despondent, generally he will be found a whole-souled, jolly fellow, ready to share a last farthing with a fallen brother. He devotes most of his attention to the boys, to whom he feels God has especially ordained his efforts, and his unaffected sincerity renders him a favorite among them. He looks expectantly and constantly to the cross of the Savior as his help and salvation, and believes that without God's assistance he would be a helpless victim of rum.

Mr. Ward is another who meets with the same cordial welcome as his brother worker everywhere. Though he does not relate an experience, nor does his appearance indicate that he has had any, as an intemperate man, it is generally presumed that few could put the pathos in their appeals as he does, without knowing whereof he speaks. He is truly the counterpart of Brother Hughes. Two workers could not be selected of more worthy attributes, or more adapted to each other's companionship as laborers. Ward is one of the boys who heaps coals of fire upon the heads of the enemy by his pleasant and positive rehearsals of their evil influences, and he never speaks without he says something. THE SIGNAL, while it does not permit superfluous "puffing," deems it but the fact to state that Hughes and Ward are two of the most effective workers the city has ever known, and that they will meet with a success unequalled in its history.

The attendance at the meetings of influential business men is noticed more each evening. The ministers are giving the work a wholesome support. During the last week from three to four have been present every meeting, and such presence has inspired no little energy.

The meetings will be held every night for the next four weeeks, and it is intended to secure, if possible, no less than 500 signers per week. Hughes and Ward will remain until after the 31st, which day will be a gala one.

The newly-organized choir is a means of much of the success realized, and the members may honestly feel that they are contributing to the flattering numbers of signers.

We predict for the work a future of bright prosperity. The workers are solidly united, and the union of strength will, without question, cause a realization of most wonderful results.

Characters.

RUM blasts the character of good people.

Mean ones have none to blast.

Few dealers in rum are even decent, let alone respectable.

In cold blood, in the presence of innocence and purity, they ply in a traffic befitting perdition.

If the great Creator has not provided a special pit of treble extract of fire and brimstone for these creatures, we shall feel that he has mistaken a duty.

Small Beginnings.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the bounteous land."

Little nips of whisky,
Little horns of beer,
Make the high old bender
And the drunk severe.

—[Exchange.

Hope On, Pray On.

A dispatch from New York says:

"The latest temperance hope seems to be that so much nutriment, in the shape of glucos, can be got out of corn that the grain will be too costly to make whisky of.

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

Alabanma.

To the Editor:

THE field here has never been worked, although sorely needed. Please find enclosed —— for pledges and songsters, and I expect to commence the reform work. I note with pleasure your progression in Indiana, and hope our State may not be in the rear when the Union shall abolish the curse of intemperance by legislation. I look forward to that day, believing it to be as sure as Heaven.

Please send extra copies of your excellent paper, THE SIGNAL, and I will secure you a large club. Will write you again soon.

Yours truly, THOS. BLACK.

Hartsel, Morgan county, Ala.

Bringhurst, Indiana.

To the Editor.

The following officers were elected to serve the ensuing quarter at Trumpet Lodge, No. 26, I. O. G. T., of Bringhurst, Monday night, the 28th ultimo:

W. C. T.—D. T. Drake.
W. V. T.—Mrs. Flora Hill.
P. W. C. T.—J. W. Hamilton.
Rec. Sec.—J. F. Comingore.
Fin. Sec.—S. Ridgenay.
Treas.—A. Henderson.
Marshal—J. M. Little.
Inside Guard—Miss Amanda Harter.
Outside Guard—A. Clem.

Our Lodge meets every Monday night, and is doing good work. Before we started drinking and carousing was the amusement of the day, now the town is quiet and all doing well. New members are being taken in every meeting, and we still have room for more. JOE.

Attica, Ind.

To the Editor:

TO SAY that the temperance work has accomplished a wide-spread and lasting good in this place is but a feeble account. From what I can learn from the "boys" themselves, complete revolution has taken place, and still the work goes on. Three meetings are held weekly, one on Sunday afternoon for the little folk's, one on Tuesday evening, and one on Friday evening. Many of the prominent business men and citizens have engaged in the work, and the temperance element is "the" element of the city. My blue ribbon finds many companions. THE SIGNAL came on time, and, I assure you, was gladly welcomed. I like my new home immensely. Remember me to all Murphy workers, and tender my congratulations to the new officers, including yourself. Yours in the work.

HOMER J. KLINE.

Sitting Down on It.

To the Editor:

Having noticed a call for a convention, in the name of temperance, to convene May 21, 1879, at Indianapolis, Ind., for the purpose of placing in nomination a State ticket for 1880.

I am not satisfied with this movement as set forth in published call. The political parties are ready to receive and act upon temperance interests.

The hope of temperance is in the primary meetings of our political organization. My judgment is that our interests are involved and that we ought to send delegates to this convention instructed to oppose the placing of a prohibition ticket in the field.

Therefore, allow me to suggest that you issue a call for a special mass meeting of the County Union on Saturday, May 17th, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the above named purpose.

Yours, etc.,

REV. THOS. H. MCKEE.

Illinois.

To the Editor:

THE night succeeding the election I witnessed the most disgraceful scene of my life. The whisky men and boys paraded the streets, and in the most boisterous and disgusting manner yelled and halloed, making the night hideous with their demoniacal demonstrations. Rum ran rampant. Boys from six to fourteen years old were fearfully intoxicated, and the band, the rummys, the rowdies, thieves, and offscourings of the world made the occasion one of the most hideous my eyes ever gazed upon. No pen can describe the scene. No picture, though ever so vivid, would compare with the reality. The mob brought up in front of the St. James Hotel, when McQuigg was called upon for a speech. He responded in words that would put to blush a street-pad. As he concluded, he harangued the good women of Pana, who were in church all the day praying that the right might succeed. He said that in spite of their praying and preaching, they had been defeated, and the right to license saloons was guaranteed, and that the sentiment was with the saloon men and their allies. Shame on such a poor, miserable creature, representing himself as a man. The day may come when he will want these same good women to pray for his soul. He recommended that the demonstration be unceasing, and all night the murder mills were scenes of fighting, quarreling, and the worst kind of rowdyism. The temperance people have been defeated, but they are not discouraged. Our efforts shall be unceasing, and we are confident of final victory. L. B.

Pana, Ill., 1879.

Marshall County.

To the Editor.

As there has been no items from this county for some time, thought I would drop you a few lines.

Our society has taken the necessary steps to form a county organization. When fully organized we intend to wage an incessant war on the whisky traffic, whisky office-holders and seekers.

We propose to select undoubted temperance men for the Legislature and County Commissioners.

Our keeper of the dead-fall has virtually admitted himself outlawed by applying for license in his brother's name. When the 1st of June comes he will find a delegation wending their way to the temple of justice, to defeat him by every honorable means from procuring a permit to deal out death and destruction, in our midst.

We propose to find out whether or not we have any rights under the present law which even a saloon-keeper is bound to respect.

Bro. T. H. McKee addressed our society last Wednesday evening. The Methodist church was filled to its fullest capacity with an attentive audience, who listened to the best temperance address ever delivered in our town.

Yours for prohibition.

R. M. WILLIAMS.

Argos, May 5th.

Business Men.

To the Editor:

Dear sisters and brothers, we are not doing all the good that we can for the temperance cause. We are not all workers together, but some are making vain excuses for not taking up our work in this Temperance War. We each have a duty, and we should feel more responsible for our part of it. Many do not wear the ribbon, but like a deserting soldier have thrown off their uniform (the ribbon). We have not sufficiently encouraged the true Murphy business men to become identified with us, and yet we wonder why they do not take a more active part. The reason that they do not is obvious. One half of the Murphies buy their groceries and dry goods of men that sell liquors, or hold some interest in saloon work. Sisters, arouse and think. Ponder over the subject thoroughly. Don't, for God's sake, and the Murphies' sake, buy groceries where bottled ale and whiskies are sold. Many of you are doing it. Did you ever look at your grocer's advertisements? Are you sure that ale, whisky, etc., is not advertised along with their sugar, coffee, etc.? Oh, don't encourage them with your money; but let them know that you will spend your money with temperance business men. I ask you, what is a saloon? Is it not a place where whisky and ale are sold? Suppose they do sell groceries, does that prevent it being a liquor establishment? A Murphy business man in this city, says that Murphies "keep up a certain store where liquors are sold." Oh! for shame! Let us not do it any more Many of the best Murphies of this city buy their groceries where "good bourbon whisky" is sold. Of course, the Murphies do not buy the whisky but their money encourages the obnoxious traffic. When you say "boys don't go to saloons," they ought to retaliate by saying, "Men, don't go to anti-temperance groceries." The most of our grocery men are good, moral men, that neither sell nor assist in the liquor trade. Then let us encourage them by buying of them, and they will encourage us, by their presence in our hall. Then let us not deal at whisky stores, but go in a body to temperance stores. Let us find out which are the true, good, honest men, and which the liquor sellers. Let us all make a call at some Murphy store, and buy something of them this week. It is our duty to stick to them. Let us do it. It will give them encouragement. Then let us tell them that hereafter we will trade with temperance men. It will give them confidence in our work, and assure them of our sincerity. They would think that we really were in earnest in this work. Let them know that we appreciate all who have broken the fetters that once bound them, by lifting them up and helping them to again gain their honor. If they see that we are really in deep earnest, they will honor us by their presence and co-operation. Let us try it, and never again encourage those, who have sold their precious souls (that Jesus died to redeem) to hell by dealing in the burning traffic. Brethren, be cautious in spending your money. Don't keep up liquor interests. If we will do this, more business men would attend our meetings. Let us never neglect our ribbons. They make the saloon keepers think of their own darkened consciences, and make Murphies feel brave. Then let us love each other more, and give our hearts and lives to God, that he may give us help in our temperance work, that will result in our gaining the business men of Logansport.

L. L.

Indianapolis.

To the Editor:

AT the G. T. R. A. Hall, Thursday evening, May 1, 1879, the Social Mite Society gave an entertainment that was participated in by the fairest and most respected of our city people, and well they might be there, for if ever there was a season of intellectual and social pleasure it was at the Social. There was singing by the "Indiana," a colored double quartette, who are too well known to need comment. Recitations by little Miss Jennie Gage; all that have heard her know what elocutionary talent she possesses, and all who have not heard her will have the opportunity to do so next Thursday evening week, May 15, 1879, as efforts will be made to secure her presence. Clara Miller, a sweet little Miss of ten years, rendered "Little Tim's Revenge" in a manner very creditable to herself. Mrs. Collins' make-up and rendition of the "Washerwoman" was without a flaw, and Miss Rose Hufman's recitation of the address of "The Drunkard's Wife" was so perfect as to incline one to the belief that she was in real earnest.

Mr. R. B. Brazelton presented to Miss Mattie Curry a beautiful chromo, entitled "The Fount of Mercy." The speeches of both parties to this transaction was such as to elicit applause; and here it may be well to mention that Mr. Brazelton and Miss Curry, in connection with her two sisters, Miss Rachel Curry and Mrs. Miller, are first and foremost in the good work of the S. M. S.

I almost forgot to mention Judge Harrington opened the meeting by a neat little address of welcome; and now a word for W. O. Hensley, Superintendent of the Hall, whose courtesy and attention to the comfort of its patrons, has secured him legions of friends in addition to the usual delicacies, such as ice cream and cakes. Mr. Hensley had on hand oranges, apples, candies, bananas, lemonade, bouquets, and pots of flowers of all sizes, hues and delightful colors.

Mr. J. D. White also deserves very favorable and extended public mention for his valuable service to the cause, the work, and these socials of the S. M. S., and for defraying the expenses of the G. T. R. A. B.

Investigate, if You Please.

BECAUSE thefts are made can it be said that the law is a failure which prohibits them? Because rum is surreptitiously sold can it be said that Maine's prohibitory law is a failure? The same principle applies to either. The Maine law is a success, a success by an overwhelming majority. Read:

State.	Population.	Convicts
California	560,240	1,462
Maine	626,916	300

California encourages intemperance by licensing it. Maine discourages by prohibiting it. This comparison is an honest one, based on figures that invite investigation. The truth is so apparent to everyone, that we sincerely hope the people will embrace the right without the delay of years.

Annual State Convention.

THE Annual Convention of the Indiana State Christian Temperance Union will be held in Temperance Hall, 75 E. Market street, Indianapolis, on Wednesday, the 14th day of May, at 2 p. m. All local unions throughout the State are entitled to five delegates each. The convention will last two days, and matters of much importance to the temperance people will be considered. All unions wishing to send delegates please correspond with me, and I will send them certificates whereby they can procure half-fare on the railroads centering in this city. Arrangements have been made to that effect.

D. B. Ross, Cor. Sec.

Indianapolis.

Party vs. Principle.

SELECT from the tickets in the field temperance nominees.

Vote for them.

Put temperance into politics.

Do not vote any ticket for "party's sake."

Vote temperance for your own sake.

A whisky man in one party is as bad as in another.

The old party leaders will want you to "step carefully, or you will hurt the great and good cause."

So solicitous!!

They have no fear of hurting the whisky cause, OR THEIR PARTY, when they nominate a STRAIGHT WHISKY TICKET.

They are not ignorant of the character of their nominees.

They know them.

Their HABITS!

THEIR PRINCIPLES!!!

They are NOT innocent.

Then why do they nominate them?

Because THE WHISKY POWER MAKES ITSELF FELT AT THE BALLOT BOX.

They will not vote for a sober man.

YOU vote for ANYBODY.

THE PARTY KNOWS IT.

It has never felt your power.

Will you longer be a slave to your enemy for your party's sake?

Do you see the poor-house?

The jails?

The asylums?

The penitentiaries???

Do you know that slavery to party-ism made those institutions a necessity?

Every vote for a whisky man BUILDS a CELL FOR A CONVICT?

Do you complain of high taxes?

Your vote for party AND AGAINST PRINCIPLE made them high!!

Do you see that poverty-stricken home?

Votes for intemperance made that?

Show your party that principle is far more to you than party is.

When you vote for you interest, as the whiskyites do for theirs, your party will respect you as it does them.

We do not want to injure any political party, but we expect NO party to stand between us and prosperity.

Have a Purpose.

It is evident to every sane person that intemperance is causing more desolation, blasting more lives and fitting more souls for a hopeless eternity than all other evils combined. This fact is patent to every one, and needs no more argument than that given every hour, in every community where it exists. Saloon-keepers, business men, laboring men, all, admit this. Then it is for us to devote ourselves to a way for relief, and the way that will first and most permanently secure the total abolition of intemperance is the one to be pursued. A pet theory, without plausible recommendations, should not be permitted to harass a work that requires such united effort and practical thought, and only the theory which meets with almost universal approval can afford to be entertained, nor that if it does not point to a direct culmination. Prohibition should be the aim of every temperance advocate, and to that end we should look for positive relief. Let us not stumble over small things, but guard ourselves that the great may be overcome. If we devote ourselves diligently to the public work so much demanded, in a short time nations will come to our help, and our burden will be lightened. Success is sure. We cannot fail.

State Prohibition Convention.

All friends of political action in the cause of prohibition, are requested to meet at Temperance Headquarters, Indianapolis, at 10 a. m., Wednesday, May 21, 1879, for the purpose of nominating a State ticket pledged to prohibition, to be voted on in 1880.

By order of the State Central Committee of the Prohibition League.

T. A. GOODWIN,
Secretary

The Way Benson Puts the Fact.

A RUMMY told us the other day that "he had a char-AC-ter."

Heh?

It must be a mighty poor one.

Luther Benson says that the moral characters of two saloon-keepers have been wandering around the point of a cambric needle for five hundred years, but have never met each other.

Licensing Leeches.

JOSEPH COOK says about the liquor traffic:

God paralyze my arm if I ever lift it to cast a ballot in favor of the license of leeches on legitimate trade, or for the legalization of manufactories of paupers and madmen.

T. B. LOUIS'

Music

AND

Notion Store.

You will find at the

Cor. Broadway & Pearl St.

A well-selected stock of

NOTIONS

Consisting in part of

COLLARS,

CUFFS,

HANDKERCHIEFS,

JEWELRY,

BUTTONS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

ORDRS FROM the COUNTRY

Promptly attended to, and

FILLED as DIRECTED.

A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE

MASON & HAMLIN

ORGAN

Is conceded to be THE BEST NOW MADE, and can be had very

Reasonable FOR Cash

Also, on the plan of

EASY PAYMENTS,

or Renting an Organ until Rent pays for it.

It must be hired for not less than six months, but it may be returned at any time after that. If retained until the price o the Organ is paid, it will become that person's property without further payment.

For all particulars call at

Cor. Broadway & Pearl St.

All kinds of

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE Kept

Also, Agent for

WEBER PIANOS.

N. B.—Lessons given at reasonable rates. 5.3m.10

THE DEVIL FISHING.

BY SAM DEVERE.

The devil sat by the river side—
The stream of Time, where you'll always find him,
Casting his line in the rushing tide,
And landing the fish on the bank behind him.

He sat at ease in his cosy nook,
And was filling his basket very fast;
While you might have seen that his deadly hook
Was differently baited for every cast.

He caught 'em as fast as a man could count,
Little or big, it was all the same,
One bate was a check for a large amount;
An assembly man nabbed it, and out he came.

He took a gem that as Saturn shone;
It sank in the water without a sound,
And who caught a woman who long was known
As the best and purest for miles around.

Sometimes he would laugh, and sometimes sing,
For better luck no one can wish;
And he seemed to know, to a dead sure thing,
The bait best suited to every fish.

Quoth Satan: "The fishing is rare and fine,"
And he took a drink, some what enthused;
And yet a parson swam around the line,
That e'en the most tempting of baits refused.

He tried with his gold and flashing gems,
Hung fame and fortune upon the line,
Dressing gowns with embroidered hems,
But still the Dominie made no sign.

A woman's garter went on the hook;
"I have him at last," quoth the devil, brightening;
Then Satan's sides with laughter shook,
And he lauded the preacher as quick as lightening.

AN UNCOMMON SPECTER.

The ancient castle of Weinstein, on the upper Rhine, was, as everybody knows, inhabited in 1352 by the powerful Baron Kalbsbraten, better known in those parts as Old Twenty Flasks, a sobriquet derived from his reputed daily capacity for the product of the vineyard. The Baron had many other admirable qualities. He was a genial, whole-souled, public-spirited gentleman, and robbed, murdered, burned, pillaged, and drove up the steep sides of the Weinstein his neighbors' cattle, wives and sisters, with a hearty bonhommie that won for him the unaffected esteem of his contemporaries.

One evening the good Baron sat alone in the great hall of Weinstein, in a particularly happy mood. He had dined well, as was his habit, and twenty empty bottles stood before him in a row upon the table, like a train of delightful memories of the recent past. But the Baron had another reason to be satisfied with himself and with the world. The consciousness that he had that day become a parent lit up his countenance with a tender glow that mere wine could not impart.

"What, ho! without! Hi! Seneschal!" he presently shouted in a tone that made the twenty empty bottles ring as if they were musical glasses, while a score of suits of his ancestors' armor hanging around the walls gave out in accompaniment a deep metallic bass. The Seneschal was speedily at his side.

"Seneschal," said Old Twenty Flasks, "you gave me to understand that the Baroness was doing finely."

"I am told," said the Seneschal, "that her ladyship is doing as well as could be expected."

The Baron mused in silence for a moment, absently regarding the empty bottles, "you also gave me to understand," he continued, "that there were—"

"Four," said the Seneschal, gravely. "I am credibly informed that there are four, all boys."

"That," exclaimed the Baron, with a glow of honest pride, bringing a brawny fist down upon the table—"That, in these days, when the abominable doctrines of Malthus are gaining ground among the upper classes, is what I call creditable, by St. Christopher, if I do say it!" His eyes rested again upon the empty bottles. "I think, Seneschal," he added, after a brief pause, "that under the circumstances we may venture—"

"Nothing could be more eminently proper," rejoined the Seneschal. "I will fetch another flask forthwith, and of the best. What says your Excellency to the vintage of 1304, the year of the comet?"

"But," hesitated the Baron, toying with his mustache, "I understood you to say there were four of 'em—four boys?'

"True, my lord," replied the Seneschal, catching the idea with the readiness of a well trained domestic; "I will fetch four more flasks."

As the excellent retainer deposited four fresh bottles upon the table within the radius of the Baron's reach, he casually remarked:

"A pious old man, a traveler, is in the castle yard, my lord, seeking shelter and a supper. He comes from beyond the Alps, and fares toward Cologne."

"I presume," said the Baron, with an air of indifferance, "that he has been duly searched for plunder."

"He passed this morning," replied the retainer, "through the domain of your well-born cousin, Count Conrad of Schwinkenfels. Your lordship will readily understand that he has nothing now save a few beggarly Swiss coins of copper."

"My worthy Cousin Conrad!" exclaimed the Baron, affectionately, "It is the one great misfortune of my life that I live to the leeward of Schwinkenfels. But you relieved the pious man of his copper?"

"My lord," said the Seneschal, with an apologetic smile, "it was not worth the taking."

"Now, by my soul!" roared the Baron, "you exasperate me. Coin, and not worth the taking! Perhaps not for its intrinsic value, but you should have cleaned him out as a matter of principal, you fool!"

The Seneschal hung his head and muttered an explanation. At the same time he opened the twenty-first bottle.

"Never," continued the Baron, less violently but still severely, "if you value my esteem and your own paltry skin, suffer yourself to be swerved a a hair's breadth from principal by the apparent insignificance of the loot. A conscienctious attention to details is one of the fundamental elements of a prosperous career—in fact, it underlies all political economy."

The withdrwal of the cork from the twenty-second bottle emphasized this sentiment.

"However," the Baron went on, msomewhat ollified, "this is not a day on which I can consistently make a fuss over a trifle. Four, and all boys? This is a glorious day for Weinstein. Open the two remaining flasks, Seneschal, and show the pious stranger in. I fain would amuse myself with him."

II

Viewed through the Baron's twenty odd bottles, the stranger appeared to be an aged man—eighty years, if a day. He wore a shabby gray cloak and carried a palmer's staff, and seemed an innocuous old fellow, cast in too common-place a mold to furnish even a few minutes' diversion. The Baron regretted sending for him, but being a person of unfailing politeness, when not upon the rampage, he bade his guest be seated, and filled him a beaker of the comet wine.

After an obeisance, profound yet not servile, the pligrim took the glass and critically tasted the wine. He held the beaker up athwart the light, with trembling hand, and then tasted again. The trial seemed to afford him great satisfaction, and he stroked his long white beard.

"Perhaps you are a connoisseur. It pleases your palate, eh?" said the Baron, winking at the full-length portrait of one of his ancestors.

"Proper well," replied the pilgrim, "though it is a trifle syrupy from too long keeping. By the boquet and the tint I should pronounce it of the vintage of 1304, grown on the steep slope south southwest of the castle, in the fork of the two pathways that lead to under the hill. The sun's rays reflected from the turret give a peculiar excellence to the growth of that particular spot. But your rascally varlets have shelved the bottle on the wrong side of the cellar. It should have been put on the dry side, near where your doughty grandsire, Sigismund von Weinstein, the Hairy-Handed, walled up his third wife in preparation for a fourth."

The Baron regarded his guest with a look of amazement. "Upon my life!" said he, "but you appear to be familiar with the ins and outs of this establishment."

"If I do," rejoined the stranger, composedly sipping his wine, "'tis no more than natural, for I lived more than thirty years under this roof, and know its every leak. I happen to be a von Weinstein myself."

The Baron crossed himself, and pulled his chair a little further away from the bottles and the stranger.

"O, no!" said the pilgrim laughing; "quiet your fears. I am aware that every well-regulated castle has an ancestral ghost, but my flesh and blood are honest. I was lord of Weinstein till I went, twelve years ago, to study metaphysics in the Arabic schools, and the cursed scriveners wrote me out of the estate. Why, I know this hall from infancy! Yonder is the fireplace at which I used to warm my baby toes. There is the identical suit of armor into which I crawled when a boy of six, and hid till my sainted mother—heaven rest her!—nigh died of fright. It seems but yesterday. There on the wall hangs the sharp two-handed sword of our ancestor, Franz, the One-eared, with which I cut off the mustaches of my tipsy sire as he sat muddled over his twentieth bottle. There is the very casque—but perhaps these reminiscences weary you. You must pardon the garrulity of an old man who has come to revisit the home of his childhood and prime."

The Baron pressed his hand to his forehead.

"I have lived in this castle myself for half a century," said he, "and am tolerably familiar with the history of my immediate progenitors. But e can't say that I ever had the pleasur of your acquaintance. However, permit me to fill your glass."

"It is good wine," said the pilgrim, holding out his glass. "Except, perhaps, the vintage of 1392, when the grapes——"

The Baron stared at his guest. "The grapes of 1392," said he drily, "lack forty years of ripening. You are aged, my friend, and your mind wanders."

"Excuse me, worthy host," calmly replied the pilgrim. The vintage of 1392 has been forty years cellared. You have no memory for dates."

"What call you this year?" demanded the Baron.

"By the alamands, and the stars, and precedent, and common consent, it is the year of grace fourteen hundred, three and thirty."

"By my soul and hope of salvation," ejaculated the Baron, "it is the year of grace thirteen hundred, two and fifty."

"There is evidently a misunderstanding somewhere," remarked the venerable stranger. "I was born here in the year 1392, the year the Turks invaded Europe."

"No Turk has invaded Europe, thanks be to heaven," replied Old Twenty Flasks, recovering his self-control. "You are either a magician or an impostor. In either case, I shall order you drawn and quartered as soon as we have finished this bottle. Pray proceed with your very interesting reminiscences, and do not spare the wine."

"I never practice magic," quietly replied the pilgrim, "and as to being an impostor, scan well my face. Don't you recognize the family nose, thick, short, and generously colored? How about the three lateral and two diagonal wrinkles on my brow? I see them there on yours. Are not my chaps Weinstein chaps? Look closely. I court investigation."

"You do look damnably like us," the Baron admitted.

"I was the youngest," the stranger went on, "of quadruplets. My three brothers were puny, sickly things, and did not long survive their birth. As a child I was the idol of my poor father, who had some traits worthy of respectful mention, guzzling old toper and unconscionable thief though he was."

The Baron winced.

"They used to call him Old Twenty Flasks. It is my candid opinion, based on memory, that Old Forty Flasks would have been nearer the truth."

"It's a lie!" shouted the Baron. "I rarely exceeded twenty bottles."

"And as for his standing in the community," the pilgrim went on, without taking heed of the interruption, "it must be confessed that nothing could be worse. He was the terror of honest folks for miles around. Property rights were extremely insecure in the neighborhood, for the rapacity of my lamented father knew no bounds. Yet nobody dared to complain aloud, for lives were not much safer than sheep or ducats. How the people hated his shadow, and roundly cursed him behind his back! I remember well that, when I was about fourteen—it must have been in the year '66, the year the Grand Turk occupied Adrianople—tall Hugo, the miller, called me up to him, and said, 'Boy, thou hast a right pretty nose.' 'It is a pretty nose, Hugo,' said I, straightening up. 'Is it on firm and strong?' asked Hugo, with a sneer. 'Firm enough and strong enough, I dare say,' I answered, 'but why ask such a fool's question?' 'Well, well, boy,' said Hugo, turning away, 'look sharp with thine eyes after thy nose when thy father is unoccupied, for he has just that conscience to steal the nose off his son's face in lack of better plunder.'"

"By St. Christopher!" roared the Baron, "tall Hugo, the miller, shall pay for this. I always suspected him. By St. Christopher's burden, I will break every bone in his villainous body."

"'Twould be an ignoble vengeance," replied the pilgrim, quietly, "for tall Hugo has been in his grave these sixty years."

"True," said the Baron, putting both hands to his head and gazing at his guest with a look of utter hopelessness. "I forgot that it is now the next century—that is to say, if you be not a specter."

"You will excuse me, my respected parent," returned the pilgrim, "if I subject your hypothesis to the test of logic, for it touches me in a very tender spot, impugning, as it does, my physical verity and my status as an actual individualized Ego. Now, what is our relative position? You acknowledge the date of my birth to have been the year of grace 1352. That is a matter at which your memory is not likely to be at fault. On the other hand, with a strange inconsistency, you maintain, in the face of almanacs, chronologies and the march of events, that it is still the year of grace 1352. Were you one of the seven sleepers, your hallucination (to use no harsher term) might be pardoned, but you are neither a sleeper or a saint. Now, every one of the eighty years that are packed away in a carpet-bag of my experience, protests against your extraordinary error. It is I who have a prima facie right to question your physical existence, not you mine. Did you ever hear of a ghost, specter, wraith, apparition, eidolon or spook coming out of the future to haunt, annoy or frighten individuals of an earlier generation?"

The Baron was forced to admit that he never had.

"But you have heard of instances where apparitions, ghosts, spooks, call them what you will, have invaded the present from out the limbo of the past?"

The Baron crossed himself a second time and peered anxiously into the dark corners of the apartment. "If you are a genuine von Weinstein," he whispered, "you already known that this castle is overrun with specters of that sort. It is difficult to move about after nightfall without tumbling over half a dozen of them."

"Then," said the placid logician, "you surrender your case. You commit what, my revered preceptor in dialectics, the learned Arabian, Ben Dusty, used to style syllogistic suicide. For you allow that, while ghosts out of the future are unheard of, ghosts from the past are not unfrequently encountered. Now, I submit to you as a candid man this proposition: That it is infinitely more probable that you are a ghost than that I am one!"

The Baron turned very red. "Is this final," he demanded, "to deny the flesh and blood of your own father?"

"Is it paternal," retorted the pilgrim, not losing his composure, "to insinuate the unrealness of the son of your own begetting?"

"By all the saints!" growled the Baron, growing still redder, "this question shall be settled, and speedily. Hallo, their, Seneschal!" He called again and again, but in vain.

"Spare your lungs," calmly suggested the pilgrim. "The bets trained domestic in the world will not stir from beneath the sod for all your shoutings."

Twenty Flasks sank back helplessly in his chair. He tried to speak, but his tongue and throat repudiated their functions. They only gurgled.

"That is right," said his guest, approvingly. "Conduct yourself as befits a venerable and respectable ghost from the last century. A well behaved apparition neither blusters nor is violent. You can well afford to be peaceable in your deportment now; you were turbulent enough before your death."

"My death?" gasped the Baron.

"Excuse me," apologized the pilgrim, "for referring to that unpleasant event."

"My death!" stammered the Baron, his hair standing on end. "I should like to hear the particulars."

"I was hardly more than fifteen at the time," said the pilgrim, musingly, "but I shall never forget the most trifling circumstance of the great popular uprising that put an end to my worthy sire's career. Exasperated beyond endurance by your outrageous crimes, the people for miles around at last rose in a body, and, led by my old friend, tall Hugo, the miller, flocked to Schwinkenfels and appealed to your cousin, Count Conrad, for protection against yourself, their natural protector. Von Schwinkenfels heard their complaints with great gravity. He replied that he had long watched your abominable actions with distress and consternation; that he regarded you as the scourge of the neighborhood; that your castle was full of blood-stained treasure and shamefully acquired booty; and that he now regarded it as the personal duty of himself, the consevator of lawful order and good morals, to march against Weinstein and exterminate you for the common good."

"The hypocritical pirate!" exclaimed Twenty Flasks.

"Which he proceeded to do" continued the pilgrim, "supported not only by his retainers but by your own. I must say that you made a sturdy defense. Had not your rascally Seneschal sold you out to Schwinkenfels and let down the drawbridge one evening when you were as usual fuddling your brains with your twenty bottles, perhaps Conrad never would have gained an entrance, and my young eyes would have been spared the horrid task of watching the body of my venerated parent dangling at the end of a rope from the topmost turret of the northwest tower."

The Baron burried his face in his hands and began to cry like a baby. "They hanged me, did they?" he faltered.

"I am afraid no other construction can be put on it," said the pilgrim. "It was the inevitable termination of such a career as yours had been. They hanged you, they strangled you, they choked you to death with a rope; and the unanimous verdict of the community was Justifiable Homicide. You weep! Behold, father, I also weep for the shame of the house of von Weinstein! Come to my arms."

Father and son clasped each other in a long, affectionate embrace, and mingled their tears over the disgrace of Weinstein. When the Baron recovered from his emotion he found himself alone with his conscience and twenty-four empty bottles. The pilgrim had disappeared.

III

Meanwhile, in the appartment consecrated to the offices of maternity, all had been confusion, turmoil, and distress. In four huge arm chairs sat four experienced matrons, each holding in her lap a pillow of swandown. On each pillow had reposed an infinitesimal fraction of humanity, recently added to the sum total of von Weinstein. One experienced matron had dozed over her charge; when she awoke, the pillow in her lap was unoccupied. An immediate census taken by the alarmed attendants disclosed the startling fact that, although there were still four arm chairs, and four sage women, and four pillows of swandown, there were but three infants. The Seneschal, as an expert in mathematics and accounts, was bastily summoned from below. His reckoning merely confirmed the appalling suspicion. One of the quadruplets was gone.

Prompt measures were taken in this fearful emergency. The corners of the rooms were ransacked in vain. Piles of bed-clothing and baskets of linen were searched through and through. The hunt extended to other parts of the castle. The Seneschal even sent out trusted and discreet retainers on horseback to scour the surrounding country. They returned with downcast countenances; no trace of the lost von Weinstein had been found.

During one terrible hour the wails of the three neglected infants mingled with the screams of the hysterical mother, to whom the attention of the four sage women was exclusively directed. At the end of the hour her ladyship had sufficiently recovered to implore her attendants to make a last, though hopeless, count. On three pillows lay three babies howling lustily in unision. On the fourth pillow reposed a fourth infant, with a mysterious smile upon its face, but cheeks that bore traces of recent tears.—[New York Sun.

An Example of Canine Fidelity.

There is always more or less pathos connected with the sickness or injury of persons who are unknown and unable to tell who they are, but there is an unusual amount of pitifulness about the man who was injured on the Pittsburg Southern road and taken to the Homœopathic Hospital yesterday. He is an intelligent, honest-looking fellow, scrupulously clean in his person and tidy in his dress, and he seems to have been some kind of a mechanic, a carpenter or something of that kind, as the handle of a screw-driver or chisel was found in his pocket. As the morning passenger train was going over the trestle on the Pittsburg Southern, about eleven miles from the city, the man was seen lying on the ground thirty-five feet below, and it appeared at once that he was injured. The train was stopped, and the man was taken on and sent to the hospital, as stated. It is probable that the poor fellow fell through the trestle during the night, and lay unconscious until he was found. He was accompanied by a fine pointer dog, who seemed greatly attached to his owner. On the bank around the poor, bruised stranger, the soft earth showed the footprints of the dog, who had apparently tried to rouse his master or to attract attention. Finding that the hand that was wont to fondle him was strangely quiet, and that no response was made to him, the dog crept closely up to his master and lovingly stretched out his neck and laid his head lightly on the unconscious man's cheek, as though he would protect him. It was in this position that the dumb guardian was discovered by those who came to aid his master. As the men approached from the train the dog watched them keenly with his large dark eyes, and when they bent down to learn the extent and nature of the man's injuries the pointer wagged his tail as though to thank them for their assistance, and then he uttered several whining, low-toned barks as if he would tell them that the man he loved was sorely hurt. When the men returned to the train the dog followed them, and he is now carefully treated in one of the rooms at the railroad depot. He is a large, finely made pointer, with white and liver-colored spots, and seems to be well trained. A reporter called at the hospital to-day and found the man was about the same as yesterday, but apt to grow worse at any moment. The physicians in attendance could not tell whether there were any chances of his recovering. No clue whatever has yet been found as to his identity. He is still unconscious, but seems to suffer from his injuries. At times he appears as though he comprehended his situation, but he can neither speak nor hear.—[Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

The Terrible endings Which Befell the Kings and Queens of England.

William the Conqueror died from enormous fat, from drink and the violence of his passions.

William Rufus died the death of the poor stags which he hunted.

Henry I. died of gluttony.

Henry II. died of a broken heart, occasioned by the bad conduct of his children.

Richard Cœur de Lion, like the animal from vhich his heart was named, deid by an arrow from an archer.

John died, nobody knows how, but it is said from chagrin, which we suppose, is another term for a dose of hellebore.

Henry III is said to have died a natural death.

Edward I is also said to have died of a "natural sickness"—a sickness which would puzzle all the college physicians to denominate.

Edward II was barbarously and indecently murdered by ruffians employed by his own wife and her paramour.

Edward III died of dotage, and Richard II of starvation—the very reverse of George IV.

Heny IV is said to have died of fits caused by uneasiness, and uneasiness in palaces in those times was a very common complaint.

Henry V is said to have died of a painful affliction, prematurely. This is a courtly term for getting rid of a king.

Henry VI died in prison, by means known then only to his jailer, and now only known in heaven.

Edward V was strangled in the tower by his uncle, Richard III.

Richard III was killed in battle.

Henry VII wasted away as a miser ought to.

Henry VIII died of carbuncles, fat and fury.

Edward VI died of a decline.

Queen Mary is said to have died of a broken heart.

Old Queen Bess is said to have died of melancholy, from having sacrificed Essex to her enemies.

James I died of drinking and the effects of vice.

Charles I died on the scaffold.

Charles II died suddenly—it is said of apoplexy.

William III died of consumptive habits of body and from the stumbling of his horse.

Queen Anne died from dropsy.

George I died from drunkenness, which his physicians politely called an apoplectic fit.

George II died of a rupture of the heart, which the periodicals of that day termed a visitation of God.

George III died as he had lived—a madman. Throught life he was at least a consistent monarch.

George IV died of gluttony and drunkenness.

Too Near His Figure.

On one occasion, when General Butler was in command at New Orleans, a colonel up in the Red river region made application for a furlough, which was refused him. Soon after, the colonel left his command without permission, and went to New Orleans, where he was arrested and put in irons as a deserter. Upon an intimation that he wished to make an explanation, General B. had him brought to his head-quarters.

"Well, Sir," said the general, sternly, "what have you to say in explanation of your conduct?"

"Well, general, there are two Jews up yonder who have some cotton they want to get through my lines. First they offered me $500, which I refused. Then they offered $1,000, then $5,000, then $25,000, then at last they offered $100,000; and I tell you, general, they were getting so near my figure, I thought I'd better leave!—[Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magizine for May.

A Sam of Life.

Tell us not in mournful numbers that this life is but a dream, when a girl that weighs one hundred gets outside a quart of cream.—[Elmira Gazette.

Life is real, life is earnest, and the girls know what they need, but on cream they are the durndest set to show their grit and greed. No encore. —[New York News.

Let us then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate, but never let us go a wooing girls that want a second plate. How's that?—[Newsboy.

Dust thou art a fool for hoarding, its the road to honeymoons, love is life's ice cream, or leastways, but a matter of two spoons.—[Cincinnati Commercial.

DEPUTY COLLECTOR HARRY VEATCH, of Evansville, recently captured a still and arrested Levi Hutton, a tenant on the bee farm of L. Johnson, a mile west of Evansville. Hutton intended making whisky out of old honeycomb.

Horse Trade in Colorado.

An honest miner sat in a contemplative mood before the door of a saloon in one of the thoroughfares of Denver. He had "taken sugar in his'n" several times, and now cast a wistful look at intervals towards unprospected regions in the foothills where he hoped to strike a tellerium lead, now that "the placer diggin's was played out." Slowly down the street came a solitary horseman, ill-mounted, poorly clad, meagerly equipped and stopped in front of the sitter.

"Stranger," said he "I want to sell yer a horse."

"Stranger," was the reply, "I don't want him."

"Stranger," rejoined the wayfarer, "yer reely must buy him. Yer never see a better horse for the price."

"What is the price, stranger?" asked the contemplative man.

"A hundred and fifty dollars, and dirt cheap at that."

The inquirer meditated a few moments and then blandly remarked, "Stranger, I'll give yer five."

The equestrian dismounted saying with earnestness, "Stranger, I won't allow a hundred and forty-five dollars to stand between you and me and a trade. The horse is yours!"

Horace Greeley's Shoe Leather.

Mr. Greeley rolled into the shoemaker's store with that heavy, billowy sort of gait he had. "Sit down, Mr. Greeley," said the shoemaker. Greeley looked up with that broad, wondering, half child-like look, and said, "Why, do you know me?" "Everybody knows you, Mr. Greeley," was the reply. A comfortable fitting shoe was tried on. "No, that's altogether too small." Then a shoe that was really altogether too large, but that, too, was not large enough; then a cloth shoe, so large that Mr. Greeley could put his hand in and arrange his stocking over his foot so as to fit him. He was amazed at the contrast with Broadway prices, not seeing that there was also a contrast with Broadway quality, bought several pairs like it—all the man had, in fact,—and went away greatly delighted, saying that he had a lot of shoes he would send around to get mended. Sure enough, a boy came in a few moments with a small basketful. The shoemaker pledges me his professional honor that there was not two shoes alike in the whole basket. He hurried around to Mr. Greeley's house, and suggested that, as none of the shoes mated, it was of no use to mend them. "Well" said Mr. Greeley, with that confidential half-whisper of his, "the fact is, I put 'em on just about as they came along!" And it is not difficult to believe he did.

A Baby in a Panther's Jaw.

Last Thursday evening, about dark, Mr. and Mrs. George Campbell and Dick Manson were sitting on the porch of the Soda Springs Hotel, at Soda Springs on the Sacramento river, while Mr. Campbell's little boy, aged about 3 years, was across the road, about fifty or sixty feet distant, amusing him by cutting bushes, with a little hatchet. Those on the porch were startled and horrified by observing a panther spring upon the child, and at the time supposed he was dangerously injured which would have been the case, no doubt had not the child screamed and those on the porch shouted excitedly, which prevented the panther from making a deadly spring, as he was evidently watching and fearing the parties on the porch. As it was the panther seized the child by the chin, one of the tusks of the upper jaw cutting his lip, and one in the lower jaw cutting his neck, while the paw of the beast struck and scratched him in the breast the shouting and rushing toward the child by those on the porch caused the panther to make tracks up the mountain speedily, and, after picking up the child and examining the wounds inflicted, Mannon returned to the house for his gun, and, following it up the mountain, soon dispatched the panther, a hungry lean-looking customer measuring five feet from tip to tip. —[Yreka (Cal.) Journal.

The Tiber's Treasures.

Apropos of the hidden treasures hereafter to be fished out of the Tiber, Ridolfo Laneiati, an eminent Roman archæologist, writes to the London Athenæum: "I have often thought and written that the existence of objects of value in the bed of the river was not probable, because either they must have sunk to an enormous depth through the light mud of the bottom, or been carried away by the violence of the stream. I am glad to confess my mistake; and state that the bed of the Tiber contains immense quantities of things of value, especially coins, in regular strata, which begin from Pius IX.'s age and end with the flint implements of prehistoric times." At one point dredgers, operating over a small area and at a depth of only twelve feet under the surface of the water, have recently brought to light an immense stock of coins and other curiosities.

How Chicago Got Its Name.

John Jenkins, of Momence, Ill., whose father was the first white man that raised a crop of corn in Cass county, Mich., and who avers that when a boy he was as familiar with the Indian language as with his own, says that the usual definition to the word "Chicago" is entirely erroneous. Forty five years ago the place was called Tuck Chicago, "tuck" meaning wood or timber, and Chicago signifying gone, absent, without. Tuck Chicago, therefore, literally meant "timber gone."

DURING the last fiscal year there was paid in the Treasury, as revenues, $234,000,000. Of this sum the twenty-seven States which did not go into the rebellion, paid $221,000,000, and the eleven Southern States but $13,000,000. Of the last-named amount, $6,000,000 was paid by the State of Virginia alone as a tax on tobacco, leaving but $7,000,000 derived from other sources

J. F. BECKER,
IMPORTERS OF
Red and Grey Scotch Granite.
And Manufacturers of
Foreign and Domestic Marble Monuments and Headstones.
310 Bridge Street Logansport, Ind,

CHAS. HORNING,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Is about to **Close Out all His Made-Up Goods** at
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
All work warranted. 1y2-4 501 Broadway

MISS R. E. BOWMAN,
MUSIC TEACHER,
Lessons in Vocal and Instrumental Musi given at reasonable terms.
Rooms: Over Peters' book store. 3m19-021

Fountain City Rubber StamP Co.,
Bank, Railroad and BUSINESS STAMPS.
Date Stamps a Specialty.
FLORA, INDIANA.
Agent's Outfit, $1.00.

L., C. & S-W. ROUTE

IS THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST
FROM LOGANSPORT
—TO—
Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Greencastle Terre Haute, Vinncennes, Evansville, Cairo, Paris, Mattoon, Pana, Alton, Effingham, Altamont, Vandalia,

TWO TRAINS DAILY
[Sundays Excepted.]

Trains Run as Follows.
[Taking Effect March 17, 1879.]

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Logansport.....	6:30 a. m.	2:35 p. m.
Arrive at Frankfort...	8:30 a. m.	5:20 p. m.
" Colfax.....	9:00 a. m.	5:55 p. m.
" Indianapolis, via Colfax.....	10:50 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
" Cincinnati.....	4:00 p. m.	
" Crawfordsv'll	9:55 a. m.	6:68 p. m
" TerreHaute...	12:55 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
" Vincennes.....	5:22 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
" Evansvill.....	7:35 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
" St. Louis.....	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m

☞ Close connections at Terre Haute with trains East and West on the Vandalia and I. & St. L and South on the E. & T. H. railroad.

Ask for through tickets, and get your baggage checked through.

Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Platforms on all Passenger trains.

J. P. CLAYBROOK,
General Manager
W. H TRUESDALE, G. T. A

Eel River Railroad.

TIME TABLE

On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND.		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.23am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	.S Whitley..	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City...	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00 m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	...Auburn J...	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	....Auburn....	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 am	
	2.23 pm	...Reading...	1.24 pm	
	2.35 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.50 pm	..Jonesville..	12.55 pm	
	3.55 pm	...Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	....Detroit.....	7.00 am	
	5.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw...	7.15 am	

Connection is made at Denver with the I., P. & C. railway, for Rochester. Plymouth, LaPorte and Michigan City; at Columbia City with P. Ft. W. & C. railway, for Ft. Wayne and Pittsburg; at LaOtto with G. R. & I. railway, for Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids; at Auburn Junction with Ft. W. J. & S., and B. & O. railways, for Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw Defiance, Tiffin, Bellair, Washington, and Baltimore.

Trains from the east make close connections at Lognsport with T. W. & W. railway for Hannibal, Quincy and St. Louis, and with P. C. & St L. railway for Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk and all points west.

All Passenger trains fully equipped with Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Couplers and Buffers.

S. HOWELL
Gen'l Ticket Agent.

FRANK J. HECKER,
General Superintendent.

BLOOMINGTON ROUTE

Lafayette, Muncie & Bloomingt n
—AND—
La yette, Boomington Mississipp
RAILROAD COMPANIES.

The shortest and most direct route, making immediate connections for passengers, both east and west.

CONDENSED TIME OF THROUGH TRAINS.
May 12th, 1878.

West.—Leave		Chicago Time	East.—Arrive.	
	5.25am	.... Muncie....	6.35 pm	
	6.19	..Alexandria...	5.55	
	6.33	...Elwood.....	5.53	
Leave.	6 48	.....Tipton.....	5.06	Arrive
2.00pm	7 42	.. Frankfort ..	4.09	9.45 a m
3.00	8 42	Lafayette Junc	3.10	8.33
3.05	8.50	...Lafayette...	3.05	8.26
3.45	9.32	...Templeton..	2.21	7.32
4.48	10.37	..Hoopeston..	1.22	6.09
5.42	11.30	....Gibson ...	12.37	5.00
6.21	1205pm	....Paxton.....	12.05	7.12p m
7.50pm	1.20	.Bloomington.	10.50 am	5.10

Leave.	Leave.	C & A R R	Arrive	Arrive
2.00am	2.15 p m	.Bloomington.	2.20 am	2.45 am
8.00	8.25	. .St Louis...	7.45 pm	8.00 am
	5.40	.Bloomington.	10 50am	
	2.15 am	... Mexico.....	2.30	
	10.50 pm	.Kansas City.	6.00 pm	
	12.50 pm	...Atchison...	2.40	
	12.40	. St Joseph ..	3.15	
	4.30	.....Omaha....	8.00 am	

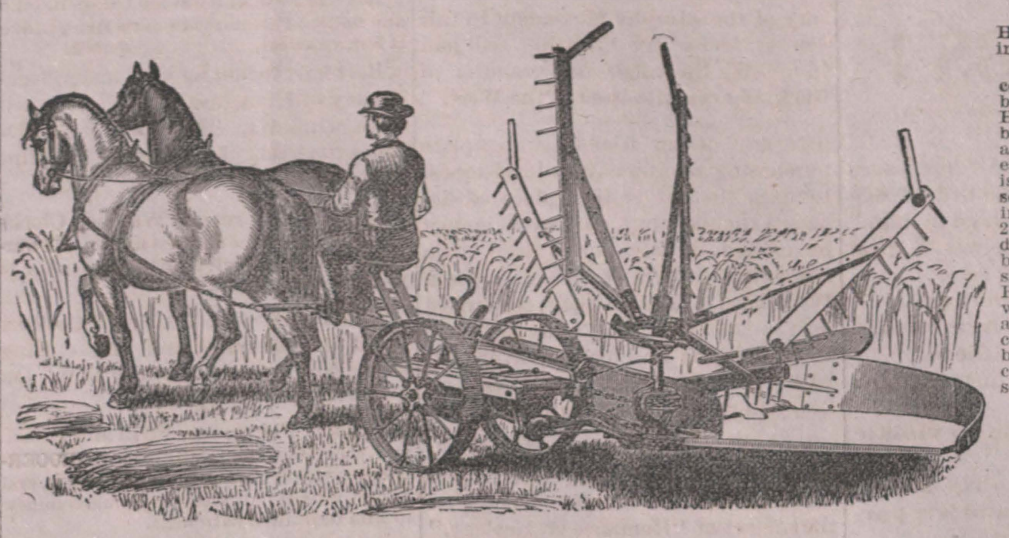
Leave	I C R R	Arrive
5.53 pm	.Bloomington.	7.43 am
7.10 am	Dubuque	9.10 pm
6.45	Sioux City.	6.00

Leave	I B & W.	Arrive
1.20 pm	.Bloomington.	10.50am
3.20	.. .Peoria....	9.05
10.00	....Omaha....	6.40 pm
Arrive	C B & Q	Leave

Through tickets on sale for all points east west. Reduced rates for emigrant and colonj parties. For information in regard to tickets, rat etc., address, G. W. Smith, Gen. Pass'r Ag Lafayette, Ind.

E. H WALDRON,
General Supt.

The Standard Hubbard Reaper.



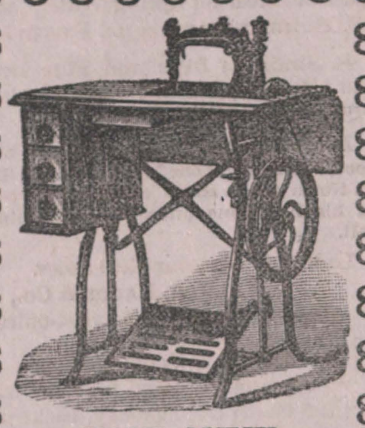
Height of Cut changed while in motion.

Farmers, when you want a combined Reaper and Mower, buy the changeable motion Hubbard. It has two finger-bars, 3 knives, 5 rakes, besides a change of motion, which is easily changed while the team is in motion), while many of the so-called combined machines in market have but 1 finger bar 2 knives and 4 rakes, thereby depriving you of some of the best as well as the most expensive parts of the machine. The Hubbard has broad-faced wheels, runs light, and makes a perfect gavel. In fact, such confidence have we in our Combined Machine that we defy competition and seek comparison.

For sale by

T. C. Barnes,
512 Broadway,
Logansport, Ind.
3m9 70

8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8



THE NEW
WHEELER & WILSON
No. 8
—IS—
PERFECT AND COMPLETE
—AND—
NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.
AGENTS WANTED
IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY.
ADDRESS
Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.
182 WEST FOURTH STREET,
CINCINNATI, O.

8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8 8

Also, for Sale by G. P. WASHBURN north side Broadway, east of canal.

EIBIC'S
FEVER
AND
AGUE CURE
IN
Liquid or Pills

Positively CURES the worst forms of Chills, Fever, Dumb Ague, Third-Day Ague, Fever without Chills, Neuralgia or Sick Headache, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, builds up the System to overcome Malaria—makes you feel like yourself, and never fails to cure.

Sold by W. H. Bringhurst, Lee W. Redd, and Needham & Keesling. 3m8

Magazine Binding
A SPECIALTY.
GOOD WORK!
LOW PRICES!
HALL,
Printer, Ruler and Binder,
Cor. Fourth & North St
3m20

AN ELEGANT BOOK FREE.

Your choice between two books, "The Age we Live In," and "History of the Sherbro Mission, in Africa," will be sent free to every subscriber to the LIFE BOAT, the popular temperance monthly. Only 75 cents per year, and 10 cents in stamps to mail the book. The books are nicely bound in cloth and gold, and sell for more than the price of the paper. $2.00 worth for 85 cents. The greatest offer ever made. Sample of the Life Boat free. ROUZER & MOWRY, Dayton, O.

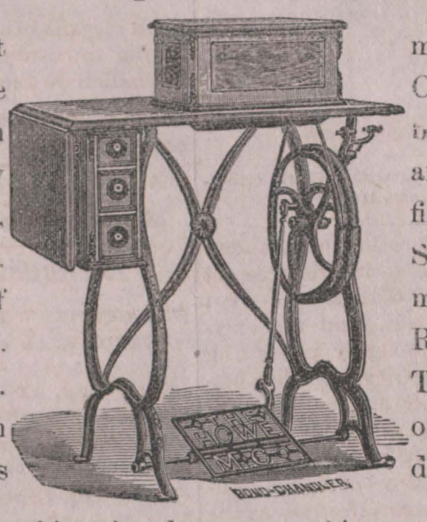
I. N. CRAWFORD,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DALER IN
HARDWARE, GUNS,
PISTOLS, SAWS, CUTLERY, GLASS,
CHAINS, BELTING, SASH,
Doors, Blinds, Mechanics' & Farmers' Tools of all kinds,
No. 84 Broadway, - 1y2-4p - *Logansport.*

FRANK SWIGART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Logansport, Indiana.
All matters left with given given prompt attention. 19-3m521

PLEDGES By mail, postage paid 50c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

HOWE.

Greatest Triumph of Inventive Genius.



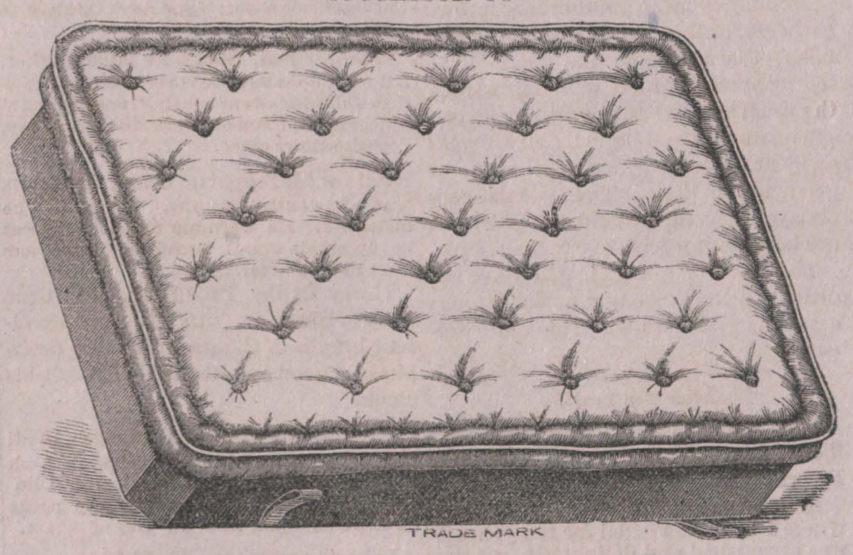
The most perfect machine in the World. Challenge combines lightness in comparison. It combines lightness and excellence of working, beauty firmness and durstitch, strength, Simplicity and ability of seam. mechanism, will perfection of Range of work last a lifetime. The hemming without parallel. out like that of will not wash other machines does.

We handle nothing but honest machines, no rebuilt stuff, pawned off for new. We warrant each machine for five years.

A full line of attachments kept constantly on hand, also oil, needles, and everything else in the Sewing Machine line, at No. 512 Broadway. aprill9-1y T. C. BARNES

FRED BECKEL,

SUCCESSOR TO



L. H. EMMONS & CO.,
Practical Upholsterers.
AND MANUFACTURERS OF
Parlor Furniture, Spring Mattresses and Lounges,
—ALSO—
STUDENTS, LIBRARY, CLUB HOUSE AND EASY CHAIRS,
LAMBREQUINES, ETC., ETC.
No. 515 Broadway, Logansport.

MERRIAM & RICE,

DRY GOODS.

We have received our full Spring purchases, comprising a larger assortment than ever, of

General Drv Goods,

Especially in the new styles of fabrics for Ladies' dresses and over garments,

Brocade silk and worsted piece goods in the new dark, medium and light shades.

Black and colored silk in extra good qualities, at extremely low prices.

Silk, Cashmere and cloth sacks, cloaks, dolmans and scarfs; also piece goods and rich trimmings for above garments.

Cloths and cassimeres in piece and suit patterns, in finer quality and greater variety than we ever had.

An immense stock of ingrain, tapestry and body Brussels carpet, at incredibly low prices; also mattings and oil cloths in all widths and qualities.

OUR STOCK IS UNUSUALLY COMPLETE

In all the kinds of goods we keep, and we invite examination of them as to quality and prices.

MERRIAM & RICE.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, MAY 6, 1879.

JACOBS !

MAYOR JACOBS says he "has saved to the saloon-keepers hundreds of dollars, and they ought to stand by him."

Mayor Jacobs SAID he was a great friend to the temperance cause.

Mayor Jacobs says a great deal.

Mayor Jacobs told the truth when he said he was the rummys' friend.

How has he saved to them so much money.

By permitting them to violate the law.

He is **sworn** to do his duty, and yet **He frequents them and is a party to the transgression.**

Who does?

MAYOR JACOBS.

He has "saved hundreds of dollars to the saloon-keepers," but **not a cent to the tax-payers!!!!!**

Do you know who he is?

He is the Mayor of Logantport, Indiana, who is SWORN to enforce the laws and ordinances, but who doesn't do it.

SINGING AND SIGNING.

The Interest in the Murphy Work Growing—Two Good Meetings.

The Murphy meeting of Sunday evening was the best in every respect yet held. Not half of those who went could gain admission, and the exercises were of a thoroughly interesting character. Hughes never made a better speech in his life, and few better, if any, have ever been made in the hall by anybody. Ward was not behind his friend in an address of fifteen minutes, and each were effective, as the great number of signers is evidence of. The singing was excellent, and fifty-three persons went forward and signed the pledge to its inspiring notes. The music is becoming one of the most important features of the meeting.

A gospel temperance meeting took the place of the regular Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday at the rooms, participated in by several members, which was interesting and profitable.

Monday evening another large crowd gathered, and a rousing meeting was held. Ward opened the battle in a telling speech, which was followed by the usual singing and signing. Several spoke, and several signed, and all went away at a late hour, feeling that it was good to be there. The attendance is always very large, and the prospects are brightening with every hour.

The meeting to-night, will have additional attractions and a good time is assured. All are invited and welcomed.

After Ten Years.

C. C. FROST is reported in The Conflict to have said before the Norwich Reform Club:

Riding through a portion of Maine, where I had not visited for ten years, I was astonished and delighted to see the change. Ten years ago there stood at the cross-roads where I stood, a grog-shop. It was surrounded like every other grog-shop in such a locality, (it was a farming community,) with farms run down, fences had been burned for fuel by the shiftless inhabitants, old hats and rags were plentiful in the broken windows, weeds were growing in the front yards, and everything seemed to bear the impress of decay. About that time the strong arm of the law was laid upon the rum-seller, who had grown rich, and he was compelled to leave the State. Then the work of reform began among those farmers, and as a result, there is standing to-day upon the very spot where the groggery stood, a school-house, while just across the road is a chapel. Ten years of this kind of civilization had made a wonderful change. The farms were in good condition, the houses freshly painted, children, well clothed, were playing about the houses, the old hats had vanished, and thrift and enterprise seemed everywhere to abound. I thought what a temperance lecture is here preached from the lives of men.

THE SIGNAL will be furnished at the following rates, to societies and individuals getting up clubs:

One copy, one year	$ 1 00
Five copies, one year	4 25
Ten copies, one year (with extra copy)	7 00
Fifteen copies, " " "	10 50
Twenty-five copies, " " "	15 00
Fifty copies, one year, " " "	25 00

Every union in the state should take advantage of the above offer.

It will pay you to circulate temperance literature among your people.

The cash must accompany each list.

Address all communications to the editor, box 411.

Responsible agents wanted in every county in the union.

The Murphys are completing arrangements for a grand rally and jubilee on the 31st of this month, at which it is intended to have 25,000 people present. Some of the best orators of the country have been engaged, and excursion trains will run from every direction. It is the second anniversary of the Murphy Movement in this county, and every township will join in making the affair the grandest of the kind ever witnessed in the West.

IF any of our friends contemplate purchasing monuments or headstones, to mark the last resting place of departed friends, they can save money by calling on Mr. John Redd, who represents the firm of Messrs. Lewis & Whitehead, of Indianapolis, the largest firm in the State. Don't buy until you see his designs and prices. Word left with W. H. Leedy, at the SIGNAL office, will receive prompt attention.

Rev. Father Walters, pastor of St. Vincent de Paul Church, will deliver a lecture on next Sunday evening on the subject of "Romance of Geology." The well known reputation of Father Walters as a fine scholar and an eloquent speaker should ensure for him a large audience. The lecture will be delivered at St. Vincent's church. Price of admission, 25c.

AN elegant banner will be presented to the township sending the largest delegation on the 31st.

The county poor house contains seventy inmates.

Attend the Murphy meeting to-night.

Murphys to-night.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Mrs. W. J. Potter for new millinery goods and dress patterns.

Potter does papering and calsomining cheap, don't you forget it now.

S. A. Von Behren has purchased the City Cigar Store, formerly owned by Harvey Meek, and will keep the best brand of cigars and tobacco in the market. Give him a call.

Schools supplied with Visiting Cards by Chas. Longwell & Co., Logansport, Ind.

For a good Cigar, call on Harry Denbo, manufacturer, Broadway, near Sixth Street.

Everybody says that John Deboo is the best horse shoer; if you don't think so, go and see him.

John Winch, Boot and Shoe maker. All work done in approved manner; Repairing of all kinds done neatly, promptly, and at lowest rates; Shop on south side Broadway, opposite Howe office. 3m2-521

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be as he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

Harry Denbo, Broadway, third door west of Sixth st., manufactures excellent brands of Cigars. Smokers desirous of a good smoke should consult his stock.

Patterson & Tomlinson, dealers in all kinds of Garden and Field SEEDS, all fresh and good. Also Plows and Agricultural Implements. This old and reliable firm needs no commendation from us. Buy of them.

Laboring men, try our $1.25 shoes.
WALKER, RAUCH & Co.,
Two doors above the post-office.

Geo. W. Brown's drug store, an old established and reliable House. Prescriptions filled with the greatest of care. Everything pure, also a line of paints, glass, brushes, &c. 3m5-1

CITY VIEWING
and
STEREOSCOPIC WORK
A Speciality.
See New Samples at the Gallery.
MILLER.

At *Hick's Restaurant* can be had Warm Meals, Lunch, Cigars, Candies! Oysters, Game, etc., and everything nice. Call Broadway, near Murdock Hotel. Open day and night.

Garrety & Foley, Boot and Shoe Repairers and Makers, respectfully invite inspection of work. Neatness and promptness is their motto, with lowest prices. Market st., near Bridge.

Harry Denbo manufactures the finest brands of Cigars in the city.

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas repaired: 171

YOU CAN BUY any american watch of H. C. Eversole Jeweler 410 Broadway, than any other house in the city.

Elgin Watches in Silver case $750
Waltham watches in " " $750.
Rockfield watches in " " $1050.

Twenty-five fancy cards, snowflake, eastlake, etc., no two alike, for 10 cts. Chromos 30 for 10 cts; transparent, 25 for 15 cts. All all the latest styles, such as diamond shape, gold edge, bevel edge, gold border, etc., etc., only 25 cents for 25 cts. Address Chas. Longwell & Co., P. O. 1246, Logansport Ind. Office over the Postoffice.

Largest stock and lowest prices. Sign of the big gold boot.
WALKER, RAUCH & Co.,
Two doors above the post-office.

All the new and choice Odors in bulk and bottled Perfumes at **Cost's Drug Store** 21 Fourth street, 3m2-521

Barnhart & Son have a magnificent display of Housekeeper's goods in their show windows. The "Favorite" stove takes the lead. Anything in their line at lowest prices.

Chet Gridley repairs Watches, Clocks and Jewelry on the shortest notice. He warrants his work to give satisfaction. At Lee Redd's drug store, Market st.

Michael Fornoff, leader of Cecilian Band, does shaving and hair cutting in the best style. Patronize him. On Fourth st., near depot.

Thomas Pierce, cor. Fifth and Broadway, wholesale and retail dealer in GROCERIES, Provisions, etc. His goods are pure, and honest weight and measure should commen to him unlimited patronage.

The New Murphy Drink.

Braces a man up. Call and take a glass of Excelsior Spring Water, at G. W. Hoffman's drug store, Fourth st.

R. Strain for fresh and Pure Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes Brushes, Glass, Putty, &c.

Deboo can make a lame horse walk good, and it is all done in the shoeing. Shop on North street, above canal. Everything in his line done promptly. Give him a call.

Ladies, look at our $1.00 shoes.
WALKER, RAUCH & Co.,
Two doors above the post-office.

To U. S. Pensioners.

We are now prepared to secure without the least possible delay, back pensions under the arrears of pensions bill enacted by Congress, January 25th, 1879. Call early.
McNARRY & LEEDY,
feb22d&wtf 412 Broadway.

9th

GRAND DISTRIBUTION!

Commonwealth Distribution Co.,

By authority of Commonwealth of Kentucky, drawing and details under supervision of prominent citizens of Kentucky, in public, in the city of Louisville, on

SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1879.

NO SCALING! NO POSTPONMENT!

PRIZES PAID IN FULL!

$112,400 IN CASH Distributed

TICKETS ONLY $2.

Unparalleled Success of the Popular Drawings.

Read the following attractive list of prizes for the May Drawing:

1 Prize	$30,000	100 prizes $100 each	10,000
1 Prize	10,000	200 prizes 50 each	10,000
1 Prize	5,000	600 prizes 20 each	12,000
10 prizes $1,000 eac	10,000	1000 prizes 10 each	10,000
20 prizes 500 each	10,000		
9 prizes $300 each, approximation prizes			$2,700
9 prizes 200 each, " "			1,800
9 prizes 100 each, " "			900
1,960 Prizes.			$112,400

Whole Tickets, $2. Half Tickets $1.
27 Tickets $50. 55 Tickets $100.

Remit by post office money order, registered letter, bank draft, or express. Full list of drawing published in Louisville Courier-Journal and New York Herald, and mailed to all ticket holders. For tickets and information address, COMMONWEALTH DISTRIBUTION CO., or T. J COMMERFORD. Sec'y, Courier Journal Building Louisville, Ky.

CEMENT! CEMENT!!

J. J. Winans & Co.

Have just received from the East a large supply of

Portland Cement,

And are prepared to lay the IMPROVED CEMENT Side and Yard Walks, in this and adjoining counties, at prices lower than ever before,

Cellar Bottoms, Cisterns and Carriage Steps a Specialty.

Sewerage and drainage pipe furnished to suit demands, on short notice.

All Kinds of Cement Work Done.

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CONDENSED TIME CARD—East We
Taking Effect Sunday, May 19th, 1878.

☞ Passengers purchasing Local Round Tr Tickets before entering the cars, obtain a discour of ten per cent. from regular rates.

GOING EAST.		No 1.	No 5.	No 7.
Lv Chicago		*8:20 pm	.....	†9:05 p m
Ar Crown Point		10:04	.....	10:4
Ar Logansport		12:45 am	.....	.....
Lv Ill. State Line		†2:05 pm	*6:30 am	.....
Ar Logansport		5:00	9:15	.....
Lv Logansport	Via Kokomo	*1:00 am	Leave	†2:00 p m
Ar Kokomo		1:50	6:00 am	3 07
Anderson		.....	7:40	4:35
New Castle		.....	8:42	5:35
Hagerstown		.....	9:15	6:05
Richmond		.....	10:00	6:40
Cincinnati		.....	.....	10:00
Lv Logansport		12:55 am	†9:25 am	.....
Ar Marion		2:33	11:07	.....
Hartford		3:17	11:50	.....
Ridgeville		4:10	12:40 pm	.....
Lv Ridgeville	Via Ridgeville	*4:15	.....	.....
Ar Richmond		5:50	.....	.....
Cincinnati		8:50	.....	.....
Lv Ridgeville		*4:30	12:40†	.....
Ar Union City		5:05	1:10	.....
Bradford Jnc		6:00	2:00	.....
Lv Indianapolis		*4:35	11:00	*6:00 p m
Ar Knightstown		5:58	12:42 pm	7:15 a m
Cambridge City		6:28	†1:29	*7:58
Richmond		7:15	†2:05	8:37
Lv Richmond		†7:20	2:05	Leave
Ar Dayton		†9:35	5:25	†7:30
Xenia		10:40	7:20	8:20
Springfield	Via Dayton	12:40	8:30	10:10
London		11:48	8:40	9:28
Columbus		2:45 pm	9:40	10:30
Lv Richmond		*7:18 am	2:05	*8:40
Bradford Jnc		8:35	3:35	9:55
Piqua		9:23	4:16	10:20
Urbana		10:35	5:20	11:14
Columbus		12:35 pm	7:25	12:50

GOING WEST,		No. 6.	No. 10.	No.
Lv Columbus	Via Piqua Via Dayton.	*6:30am.	*3:40pm.	†5:40pm.
Ar Urbana		8:05 "	5:15 "	7:40 "
" Piqua		8:58 "	6:07 "	9:00
Lv Bradford Junc.		9:22 "	6:35 "	*9:30 "
Ar Richmond		10:33 "	7:55 "	.....
Lv Columbus		*6:25 "	*3:40 "	.....
Ar London		7:22 "	4:37 "	.....
" Xenia		8:25 "	5:37 "	.....
L Springfield		7:20 "	†3:40 "	.....
" Xenia		†6:30 "	†5:45 "	.....
A Dayton		8:00 "	*6:35 "	.....
" Richmond		,0:10 "	.....	.....
Lv Richmond	Via Ridgeville. Via Kokomo.	10:35*"	*8:10 "	7:15am
" Cambridge City		11:04 "	8:46 "	7:52 "
" Knightstown		11:41 "	9:34 "	8:38 "
" Indianapolis		12:55pm.	11:00 "	10:10 "
Lv Bradford Junc.		†9:30am.	.....	*9:45pm
Ar Union City		10:25 "	.....	10:43 "
" Ridgeville		10:58 "	.....	11:20 "
Lv Cincinnati		.....	.....	*70:0 "
" Richmond		.....	.....	10:00
Ar Ridgeville		.....	.....	11:30
Lv Ridgeville		10:58†"	.....	11:40
Ar Hartford		11:50 "	.....	12:35
" Marion		12:40pm.	.....	1:20
" Logansport		2:30 "	.....	3:00
Lv Cincinnati		†7:15am.	.....	.....
Ar Richmond		10:38†"	*8:00pm.	.....
" Hagerstown		11:28 "	8:45 "	.....
" New Castle		12:05pm.	†9:17 "	.....
" Anderson		1:20 "	10:17 "	.....
" Kokomo		3:00 "	*2:15 am	.....
" Logansport		4:00 "	3:05 "	.....
Lv Logansport		†7:30 "	8:00 "	†8:00 "
Ar Ill. State Line		10:20 "	10:50 "	10:40 "
Lv Logansport		†4:05 "	3:15 "	*3:15 "
Ar Crown Point		6:50 "	6:10 "	6 10 "
Ar Chicago		8:30 "	7:50 "	7:50 "

*Daily.
†Daily except Sunday.
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THE CHEAPEST.

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The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., MAY 21, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 11

"BANC."

THE JOURNAL HITS THE PHAROS BETWEEN THE EYES.

THE OUTRAGEOUS SLANDERS COMPLETELY REFUTED.

The Rummys' Must Hunt a New Plan to Kill the Temperance Work.

A Slander Branded.

Daily Journal.

The Pharos, continuing its slanderous and most insulting attacks upon the Murphy meetings, publishes the following outrageous insinuations and charges:

"The Pharos knows whereof it speaks, when it advises parents to give more attention to the class of company their daughters keep while attending the Murphy meetings. The prediction has been made by those in a position to know, that for every drunkard temporarily reformed a young girl has been permanently ruined. As to the correctness of this statement, the Pharos is not fully advised, but it is a question which parents should thoroughly investigate. 'There must be some fire, where there is so much smoke.'"

The JOURNAL pronounces the charge implied in the above, a dastardly and infernal falsehood. The Murphy meetings in this city have, at all times, been conducted with the utmost decorum, receiving the sanction of the presence and encouragement of the best and purest residents of the city. It may be true that others not so good and pure are there occasionally, just as they are often to be found at churches and public places of amusement, but there is no more attraction for them in a Murphy meeting than there is in a church, and no more encouragement for them or other persons to act unworthily than there is in the best assemblies of the land. It would be well for parents, at all times and places, to "give more attention to the class of company their daughters keep," but there is no more necessity for this attention in their attendance upon Murphy meetings than at other places, and the attempt to slur the Murphy movement under the cover of this good advice is only the cowardly stab of a deadly enemy. Having said this much on one side, the JOURNAL will add its opinion that the Murphy movement would progress more satisfactorily and solidly with fewer revivals and more earnest home work. The principles and objects of the work must commend themselves to all reasonable persons, but there is danger of overdoing the best work. There is a time for all things, and there may be intemperance in temperance.

Sunday Journal, 4th.

Things are coming to a pretty pass when a few blatherskites and deadbeats must flourish and fatten at the expense of the reputation of many of Logansport's best young women. Parents now have their eyes open, and if they longer permit it, on them alone must fall the penalty.—[Pharos.

The above is the cap-sheaf of a series of the most outrageous and scandalous attacks upon good and respectable women that has ever disgraced any community in this or any other civilized country. And what is the cause of these attacks? Simply this, and nothing more: Pending the recent city election, certain members of the Murphy organization, in the free exercise of their rights as citizens and voters, very actively opposed the election of Mayor Jacobs. About the time of the election, the Murphy Signal made a very violent personal attack upon the same person. At the election, Messrs Hughes and Ward voted against him. As for the first offense, above named, the JOURNAL has to say, that being a Murphy does not deprive a man of his rights and privileges as a citizen and voter, any more than being a Methodist, or Catholic, or Free Mason, and in this free land, every man has a perfect right to oppose or favor whom he pleases at an election for office. The course of the Signal, ts editor alone is responsible for, until that course is finally endorsed by others or by the organization it represents; and until such an indorsement is shown, holding the organization responsible for the Signal's utterances is unjust and foolish to the last degree. The JOURNAL believes that Hughes and Ward did wrong in voting at the recent election, and has no apologies to make for that act; but why should the good and respectable women, young and old, who attend the Murphy meetings, be slurred and slandered on account of the above specified causes? Why should an organization that has manifestly accomplished so much good in this community, be reviled because some fault may be found by some persons, with certain acts of some of its members? The editor of the Pharos, by his acts, professes to be the friend of religion and morality. How happens it, then, that he passes by the opening prayers of the Murphy meetings, offered by the leading clergymen of the city, the religious songs, the Christian exhortations by men and women of undoubted purity and piety, and the final benediction, to find only the evil that may occasionally be present, in a corner hidden from all eyes but his, and then, with apparently fiendish delight, spreads this little over the whole mass of good, honest, respectable men and women until he makes the mass appear upon the level of an assignation house or brothel? And again, what a cowardly wretch he is! He says, "Many of Logansport's best young women." Why don't he say this one or that one of "Logansport's best young women," naming them? Why does he leave every one who may go to a Murphy meeting to be guessed at as the one, or one of those, whose "reputation" is suffering? Does the dastardly skunk fear that the law, or the horsewhip in the hands of some outraged brother or father, would avenge the "reputation" directly attacked, and, hence, like a pitiful, white-livered craven does he hide behind a general slander? Today this editor, who is scrupulous in the observances of respectability, will attend divine worship at the Broadway M. E. Church. There he will listen to able and Godly preaching by Rev. M. Mahin, who from the beginning has given his countenance, encouragement and supporting presence to the Murphy meetings which this editor substantially denounces as places of assignation and lewdness. To-day this editor will be surrounded in the congregation by many of the young women he has so vilely slandered, and by their parents and brothers. This afternoon this editor will, probably, attend the Broadway M. E. Sunday School, in which, the JOURNAL is informed, he pretends to be a teacher. Here again he will be surrounded by young women whose "reputations" he is doing his best to blast. Can he look these persons squarely in the face? Can they endure his presence? If they do, it will be restraining grace that binds their hands, and profound contempt that calms their just indigtion.

Read Both of the Following.

We earnestly call upon the grand jury to thoroughly investigate the illegal voting so openly practiced at the polls at the recent election. Let not the official position or standing in the community of the guilty parties deter the sworn officers of the law from going into this matter. The politics of the guilty should not enter into the question. Punish the violators of the law be they Democrats or Republicans. Let the laws be enforced. Election boards should be summoned to appear before the grand jury, and ordered to produce all books and papers of the election. The public demands to know if certain men who upon their solemn oaths vouched for non-resident tramps as bona fide residents, and who further deposed that they themselves were householders and freeholders, did not in reality commit barefaced, wilful and deliberate perjury! — [Saturday Blackmailer.

We earnestly call upon the grand jury to thoroughly investigate the illegal sale of whisky so openly carried on at saloons on the recent election day. Let not the official position or standing (!!) in the community of the guilty saloon keepers or candidates deter the sworn officers of the law from going into this matter. The politics of the guilty should not enter into the question. Punish the violators of the law, be they Democrats or Republicans. Let the laws be enforced. Mayor Jacobs and others should be summoned to appear before the grand jury, and ordered to produce testimony and evidence. The public demands to know if certain sworn city officers who upon their oaths promised to enforce the law, by neglecting to do this did not in reality commit barefaced, wilful and deliberate perjury!!!!!

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

Indianapolis.

To the Editor:

PERMIT me to say that THE SIGNAL is more highly esteemed than all temperance papers that come to this Hall, and there are a great many. A.T.B.

May 12, 1879.

Heartily Endorsed.

To the Editor:

AT a meeting of the S. M. S., it was Resolved, That a vote of thanks be given to THE MURPHY SIGNAL for its kindness in publishing notices of ou work. Also, that in THE SIGNAL we recognize one of the most useful, instructive and entertaining temperance journals published.

E. W. HARRINGTON, Jr., Pres.
P. J. GALL, Sec.

Indianapolis, May 8. 1879.

Metea, Ind.

To the Editor:

WE had a rousing meeting Saturday evening, with good speaking by Hon. B. F. Campbell, and Messrs. Rohrer and Coons, and a general good time.

Officers for the ensuing quarter were elected as follows:

President—W. Reser.
Vice President—George Hunter.

The temperance ball is still rolling on, without prospect of abatement.

All Murphys and all well-disposed persons are invited to meet and participate with us.

Next meeting, Saturday evening, May 24th,

Will be on hand on the 31st.

W.

Metea, May 13th,

Marshall County.

To the Editor.

I WAS extremely fortunate to come across a copy of the latest issue of the wide-awake MURPHY SIGNAL, and pronounce it the "pure quill." Every temperance man, woman and child in the United States should be a subscriber to it. It is highly gratifying to note the grand and rapid strides of temperance in rum-cursed America.

About two years ago, temperance in this city and Marshall county was at a big discount, but now it bids fair to win the day and become chief conquerer. There are three societies in Plymouth, and all in a flourishing condition. The Good Templars number over eighty members, and Temple of Honor upwards of forty-five, with glorious prospects for the future.

The following are the elective officers in the I. O. G. T., and T. of H., to serve during the present term, which commenced May 1st:

I. O. G. T.—W. C. T., J. H. Henry; W. V. T., Mrs. G. W. Hoover; W. T., Miss Emma Yockey; W. S., T. J. Whitmore; W. F. S., W. Morril, W. M., W. F. Young; W. I. G., Miss L. Flosenzier; W. O. G., J. Gunder.

T. of H.—W. C. T., W. R. Fisher; P. W. C. T., R. Neil; W. V. T., Wm. Strunk; W. R., F. D. Lamson; W. F. S., T. J. Whitmore; W. T., Chas. Wilcox; W. U., G. W. Rish; W. I. S., Q. Kelley; W. O. S., P. Green.

Respectfully,

T. JEFF. WHIT.

Plymouth, Ind., May 8th.

The Smoking Christian.

To the Editor:

I HAVE been examining that ancient Book that says so much about Christians. I turned leaf after leaf, and found much about patriarchs, prophets and apostles, but failed to find anything about smoking Christians. I saw that things looked smoky about Sodam at the time Lot left it; and there was smoke in the valley of Achor, which Achan knew something about; and Latham and Abiram knew something about smoke in the incense offered. And there must have been some smoke when the incendiary foxes did so much mischief in Sampson's time. And there was smoke when idolators made their children pass through fire in sacrifice to Moloch. And there must have been smoke when the fiery furnace was kindled in Babylon by the enemies of Daniel. And a plenty of smoke, too, when the converts at Ephesus burned those books worth "fifty thousand pieces of silver." So I find the Scripture is not silent in regard to smoke, but it does not apply the term to Christians. And I think if there was any particular beauty or fragrance in their being together Paul would have known it, and put them together accordingly, among some of the many things he says about Christians. But, in my search, I drove through everything he ever said about them, and came perfectly empty-handed. It cannot, therefore, be essential to religion that one should be a smoking Christian, else, Paul's catalogue of Christian virtues would not have been thus deficient. Since I could not find any direct mention of smoking Christians, I thought I would see if there could be anything which, fairly interpreted, would be likely to exert any quenchable influence upon the fire that such people carry with them; and I had not been long at work before up came a passage which ought to smash every pipe in Christendom and pitch every cigar into the sea. Without saying a word directly against smoking desciples, it utters a rebuke which ought to penetrate every cloud these puffing people gather about them. Just put your eye upon the following: "Finally, my brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely," etc., "think on these things." Here is a whole platoon firing at once. "Whatsoever things are lovely."—Smoker, you are wounded by the apostolic archer! Why, if a man is to put into his character and habits only such things as are lovely, can he partake of such an antagonism as tobacco? Besides being unlovely per se, it is also relatively so; for the smoking disciple smokes everything about him, his clothes, his Bible, even his wife, children and friends, the very atmosphere that other people breathe. Now, if there be anything lovely in all this, who but a desperate smoker can discern it? If there be anything lovely in the matter of smoking, why do we see the warning, "No smoking here," in the railway depot, the car, the hotel? The deciples had better hasten and take their last puff. Perhaps they would do better to stop this side of another world.

RENALDO.

Clinton township.

The Prohibition Convention.

To the Editor:

LET me thank you for the brave and timely words which you use in your paper of the 6th, under the head of "No Compromise." Every good temperance man ought to endorse that excellent sentence, "We want no distinct political movement, but we MUST have law." I am sure that very few WANT any political movement. The fact that we have for twenty-three years tried the political parties, first this, then that, shows that we have been very slow to inaugurate even the half-way political movement which the convention of the 21st contemplates. Is not this long enough? What assurance have we that the next twenty, or the next fifty years will not be a repetition of the last twenty-three, ending in the vilest law that over disgraced any State!

Rev. Bro. McKee is a good man, and no one calls in question the purity of his motives, nor the sincerity of his temperance sentiments, but when he shall have spent forty years in unceasing efforts to reform men and to save the young from habits of intemperance, spending thousands of dollars and laborious days and sleepless nights in the cause, and finds that the liquor traffic stands as a perpetual enemy to his cherished work, and then when, year after year for more than half that time, politicians prove traitors to all their pledges, he will begin to cast about and debate in his mind whether he will surrender to the traffic, or make an open and manly fight upon it.

It is by no means certain that the proposed convention will do the wisest thing possible. The men who are managing it are not dogmatic. No one will say they are not sincere and honest in their purpose, but they are mostly old men and old workers, who have determined to try a new line of action, and I hereby pledge every one of them, that if, after twenty-five years of such a policy as they now propose, the present law, protecting the liquor traffic, or anything half as mean, is in force, they will change their tactics; but surrender never. But they will never again relegate this question to mere politicians Just what they will do I cannot now say. Meanwhile, they have no stones to throw at temperance workers who do not see as they do. They will take even Dr. Crosby by the hand, and help him, as far as he goes, though they verily believe he goes a very short way in the right direction, and politicians may as well make up their minds to face this purpose. It may take two, or ten, or twenty-five years, of earnest, honest, persistent effort; and if politicians want this question out of politics, the only way to do is as they do in Maine, both parties nominate prohibitionists, and vie with each other in the strength of the prohibition sentiments of their respective platforms, all of which I expect to see before I go hence, to fight no more on this question.

T. A. GOODWIN,
Secretary Prohibition League.

Indianapolis, May 7th.

Lake Cicott, Ind.

To the Editor:

WE desire to let the world and all the rest of mankind know that the cause of temperance still progresses in Jefferson. Last Saturday night we had the pleasure of meeting with the temperance organization at the Renbarger schoolhouse. Although this organization is but a few weeks old, it bids fair to become a number one organization; and although they begun their work in the busy season, they number some twenty-five or thirty members. A good interest is manifested, and they are blest with speakers. Good order prevails at their meetings, and we doubt not but success will crown their worthy President, Bro. M. M. Vernon; he is we think the right man in the right place. Five names were added to the roll of honor, the night we were there. Labor on, brothers, and success will crown your efforts.

On last Sunday night we were at Cicott, and we must say that it is surprising to see the crowds that gather there, at this busy season. Bros. Kiney and Abbit of Georgetown, were present, and took part in the speaking; and the home speakers were warmed up by the first address, which was delivered by Bro. John Read, which your humble servant thought was the best temperance speech he ever heard. Good order prevailed, and six names were added to the roll of honor. Among which was our friend, Morris Beamer, who, although, he is a number one citizen, we had no hopes of. The truth and right must prevail.

On last Thursday night, we went to the meeting at Georgetown, and there met with Bros. Graham and Ivans, of your city. A very respectable audience assembled there, who by the good order and attention showed that they were interested in the good cause. The meeting opened by the President, Bro. Wm Kiney, reading a scripture lesson, and Bro. Ivans led in prayer. After singing a song, the writer hereof, was called for, and responded to the call in a fifteen minute talk. The next speaker called for was Bro. Ivans, who ably interested the audience for thirty minutes; and last but not least, came Bro. Graham with a one hour speech, which did credit to the speaker, and good to the cause. This organization is in good running order, and untiring in its efforts to do good. Six names were also added to the roll of honor there that night.

L. SHAW.

Jefferson Tp., Cass Co., Ind., May 17.

Charley Ross the Second—Found.

THE city has regained its equilibrium. Williame Henrye Smith is out in a card, that is, our Williame, our own dear, dearest Williame, (especially dear to the tax-payers) is out, in a card, understand, in which he says, yea, more, he ASSERTS, that, in his opinion, if the voting of Hughes and Ward wasn't wrong it was right. On the announcement that Williame Henrye had held a post mortem examination and given his weighty opinion on the subject, wheat advanced twelve cents on the bushel, and the Wabash r. r. kept running its trains on time, just as though we hadn't a distinguished resident like Williame Henrye. Oh, we'll get even with you, you old Wabash railroad you.

Col. Dick DeHart is announced for a temperance lecture at Murphy Hall some time during the present week.

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The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTE & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, MAY 21, 1879.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription—Per Year, $1,00.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

FOR THE LADIES.

Ivory tulle for neck weak is registered amongst the latest novelties.

For Alsatian bows Jardiniere ribbons are used very extensively.

New and very beautiful fichu are of real Bretonne lace made all in one piece.

Every one wants growing plants at present. Cut flowers are not in brisk demand.

The fashionable walking boots for ladies have black and white tops, with heavy kid uppers.

New chatelaines have tablets attached, which will be found a valuable aid for shopping memorandums.

Netted handkerchiefs for neck wear are shown in all desirable shades. They are very light and dressy.

Summer stockings in lisle thread are embroidered with tall grass and flowers on the instep in natural colors.

The most novel wrap for street wear is a netted chenille shawl or cape, bordered with a deep and handsome fringe.

The latest fans are very unique, and there is a return to simple tastes in the mounting, natural wood stick being largely used.

Bandana dresses are made on a foundation of navy blue gingham, and the kilt plaitings, collar and vest are of the handkerchiefs.

New belts are of black velvet and leather, and have a small clasp-pocket at the buckle, which is very useful for car tickets, etc.

The newest veils are of black tulle with small dots made of very fine gold thread, and a border lightly wrought in gold above the hem.

"Backyards" are fast being turned into gardens. Those who have but a few feet of space are planting it, and will soon reap their reward.

The roofs of extension buildings can easily be covered with soil and planted. This is an ingenious way to have a garden where there is no yard.

Baltimore dressmakers are exacting. They insist upon twenty-nine yards damasse for a polonaise suit, Pinafore buttons, and Corticelli spool silk.

The richest visiting cloakings are made of a thick Sicilienne and of corded and streaked velvet material. Moss fringe is the popular trimming for mantles.

Bunting dresses are trimmed with a gay galloon India colors, glittering with gold and silver threads; camels' hair fabrics are striped with satin, gold and silver.

Muslin de sole is presented for public favor. It is a silk muslin and can be used for drapery over light colored silks; also, for neck wear and millinery purposes.

Many very pretty styles of shawls are shown in light colors and white They are in soft, woolly textures, and for evening wraps and seaside wear are very desirable.

Jacket called "Marechales" are made of blue or dark green fancy cloth, and trimmed with thick galloons of ribbed silk, richly embroidered with amber-colored jet.

No matter how little a woman knows or cares about art, she will never decline the chromo which is given away with every package of coffee.

Lace lisle thread, in very delicate tints and striped with eit
ing shades or a deeper shade of the same color, is the very toniest hosiery for ladies and children.

The latest scarf for neck wear is very sheer linen cambric, edged with Bretonne, and the edge headed with a very narrow lace; the ends of the scarf are round with the lace plaited on.

The present novelties in gloves are the Belgian and mousquetaire kids, which are made without buttons, the longer grades reaching as far up the arm as a glove with four or six buttons.

The prettiest of the new buttons are the mulberry shaped, and they are made of crystal beads in the fashionable colors for dress fabrics. They are crocheted or embroidered with beadwork, by hand.

A balmoral skirt of light-weight brilliantine is trimmed with a flounce cut into points, each point bound with a contrasting color; the flounce is headed with a bias fold bound with color to match the point.

The revival of colors for day wear has made black ones more available for evening purposes, and as a high necked black dress can not be made sufficiently dressy in appearance for grand occasions, the low courage is revived.

Two or three materials enter into nearly every dress. The front of the costume is so lengthened that it resembles a polonaise, and drawn back and laid in close plaits or gathers at the waist line and falls in full drapery over the hips.

"There is one thing about a kiss," said a gentleman to his wife, "that makes life very dear to us men." "Oh I know what it is," was the reply; "it is a pair of pretty lips." "Yes, indeed, and the satisfaction a man has of knowing that the ladies mouth is tightly closed for a short time.

The vest is the part of every dress, excepting those that are made in thin fabrics, but are no longer use or real. They simply give an opportunity for the display of a contrasting fabric, and make believe to be waistcoats and vests of this, that or the other era, without being anything of the sort.

The new overskirts have very bouffant back drapery and shirred front; they are besides, very much higher than they were; sometimes presenting the effect of a panier scarf made to pass around the hips and back in full clusters of plaits. Street dresses do not show the panier, as the loopings of the dress have to be lower down to allow the jacket waist to fit closely to the hips.

A very novel design in mourning handkerchiefs is called the Princess. It has a narrow hem, with a double hemstitched fold inside, and between the hem and fold are small figures embroidered in black. Another very handsome mourning handkerchief is the Eastlake. It is in very sheer lawn, and embroidered in patterns that are entirely different from anything heretofore shown.

The Shoe Question.

I asked one of the belles of Fifth avenue if she allowed a shoe-clerk to put on her shoe.

"Why, of course I do," she said, "and lace them up, too. That is what a shoe-clerk is for. Only a silly woman with country ideas, or a common woman who looks upon the clerk as a probable sweetheart, would object to a shoe-clerk putting on her shoes. Every well-bred lady in New York expects the clerk to lace a new pair of shoes."

"But suppose the clerk should remark, 'You have a pretty foot,' or 'Your foot is small,' would you be indignant?"

"Certainly not. I should consider the remark the same as if a servant had made it. If this Miss Cottrell, of Richmond, had been a true lady, she would never have made such a silly fool of herself; and if Poindexter had not been a harumscarum goose, without true gentlemanly instincts, he would not have killed Mr. Curtis, the simple and innocent shoe-clerk."

"Do you allow a young gentleman clerk to put on a kid glove?"

"Yes. In Paris the glove-clerk always puts on a new glove for you. While I would not allow a young gentleman friend to put on my glove, I consider it highly proper for a glove-clerk to do it."

"Suppose a gentleman at a party in your own set should squeeze your hand in the lances, what would you do?"

"Now, that is a different thing. If he were an intimate friend, I should take it as a joke; but, if he were a casual acquaintance, and I thought he squeezed my hand impertinently, I would cut him dead. I shouldn't tell any one, but the man would suffer a silent punishment."

"Would you go back to the same clerk three times, as did Miss. Cottrell, if he said your foot was pretty?"

"Yes, if I had business there. If his remarks offended me, I should tell him to please make no remark. I shouldn't have gone to my lover with a silly story. The fact is, the whole Richmond foolishness occured among commor, ill-bred people, not used to the usages of refined society;" and then the aristocratic young lady buttoned up her ten-button kids and prepared for a promenade.

Professor Thrum's Pills.

"Ever met Prerfesser Thrum—'Lias J.?"

"I never have. Who is he?"

"Oh, he's a geenyus; one o' the finest 'pearing old gentlemen ye ever see; highly edyecated, comes of a good fam'ly, and jest as keen's a brier."

"What's his business?"

"Preachin' and pillin', mostly: he's principal agent for the Ben Franklin Self-supportin' Pill, and he ex'orts evenin's when he's travellin'. The wimmin-folks jest goes crazy abaout 'Lias. No discaount on 'Lias J. Thrum, I tell yew! Sings a hymn like a swoller. Good many min'sters is more or less pester'd in prare, but 'Lias goes rite 'long, 's if nothin' 't all was the matter. No hitchin' and coughin' to him when he's ingaged; free's a bird, every time."

"Is he a good speaker?"

"The most sperrited ye ever heered."

"Fine voice?"

"Clear's a quill, and loud'n a gun. When the winders is open in aour school-haouse, where he labors frequent, enny body t'other side the river ken hear him. He meks things jump, I tell yew, when he gits agoin'!"

"How is he in argument?"

"Up tew enny on 'em, ye mey depend. Karnt ketch 'Lias where the wool's short, from Genesiz to Revulations. Wish ye'd heered him tackle wun o' yore Boston transildentist fellers who woz up here'n East Nineveh last summer. Fun then, I tell yew. There warn't a piece ov that Massechusetts onbeliever's big as a cloze-pin. Sumb'dy said that air radikel hed lost his mind. 'Lias bust aout larfin, and sez he, 'I wouldn't pick it up ef I faound it layin' raound ennywhere.' That's Lias! he's jest's quick's a flash. He's army Gilyud all over, and a big dog under the wagon tew boot, as the old sayin' is."

"Are the Ben Franklin pills popular in this town?"

"Yes, sir, and ev'ry where else, tew. Look here, yew. Jest work into your lecters suthin 'baout them pills, and Lias 'll sartisfy ye. He wouldn't mind payin' ye well for yer trubble. Most estonishing cures them pills 's brought abaout! Miss Witkum, down here to the Four Corners, couldn't see aout ov her head for more'n a year, on accaount ov her havin', both to wunce, noorology and dispepsy on the spinel marrer; but 'Lias cured her up with cupple o' boxes clean's a wissel. Hiram Perking's teeth was all a-gitten' loose, but a box and harf, o' the Ben Franklin fixed 'em in agin tight's a drum. Hundreds o' cases jest like these is well known in aour caounty, and all over the United States. My brother-in-law 'Rastus Frink's bin in ev'ry port in the world 'cept Californy, and he sez the craowned heads in Urup is naow takin' 'em ev'ry where. Wish ye could hear the prerfesser, with tears in his eyes, indorse 'Rastus's statemunt!"

"The professor believes in the efficacy of the pills he is dealing in so largely, I suppose?"

"That's so; and well he may, for they saved his life when he had water on the heart so bad."

"When was that?"

"Years ago, when he was a young man, comparatively speakin'. Let's see: he was 'tacted with this water on the heart when he was sent a missionerry into the old 'Gypshun country. He tells the story that when he got rort up a-speakin' to them heathen ladies and juntlemen over there on the bank ov the Nile, his feelin's was tew much for his strength, and so this water sot in, fust on his chist. Pooty soon, he sez, his heart gut het up and went to bilin'. If ye put yer ear daown ye could hear it. Wa'al, 'Lias spent thaousands o' dolluz, callin' in the doctors near and fur. No use! They all gin him up, and he come home to die. One day he overheered a man in New York say the Ben Franklin pills was shore remedy for water on the heart, and 'Lias went in for a box on 'em; kep' takin' box arter box, and at the end o' the fifteenth or sixteenth box (he don't naow zactly remember which it was), he begun to improve, and the sizzling' stop inside ov him. Out o' gratitood he excepted a agency, and he's gone on introdoocin' them pills into ev'ry quarter o' the known globe. Turkey, Prooshy, Aysha, Chiny, every where 'most, he's introdooced 'em by word o' maouth. When he goes aout to Ingey he allers stops at the palli, and all the high-preists waits on him abaout. The grandees thinks ev'ry thing on him aout there in England and Rooshy. It's good's a play to hear 'Lias tell over his travels out there When he went to Kankynoo, aout in Jappan, more'n a hundred elefunts, all rigged up in golden jewills, walked tew and tew in the royle percession to meet him on the worf. 'Lias sez the king's family warnts him to come aout there and settel, but he rather thinks he sharn't dew it at present. He's dreadfully 'tached to this 'ere form o' guverment, but he may alter his mind, byme-by, and pull up stakes agin. Wish ye could see Prerfesser Thrum's kleckshun curositiz he gut together in Jruslum: gut a leetle piece o' Maount Arrerroot 'mung 'em, and a genowyne lock o' hair o' the prodigul son. One the most valooble things he's gut's the stun that killed Goliar: sez he wouldn't take ten thaousand dolluz for it; bin offered nine by the British guvment, ever'n over agin'."

"I notice you call Mr. Thrum Professor. What is he professor of?"

"Re-ligion and doctorin' mostly, I guess. His keerd runs, 'Prerfesser 'Lias J. Thum—the Ben Franklin Self-supportin' Pills, wholesale and retail."
—[Harper's Magazine for June.

Gone to Glory.

To-day about 4,000 people assembled to witness the execution of Hezekiah Bradley, colored, for the murder of Pollock, on Christmas, 1878. The gallows was erected on the prairie, one mile from town. Precisely at 3 o'clock the prisoner, dressed in black frock coat and white pants, accompanied by Sheriff Forman and deputies, emerged from jail. His wife followed him with wild shrieks and bade him good-bye, saying she would meet him in glory.

On the way to the gallows the murderer clasped an ivory crucifix, and said he was ready and willing to die.

Among the spectators of the execution, and seated on a chair in the shadow of the gallows, was Mrs. Pollock, a tall, young and handsome woman, widow of the murdered man, John Pollock. Mrs. Pollock, attended by one or two male friends, with grim satisfaction witnessed the whole proceedings, and looked her husband's murderer straight in the face as the black cap went over it.

Rev. J. B. Hardwicke addressed the crowd, warning them against whisky and carrying pistols. Bradley then spoke from the gallows, confessing his crime, and saying that he was so drunk at the time that he did not know he had killed a man until afterward. He said:

My friends, you see me here, but you will see me no more. I am going home to dwell with Jesus. His voice came to me this night. I tell you all, dear friends, you will never see me again till the resurrection. I hope and trust we may all meet on the banks of de sweet riber, and all eat and drink sweet milk and honey. Don't drink whisky or carry six-shooters. I am going to range the New Jerusalem and its golden streets, where I am going to drink sweet milk and honey. Take warning from me; I am going home to Jesus; I have now got to appear befo' de bar of God.

The prisoner recited the hymn beginning:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,"

and after confessing the crime, said he did not know Pollock, and had no malice toward him. At a few minutes past 3 o'clock the drop fell, and Ezekiah Bradley was launched into eternity.—[Bryan (Texas) Special.

Shakespeare's Early Married Life.

The Hathaways had lived in Shottery for forty years prior to Shakespear's marriage. The poet, the wholly undistinguished, had just turned eighteen, while his bride was nearly twenty-six, and it is often said now that she did very wrong to wed this boy-lover. They were married in November, 1851, and their first child, Susanna, came in the following May. Anna Hathaway must have been a wonderfully fascinating woman, or Shakespeare would not so have loved her; and she must have loved him dearly—as what woman, indeed, could help it?—or she would not thus have yielded to his passion. There is direct testimony to the beauty of his person; and in the light afforded by his writings it requires no extraordinary penetration to conjecture that his brilliant mind, sparkling humor, tender fancy and impetuous spirit must have made him in his youth the very paragon of enchanters. It is not known where they lived durthe first years after their marriage. Perhaps with Hamnet and Judith Sadler, for whom thier twins, born in 1585, were named Hamnet and Judith. Her fathe.'s house assuredly would have chosen for Annie's refuge, when presently, in 1826, Shakespear was obliged to leave his wife and children, and go away to London to seek his fortune. He did not buy New Place till 1597, but it is known that in the meantime he came to his native country once every year. It was Stratford that his son Hamnet died in 1596. Anne and her children probably had never left town. They show her bedstead and other bits of her furniture, together with certian homespun sheets of everlasting linen, that are kept as heirlooms to this day, in the garret of the Shottery cottage. Here is the room that must have welcomed the poet when he came home from his labors in the great city. It is a very homely humble place, but the very sight of it makes the very heart trill with a strange and incommunicable awe. You can not wish to speak when you are standing there. You are scarcely conscious of the low rumbling of the leaves outside, the far-off sleepy murmuring of the brook, or the faint fragrance of woodbine and maiden's blush that is wafted in at the open casement, and that swathes in nature's incense a memory sweeter than itself.

A Frugal and Industrious Emperor.

If simplicity, conscientiousness and solicitude for the welfare of his subjects constitute the main characteristics of a good monarch, assuredly Franz Joseph I. will rank in history among the best sovereigns, of Austria. I am not called upon, on this occasion, to examine the political results of his reign, nor, indeed, to comment at length on the personal merits of the Emperor. My object is merely to account for the demonstrations of loyalty which are forthcoming to-day from all parts of the country. They are unmistakably national and spontaneous. I have searched in vain for a trace of that official "co-operation" which, a short time ago, on a similar occasion, I witnessed elsewhere. Here there is nothing of the kind; and I have no doubt that, were it not for the sentiments they convey, the Emperor would very willingly dispense with these manifestations. His mode of living is simple, and he is known to be the hardest worker of the whole monarchy. He rises every morning at five. As soon as he has finished his toilet he takes a cup of black coffee, smokes a "Virginia" cigar, and reads the reports of his Chef du Cabinet. Sometimes accompanied by an aide-de-camp, and sometimes quite alone, he afterwards takes his morning walk, and, on coming home, toward nine o'clock, he goes to the Empress' apartments, when she is in Vienna. He then gives audiences, often as many as 100 the same day, all his subjects having the right to ask for one, provided they be persons of good character. At twelve he takes lunch, which always consists of the simplest possible fare. Black bread and Pilsner beer are served on the Emperor's luncheon table every day. In the afternoon he sallies out again, and frequently pays a visit to some industrial establishment. He dines at six, and very seldom goes to bed later than nine. His only recreation is hunting and shooting. His simple and industrious habits contribute to inspire his people with confidence and respect.—[London Telegraph.

He Didn't Get Mad.

He was named Thomas and she was named Jane. They sat down upon a hotel balcony yesterday for three long hours, and gave themselves dead away as being out-of-towners. As they sat down Thomas took one of Jane's hands. She allowed that sort of thing to go on without a word of protest, and the flaxen haired youth finally seized the other one. They talked and talked and looked down the street, and the hours slipped away. At the end of a third hour she said: "Tommy, dearest, I want to ask you something." "Ask me a hundred—a thousand—a million things!" he exclaimed in reply. "Well, Tommy, I've got an awful cold in my head," she continued," and if I drew one of my hands away and wiped my nose would you think I was mad? I have either got to do that, Tommy, or let my nose wipe itself. Just one wipe, Tommy, and then you may have it back. Tommy released her hand, though he hated to, and her nose was softly and duly wiped.—[Detroit Free Press.

Splitting the Difference.

A young man with the blush of country life on his cheeks sold out his produce on the market yesterday and entered a shoe store and said he wanted a pair of shoes for his wife.

"What number?" asked the clerk.

The young husband scratched his head, looked very much embarrassed, and finally said:

"Well, I've been married six months, but this shoe business stumps me. I don't hardly believe she wears 'levens, and I don't think she kin git into fives. I guess if we split the difference we'll hit her pretty close."

He was given a pair of eights, and after squinting along the soles he observed:

"I guess them'll do. She's awful proud, and I know she'll squeeze into 'em for all she's worth.—[Detroit Free Press.

The boys are shocked at the report that Edison has invented "a lightning rod for schools."

CONDIMENTS.

United drops of perspiration are poor relations.

The man with the toothache has a phizachal trouble.

Beware of dried apples; they live not wisely, but to swell.

It's a good deal better to be a live cabbage-head than a dead beat.

It is strange that nobody spells Swinecinnati correctly or Pitchburg.

There is nothing mysterious about mosquitoes. It is easy to show how they may-nip you-late.

"Two for a scent," as the drug clerk said when a young couple entered the store and asked for a bottle of cologne.

One of the problems which puzzles a musician is how to strike a bee flat without getting stung by its demisemiquaver.

The Cincinnati Commercial finds cause to caustically remark that every day of the week is to the paragrapher a Satireday.

Eve was the first, and we reckon, the only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

A Connecticut man recently said, "Lend me a dollar. My wife has left, and I want to advertise that I am not responsible for her debts."

How a woman can keep on talking while she is twisting up her hair and has her mouth full of hair-pins, is a mystery not yet explained.

What is more deserving of our sympathy than a young man with fifteen cents in his pocket, a girl on each arm, and seven ice cream signs in sight?

The ladies of Chicago have no sympathy for Mrs. Robert, who murdered a man. They have all they can do to weep sufficiently over the murderers.

"Fie! Mollie," quoth Reuben to Mary; "'tis a pity we can't agree." "Fie Mollie is good, sir," she answered; "but yo'll find you can't Mollie-fie me."

About the guiltiest looking people in this world are a man accused of a crime of which he is innocent, and a newly-married couple trying to pass for veterans.

A Texas chap shot five men and no attention was paid to it, but one day he stole a mule, and in less than an hour the infuriated citizens hanged him.

Mamma: Well, Freddy, what hymn did you have at church this morning? Miss Russell (prompting); Sun of my Soul. Freddy (promptly): Sun of Miss Russell's soul.

The musical click of the croquet balls and the effeminate swear word of the village pastor are simultaneous ripples on the smooth current of this wicket, wicket world.

A "hardly ever" temperance society has been formed down east. When a member is asked if he drinks he says, "hardly ever, but if I do, it is about this time of day."

A wag, who was also a philosopher, once said that if some men's bodies were no straighter than their minds they would be crooked enough to ride on their own backs.

It was disagreeable to find one's shaving brush connected with the blacking box, but who could chide a tired wife with a black steak meandering down her little nose

Mrs. Partington again—"Poor man!" said the old lady, "so he's really gone at last! Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think that if he lived two years more he'd have been a centurion."

Little six-year-old was obliged to take a dose of medicine that left an unpleasant taste in the mouth. When asked how he liked it, he said, "It's good enough, all but the end of it."

Tit-for-tat—Mamma (to Hamilton, who has been put in the corner because he would not say "please")—"You may come out now, Hamilton!" Hamilton—"Not till you say 'please,' mother!"

"The moon is always just the same," he said, languidly, "and yet I always find some new beauty in it." "It's just so with the circus," she answered. He took the hint and bought ticket for two.

That was a ghastly joke that a sinful townsman played on a stranger, whom he promised to introduce to a rich planter, and then took him around and presented him to the leading undertaker.

A man in Michigan swapped his horse for a wife. An old bachelor acquaintance said he'd bet there was something wrong with the horse, or its owner would never have fooled it away in that reckless manner.

A little girl, where a minister had been invited to dinner, was privately placed on her good behavior. Finding a lull in the conversation at the tea-table, she folded her hands and said: "O God, please pass the butter."

It is an editor with modesty the most intense in the land who writes the following: "Tiring of their Lydia Thompson appearance, the maple trees are going down in their trunks for their spring and summer suits."

"Are turnips very sweet, ma?" asked a four year old. "Why do you ask, my dear?", replied her mother. "Cause papa told our Soosan that her two-lips were sweeter than wine jelley." Susan took a new departure that afternoon.

The following testimonial of a certain patent medicine speaks for itself: "Dear Sir: Two months ago my wife could scarcely speak. She has taken two bottles of your 'Life Renewer,' and now she can't speak at all. Please send me two more bottles. I wouldn't be without it."

As soon as the meadow
Is draped with flowers,
And robins are singing
Throughout the fleet hours,
And down in the valley
The butterflies caper.
The druggist serenely
Lays in his fly-paper.

BEAUTIFUL BEGUMS.

Oriental Women Who Have Risen to Power.

It is by a very rare opportunity indeed that a woman rises to sovereign power in any Oriental country. Everything is against her. Secluded in the privacy of the zenana, she is outside the circle of political movement, and regarded with, at best, a benevolent contempt, it must be a most unusual combinition of circumstances that elevates her to a state of independence, to say nothing of command. Nothing can be imagined more severe and degrading than the position of abject dependence the old law of the Hindoo imposed on women. "Day and night," says Menu, "must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence. Their fathers protect them in childhood; their husbands protect them in youth; their sons protect them in age; a woman is never fit for independence." Emancipate themselves, however, they did occasionally from this normal state of subjugation and seclusion. Great emergencies sometimes raised up Hindoo women to a conspicuous place in Hindoo history, and Ferishta tells plenty of stories of female heroism and devotion. There was a queen-mother named Durgavati, who to this day is hymned and celebrated in Hindoo annals as a sort of Zenobia or Boadicea. She led her troops in person against the invading Mohammedans; seated on an elephant, she set an example of courage and devotion, and, when the day was irretrievably lost, she seized a dagger from her elephant driver and stabbed herself, to escape falling into the hands of her conquerors.

And, during the Mohammedan regime, which followed, we have records of more than one sultana who exchanged the divan for the throne, o more than one lady of the harem whose courage and ability shamed the effeminacy of the ruling sex. During the Afghan and Mogul dynasties, we have plenty of instances of women who schemed and fought, and conspired, and ruled, and in their turn succumbed to the bow-string or the "cup of coffee." The story of the beautiful Noor Mahal is specially romantic. The picturesque circumstances of her birth and exposure and miraculous preservation have attracted the notice of a score of writers who have outdone each other in their luxuriance of detail. She had only to be seen to be loved by the Emperor Sehangir. She was engaged to be married, but that was a slight obstacle in the way of an amorous Mogul. The Omrah who was to have been the happy man was put quietly out of the way. She was raised by the weak Prince to a height that no mere lady of the harem had ever reached before, and her long lease of power had a very important influence indeed on the downward course of the moribund empire. A hundred years later still, when that empire was being crumpled up under the hand of Clive, the historians of India recount an episode, showing that even in that eleventh hour of the Mohammedan supremacy female heroism was not extinct. At the battle of Trincomalee, in 1767, the Nizam, who should have fought against Hyder Ali, ranaway. His ladies had been brought on elephants to witness his expected triumph. In his panic he ordered that their elephants should be turned too, when from one of the covered canopies a woman's voice was heard to cry: "This elephant has not been taught to turn; he follows the standard of the empire."

The title of Begum is of comparatively modern application in India. It is obviously the feminine of the affix Beg, which signifies, both in Turkish and in the Tartar tongues, a lord or prince. In Persia it is said to have hardly so important a significance; and in England, in all probability, it would not have had the familiarity it has long possessed were it not for the tale of horror and pathos that the eloquence of Burke wound round the fate of those mysterious old ladies who have gone by the name of Begums of Oude. If the student of Indian history is not well up in all that concerns these Princesses of Fyzabad, in justice she should not blame the historians, who have written page after page to commemorate their rather mythical suffering, while they have thought a line sufficient to chronicle the days of Paniput or Plassy. We have all of us read of how Fyzabad was surrounded by the troops of the company; how the rich old ladies—the mother and grandmother of Asaph-ul-Dowlah—pleaded poverty; and how, "by using some severities," as Mr. Middleton wrote to Sir Elijah Impey with the eunuchs Jewar Ali Khan and Behar Ali Khan, Hastings found his way to their hoards. "We should have lost India if we had not plundered the Begums," was the blunt excuse of the imperious pro-consul. He bled the old ladies of their millions to replenish the coffers of the State, which were terribly empty, not to fill his own pockets, and this is the best, perhaps the only excuse for his high-handed proceeding that posterity can frame. And while we are on the subject of Warren Hastings it would be rank treason to pass over the claims of the beautiful Marian Imhoff to a place in the catalogue of Indian princesses. "Born under tho Arctic circle," says Macaulay, "she was destined to play the part of a queen under the tropic of Cancer." But there is no evidence whatever to prove that she was born at Archangel. We know but very little about her beyond that her husband was a Baron by title, a miniature painter by profession, and that Hastings made her acquaintance on board the good ship the Duke of Grafton on his way back to India in 1769. The story goes that the future Governor-General fell ill, and that the Baroness nursed him; that before he reached Madras, whither he was going as a member of Council, he was irretrievably in love, and that the Franconian divorce court made short work of the Franconian miniature painter, who went back to exercise his talent in his own land. Marian Imhoff, or Marian Hastings, as she afterwards became, naturally shared some of the obloquy which attached to her lord. The accusations leveled against Hastings proceeded generally from one political party, and the Whigs, who had discovered the husband to be a Verres, jumped, rightly or wrongly, to the conclusion that the wife was a Messalina. Her fascinations her enemies were never tired of dilating on. That she was beautiful was almost the front of her offending; for that beauty, it was insinuated, she had used to endeavor to defeat the ends of justice. In India it was urged against her that she had received presents; in England she was accused of making presents; and the Whig committee that were preparing the impeachment of her husband were terribly afraid of the winning ways and bewitching deportment of that modern Delilah.

These later humdrum days of ours have given Indian princesses who have played an important part of their own in the Indian Empire. Undoubtedly late rule and example have brought women into greater prominence in native States, and lately in Hindoo as well as in Mohammedan principalities the "Begum" or "Ranee" has taken a position it would have been impossible for her to occupy some time ago. Occasionally inconveniences have been experienced from the rise of a woman to supreme power—the Ranee of Jeypore, for instance, gave us no little bother fifty years ago—but on the whole it must be admitted that feminine rule has been distinctly of advantage to the States where it existed. In Bhopal this has been especially the case. Two very remarkable princesses have affected during the last sixty years the fortunes of the State. Secunder Begum, who ascended the throne of Bhopal in 1818, was a woman of masculine accomplishments. She introduced reforms into her administration that made the Conservatives among the Bhopalese stare aghast. She took a Christian for her Prime Minister, and joined a Mussulman and a Brahmin with him to assist him in his labors. She held her durbars without the protection of a screen, and rode on horseback without a veil. Such proceedings caused scandal in Bhopal, and the young Nabob, who had been shelved by his aunt in a somewhat arbitrary manner, took advantage of her unpopularity to raise an army against her. Sir Charles Metcalfe, the then acting Governor General, interfered between the aunt and nephew; the Begum abdicated and retired to her "jaghire," and the young Nabob reigned in her stead. Fortunately he did not long survive his elevation, and was succeeded by his daughter, the present Begum. She has been a greater reformer than ever her great aunt, Secunder Begum. She has paid off her national debt, inaugurated a new judicial system, and established a new police. Her energy and ability are unsurpassed among the potentates of India, princes or princesses. She has the reputation of being an ardent sportswoman, and as a reviewing general, on parade she is said to be the equal of Scindiah, and the superior of Holkar. Her fidelity to the British Crown during the Great Mutiny did England incalculable service; and for this and other good offices, the Star of India glitters on her ample breast.—[Boston Recorder.

Amusements at Sea.

All the Cunard and other large steamships possess a good library for light reading, besides which there are usually many little solacements for relieving the tedium of the first-class passengers. When the weather is fine there are games of shovel-board on the deck, that draw a number of players and onlookers. The pieces of wood are flat discs, as in the case of bowls. This forms an agreeable recreation, and affords good exercise. When outdoor amusement is impracticable the saloon has its cluster of passengers, busy at something or other. One party will be playing whist; another is eagerly watching a game of chess; a third will be listening to a tale of the sea by an old salt; a fourth party is attending to a game of backgammon. In the evening, when lamps are lit, there is sometimes a kind of musical concert, for which an obliging young lady, or, perhaps, a musically inclined purser, presides at the piano. Often in ships of this description there is a good deal of heavy betting. The bets will be as to the day and hour of arrival at port, what will be the number of the first pilot-boat that presents itself, and so on; some of the bets being sufficiently ridiculous and the cause of much fun, but also the loss of a good deal of money. In all well-regulated vessels, the ship officers are strictly excluded from gaming or betting.

The youngsters who happen to be on board have their own amusement in the games and sports of children. To these juveniles, the cow is an object of much interest. The poor animal, which is required for the sake of its milk, occupies (as we have seen it) a booth at the corner of one of the paddle-boxes. There, well-bedded, and tied up cow-house fashion, it is observed munching its food with the most perfect placidity; although a thousand miles from home, and the sea all around with long sweeping waves, might be supposed to disturb its equanimity. For air, it has a door, with the upper part left open. Stretching over the lower half-door, the children look in and make their comments on the comfortable quarters, speak of the nice smell of hay, and wonder if the cow is ever sea-sick. We have seldom seen a fractious child in arms who has not been soothed by being treated to a look at the cow. This practice of taking cows to sea is one of the luxuries of modern traveling. A concern such as the Cunard has an establishment of cows at Liverpool and New York, and there is a change of animals each voyage. A curious life that for a cow. Twelve days browsing in a field and stretching its legs, and the next twelve crossing the Atlantic. If one of these cows could write the story of its life, it might tell of having crossed the Atlantic a hundred and fifty times, and seen a good deal of the world.—[From Good Words.

A Birds' Wing Merchant.

One of the customers of this curious coffee seller I must speak of, since I noted his bundle and inquired the cause of his wearing a feather in his sombrero. Seeing at a glance that I was a stranger, he became, perhaps, more polite and communicative than he otherwise would be. The exquisite taste of the Parisian ladies serve admirably to display their charms. Their toilettes are delightful, and whatever the fashion may be, they appropriate it with inimitable art. I might dwell at length on the ways and the means outside of the brigand avenues of Worth and his companions of modiste pillage, to show how this toilette art is produced and perfected. All the excellences in costume can be obtained in this city, minus the ridiculously extravagant charges of these Mantalini highwaymen. Let me speak of this wayfarer by the coffee stand and his calling in life:

"Yes, sir; I wear this feather because it is the symbol of my trade, and this bundle, too, contains feathers that you speak of as giving an odor. And, sir, I am proud of my calling. Do you know that the martyr King Louis XVI delighted in slaughtering swallows, and killed as many as two hundred in a single day? But I kill them not. I only tear off their wings!"

"What, tear them off the live bird?" I remarked in horror.

"Yes, sir; that is the only way t preserve their luster in the hats of the fair and fashionable ones."

"But how do you catch the live swallows?"

"Fish for them, sir?"

I begin to be incredulous, but the pale coffee-sipper at once relieves my doubts, and tells me that he sets a series of fine silk threads pendant from poles in the quarries of Arcueil and Gentilly, and to the ends of those threads are attached flies fluttering in the air. The swallows in their rapid flight overlook the artificial nature of these snares and swallow the bait, when they are speedily caught and divested at once of their wings. Sometimes, when the weather is warm and stormy and the swallow flies low, as many as three hundred are caught per day in this way and cruelly mutilated. This explains what I have more than once noticed in the suburbs of Paris, the writhing body of a wingless bird. I could not help suggesting to this "tearer of wings" that he might at once relieve the poor birds of their agonized pain by killing them outright, after plucking their pinions.—[Paris Correspondence Baltimore Sun.

A Loving Spouse.

He was young and handsome, and his name was Adam Feldser. On the 3d of January last he attended a ball in New York. There a ravishing vision dawned upon him in the shape of Miss Elise Klein, with whom he fell violently in love at first sight. He wooed her that night like a tropical storm, and he had not known her three hours before he had proposed and been rejected. But her refusal did not cool his passion. He pressed his suit so ardently, so irresistibly, that when he parted from her in the we sma' hours, he gained her shyly whispered "yes." Just one month later they were married, and Adam was as happy as Adam 1. in Eden until the other night, on going home, he found that Elsie's cousin, Joseph Platz, had folded his (Adam's) ulster around him and silently stolen her away. He followed and found them, but Mrs. Adam declined to forsake her cousin; whereupon Adam threatened to prosecute that gentleman for stealing his ulster. Negotiations were then commenced which ended in Adam's releasing all right, title, and interest in and to his ulster and wife, in consideration of $250 in hand paid by said Joseph Platz. Elsie, when asked if she intended to get a divorce and marry Platz, replied that she is Mrs. Platz already. Why spend any more money; she has her paper from Adam? Whereupon she produces a document couched in these words: "Joseph Platz paid me $250 for my ulster which he got in St. Louis with mine Elsie.

"ADAM FELDSER."

How They Earned a Farm.

A young man, says the Cincinnati Times, was very anxious to secure a piece of property which was for sale on very advantageous terms. He went to confer with a friend who was a banker, and to inquire whether it would be prudent to borrow the requisite sum and pay it in regular instalments, thinking that he should be able to manage all but the first instalment. He was advised to borrow from the bank a sum large enough to cover the first payment, lay it strictly aside, and then go ahead. "But," said his friend, "you must spend literally nothing. You must make a box and drop in it all the money you receive." The young man and his wife went bravely to work to follow his advice. If it was necessary to dine on a head of boiled cabbage and salt they did so and never grumbled. Every pa ment was promptly met. The egg money, and the butter money, and the corn and wheat money—all went into the payment box, and at a specified time the place was theirs. There was an invisible wealth about such hard earned possessions that common observers knew nothing of. On the day of the last payment the young man presented himself before his friend with a smiling face and with the money in his hand. There were no rags to be seen, but his clothing was well covered with darns from head to foot. "You see I have followed your advice," he said, casting a glance over himself, "and my wife looks worse than I do. But I have earned the farm, and now I know how to earn another."

California.

Rev. S. H. Wiley, one of the pioneer missionaries of the American Home Missionary Society to this coast, has just published a volume entitled "Thirty Years in California." It brings up some facts that show us on what small things, apparently, the destinies of States and nations may turn. In 1846 there were already many immigrants and adventurers from the United States and Europe here. They knew nothing of the existence of gold here, but regarded the country as valuable on account of its fine climate and its possible commercial relations with Asia and the island world of the Pacific. They felt that in order to develop its resources it ought to be no longer a Mexican province, but an independent State under the protection of some great commercial nation. The majority of the settlers favored a British protectorate. The British government was advised of their views and had a fleet in the Pacific watching the course of events, and ready to take possession as soon as there was any action of the people that would afford a pretext. The United States government had advices from its friends here, who, though few in number, were very decided and energetic. It had also a fleet on this side of the continent with instructions to act in certain emergencies. A convention met at Santa Barbara in March, 1846. The Americans, finding the British in a majority, succeeded in procuring an adjournment. Before that convention met again war broke out between the United States and Mexico. There were no telegraphs in those days. The news crept slowly across the continent and reached the American commander at Mazatlan, and the British commander at San Blas at about the same time. Both knew that the decisive hour for California had come. Both at once weighed anchor and set sail for Monterey. Commodore Sleat arrived first, and took possession of the country in the name of the United States. Eight days later Admiral Seymour, in the British ship Collingwood, entered the harbor. He was too late. What he would have done had he come first is known only to him and his government. But the impression is that he had such authority to act from the city of Mexico, as well as from London, that we should have had to face the possibility of a struggle with England or abandon California. Little did either party know of the real value of the prize, and how much depended upon the relative speed of those war ships upon the coast.

Again, in February, 1846, the packet ship Brooklyn sailed from New York with 260 Mormons on board. They were the advance guard of the westward movement, planned by Brigham Young. It is now evident that his objective point was not Salt Lake, but the Pacific ocean. He had learned about California from the explorations of Fremont and thought he could buy it, or enough of it for his purpose, from the Mexican government. Hence, he sent this ship with a colony on board well supplied with agricultura implements and arms, and then started overland with the rest of his people. The Brooklyn reached San Francisco on the 31st of July, after an unusually long voyage. It found the stars and stripes floating over the harbor. Bitter was the disappointment of the colonists. Messengers were sent overland to meet Brigham Young, and the result was that he stopped at Salt Lake. If that column of 15,000 Mormons had reached San Francisco when it was a village with only a few hundred inhabitants, it might be to-day the headquarters of the latter day saints. Had the Brooklyn arrived a month earlier the colonists upon her could have taken possession of the harbor at least, and their prior occupancy would have complicated matters in the settlement of the embryo city. These two narrow escapes in July, 1846, from a British protectorate and a Mormon occupancy, the atheist may say were lucky for California. But we see in them the will and purpose of him who holds the winds in his hands.

It was important that the title to this country should be definitely settled and a strong government established before the gold-hunters rushed here from all the world. Look at the coincidence of time in this regard. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, by which Mexico ceded California to the United States, was signed February 2, 1848. On that same day Marshall rode in from Sutter's Mill with the grains of gold that he had found in digging the race. The land was ours by the treaty, and now the golden news went forth to summon thousands to occupy it. If gold had been found before the treaty was signed, Mexico might not have been so willing to cede the country to us. She thought she was surrendering what was of little value.

How narrowly California escaped being a slave State few people now understand. Congress would not give it a territorial government, for it was gi- the midst of the Kansas-Nebraska a ed tation. So the people met and adopt n a State constitution. And, being the e mostly miners, they put in an article prohibiting slavery. Soon after th constitution was adopted there was a large migration from the Southern States. Many planters came with their slaves. They saw that the fertile plains of this coast were admirably adapted for large estates and for the prosperity of the patriarchial institution. If California had been a territory then slavery would, no doubt, have been established here, and when the great rebellion came the State might have joined the Southern Confederacy and been desolated by civil war. It was a manifest providence that the question was settled so early, for in 1860 the people were nearly equally divided and there was a sectional contest here almost equal to that of the border States on the other side of the mountains.

In view of present agitations and complications on this coast it is interesting to recall these providential interpositions. I believe that God will overrule in the future as in the past that he will make the wrath of men praise Him, and will restrain the remainder thereof. The contest over the proposed new constitution waxes warm. It is Kearneyism against the rest of the people. I think that the people will rally and reject the constitution. It is crude, clumsy and full of doubtful innovations.

A Great Convenience.

The stories of ruin every day, sometimes on good authority, are horrible. Fortunes, trust money, provision for children and widows, the sums acquired by the sale of commissions, sums raised on house and land, have disappeared in a few days or hours. Often it is the extravagance of the companion that drives her victim back to the tables, deeper and deeper. But the women themselves are the most reckless gamblers. The common computation is a suicide a month, and there sometimes comes three or four together. On the ramparts of the garden of Monaco, there are several points from which ruined gamblers have thrown themselves into the sea, 00 feet below. Only the other day "lady" threw herself out of her third floor chamber into the road. There have been suicides in the rooms of the Casino and one at the table itself. Having staked and lost his last franc, a gentleman stood up and drew a pistol and discharged it in his mouth. For the reception of such scandals there is provided a room handy for the railway which passes almost directly under the Casino. Some inquest there must be, and it is performed by the servants of the establishment. But most of the victims go away and hide themselves and die like a sick dog, in some corner, where they hasten death, or let a broken heart take its course. It is impossible even to conjecture the total amount of the annual ruin; nor is that an important matter, for the loss of a few hundreds is utter ruin to some people as tens of thousands is to others. When a man cannot meet his creditors, even his wife and children, it is all over with him, unless he is devoid of natural feeling and lost to shame. The mere excitement of a day's gambling has been known to kill people constitutionally weak of heart or head, whether they have won or lost. Ecstasy works the effect of despair in such cases. People have been known to go to Monte Carlo after being assured by friends and doctors that it will be their death and if they do, return home late, and die in a few hours. The attraction once given way to becomes irresistible. It is on this fact that the bank chiefly stands. If a visitor loses, he leaves the table and there is an end of him. If he gains, he always returns and plays till he has lost everything.—[Monaco Letter to London Times.

"The Lesser of Two Evils."

She was a trifle shrewish looking, but by the aid of a few tears and the withdrawal of a few hairpins she managed to appear disheveled and distressed.

"John Wilson," said Justice Wandell to the little man peeping at her from the folds of his cravat, "John Wilson, you have left your true and lawful wife and gadded in parts unknown. Are you ready to return to your domestic duties, or must I commit you?"

John took a sidelong glance at the complainant, and muttered audibly:

"That depends."

"Well, John, step up to her," said the court, encouragingly. "Shake hands and state conditions."

John hesitated, took half a step and raised his hand in a shaky, spasmodic way. She grabbed it and held on for dear life. When he shuddered and edged away she clung all the tighter.

"Susan," he said, "ef we jine company agin you'll cleave t' me through thick an' thin?"

"I will, John."

"There'll be no more bobtail dinners and short cut suppers at home?"

"No John."

"You won't heave the stove lid, dear, or cut up with the rolling pin?"

"No, John."

"You'll be there all the time?"

"Yes, John."

"An' the baby 'il be there?"

"Yes, John."

"Will your mother be there too, dear?"

"Sometimes John."

"By gum, I thought so. That settles it. Judge, you make out them commitment papers right away. Send me up for a good spell. And let them papers be stiff and solid too, Judge, or that cussed old woman she calls mother'll yank me out on a habeas corpus.

There was no compromise.—[New York Herald.

Intelligence of a Horse.

A gentleman living in Surrey, England, had a very fine horse stolen about six months ago, and tried in vain to trace him. As he was passing—Blackfriars bridge the week before last, a horse neighed very loudly. Mr. —— recognized the sound, and looking round saw five horses tied up close to the entrance of the bridge. One of them again neighed. It was surely his lost favorite nag, and the animal showed that he knew his former owner, but in changing hands he had also changed color. He had been cleverly dyed or painted a dark brown; when stolen from the stable he was a bay. The new color was very soon washed off; and Mr. —— recovered his property, but failed to trace the thief, who had sold him at a fair in Hants to the man in whose possession his master had found him. The horse had always been in the habit of neighing when his master entered the stable, and had evidently seen him as he was about to cross the bridge, and hailed him.

QUEEN VICTORIA has the honor of being a great-grandmother, her granddaughter, Princess Charlotte, of Prussia, being the mother of a daughter, who was born last Monday.

INDIANA STATE LIBRARY INDIANAPOLIS

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST

W. J. POTTE & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS

W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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31.
31st.
40,000.
XXXI.
RALLY.
JUBILEE.
THE 31st.
BOOMING!
TO-NIGHT.
RUM howls.
THIRTY-ONEST.
JUBI-ha, ha-LATE.
MEETINGS crowded.
WE have won again.
WHO gets the banner?
EVERY night this week.
GRAND rally on the 31st.
GOOD speakers on the 31st.
Hughes and Ward to-night.
THE Pharos has backed down.

MOULTRIE COUNTY, Illinois is without a saloon.

WE acknowledge compliment in Monitor Journal.

CLAY TOWNSHIP is working hard for the banner,—31st.

SEYMOUR, this State, will jubilate on the 6th of June.

BRING your friends on the 31st, and your neighbors also.

THE best speakers in the country will be here on the 31st.

LAFAYETTE HUGHES and Lafayette, Indiana, are inseperable.

MILO WARD has more relatives in Cass county than he can count.

SEVERAL of the manufactnring establishments will close for the 31st.

JEFFERSON will show great strength in competition for the banner on the 31st.

THE whisky organ of Lafayette copies and endorses the Pharos articles. It is significant.

A GRAND lodge I. O. G. T. was organized for Nevada on the twenty-fifth of February.

COL. J. S. WILLIAMS, President Lafayette Union, will be at the hall to-night. Hear him.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union meet in State Convention at Shelbyville, May 28.

"ILLEGAL VOTING" and the illegal sale of rum are two entirely different things—in the opinion of some.

THE whisky men have lost ground by the Pharos articles, although it is presumed they paid for them in cash.

IT is unnecessary to state that whisky journals are as bitter against churchs as they are temperance organizations.

THE big one, Milo Ward, will talk to the people of Spring Creek next Friday night. Give the boy a large audience.

SEVENTY-FIVE Good Templar lodges of Kentucky either own or have an interest in the halls in which they meet.

AN elegant banner will be given to the township, outside of Eel, that sends the largest delegation on the 31st.

WE have not a word to say against law-abiding saloon keepers, but their traffic only, for which the people are responsible.

The city has been remarkably pious ever since the election, not a single drunk having been arraigned before the mayor.

THE Rising Sun temperance union is holding large and interesting meetings. Bro. W. H. Lyon has been elected President.

The Sunday school of the First Presbyterian Church has arranged for an excursion to Rome City on Saturday, May 24th.

INVITATION is extended to every temperance man in the State to participate in the grand demonstration on the 31st of May.

THE Murder Advocate, of Lafayette, copies and endorses the articles in the Pharos. And yet the Pharos is our "friend," so it says.

THE Band of Hope gave an entertainment at the hall last night, which was creditable in every respect. The Band is prospering well.

IT requires constant and arduous efforts to keep the temperance cause progressing as it should. No honest person ought to falter in duty.

THE State C. T. U. Convention held at Indianapolis last week, expressed itself forcibly against the proposition to nominate a State temperance ticket.

BY a paper just received, we notice that the second anniversary of temperance work in Clinton, Mich., has been celebrated; prospects are encouraging.

OUR many good friends at Miami, same county, will picnic and jubilate on the 14th of June. Hughes and Ward will be with them and make things lively.

The Champions of the Red Cross met in Ft. Wayne last week, and elected officers to serve during the next year, besides transacting other important business.

THE Lafayette Courier says the attempt of the rummys of this city to buldoze Hughes and Ward, has brought to their support the best people of the city. You are right.

REV. MR. JACKSON, of New York, made a few remarks at the hall the other night, and proved himself perfectly conversant with the great living issues. He is a jewel.

THE constitution of the Floyd county temperance alliance just received, sets forth some very commendable principles, which we will be pleased to refer to at some near future time.

IN Vermont, the report of the G. W. S., I. O. G. T. shows a present membership of 4,908, a net gain of 480 during the year. Present number of lodges eighty-five, a net gain of ten.

IN Tennessee, during the month of April, twenty-three new lodges I. O. G. T. were instituted and reorganized, with an aggregate membership of over 1,300. Pretty good work for the month of showers.

THE editor will speak at the Swamp school house next Saturday night. A cold-water convention will be held by the frogs of that vicinity in the afternoon. Come, everybody, (to the meeting at night, we mean).

A depleted subscription list, and the contempt of all respectable people, is the reward of the Pharos, for its late villainous and *malicious* slurs upon the reputation of respectable young ladies who attend the Murphy meetings.

EXCHANGES we observe are giving our anniversary celebration rattling notices. They shall not be disappointed in their estimate of the magnitude of the affair, as Logansport will be behind no city in its display of good deeds.

THE temperance folks, of Mt. Etna, Huntington county, induced a saloon keeper to sign the pledge, bought his stock, and made a bonfire of it. The brass band played while the beer and whisky kegs burned, and a general jubilee was held.

THE visit on last Thursday evening by Messrs. Samuel Moore and A. E. Pierce, of Lafayette was hailed with great delight. They are earnest and forcible speakers, and created no little enthusiasm by their visit. They will always be welcomed.—31st.

Rensselaer Union: "The Cass county poor house shelters seventy paupers; the Jasper county poor house five; Cass county has about 30,000 inhabitants; Jasper county about 12,000; Cass county has fifty licensed drinking saloons; Jasper county not one.

THE Pharos wants the Hall closed on Sunday night, that the people may go to church. Although there are fifty-three MORE saloon-meetings every Sunday night, it doesn't have a word to say about closing them!! And yet it is a friend to the Murphy cause.

ON and after October 1, the Moffe bell-punch law will take effect in Texas, and whisky of all grades will have to stand a tax of two cents per drink, and beer one cent. The law-makers expect to get a revenue large enough to keep the common schools running the entire year.

THE Pharos says "it cannot be diverted from its purpose in showing up the character of some of the Murphy meetings." Like a good Christian brother the editor speaks only of unsuccessful ones. There's a wonderful sight of virtue and consistency about that kind of a Christian.

AT the session of the Grand Lodge I. O. G. T. of Louisiana, held at Baton Rouge, last month, a vote was passed thanking the Good Templars of other States for aiding them while the yellow fever epidemic prevailed last season. The amount received for this purpose was $871.15.

THE tax-payers who pay so abundantly, though reluctantly, for the privilege of living in free America, do not seem to realize that they are only paying for their own fiddler. Home, home, sweet home would be much more pleasant if there was no proability of it being sold for taxes—whisky tax.

WE have received the fourteenth annual report of the National Temperance Publication Society, New York; Wm. E. Dodge, President. It has printed since its organization, 413,335,518 pages of temperance reading. Any publication by this society, will be furnished at publishers rates by this office.

THE Pharos says the "leaders of the Murphy movement are blatherskites and dead-beats." If the proprietors of that sheet would take more pains to pay their employes, or if the local editor would call at this office and pay two subscriptions past due, which he has been dunned for severals time, they might talk with better grace of dead-beats and blatherskites.

WHILE we deprecate any faults of temperance societies, it should be remembered that they do a vast amount of good "with all their faults;" while the opposition have not one commendable virtue. Rum destroys all human feelings, and impoverishes homes and communities, and there should be no excuse for the promulgation of any curse.

THE Pharos editor will soon assume the title of "general manager of the temperance work of Indiana"—in his mind. He feels even now that Cass county sorely longeth for his————————influence. Oh, no!! no!!! The people have seen enough to know that your "influence" is against them. They want your silence, my braying whisky pimp.

AT the late session of the Grand Lodge I. O. G. T., of Maine, the Secretary reported 260 lodges, with a membership of 18,000. The receipts of the Treasurer the past year were $2,276.31; expenditures, $1,829.59; leaving a balance of $446.72 in the treasury. There were upwards of 350 members including officers present besides a large number of visiting Templars. Two hundred dollars was appropriated for juvenile work.

THE churches and Murphy Union will unite during the summer in one grand effort against rum. It is proposed to suspend the Sunday night meetings, and hold meetings during the warm weather on Wednesday evening and Sunday afternoon, the churches promising their entire support to such an arrangement. It is a good move, and ought to meet with general approbation.

Illinois.

THE Laselle county ribbon total abstinence convention meet at Laselle on the 15th. The attendance of delegates was large, and the proceedings were of great interest.

A temperance convention composed of delegates from throughout the eighteenth congressional district, was in session at Cairo, on the 14th and 15th. Largely attended. The mass meetings were addressed by Miss Francis E. Willard and Col. Robb Lowery. The friends claim substantial results in the advancement of our cause.

Orange Blossoms.

AT Clinton, Michigan, on the 29th ult., Mr. John A. Seaboldt, of Peru, and Miss Alice Redick, of Clinton, were united in holy wedlock.

We extend to the couple our hearty congratulations. John is an honest and influential temperance boy, and his bride is as fully decided on the subject, and we predict for our friends a life of happiness and prosperity.

Thanks.

LOGANSPORT is the boss city of Indiana in the temperance work; THE SIGNAL a true exponent and its editor a zealous organizer.—[Huntington News.

And yet, friend News, while we acknowledge and thank God for a wonderful advance, it is probable that no city in the State has met with more bitter opposition.

To Our Exchanges.

Please make mention of the grand temperance rally and jubilee, at Logansport, on the 31st of this month. All temperance people and those in sympathy with the cause, are invited. Reporters will be kindly cared far.

Patent Poetry.

THE Pharos spread its little wings,
And flopped a little flop,
Then it went on to quote a few more lies which it knew the bummers fully appreciated,
And its hole it popped.

ONWARD.

THE MURPHY WORK AND ITS PROGRESS.

HUGHES AND WARD—LINGLE—MOORE AND PIERCE.

The Meetings, the Choir, and the Result

THE Murphy work in this city, though met on every hand by opposition, is "stemming the tide" and pointing onward and upward. Every meeting is largely attended, sometimes more so than is conducive to comfort, but gratifying to those under whose charge the work continues. The efforts of Hughes and Ward are not without results, therefore, and those boys have not deceived the people. They do not now nor never have claimed oratorical culture or ability, but their open-handed, whole-souled labors have brought the true feelings of the people, and enlisted them with the cause.

On last Wednesday night W. S. Lingle occupied the time, and the Journal reports the meeting thusly:

The large, appreciative and attentive audience at Murphy Hall last night, was thrilled and enraptured by the earnest and eloquent address of Indiana's editor-orator, Mr. W. S. Lingle, of LaFayette. In a brief time after he commenced, he evidently found cause to like his audience, and his audience clearly and expressively manifested its delight with him. This happy coincidence could not and did not fail to produce the most enjoyable results, and the general verdict is that there has seldom been a better meeting in the hall. Mr. Lingle paid glowing, but richly deserved compliments to the choir, which is a good deal ahead of anything of the kind ever heard in Logansport. His indorsement and eulogy of Hughes and Ward was significant and emphatic, as, speaking for the tax payers of La Fayette, he returned thanks to H. and W. for the grand work of reform accomplished by those gentlemen in that city during the last eighteen months. To-night, the meeting will be addressed by A. E. Pierce, Banker, and Saml. Moore, wholesale merchant of La Fayette. The business men of the city are especially urged to attend and hear these prominent representatives of their guild.

On Thursday the meeting was addressed by Messrs. Moore and Pierce, and these gentlemen are not only practical business men, but earnest and active temperance men. They received due attention and made many telling points. They will always be greeted with an appreciative audience in this city.

On Saturday night Mr. Lingle was to have spoken again, but did not appear. However Mr. Hughes and others made the meeting interesting by speaking, the choir by singing and "the boys" by signing. The attendance was all that could be desired, and the result was no less satisfactory.

Sunday night Hughes and Ward did the principle speaking, and they seemed ur usually well prepared to do duty. Major Frank Baldwin also talked in an interesting way for some minutes and pleased by his unassuming oratory.

Together we stand, united we propose to battle against wrong. Pauperism and crime shall no longer feed from our side boards, and while others may not feel a particular interest in this cause of humanity, we assure our friends everywhere that Logansport will never be found bringing up the rear. Forward shall be the order, and forward shall our column move. Our good choir, speakers, workers and good people are ready to help us in our good work, and no stone shall be unturned while the crime of intemperance is robbing our citizens of homes and our brothers of intellect.

Repudiated.

NINE out of the eleven Bible scholars in the class of the editor of the Pharos, at the Broadway M. E. Sunday school, arose from their seats two weeks ago, as he made his appearance, and demanded another teacher. They could not, and would not endorse his vile course "for party's sake," and took this very significant method of showing their estimation of the being who attempted to slander their sisters, mothers, and lady friends. The feeling of this class of estimable young men expresses the sentiments of the people, and said editor will find that no circle only the lowest will approve of his dastardly attempt to give himself a reputation at the expense of good people.

At Laporte.

ARRANGEMENTS have been comple ed for a great jubilee temperance camp-meeting near Laporte, Ind., on the banks of one of the lakes in that vicinity. The time for the meeting is from July 15 to the last of August. This meeting will represent the entire Northwest, including the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska, and will be under the Auspices of the Independent Order of Good Templars. Excursion arrangements have been made with all the railways leading that way. Among the speakers already announced as having been secured are the following gentlemen and ladies: Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Joseph Cook, D. L. Moody, Hon. W. E. Dodge, Francis Murphy, Hon. Neil Dow, General Sam Cary, Professor Swing, Hon. E. A. Storrs, Hon. Mr. Baine, of Kentucky; R. W. C. T. Kanouse, Miss Willard, Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop, Mrs. J. F. Willing, Mrs. Emma Malloy and Mrs. Dr. Haggart. Enough of such speakers are to be engaged for one speech a day during the forty-five days.

Deadbeats and Blatherskites.

THE Pharos says the leaders of the Murphy movement are "blatherskites and dead beats."

Whew!

Let's investigate this charge.

Mr. John C. Merriam is a Trustee of the institution, who, with the following two, has absolute control of the hall.

Is he one of 'em, mr. pharos?

Mr. Isaac Himmelberger, Sheriff-elect of Cass county, is another Trustee, and a leading worker.

Did you mean him, mr. pharos?

Dr. Overholser is another Trustee.

Is he a deadbeat?

Robt. Johnson, H. C. Cushman and Henry Roach constitute the Executive Committee, who have entire management of the affairs of the union.

Are they deadbeats?

Are Mrs. Miller, and Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Redd, and Mrs. Gray, and one hundred and more prominent ladies who attend—are they deadbeats?

Are Rev, Mahin, and all the ministers, and Senator Kahlo, and lawyer Graham, and Mr. Powell, and Mr. Forrest, and hundreds other leading citizens and leading Murphys—are they deadbeats?

It would be well for the foreign emisary of the Pharos to swallow every word of his atrocious falsehoods.

Latter Day Saints.

SOME of these "Latter Day Saints" go so far as to assert that these meetings are accomplishing more good than the churches. A more vicions doctrine was never promulgated by Brigham Young or Elder Noel.—[Pharos whisky pimp.

Ain't you rather hard on your friend Brigham?

We observe that the doctrine of anti-slavery was very "vicious" in your opinion, as well as that of pure Murphyism.

On last Wednesday evening, in the hall, Hon. W. S. Lingle, editor of the Lafayette Courier, and postmaster, said in the presence of five hundred persons, mostly Christians:

"I belong to a Christian church, and have been a close observer of the Murphy work since the beginning, and I honestly believe that it has done more good in Lafayette in two years than all the churches have in ten."

And yet this is no disparagement of church work.

Drunkard Making Doctors.

THE San Francisco Bulletin, publishes a striking story of a lady, who was made a drunkard by following the prescriptions of her physician; he ordering her to use intoxicating liquors to raise her spirits and restore her to health; the result of which was delirium tremens and an inebriate asylum, from which she was at length liberated, a reformed woman. We have no doubt doctors, who love tippling, are responsible for making thousands of drunkards. No one should employ a doctor who uses intoxicating liquors and prescribes their use as a regular medicine.—[Ex.

The Murphy Celebration.

The final arrangements are being rapidly completed for the Murphy anniversary jubilee on the 31st of this month, and it promises to be one of the largest gatherings in the history of the county. Excursions will be run from each direction, and every township will send a delegation. Some of the best speakers in the Union will address the people on the occasion, and the amusements that will be afforded, will be an additional attraction. The music will be furnished by 500 vocalists, and several brass bands. The prospect for a complete success in every particular. Every farmer and friend of temperance should prepare to jubilate.

On the 31st.

WHEN you come to town, do not fail to go to T. P. SWIGART'S, corner of Fourth and Market Sts., where you will find the jolly Murphy boy, Jimmy Vigus, to wait upon you. Jimmy has got back to the old stand, and will take great pleasure in serving you with the best ice cream and soda water in the city. Also a good lunch and all kinds of sweets for you sweetheart.

THE sCHEME.

BY WHICH RUMISM EXPECTS TO ROUT MURPHYISM.

THE SAME THAT WAS ADOPTED YEARS AGO IS THE SAME.

THE effort now being made by the whisky interests to crush the temperance cause is not a new one, nor confined alone to this city. Some years ago, when Good Templarism was in the enjoyment of a wide-spread influence, almost within grasp of the coveted victory, rumism conceived the plan of destroying it by an indirect attack upon the virtue of its members—a most dastardly plan, but a successful one.

The whisky interests of to-day, are only repeating former methods, brought out and engineered by the State Whisky Association, and propogated by whisky pimps and saloon bummers. There are those apparently temperate in habit, who, in heart and practice, are POLLUTED from head to foot, who have no moral restraint or human sympathy, and it is a small matter to enlist these corrupt beings to do the dirty work of the rum interests. They are now diligently carrying out the plottings.

In Lafayette, those engaged in the lead of the temperance work are of the highest moral, social and Christian character—whose honor and integrity have never been questioned. Col. J.S. Williams, President of the Union, a banker and most substantial citizen. Samuel Moore, wholesale dry goods dealer, A. E. Pierce, banker, J. H. Stewart, Supt. C., L. & C. R. R., Prof. Severson, Col. R. P. DeHart and Frank Coombs, lawyers, Revs. Gobin and Blackburn, who stand at the head of the work, with many others of equal prominence, have been as vilely slandered as the good people of this city have. The meetings there, like here and at most places, are conducted with the utmost decorum.

The Union at Galveston is composed of excellent people, yet only a few weeks ago the Pharos stigmatized them in the most outrageous manner.

The Union at Lake Cicott was the target for one of the whisky roustabouts, though it is under care of the best people of the township, who approve its every act.

There is no question, then, as to the purpose of the enemies. They propose, if possible, to create a prejudice against temperance work by circulating villifying slanders, which are without a particle of truth. The movement has been thoroughly organized, and it will require no little force to combat it. Let the temperance people everywhere unite to defeat this ungodly scheme.

That Editor.

THE lying and slanderous articles that have appeared in the Pharos so frequently of late show its editor as a lying and villainous saloon pimp. We do not commend or approve of low newspaper flings and controversies, but we do not propose to be styled a deadbeat and blatherskite, without resenting it—especially when the only provocation for such a stigma was the fact of our impeachment of Jacobs. The Pharos editor's Iowa record is not a brilliant one by any means, and his attempt to villify the good people of this city will not meet with anymore success than the pursuit of his disreputable projects in other places. Articles in this issue copied from the Journal completely refute every slander of this canting hypocrite and blackguard, and nine-tenths of the people heartily endorse every word of the Jonrnal. We wish to assure those who do not know personally the editor referred to, that he is the open friend of saloons and saloon law-breaking, and they need not expect from him a kind wordfor the temperance cause or workingmen.

Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel.

No little has been said by the Pharos and other whisky organs regarding the voting at the recent election of Hughes and Ward. Of course every sane man knows it to be silly twaddle. Hughes and Ward are not such fools as to vote without the right, and they had the right under the laws of the State. It is very plain that the object of the Pharos was to frighten the boys away, cripple the temperance work, and thus insure to that sheet a few more applications for whisky license. But it has failed to scare, and Hughes and Ward do not fear to meet any charge made as to their privilege and right.

The Pharos does not, apparently, presume the right to dictate to the saloon-keepers. The law provides that liquors "shall not be sold, bartered or given away on election day," and yet it was violated by every saloon, but one, in the city, and nearly every candidate, and the Pharos did not say a word against it. Is it consistent?

State Union.

The State C. T. U. convention which met last week, transacted considerable important business. We are pleased to know that H. W. Harrington was elected President, and D. B. Ross, Corresponding Secretary, as they are honest and influential workers. The board of managers consist of D. T. Smith, Bluffton; R. T. Long, Galveston; Drs. Pritchin of Greencastle, Williams of Franklin, and the Rev. John Wyman of Evansville. A mass convention will be held at La Porte, during the Jubilee there, the coming summer.

Peruvians.

THE movement at Peru has been retrograding. Now, no temperance meetings are held, and the saloons are thriving, doubtless, more than they have for two years. But the work of temperance has not been in vain, from the fact that a majority of the drinking men who signed the pledge are keeping it inviolate. There is talk of revivng, probably ere long the banner of right will again be waiving over the little city that ought to be proud of everything but its rum mills.

Rev. Father Walters delivered an eloquent temperance lecture on Sunday evening before the members of the Father Mathew Society and their families, at the Society Hall on Market street. The eloquent speaker treated the subject from every possible standpoint, and showed up the evil of intemperance in an exceedingly bad light.

MARION Murphys are preparing to come in force on the 31st.

ON the 7th and 8th of June Lafayette will jollify.

Crawfords

To the Editor.

NEVER before in the history of this city has the temperance cause been at such a high ebb as at the present time. Temperance is in every home—it is the subject of conversation almost any hour in the day. It is talked on the street corners, at the hotels, and even in the grog shops—in the latter place disrespectfully, because it is injuring their business, though the s.-k.'s dislike to acknowledge it. It is the prevailing topic—the leading subject in the pulpit. The ministers have taken hold of it with a will and are expounding it from their rostrums. Wherever there is a body of men assembled, temperance is there also. So it can be seen that the temperance sentiment is predominant. Thirty years ago it was the reverse. The subject could not be broached but what unsound and decayed eggs would be cast at the person daring to speak it. It was even so only ten and twelve years ago. Your correspondent distinctly remembers when the first lodge of Good Templars was instituted—about ten years ago. Hardly enough persons could be found who would identify themselves with this movement, but the requisite number was obtained, and the lodge went to work with a will to build itself, and the cause it commenced to labor for, up, until it had a good membership. I believe that that was the first temperance movement except possibly the Washington movement. Three other lodges have been organized in this city, which are the outgrowth of the first lodge mentioned, named Tahoe. While it is acknowledged that all temperance movements, Red Ribbon, Blue Ribbon, Temple of Honor, and all such, yet it must be admitted that the Good Templars are doing better and more solid work. All other movements started in this city have died, but they have left good results it must be allowed. Yet the Good Templars' organization is a prominent one, and not one lodge has yet expired. That body is doing sounder work, and doing more in the work of reformation than any other society.

Not long since the Blue Ribbon choir, of this city, were extended an invitation to be present at Lafayette, which was accepted, and a glorious good time was had. In return for the hospitalities of the Lafayette folks, our club invited the Blue Ribbon choir, of that city, to be present here some night, which was accepted, and on last Tuesday night the choir, accompanied by about two hundred and fifty Blue Ribbons, came down to dissipate in the glowing bowl of temperance. The Star Cityites were escorted to the Methodist church parlors, there given their suppers, which they partook of heartily, and then repaired to the Court house, where the club holds it meetings. As large a crowd as was ever in Crawfordsville attended that meeting—and standing room could not be found—and the result accomplished was good. The choir numbers about forty members, but only thirty-five were present; and such singing was never heard. Even our own choir can not do better. Every one who came down enjoyed themselves hugely. It is not necessary to give the details of the meeting. Suffice it to say that a great deal of good work was the result of their coming, and that the club of Lafayette will never be forgotten.

I must say one thing more, and then I close. I had the pleasure of meeting an old typo from your city, but now of Lafayette, on the night of the excursion, Dan Comingore. Every one in Logansport knows Dan, and no doubt many are glad to know of his reformation. What a change has been wrought in the man! I also met his brother Frank, who is now editing the Carroll County Record. May success attend them through life.

GOOD TEMPLAR.

Crawfordsville, May 18, 1879.

THE Elkhart paper mills employ 700 persons.

FOREPAUGH'S show took in $5,000 at Indianapolis.

A MAN died in Fayette county, the other day, from the effects of the bite of a rat.

THE cunning cloth swindler is victimizing the people in various parts of the State.

ANGOLA is torn up over a hand to hand battle between a man and a woman of that place.

SEVENTY-FIVE head of Henry Meredith's flock of sheep each yielded ten pounds of wool at the late clipping.

A TRAMP attempted to ravish a little five-year-old girl in the heart of the city of Kokomo, and in broad daylight, one day last week.

A MICHIGAN CITY Councilman recently attended a meeting of the Council so drunk that the Mayor sent him to jail, thereby breaking a quorum and compelling the Council to adjourn.

A LAPORTE "blood" after having his hair cut as closely as possible with a machine, was dissatisfied with the job, and proceeded to have his head lathered and shaved as smooth as a razor could make it.

THE gold excitement still continues in Brown county, but the miners are having trouble with the owners of land where they are working. Sixty-five dollars worth of dust was disposed of in Bloomington one day last week.

A SINGULAR accident occurred at Hangman's crossing, on the O. & M. road, recently. A passenger train struck a dog on the track and threw the animal against a man standing near by, breaking the man's leg and killing the dog.

A WABASH young man, on making a calculation, found that he had smoked seven thousand cigars during the past eighteen months—an average of thirteen per day. He was so appalled at the figures that he has permanently sworn off.

A SPARROW has chosen for her nest a resting place on the wagon used constantly by the Indianapolis Coffin Company, laid the usual complement of eggs, and daily she hovers over them while the wagon goes rumbling from place to place with its sombre freight.

THE county infirmary at Greencastle, was burned the other night. It contained fifty-three inmates, but all escaped except two insane men who were burned to death. The loss is about $10,000, with no insurance. It is the third time the institution has been destroyed by fire in twenty years.

THE last swindling dodge is worked by a man who goes around buying chickens in the country and writes out a receipt for the farmer to sign. The point of his pencil invariably breaks off just before the signature is reached, and he produces a fountain pen from his pocket. The body of the receipt is written in pencil and the farmer's name in ink. When the speculator goes to town he erases all the pencil marks and writes out in ink a promissory note for $100 or $150, and has it discounted by a bank.

PORTABLE gas is sold and delivered in England like milk. People in the country and villages receive their gas in copper vessels from the city, and the German railroads are all lighted in a similar manner. This method derives much of its popularity from the fact that it dispenses with the erratic and depraved meter.

A POOR vine dresser of Burgundy drew from a lottery a prize of $90,000. Thankfully he gave $10,000 for the building of a church in his native village, and then with his family he went to Paris, where in one year he spent the remainder of his money. He then returned to his village and became sexton of his church.

Second Annual Rally

—AND—

GRAND TEMPERANCE

JUBILEE

—AT—

LOGANSPORT, IND, SATURDAY, MAY

31.

31 ★ 31

31.

Under auspices of the Logansport and Cass County Temperance Unions, purposed to be the grandest demonstration of the kind ever given in the West. Among the orators to be present are

Mrs. EMMA MALLOY,
Col. R. P. DeHART,
Hon. W. S. LINGLE,
Judge D. P. BALDWIN,
HUGHES and WARD,
Rev. T. H. McKEE,
M. ED. SHIEL,

And others equally prominent. No effort will be spared to make each feature an attraction, and to make the demonstration complete

Every Temperance Union, Alliance, Order, Organization, Individual and Sympathizer is Urged to be Present.

Delegations will be sent from each township, and many of the adjoining towns and cities have already signified their intention of joining in the jollification.

Excursion Trains

will be run, or Reduced Rates offered, on every railroad leading in the city, and no efforts will be spared to make the occasion auspicious in every respect.

Music by Hundreds of Vocalists And Several Brass Bands.

The Lafayette, Crawfordsville, Marion and Logansport Choirs expected to participate.

INNOCENT AMUSEMENTS

Will be afforded.

Come prepared to spend the day by bringing your family, friends and neighbors and your

BASKETS Well FILLED.

Remember the date,

MAY 31,

ROSE OR THORN.

ROBERT WILSON.

O love the rose, O love the thorn,
O love whose cheek with crimson glows,
O love that leavest hearts forlorn,
O tell me, ere the petals close,
Is love a rose?

O love the thorn, O love the rose,
O love, thy blush; of roses born,
With lily whiteness come and goes,
O love with cheek oft wan and worn,
Is love a thorn?

Oh, love's a rose without the thorn,
It's petals fall; but while it grows
Its virgin hue doth steal from morn
Heaven's own glory as it blows,
Oh, love's a rose!

QUEER LOVE MATCHES.

Crumbs of Comfort for Thousands of Old Maids—The Recent Nuptials of Julia Smith, of Glastonbury.

The recent marriage of that champion woman's-right's-woman, Julia Smith, of Glastonbury, is another striking proof that wonders never cease. Who would have thought it? How could she do it? Why did she do it? How was it brought about? Was it a love match? or a marriage de convenance? or was she dragooned into it? or are bride and groom both crazy? If they wished to be together—companions at the very foot of life's hill—could it not, without scandal, have been arranged otherwise? Was it necessary that she should give up her independence, bind herself hand and foot, soul and body, to the monster she has resisted and fought these many, many years? When such an old champion of the great cause thus throws up her hands and acknowledges herself beaten, where are we to turn with faith and confidence? Representatives of wronged and oppressed women, where are your swords and bucklers? Where your armor of triple steel? Susan B. Anthony, answer us. Alas, our confidence even in Susan is shaken now. And thus has our Glastonbury sister thrown our ranks into disorder, sown suspicion and distrust in the hearts of our friends and made enemies to laugh in triumph.

But there is much comfort. The 300,000 (I believe that is the number) in excess of unmarried women over unmarried men in New England, may take heart, lift up their heads and rejoice with good show of reason, for they see plainly enough that, while there is life there is hope. Better is it to be a bride of eighty-seven than never a bride at all. Old maids, erase the term from the calendar. It has no longer a place anywhere. There are no old maids. And this much gratitude do we owe to Glastonbury Julia. So, bless the aged turtle-doves! May they be happy!

I have known the parties to two such marriages, and I believe there was no after regrets in either case. In one the bride was an old Winchester auntie, everybody had called her Aunt Debby for 40 years, who lived all alone in a snug little house of her own, with nothing to do but nurse her rheumatism and talk to her cat. Her income was barely enough to supply her own and Tabby's simple needs. Seventy-five years—you see she was a young girl, as it were, compared to our Sister Smith—had passed over her head, leaving their traces in snowy locks and wrinkled cheeks and tottering limbs. With her meagre form enveloped in a quilted gown, and her head wrapped in red flannel, she was apparently an impossible target for Cupid's arrows, and as she seldom left even her up-stairs room, what chance had the miserable ttle god? None whatever, you will answer. Rash mortal, do you forget that fate reaches us by the most unexpected path? Aunt Debby's came through a leak in the roof. It was directly over her room and she had an attack of rheumatism and couldn't be moved. A carpenter was sent for. He came, a tall, stalwart, good-looking young fellow of 25. He mended her roof and then Aunt Debby thought he might as well tighten her window sashes, and then she remembered two or three other little jobs about the house she wanted done. I think he was there altogether about a week. How it was managed, or which spoke first, "you nor I nor anybody knows"—but poor old Aunt Debby's friends were horrified one morning to hear that she was married, actually and really, quilted wrapped, red-flannel turban and all, to the young carpenter. His temptation was, doubtless, the snug little house—the house, in fact, for he was all alone in the world; her's only, I imagine, a sudden fancy to have an especial claim upon somebody. A year afterward she observed to me: "My dear, I never knew what happiness was before."

A month later and the young husband was a widower and sole heir to the little Aunt Debby had to leave.

The other case was that of a ridiculous old colored brother, away down south, so old and infirm that he could not crawl around in sunny weather. I was much surprised one day by receiving from him a modest request to make him a wedding cake, as he was going to be married to Aunt Silvey, almost as old as himself, who had done his little bit of housekeeping for some time.

"Why, Primus!" I exclaimed, "what in the world do you want to get married for?"

"Well, you see, missus, he replied, "I has two fust-rate reasons. One is, dat de neighbors might begin to talk curous, seein' Silvy working round my house, and me a widderer, and I would wish to spar it. Then again, now, I has to pay Silvy for every trifling thing she does for me; wharas, if I marry her, she's got to do all my cookin' and washin' and mendin', and at the end of the year I kin give her a caliker dress and she's satisfied."

The reasoning was conclusive, and I said no more.

In the pretty palace of the Elysee Bourbon, occupied by Louis Napoleon before the coup d'etat which obliged him to move to grander quarters in the Tuileries, there was one room decorated with portraits of the first Napoleon's favorite staff officers. The first time I visited the room I stood a long time before a portrait named in the catalogue as that of "M. Bernhard, physician-in-chief during the two consulates and until after the battle of Austerlitz, aged one hundred years." But for the statement, I would have said the portrait was that of a remarkably well-preserved man of 75. The face was full, the color good, wrinkles few, the eyes full of intelligence, and, in fact, none of the marks of extreme old age apparent in the least. When I returned to my hotel, I spoke of the picture to my landlady.

"Come with me," she said, "to Ivry, where he died, and where one of his daughters still lives, and you shall hear his history from her."

Ivry is a small village, within walking distance of Paris, and I readily consented to make the visit. We found Mlle. Bernhard occupying quite a pretentious house for the place, and living alone with an old servant. She looked about 150, but was, she assured me, only 73.

"But," she added, "I always looked old. When I was a very little child they called me 'little old woman.'"

From her I learned the following remarkable facts concerning her father: He was already 98 when Napoleon paid him the compliment of naming him his chief physician. For 50 years he had practiced medicine in the provinces, from whence he was transferred to the hospitals of Paris, where the first consul found him. He had never been married, and was a wonderfully hale, hearty vigorous old man. He had never lost a tooth, and could read quite comfortably without spectacles. He had no rheumatism, no gout, and slept like a child every night. This physical condition he aseribed first to the inheritence of an excellent constitution; next, to the good care he had always taken of himself. His whole habits of living had been perfectly regular. He had never used tobacco in any form or drank anything stronger than native wine. He ate nothing but what he had found by experience to agree with his constitution, and never ate to excess. In fact, for more than twenty-five years he had carried with him always a pair of pocket scales, and never failed to weigh his food; just so many ounces of bread and so many of meat, few vegetables, no dainties of any kind except a small amount of fresh fruit in season, and nau naturel. He never missed a daily bath and slept just so many hours out of the tw'enty-four. If he was disturbed at night, as of course frequently happened, he calculatad accurately the amount of sleep of which he had been deprived, and made it up during the day. Late hours and excesses of every kind, physical or mental, he had carefully avoided, and the consequence was that when he joined Napoleon's household, he bade fare to outlive many of his companions his junior by half a century. He passed the Great St. Bernard with Napoleon, and was with him at the battle of Marengo. When 103 years old, he was travelling from Soissons to Paris, when his carriage broke down and the doctor was thrown out, spraining his foot so badly that he could not walk. The coachmen, the only person with him, made his master comfortable by the side of the road, and then mounting one of the horses, rode to a little hamlet a mile and a half off, proposing to find some vehickle to convey the sufferer to a house to wait until the carriage could be repaired. But the hamlet was literally abonded, all the inhabitants having gone to the fair in the neighboring town. Only a few old people, some young children and the bar-maid of the little tavern were left behind. The bar-maid was a buxom girl of 22, who, on hearing of the adventure, and assuring the coachmen that there was not a vehickle of any discription to be had, offered to go and see what she could do for the man's comfort. He was lying by the roadside just as the coachman had left him, and suffering great pain? The horses were both too spirited to think of trusting him on one of them, and there was no mending the carriage without the aid of a smith. The girl solved the difficulty. After considerable argument she persuaded the doctor to be assisted on to her shoulders, and she actually carried him to the hamlet and deposited him on a bed in the tavern. The doctor was enthusiastic over such a proof of vigor in a woman, and would have no attendent but the bar-maid during the three weeks he was forced by the state of his foot and ankle to remain at the tavern. Finally, when the morning came for him to leave, he called his stout nurse to him and said:

"Marie, you have been devoted to me. I have found you sensible, intelligent, kind-hearted. Above all, you are healthy and strong. How would you like to go to Paris?"

"It would make me very happy," answered the girl.

"And how would you like to be married?"

"That would make me happy, too, sir."

"And how would you like to be married to me?"

"Best of all, sir," she frankly answered.

And married they were, as soon as the necessary preliminaries could be gone through, and Dr. Bernhard took his wife to Paris and introduced her to the first consul. At the first court presentation of the empire, Mme. Bernhard was distinguished not only by her rustic beauty, but by the simplicity and dignity of her manners. She was invited with her husband to dine with the Emperor and Empress, and, during the repast, Napoleon jocularly offered himself to the doctor as god-father to his first child. When this event occurred Bonaparte was in Italy, but Josephine and Eugene Beauharnais stood up as sponsors for the little girl. Two more daughters were born of this singular marriage, and all three lived to be old women.

As for the doctor, he lived to be 119 years of age, and then died of indigestion, having been over-persuaded to taste a small piece of tart.

These facts are all authentic, and give evidence that it is not only toward the young and blooming that Cupid directs his arrows.—[Boston Herald.

An Alpine Dairy.

We had counted largely upon milk for our food in this excursion, and we made our next halt at the hut of a Sennerin who combines the entertainment of chance travelers with her dairying industry. We took seats on a porch at the shady side of the house, and at a table where two cowherds sat facing each other, eating "Schmarn" and milk from the same earthen basin. A similar basin of milk was set between us, and two iron spoons were furnished us. Preceeding writers on Tyrolean travel had emphasized the badness of the food, and a thoughtful friend in New England had kindly urged on our acceptance a dyspeptic preparation of parched and sweetened wheat meal with which to supplement our insufficient provender. This had lain unused and unneeded in our sachel all the way from home. Its time had now come, and we soaked it, according to prescription, in our milk.

The cowherds, finishing their meal, rose from the table, crossed themselves, stood facing the east, and devoutly repeated a long prayer, with due genuflection and bowing of the head, and then trudged away to their work. The woman of the house showed us her simple summer dairy and her loom, inspected our novel outfit, and sent us on our way rejoicing. She could spare no hay for our horses, and we marched on to the hut of a bald and barefooted little old man, who made us welcome, and stood in blue-eyed wonder as we told him we had come from beyond the great sea. His loft not only fed our beasts, it furnished Jane a fragrant couch, where for two hours she slept away the weariness of her saddle, and awoke refreshed for her further ride.

This was my first Alpine dairy, and a very good example it was of the summer home of the mountain cow-tender, with an open hearth in the smoky front-room, and a comfortable-looking bed in the milk-room. The old man makes both butter and cheese from a herd of a dozen cows, and his employer sends regularly from Kastelruth to fetch the product to market. For five months the cows are kept here in the mountains, and during the hay-making season the whole vast alp is gay with throngs of young men and women, with work and music and dancing. When we saw it the harvest was over, and only the cattle-tenders were left. In another month it would be quite deserted, its great elevation—from 5,000 to 7,000 feet—subjecting it to early killing frosts. It is a compact rolling plateau of the richest grass land varied by occasional woods, thirty-six miles in circuit, and belongs mainly to the neighboring communes of Seiss and Kastelruth.—[G. E. Waring, Jr., in Harper's Magazine for May.

How a Denver Lady Furnished a Good Meal for a Tramp.

A lady in the outskirts of Denver was the victim the other day of a tramp's practical joke. Even in these vagabonds there is an occasional vein of humor which is worth preserving. The incident happened in this wise: About the middle of the afternoon a tramp put in an appearance and asked politely if he could be permitted to cook for himself a plate of soup.

"I have the ingredients with me," he said, displaying a cobblestone about the size of an apple.

The lady very naturally looked at him in surprise.

"You can't make soup out of that rock, can you?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, madam. This is what we call a soup stone."

"Well, I should like to see you do it;" and she forthwith made up a fire in the stove and the tramp commenced operations. He filled the stove pan with water, and after it commenced to boil, very carefully deposited the stone in a pan in the water.

"I shall have to trouble you for a little seasoning," he said, and the lady hastened to get him an onion, a piece of meat and a potato. These were carefully cut up and put in to boil along with the stone. In a short time a delicious plate of soup was prepared. The lady tasted it and was delighted with the flavor. The fellow sat down and ate, and his hostess immediately added what was necessary to make a substantial meal. When he left he said he could get plenty of soup stones on the way, and he would leave that one with her as an evidence of how sincerely he appreciated her kindness. She was firmly convinced that she had come into possession of a treasure. That night she told her husband of the circumstance. He listened to the recital and then inquired innocently:

"Didn't you think the meat and the onion and the tomato would have made a very good plate of soup without the rock?"

Gradually the trick began to dawn upon her, and if you want to make that lady mad, you have only to ask her for the loan of her soup stone.—[Rocky Mountain News.

Nihilist Assassins.

The attempt of the Nihilist Solovieff adds one more to the long list o Russian political conspirators and assassins who have sprung from the ranks of the teacher class, to which he belongs. His predecessor, Sergi Netchaief, the ringleader of the famous plot of 1871, was an ex-professor of the University of Moscow. One of Netchaieff's ablest colleagues has held a similar position in that of Dorpat. The Imperial University of St. Petersburg has armed more than one hand against the Minister of Police and other leading officers. Kieff, Kazan, Dorpat, Moscow, St. Petersburg, formed the conspiracy of the "five universities" in 1872; and more than one dangerous plot in the earlier part of the century is traceable to the same source. In fact, it may be said that in Russia, as in France, the adherents of Monarchy are to be found chiefly among the country population, and those of Republicanism among that of the cities. Of the 61,000,000 inhabitants of European Russia, only 9 per cent. can read or write, and the majority of these are naturally to be found in the great towns. Here, brought into perpetual contact with facts and ideas of which the untaught country-folk know nothing, excited by communication with each other, possessing too much education to ignore the existence of national evils, and too little to perceive the folly of their own method of redressing them, they rapidly develop into malcontents and conspirators. But apart from all this Nihilism has one infamous mode of recruiting its ranks, freely employed by Netchaieff in 1871. This consists in sending treasonsonable correspondence to men wholly unconnected with the system, so familiarly worded as to suggest their full complicity. Many of these are opened by the police, and even should the victims succeed in proving their innocence, they remain objects of permanent suspicion, and not unfrequently end by joining the ranks of their tempters in sheer despair. A system which uses such weapons must be vigorously encountered, and the Czar's bestowal of unlimited powers upon six provincial Governors, as was done during the revolt of 1863, shows that he is aware of this.

The Land of Punt.

Among the numerous sources from which their boundless wealth flowed into the treasuries of the Pharaohs was the mysterious land of Punt, the abode, according to an old tradition, of the gods who migrated thence, with Amon Horus, and Hathor at their head, into the Nile Valley. By the name of Punt the old inhabitants of Kemi meant a distant land, washed by the great ocean, full of valleys and hills, rich in ebony and other rare woods, in incense, balsams, precious metals and costly stones; also in beasts, such as giraffes, hunting leopards, panthers, dog-headed apes, and long-tailed monkeys. Birds with strange plumage rocked themselves on the branches of wonderful trees, such as the incense-tree and the cocoa-palm. This land of wealth, which may well have been the same as the Ophir of the Hebrews, is considered by Brugsch-Bey to have been, beyond doubt, the Somanli land facing the coast of Arabia. Peculiar to that land was the idol Bes, the oldest local form of the godhead, which wandered far from thence, and gained a footing not only in Egypt, but in Arabia and divers parts of Asia, as far even as the isles of the Greeks. The misshapen Bes, with apish countenance and bestial attributes, became identified with Set, and in the Greek mythology with Herakles, as also with Dionysus. Numerous representations of this god are given by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, who thinks that by Bes is typefied the power of death, as the dissolution of the animal part of man. He seems to us rather to embody the ideas of animal or corporal vigor and enjoyment. It was under King Sankh-ka-ra, of the eleventh dynasty, that the first expedition took place to Punt for odoriferous gums, "the noble Haman being the commander," as he has himself left on record in the inscription translated by M. Chabas.—[Saturday Review.

Once Too Often.

The six-story commercial building at 133 Nassau street has a continuous stair-case around the four sides of a square. The balustrade is also continuous, and is rounded at the corners. The janitress, a widow, Mrs. Grimes, and her five children lived in rooms in the topmost story. Nellie, the oldest, was over five years of age when her mother moved into the rooms eighteen years ago. She began sliding down the balusters from top to bottom. Her mother tried to dissuade her, but the girl persisted until she was as much at home on the balusters as on the stairs. She laughed at every suggestion of danger. Springing at full length upon the baluster on an upper landing, with her head upward, her feet downward, her hands on the slipery rail, she shot down like a flash. Year after year she slid down stairs until Saturday last. Mrs. Grimes started with Nellie to go down stairs from the top story. Nellie both slid and walked until the two had arrived at the top of the second story. Mrs. Grimes had just said, "Now, Nellie, my dear, I wish you would not do that. You'll get hurt sometime." But the girl mischievously sprang upon the balusters, and, sliding a short distance, lost her poise, and, with a shriek, toppled over and fell with a heavy thud. She was picked up unconscious, and on Sunday she died. She was buried yesterday. She was 23 years and six months of age.—[New York Sun.

The Cause and Effect of Snoring.

A writer in the Scientific Monthly tells how the habit of snoring is acquired, and, better, how it may be cured:

And, first, the cause: The air reaches the lungs through two channels, the nose and the mouth. The two currents meet in the throat below the soft palate, the end of which hangs loose and swings backward and forward, producing the snoring. If the air reaches the lungs, as it should, through the nose, no noise will be made. If it reaches the same through the mouth, the palate will make more noise, since it is not the natural channel, but when it rushes through both these channels, then it is that the sound sleeper banishes rest from the pillows of his companions by his hideous noise.

The remedy for snoring is to keep the mouth closed; and for this purpose Dr. Wyeth, the writer of the article referred to, has invented an article so cheap that any one can make it, and no snorer should be without it. It consists of a single cap, fitting the head snugly, and a piece of soft material fitting the chin. These are connected by elastic webbing, which is connected with the head-cap near the ears. This contrivance prevents the jaw from drooping down, and thereby renders snoring impossible. The great trouble will be to get people to adopt this invention, since the most upright and honest of men and women will rarely, if ever, confess that they snore, and will be very indignant if accused of it. As a further inducement to the introduction of this contrivance of Dr. Wyeth, it may be added that breathing through the mouth is very detrimental to the health, and that many diseases of the throat and lungs are contracted or aggravated thereby.

An Anecdote of Queen Victoria.

The Queen was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender and pure, and with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength of resolution to the utmost. On a bright, beautiful morning, the young Queen was waited on at her palace, at Windsor, by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to make them operative. One of them was a sentence of court-martial pronounced against a soldier of the line—that sentence that he be shot dead. The Queen looked upon the paper, and then upon the wondrous beauties that nature had spread to her view. "What has this man done?" she asked. The Duke looked at the paper and replied: "Ah, my Royal Mistress, that man, I fear, is incorrigible. He has deserted three times." And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?" Wellington shook his head. "Oh, think again, I pray you!" Seeing that her majesty was deeply moved, and feeling sure she would not have the man shot in any event, he finally confessed that the man was brave and gallant, and really a good soldier. "But," he added, "think of the influence." "Influence!" the Queen cried, her eyes flashing and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. "Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case, and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said. Oh, I thank you for that! And you may tell him that your good word saved him." Then she took the paper and wrote, with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright, saving word—"Pardoned?" The Duke was fond of telling the story; and he was willing also to confess that the giving of that paper to the pardoned soldier gave him far more joy than he could have experienced from the taking of a city.—[London Journal.

Wild Horses in Kansas.

It is a well known fact that from time immemorial herds of wild horses have roamed over the plains of southwestern Kansas. Their origin no man knows. It may date to the early Spanish conquest of the country. It has been exceedingly difficult to capture them, the method pursued having been to run down and lasso them with fleet horses. Lately, however, it has been found that they can be captured in herds. The method is to get up an outfit of a fast walking team on a wagon carrying provisions and camp-supplies, and three or four riding ponies and as many men. When a herd is found, they are kept moving, no effort being made to drive them in any direction. The team and ponies are not driven any faster than a walk, and every opportunity is embraced of cutting across to save distance. The wild horses are kept in motion until dark, being given no opportunity to graze during the day. At night they are too tired to graze, and will lie down.

The pursers' camp feed their horses from grain which they carry with them, and up by daylight, have breakfast and start again. This is kept up day after day. Every day takes some of the scare and wild out of them; they become accustomed to the sight of the men on horseback and team, find they are not going to be hurt by them, and leg-weary from constant travel and little feed, in from eight to ten days they will allow the men to ride in among them and drive them in any direction. They are then headed for the ranch, and are quite tame and docile by the time they get in. They are of the pony order, such as are used in the cattle business, make good riding ponies, and when thoroughly broken, good teams for light driving in that country.

What a Sardine Is.

Just after the close of the war a public meeting of the citizens of Concord, N. H., was called to decide upon a proper reception of the returning veterans. A sub-committee on collation was appointed, the President being the then Mayor of the city, a gentleman more widely known for the excellence of the mackerel kits manufactured by him than for the extent of his book learning. Upon the question as to what should constitute the menu at the collation, the Mayor named sardines among other things. A heated debate arose, during which a member of the committee mildly suggested that perhaps his Honor did not know what sardines were! This called Mayor H—— to his feet, and he angrily retorted: "I think I know what a sardine is as well as any member of this committee; it is two pieces of bread and a piece of meat!" It is unnecessary to add that the house came down.—[Hartford Post.

Hardly any better retort is on record than one made to Professor Bonamy Price, of Oxford University, on his late visit to this country. He was not remarkable for his geniality, and at a dinner party, at which popular ideas of heaven happened to be under discussion, he turned to Dr. H. W. Bellows and said: "We would like to have your opinion of heaven, Dr. Bellows, as that of one who stands outside the pale of civilized religions." Dr. Bellows replied: "My idea of heaven is that of a great dinner party, where we can have everything we want, without money and without Price." All but one joined in the laugh.

THE MASTER MULE.

An Animal Which Honored Pioche by His Presence.

Virginia City Chronicle.

This morning a couple of miners were seated on a bowlder alongside the road to Sutro, discussing the kicking powers of the mule. One had just returned from Sutro nd the other was on the way there, and having met near the rock they sat down for a talk.

"Have you quit over there?" said the one who was eastward bound.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Mules."

"'Fraid of 'em!"

"You bet. I saw one yesterday alongside an old boiler kickin' off the rivet-heads one by one. Never missed one. I was just going on shift, and when I saw the mule and heard ther were more of 'em inside, I weakened and threw up my job. I've got a wife and three children dependin' on me, and I don't take no chances."

"The worst mule I ever saw," said the other, "was in Pioche some years ago. It was one I owned. One day it rubbed against some nails sticking out on a post, and it turned square around and drove those nails in one by one, using a single blow of the hoof, with the iron shoe on for each nail, it never missed its lick, and always drove 'em just into the head. Then he saw a few tacks, a little lower down, which were only half driven in, and he drove them in, too, with light taps of the hoof, just as gentle and easy as could be. One day a man came along and set out a can of nitro-glycerine and giant powder. He wanted to get the mule to kick it and get killed. I saw him about the corral with the can, and knew what was up. At first I was going to stop him, but then I thought if my mule was any kind of a mule at all he could take care of himself. So I just watched. Well, the mule saw the can and walking up smelt of it, and then squared himself for the kick. The man was sneaking off, and just as the mule was going to kick the can, he caught sight of the feller and changed his position so that his tail was toward the man. He lifted his tail just like he was takin' aim and let fly his right hoof. The can went flying through the air and hit the man square in the rear just as he was gettin' over a fence about a hundred feet away. The thing exploded, and I never saw the man again. But next mornin' Pat Holland came out in The Record and said that the town had been visited by a shower of blood."

"Mules are immense when they git roused."

"You bet."

The Sultan's Gift to Grant.

Constantinople Letter to Phiadelphia Telegraph.

In March last, when General Grant, in the course of his cruise in the Vandalia, came to Constantinople, his first visit was paid to the Sultan. Immediately after this interview his Majesty charged Munir Bey, the Master of Ceremonies, to present the General with an Arab horse from the imperial stables. Accordingly, a number were led out, and one chosen and set aside for him; but owing to some misunderstanding the gift horse was not sent, and the Vandalia sailed without him. Recently, the question having been revived, the steed in question was hunted up among the 570 horses which compose the imperial stud. He was found, and, accompanied by a second horse, also for General Grant, transferred to the care of the American Legation. Arrangements have been made to send them in a few days on the Norman Monarch, a steamer of 2,000 tons capacity, which will probably sail direct to New Haven. They are to be housed on deck, provided with canvas belts to swing in in rough weather, and treated like cabin passengers. So it is to be reasonably hoped that the end of their thirty-days' passage will find them both sound in wind and limb. One is a dappled gray of fair size, and having all the traits characteristic of the Arabian blood—small, well set, restless ears, wide pink nostrils, and large, soft eyes, waving mane, and long tail reaching almost to the ground, and a skin of such delicacy that the stroke of a lady's whip is sufficient to draw blood. The other stallion has all these points. He is a glossy black, with a white star on his forehead and white hind feet. When the long forelock falls over his forehead the large, black eyes have all the expression of a Bedouin woman's. Their gait is perfect, be it either the rapid walk, the long swinging trot, or the tireless stretching gallop, while a rein of one thread of silk is enough to guide their delicate mouth. Let one of these Arabs, in the mad rush of a charge or a flight, lose his rider, and that instant the docile steed will stop as though turned into stone. These two horses are of the famous Saktan race, the purest Arabian blood, only found in and near Bagdad. The dapple gray is appropriately named Djeyton (The Panther), and the black Missirli (The One from Cairo), which cognomen he derives from the fact that he was bought at Cairo, although foaled at Bagdad. For breeding purposes, as well as for saddle horses, their blood and gentle temper are high recommendations, and I have no doubt that our great General will be highly pleased with the Sultan's gift.

An Extraordinary Crime Revealed.

Globe Democrat.

Vincennes, May 15.—At this particular time the neighboring county of Sullivan revels in a decided sensation, the particulars of which render it one of the most disgusting affairs that has come to light in Southern Indiana. The knowledge that his crime was on the eve of exposure, fully justifies Dr. Baldridge's action in joining the vast horde of carpet baggers with which this country is afflicted. For twenty-five years has Dr. J. H. Baldridge resided in Jackson township, Sullivan county, where he has been held in the highest estimation by his fellow men. His practice was extensive, besides which he took an active interest in religious matters, and was one of the pillars of the Presbyterian Church. The story, as it has been given to the public, makes known the alleged fact that the woman who for twenty-five years has passed as his wife was not legally such. When a young man, Dr. Baldridge married a young and beautiful girl in one of the quiet little villages of Ohio. It was on the occasion of one of this wife's periods of confinement that the woman who subsequently usurped her name and position was called upon to act in the capacity of nurse. Constant association with the charming nurse soon alienated the doctorls affections from his lawful wife, and ere long their relations were detected by the invalid, who forthwith entered objections to the proceedings. The nurse was summarily dismissed, but the infatuated man deserted his sick wife, and came straightway to Sullivan county, where he has since resided with his mistress. For more than ten years the lawful wife pursued her pathway through life unaided by her perfidious husband. At last becoming needy, she wrote him for assistance. Fearing an exposure, Dr. Baldridge soon made arrangements to forever after keep her from want. After considerable negotiating it was agreed that Mrs. Baldridge should remove to Sullivan County and take up her residence in her husband's house, passing herself off as a relict of his deceased brother. The plan worked well, so far as outside appearance would indicate, and the wife was installed as companion to the woman who unlawfully bore her name and held her position. A few years afterwards, probably ten years ago, Mrs. Baldridge, the supposed widow, was woed and won by Mr. J. F. Curry, a well-known citizen and neighbor, who had, but a few months previous, lost his wife by death. Curry died a year ago, and it is supposed was ignorant of the relations his wife bore to another man. There were no children by this marriage, though several were born of Mrs. Curry the first. By his mistress Baldridge had several children, and when he ran away from Ohio he took with him one or two whom he had torn from the arms of their unfortunate mother. Mrs. Curry inherits the estate of her deceased husband, but her step-children will contest the inheritance on the ground that she was not a lawful wife. The fear that officers were after him so worked on Baldridge that he packed up his valise and left for parts unknown.

Honesty of the Papuans.

A. R. Wallace, in Popular Science Monthly.

I had experience of the Papuans at Dorey, in 1858. I lived three or four months with only four Malay servants, going daily unarmed into the forest to collect insects; I was completely in their power had they wished to attack me. A remarkable proof of their honesty occurred to me at the Island of Waigou, where a man who had received payment in advance for red birds of paradise, brought back the money, represented by an axe, when after trying for several weeks he had failed to catch any. Another, who had received payment for six birds, brought me in the fifth two days before I was to leave the island, and immediately started off for the forest to seek another. Of course I never expected to see him again, but, when my boat was loaded, and we were just on the point of starting, he came running down the beach, holding up a bird, which he handed to me, saying, with evident satisfaction, "Now I owe you nothing." My assistant, Mr. Allen, venturing alone among the mountaineers of the northwest peninsula, found them peaceable and good-natured. Drs. Meyer and Beccari and Signor d'Albertis, penetrating inland beyond Dorey, were never attacked or seriously opposed, and Dr. Miklucho Maclay, suddenly appearing at Astrolade bay, among people who seem never to have had any communication with Europeans, soon established friendly relations with them, although subject to great trials of temper and courage at the outset.

Logical.

A professor of mathematics in one of our colleges, being engaged in conversation with a gentleman who advocated dueling, threw his adversary completely hors du combat by the following cute and characteristic reply to his question:

"But what could you do, sir, if a man, for example, told you to your very face, "You lie!"

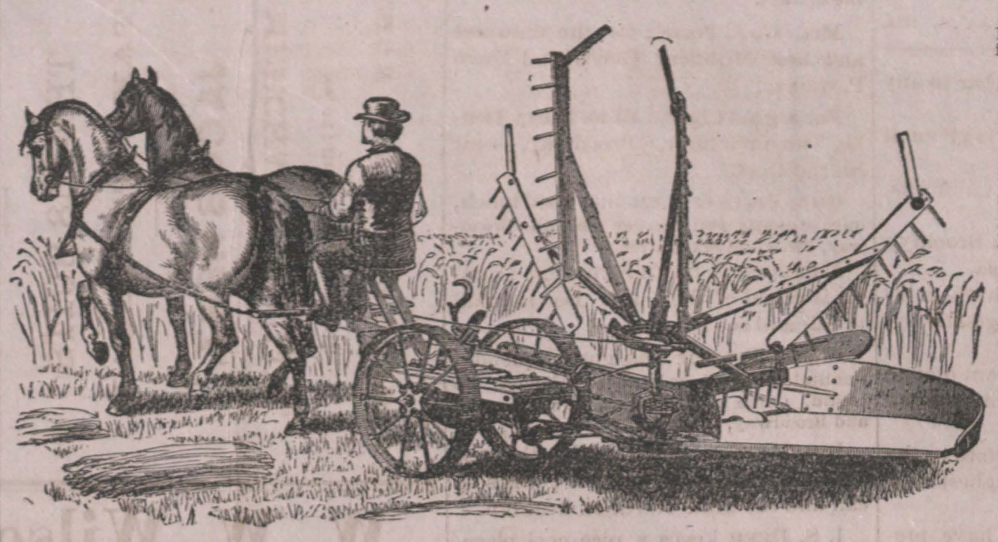
"What could I do? Why, I wouldn't knock him down, but I'd tell him to prove it. 'Prove it, sir, prove it,' I'd say. If he couldn't prove it, he'd be the liar, don't you see; but if he did prove that I had lied, I ought to pocket the affront; and there I expect the matter would end."

Brother Haskell, "the reformed clown," is conducting a Methodist revival in Amboy, Ill. An excited sister fainted in one of the meetings, and he said: "Stand away brothers and sisters and let the angels come in and fan her. I fell as if a quarter section of heaven had caved in and all the stars were tumbling down on me. You christians are like young pigs. I have to pull your ears off to get you up to the gospel trough, and after you get a taste of the glories, nearly pull your tale off to get you away."

As soon as spring put off her frown,
And man put off his ulster,
Fair woman put her bonnet on,
With joy that 'most convulsed her.

For there is naught to her so dear
As a new and sweet spring bonnet;
For there is naught she more does fear
Than a drop of rain upon it.

The Standard Hubbard Reaper.



Height of Cut changed while in motion.

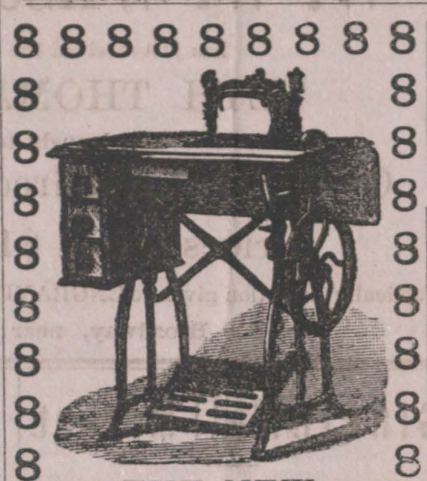
Farmers, when you want a combined Reaper and Mower, buy the changeable motion Hubbard. It has two finger-bars, 3 knives, 5 rakes, besides a change of motion, (which is easily changed while the team is in motion), while many of the so-called combined machines in market have but 1 finger bar 2 knives and 4 rakes, thereby depriving you of some of the best as well as the most expensive parts of the machine. The Hubbard has broad-faced wheels, runs light, and makes a perfect gavel. In fact, such confidence have we in our Combined Machine that we defy competition and seek comparison.

For sale by

T. C. Barnes,

512 Broadway,
Logansport, Ind.

3m9 70



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WHEELER & WILSON

No. 8

—IS—

PERFECT AND COMPLETE

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NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.

AGENTS WANTED

IN EVERY TOWN AND COUNTY.

ADDRESS

Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.
192 WEST FOURTH STREET,
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Also, for Sale by G. P. WASHBURN north side Broadway, east of canal.

LEIBIG'S FEVER AND AGUE CURE IN Liquid or Pills

Positively CURES the worst forms of Chills, Fever, Dumb Ague, Third-Day Ague, Fever without Chills, Neuralgia or Sick Headache, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, builds up the System to overcome Malaria—makes you feel like yourself, and never fails to cure.

Sold by W. H. Bringhurst, Lee W. Redd, and Needham & Keesling. 3m8

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GOOD WORK !
LOW PRICES

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AN ELEGANT BOOK FREE.

Your choice between two books, "The Age we Live In," and "History of the Sherbro Mission, in Africa." will be sent free to every subscriber to the LIFE BOAT, the popular temperance monthly. Only 75 cents per year, and 10 cents in stamps to mail the book. The books are nicely bound in cloth and gold, and sell for more than the price of the paper. $2.00 worth for 85 cents. The greatest offer ever made. Sample of the Life Boat free. ROUZER & MOWRY, Dayton, O.

I. N. CRAWFORD,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DALER IN,
HARDWARE, GUNS,
PISTOLS, SAWS, CUTLERY, GLASS,
CHAINS, BELTING, SASH,
Doors, Blinds, Mechanics' & Farmers' Tools of all kinds,
No. 84 Broadway, - 1y2-4p - *Logansport.*

FRANK SWIGART,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Logansport, Indiana.

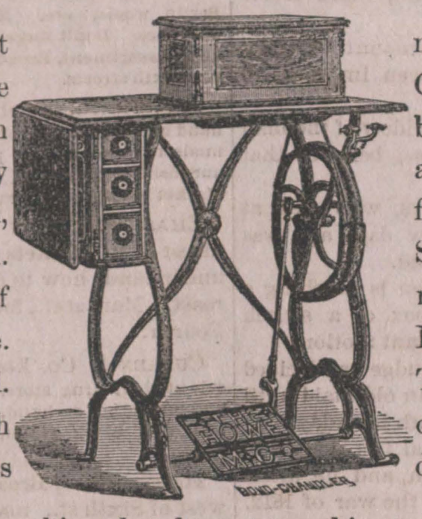
All matters left with given given prompt attention. 19-3m521

PLEDGES By mail, postage paid 30c. per 100. Address THE SIGNAL, Logansport, Ind.

HOWE.

Greatest Triumph of Inventive Genius.

The most perfect machine in the World. Challenge combines lightness in Comparison. It combines and excellence of working, beauty firmness and durstitch, strength, Simplicity and ability of seam. mechanism, will perfection of Range of work last a lifetime. The hemming without parallel. out like that of will not wash does. other machines



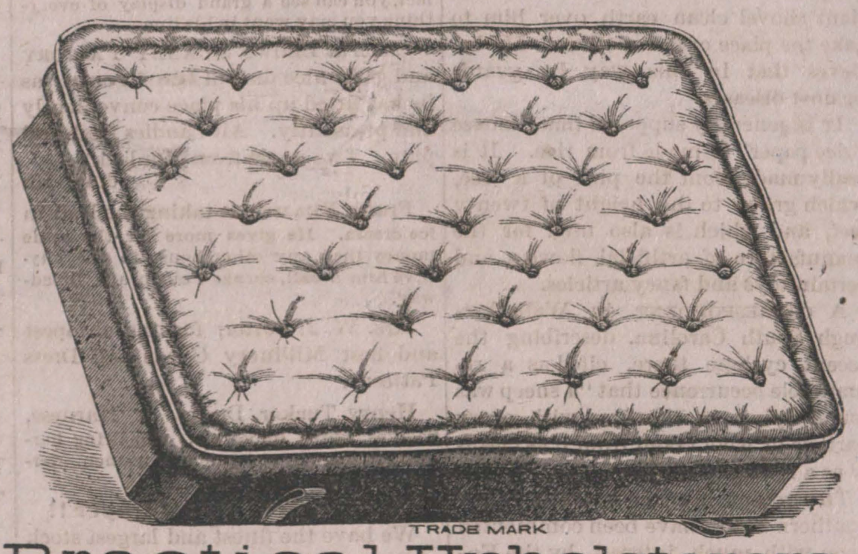
We handle nothing but honest machines, no rebuilt stuff, pawned off for new. We warrant each machine for five years.

A full line of attachments kept constantly on hand, also oil, needles, and everything else in the Sewing Machine line, at No. 512 Broadway. aprill9tly T. C. BARNES

FRED BECKEL,

SUCCESSOR TO

L. H. EMMONS & CO.,



TRADE MARK

Practical Upholsterers.

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Parlor Furniture, Spring Mattresses and Lounges,

—ALSO—

STUDENTS, LIBRARY, CLUB HOUSE AND EASY CHAIRS, LAMBREQUINES, ETC., ETC.

No. 515 Broadway, Logansport.

MERRIAM & RICE,

DRY GOODS.

We have received our full Spring purchases, comprising a larger assortment than ever, of

General Drv Goods,

Especially in the new styles of fabrics for Ladies' dresses and over garments,

Brocade silk and worsted piece goods in the new dark, medium and light shades.

Black and colored silk in extra good qualities, at extremely low prices.

Silk, Cashmere and cloth sacks, cloaks, dolmans and scarfs; also piece goods and rich trimmings for above garments.

Cloths and cassimeres in piece and suit patterns, in finer quality and greater variety than we ever had.

An immense stock of ingrain, tapestry and body Brussels carpet, at incredibly low prices; also mattings and oil cloths in all widths and qualities.

OUR STOCK IS UNUSUALLY COMPLETE

In all the kinds of goods we keep, and we invite examination of them as to quality and prices.

MERRIAM & RICE.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, MAY 21, 1879.

SEXHOOD is no longer a bar to any career.

THE population of Berlin is given at 1,052,900.

IN New Zealand, as in California, the Chinamen abounds.

TWO PERSONS have died in Brooklyn within a week of hydrophobia.

THE women and children in the mills and factories of India are greatly oppressed.

GENERAL BABCOCK has an orange grove in Florida and a naval office in Baltimore.

TEXAS is the third sheep State in the Union. California ranks highest and next Ohio.

THE Ritualists of Boston have prepared a new "Manual of Prayer" for their own use.

PITTSBURG, Scranton and Troy are furnishing steel rails for the Southern Pacific railroad.

THE Newark (N. J.) cutlery manufacturers have, it is said, more orders than they can fill.

NEW taxes to the amount of $150,000,000 a year, has been imposed on France since the war.

MRS. MOSHER, the widow of the man who stole Charley Ross, believes that the boy is still alive.

MR. FRANK WHETTS, who died at Alleghany, Pa., a few days ago, was more than 118 years old.

AN Augusta, Ga., hen is hatching a brood in the tender-box of a switch engine that is in constant motion.

A PENNSYLVANIA Judge has decided that a woman is not an old maid until she has reached her 35th birthday.

THE father of General Dix was a soldier of the Revolution, and he afterwards commanded in the war of 1812.

UNITED STATES four per cent. bonds are worth more than four per cents of the Empire of Germany, in the German markets.

A LETTER from Zanzibar announces the arrival there of Henry M. Stanley, with M. Dutalis, the officer in command of the Belgian expedition in Africa. Stanley will act as guide and interpreter. The plan of operations is unknown.

AN Illinois man sleeps every night on a spot of ground left bare for the purpose in his house, and has an attendant shovel clean earth over him to take the place of bed clothes. He believes that in this way he guards against diseases.

IT is generally supposed that Chinese "rice paper" is made from rice. It is really made from the pith of a tree, which grows to the height of twenty feet, and which is also used for the manufacture of artificial flowers and certain toys and fancy articles.

A CORRESPONDENT in Walterborough, South Carolina, describing the recent cyclone there, cited as a remarkable occurrence that "a sheep was found lying in the road with every particle of wool taken from it as cleanly as a razor could have done it."

THE recent horrible murders in the Southern States have been commented upon with much interest by the English press. The late murder in Kentucky especially is cited by the Pall Mall Gazette as evidence of the downward tendency of American society.

IN the bazars of Turkey apples and pears are frequently exposed for sale marked with the impression of a leaf. While the apple is green a leaf is glued or fastened upon it, which prevents the sun's rays from acting on that part, and the impression is distinctly produced.

MR. W. G. OAKMAN, who has married a daughter of Senator Conkling, is tall, straight, well made, somewhat of an athlete, dignified, reserved, aristocratic, quiet, a Republican, a Philadelphian, was formerly a cotton manufacturer, and is a man of cool business judgement in railroad affairs.

DENTIST.

H. C. Cushman, Dentist, will call at you house and do all kinds of work in the Dental Line. Send postal card to Box 145, Logansport.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

GEO. ASH'S for parlor suits.

Murdock & Bro. for Dry Goods.

VIGUS & CLEM'S for a good lunch.

GEO. ASH'S for window shades, made and put up.

Mrs. W. J. Potter for new millinery goods and dress patterns,

Potter does papering and calsomining cheap, don't you forget it now.

Harry Denbo manufactures the finest brands of Cigars in the city.

Schools supplied with Visiting Cards by Chas. Longwell & Co., Logansport, Ind.

Try that new calsomine at the People's Drug Store, all ready for use, the best in the market.

Mrs. W. J. Potter, for the cheapest and best Millinery Goods and Dress Patterns.

For a good Cigar, call on Harry Denbo, manufacturer, Broadway, near Sixth Street.

Go to VIGUS & CLEM for a good lunch, only 10 cents; you can get your fill. Broadway, Fifth and Sixth streets.

MURDOCK & BRO'S Five Cent Counter is ahead of them all. Do not fail to call and see it.

Frank Beamer has got a splendid Fountain, Good soda and delicious ice cream, Come and see him, corner Fourth and Broadway,

JOHN DEBOO still lives to do the best Horse Shoeing. If you don't think so call and see him. North st. near 6th.

I. S. DEER keeps a nice cool place, and sells all the choice meats that you may wish. Give him a call, Broadway, three doors above Fifth.

JOHN W. COST, pure Drugs and Cigars. Call for the Western Pet or the Bouncio Havana filled Cigar.

MRS. B. Z. LEWIS for fancy goods Berlin wools, etc. Millinery in all its branches. Don't forget to call and see the large assortment, Broadway, between Fifth and Sixth streets.

J. S. CRAIG, merchant tailor, has on hand an elegant line of piece goods. Suits made to order at low prices, in the latest and fashionable styles. Satisfaction assured. Market St., opposite Peal.

CHAS. G. CHOEN keeps one of the nicest Meat Markets in the city, and understands how to cut a nice steak or roast. Market st., fourth door east of Fourth.

CULLEN & Co. keep Wall Paper for sale at their drug store. Pure, fresh drugs and medicines on hand. Lamps, paints and oils, etc. Sixth street, three doors from North.

Harry Denbo, Broadway, third door west of Sixth st., manufactures excellent brands of Cigars. Smokers desirous of a good smoke should consult his stock.

JOHN GOTTSALEIG, boot and shoe maker, and dealer. Reliable goods kept in stock at lowest prices, and repairing done neatly and promptly at lowest prices, Market St, east of Fourth.

GEO. ASH'S for window shades, made and put up.

THERE is no use talking, the most substantial harness, both for buggy and wagon, can be got at J. W. Fuller's, on Market street. Whips, saddles, robes, and in fact, you can see a grand display of everything you may want in his line.

CALL at BROWN'S CANDY FACTORY and get a nice dish of **Ice Cream**, as he has fitted up his place conveniently and pleasantly. All Candies fresh and pure. Two doors from Murdock's.

3m11-521

Frank BEAMER is taking the lead in ice cream. He gives more for the same money than any other house in the city. Give him a call, corner Fourth and Broadway. 6m10

Mrs. W. J. Potter, for the cheapest and best Millinery Goods and Dress Patterns.

Henry Tucker, Dealer in Harness, Saddles, whips, Robes, etc. Repairing harness etc, done by competent workmen. Market street, east of Fourth.

Wall Paper! Wall Paper!!

We have the finest and largest stock of Paper Hangings in the State. Prices lower than the lowest. 323 Fourth St., Logansport. QUEALLY.

GEO. ASH'S for parlor suits.

John Winch, Boot and Shoe maker. All work done in approved manner; Repairing of all kinds done neatly, promptly, and at lowest rates; Shop on south side Broadway, opposite Howe office. 3m2-521

GO TO
HICKS'
FOR A
15 CENT DINNER.
Next to Murdock Hotel

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be as he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

Patterson & Tomlinson, dealers in all kinds of Garden and Field SEEDS, all fresh and good. Also Plows and Agricultural Implements. This old and reliable firm needs no commendation from us. Buy of them.

Mrs W. J. Potter keeps the latest styles of dress patterns at her millinery store. See wire sign across the street above the post office.

Geo. W. Hoffman, City Drug Store, keeps pure drugs and patent medicines. Also a full line of toilet goods, perfumes, brushes, combs, etc, Fourth street.

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas repaired: 171

GEO. ASH'S for window shades, made and and put up.

WE broadly warrant "favorite stoves" to use one-third less fuel, to do quicker and better baking, to last longer, and have double the conveniences of any line of stoves in America. If you will examine the "Favorite," and do not find it as we represent it, you will not be asked to purchase.

BARNHART & SON,
Logansport, Ind.

GEO. ASH'S for parlor suits.

NEW GOODS,
NEW PRICES

Just received a nice line of

SPRING GOODS,

Which I take pride in showing to customers.

THE $18 SUITS
TAKE THE LEAD.

JACOB HERZ,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 427 Broadway, Cor. Pearl,
SIGN OF THE BIG HAND
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W. W. Wilson, Jeweler,

has just received the largest Stock of

SETH THOMAS' CLOCKS

ever brought to this City.

Over One Hundred Different Styles.

Prices From $1.50 to $25.00.

Particular attention given to ENGRAVING and REPAIRING Fine Watches.

406 Broadway, near Fourth Street.

Gincinnati Market.

I HAVE ESTABLISHED
At No. 445 Fourth Street, near the Pan Handle depot, a
MARKET STAND.

At which I will keep all kinds of fruits and nuts in their season. Fresh fish, ready dressed; poultry and vegetables of all kind; butter and eggs; game in its seeson.

GIVE ME A CALL.

I will keep the best and freshest of all goods.

S. M. RAINES,
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WHEN YOU WANT
A GOOD PICTURE
Of any kind, go to
A. N. DONALDSON'S,
Cor, Broanway and Fourth Street,
LOGANSPORT, IND. 6tf

WINDSOR HOTEL.

First Class in every particular:
J.H. WINEMILLER, Proprietor
Rates: $1.50 per Day.
First Class Lunch Room connected with house
Pan Handle Depot, - LOGANSPORT, IND

DR. A. MYERS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

OFFICE—416 Market street, three doors from Pearl street.

MRS. M. E. CORNELL,
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN.
Treats Ladies and Children.
303, Northwest Corner of Broadway an Seventh streets. 3m19-021

J. F. BECKER,
IMPORTERS OF
Red and Grey Scotch Granite,
And Manufacturers of
Foreign and Domestic Marble Monuments and Headstones.
310 Bridge Street Logansport, Ind,

CHAS. HORNING,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Is about to **Close Out all His Made-Up Goods** at
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
All work warranted. 1y2-4 501 Broadway

MISS R. E. BOWMAN,
MUSIC TEACHER,
Lessons in Vocal and Instrumental Musi given at reasonable terms.
Rooms: Over Peters' book store. 3m19-021

Fountain City Rubber StamP Co.,
Bank, Railroad and BUSINESS STAMPS.
Date Stamps a Specialty.
FLORA, INDIANA.
Agent's Outfit, $1.00.

LIVERY, FEED,
—AND—
SALE STABES.
Buggies, Carriages and Rigs,
for all occasions promptly furnished, Prices Reasonable,
Stable on Alley, Bet. 6th & Broadway, West of 6th

SHANNON HOUSE,
COR. THIRD AND MARKET STREETS.
John Shannon, Prop
LOGANSPORT, IND.
$1.00 PER DAY.

WOLL & PARKER,
UNDERTAKERS.
ALL KINDS OF CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, LININGS AND TRIMMINGS IN STOCK.
306 Market Street, - - Logansport, Ind.

The Largest Assortment of
Trunks, Traveling Bags, Satchels, & Shawl Straps
To be found in the city. Trunks and Sample Cases made to order. Our prices are always the lowest. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. 3m17-002

THE SINGER M'F'G CO. have REMOVED their office to a room OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE, where they will keep on hand a large stock of Machines of every style. Also, all Part Attachments, Twist, Linen, and Cotton at greatly reduced prices. Needles, 25 cents per dozen, etc., etc.
Special attention given to Repairing all kinds of old Machines. Please give them a call, and don't forget the place, just opposite the p. o. 3m1-521 GEO. W. WERNER, Agt.

THE REASON WHY
WALKER, RAUCH & CO.
SELL MORE
BOOTS and SHOES
Than any other house in town is because they sell the best goods
THE CHEAPEST.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas!
H. T. MANLOVE,
DENTIST.
Rooms over Murdock's Store, corner Fourth and Broadway, Logansport, Ind, 1y2-4

DR. OVERHOLSER'S
DENTAL ROOMS,
Cor. Fourth & Market St., [Entrance on Fourth
LOGANSPORT, IND.
All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.
Teeth extracted positively without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, or Protoxide of Nitrogen, the safest and pleasantest anæsthetic known. 173m120

TAYLOR & VELSEY,
DENTISTS.
Office: 312 Market Street, Up Stairs,
LOGANSPORT, IND.
All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

MURDOCK BARBER SHOP.
WM. KRAUT, Proprietor.
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING
In most fashionable style.
BATH ROOMS CONNECTED

CHARLES HARTWIG,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
Market Street, bet. Pearl and Fifth, Cummings old stand, opp. Merriam & Rice,
LOGANSPORT, IND.
Clothing Cut, Cleaned, Repaired and Remodeled. 3m8-521

H. BRUNER,
DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES.
CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
RUBBER BOOTS REPAIRED AND WARRANTED.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE
No. 324 Market-st., T. P. Swigart's old stand.

M'NARY & LEEDY,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTING AG'TS,
All business promptly attended to.
No. 410 BROADWAY.

T. B. LOUIS'
Music
AND
Notion Store.

You will find at the

Cor. Broadway & Pearl St.

A well-selected stock of

NOTIONS

Consisting in part of

COLLARS,
CUFFS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
JEWELRY,
BUTTONS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

ORDRS FROM the COUNTRY

Promptly attended to, and

FILLED as DIRECTED.

A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE
MASON & AMLIN
ORGAN

Is conceded to be THE BEST NOW MADE, and can be had very

Reasonable FOR Cash

Also, on the plan of

EASY PAYMENTS,

or Renting an Organ until Rent pays for it.

It must be hired for not less than six months, but it may be returned at any time after that If retained until the price of the Organ is paid, it will become that person's property without further payment.

For all particulars call at

Cor. Broadway & Pearl St

All kinds of

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE Kept

Also, Agent for

WEBER PIANOS.

N. B.—Lessons given at reasonable rates. 5.3m.10

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INDIANA STATE LIBRARY

H P Biddle
X

The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE.—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM.

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., JUNE 4, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 12

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

KATE P. OSGOOD.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass,
He turned them into the river lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again

Under the willow and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go,
Two already were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But, after the evening's work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun,
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And blinding bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cold and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one.

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army-blue,
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn
And yield their dead to life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

DECORATION ODE.

AIR—*America.*

With reverent steps we come
To gather 'round their tomb,
The honored brave!
Those whom we loved so well,
Who nobly fought and fell,
Foul treason's strife to quell,
Our land to save.

Bright wreaths and flowers we bring,
Fair offerings of the spring,
Their graves to strew,
While silent tear-drops well
From hearts that throb and swell,
As fame their deeds shall tell,
Those souls be true.

Fair children clothed in white,
Emblems of angels bright,
Are hither led.
And still from year to year,
Shall pilgrims journey here,
And many a holy tear,
Shall here be shed.

Oh, God! to THEE we raise
Our songs of highest praise
For blessings past!
Make us still more revere
Their names who slumber here.
And guard our land so dear,
While time shall last!

—[Rosemary Leaves.

SPRING SONG.

O hope of the world that risest again
New-born from the clod,
O life that brightens on meadow and fen
With the breath of God
O daffodils brave whose banners fly
At the snow's retreat,
O sweet warm winds of the South that sigh
O'er the springing wheat,
O birds that tell in the branches bare
Of the summer days,—
Read me your lesson; teach me your prayer;
Fill my soul with your praise.

—Sunday Afternoon for May.

UNDRESSING LITTLE NED.

"Where is 'Whisky Bill,' who used to drive that old white horse in front of a twenty-five-cent express wagon?" repeated the man, in tones of surprise.

"Yes."

"Well, now, it's a curious case," he slowly continued. "We all thought he'd gone to the dogs, for sure, for he was drinking a pint of whiskey a day; but a few months ago he braced right up, stopped drinking, and now I hear he's in good business and saving money. It beats all, for the last time I saw him he seemed half underground."

When you go home at night and find that all is well with your own flesh and blood do you go to sleep reasoning that the rest of the world must care for itself? Do you ever shut your eyes and call up the hundreds of faces you have met during the day, and wonder if the paleness of death will cover any of them before morrow? When you have once been attracted to a face, even if it be a stranger's do you let it drop rom memory with your dreams, or do ou call it up again and again as night comes down and hope it may lose none of its brightness in the whirling mists of time?

So "Whisky Bill" was hunted down. An inquiry here and there finally traced him to a little brown cottage on a by-street. He sat on the step in the twilight, burly, broad shouldered man of 30, and in the house three or four children gathered around to look over a picture-book.

"Yes they used to call me 'Whisky Bill,' down town," he replied, as he moved along and made room, "but it is weeks since I heard the name. No wonder they think me dead, for I've not set eyes on the old crowd for months, and I dont want to for months to come."

"They tell me you have quit drinking. One could see that by your face.'

"I hope so, I haven't touched a drop since February. Before that I was half-drunk day in and day out, and more of a brute than a man. I don't mind saying that my wife's death set me to thinking, but I didn't stop my liquor. God forgive me, but I was drunk when she died, halfdrunk at the grave, and I meant to go-on a regular spree that night. It was lowdown, sir, but I was no better than a brute those days."

And so you left your motherless children at home and went out and got drunk?"

"No, I said I meant to, but I didn't. The poor things were crying all day. and after coming home from the burial I thought to get 'em tucked away in bed before I went out. Drunk or sober, I never struck one of them a blow, and they never ran from me when I staggered home. There's four of 'em in there, and the youngest isn't quite four years yet. I got the older ones in bed all right, and then came little Ned. He had cried himself to sleep, and he called for mother as soon as I woke him. Until that night I never had that boy on my knee, to say nothing of putting him to bed, and you can guess these big fingers made slow work with the hooks and buttons. Every minute he kept saying mother didn't do that way, and mother done this way, and the big children were hiding their heads under the quilts to drown their sobs. When I had his clothes off and his night-gown on I was ashamed and put down, and when the oldest saw tears in my eyes and jumped out of bed to put her arms around my neck I dropped the name of 'Whisky Bill' right then and forever."

"And little Ned?"

'Maybe I'd have weakeded but for him," replied the man, as he wiped his eyes. "After I got the child's night-gown on, what did he do but kneel right down beside me and wait for me say the Lord's prayer to him! Why, sir, you might have knocked me down with a feather! There I was, mother and father to him, and I couldn't say four words of that prayer to save my life! He waited and waited for me to begin, as his mother always had, and the big children were waiting, and when I took him in my arms and kissed him, I called heaven to witness that my life should change from that hour. And so it did, sir, and I've been trying hard to lead a sober, honest life. God helping me, no one shall call me 'Whisky Bill' again."

The four children, little Ned in his night-gown, came out for a good night kiss, and the boy cuddled in his father's arms for a moment and said:

"Good night, pa—good night, everybody in the world—good night, ma, up in heaven—and don't put out the light till we get to sleep!"

English Liquor Legislation.

London Correspondence Philadelphia Telegraph.

A bill is pending now in Parliament for the alteration of the English criminal code, which, when passed, cannot fail to be of the utmost value to the English people. The liquor question seems still to be as far off a satisfactory settlement as ever, and none but those who have lived some time in this country can adequately realize how urgent is the necessity for some legislation upon the frightful liquor traffic here. To give some idea of the growth of the trade, I just mention one little fact, which, though some years old, will be new to most of our readers. The Alabama claims were more than made up by the increase in the revenue derived from the sale of spirituous liquors during two years, and I have more than once heard the boast, "We drank ourselves out of that debt."

The opinions of advanced men are divided between the support of the "Gothenburg system" and Sir Wilfrid Lawson's "Permissive bill," or some modification of it. It is unlikely that Sir Wilfrid's pet scheme will become law yet awhile, though he gamely brings it forward session after session. "Half a loaf is better than no bread," and the feelings of the Commons upon the growing evils of intemperance is such that a "Licensing Amendment act" brought forward by Mr. Hunter Rodwell, will probably obtain the sanction of both Houses before the year expires.

The bill prohibits the issuing of any new license for the sale of intoxicants 'unless the application for the same be supported by a requisition signed by such a proportion of the residents in the district as shall satisfy the licensing authority, and they shall find as a fact upon evidence taken on oath, that such license is necessary to supply a public want." Meanwhile, Mr. Chamberlain, the member for Birmingham, is taking vigorous steps to have a fair trial given to the "Gothenburg system" in the town he represents. He could hardly find a spot in England better suited for the purpose, as Birmingham is, notoriously, one of the most drunken towns in England. The "Gothenburg System" provides for the taking over of all the liquor business but the municipal authorities, who keep open such places as they deem necessary for the public requirements, place competent managers therein, who are instantly dismissed from their posts if they attempt to purswade any one to drink intoxicants, or serve a man with liquor who is in the slightest degrees inebriated, and all drink sold is absolutely pure and undulterated, while non-intoxicants, such as tea, coffee, cocoa, etc., are kept on hand for all who prefer them. The profits, of course, go to the town, and serve to decrease municipal taxation. The great difficulty in the carrying out of the system lies in the enormous amount of money required to buy up the vested interests of the publicans.

A Woman Cured by Prayer.

Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard.

The quiet village of Stratford has been having a little sensation on its own hook in the healing way. The matter has been kept very quiet, and until now the particulars of the case have never been made public. A widow of that place, aged about forty-two, has been confined to her bed for about three years with a painful disease, contracted, as is supposed, by overwork. She has peen treated by a number of prominent physicians without success, and had almost despaired of relief. Hearing of the prayer cure of Mrs. Mix, of Woolcotville, she began thinking about calling upon her for assistance and had made up her mind to do so when the thought occured to her that what Mrs. Mix could do by prayer and faith she also might do by the same means. She resolved to try the experiment, and for about a week prayed that she might be made whole. At last, she claims, her prayers were answered. She felt a peculiar thrill run through her, and immediately afterward she arose from her bed and walked. She called out, and her friends and neighbors rushed in, and were surprised by the sight of the sick woman standing upon her long unused feet and able to walk. The lady afterward attended church, manifesting great joy over her sudden recovery. This was about three weeks ago, and she has since remained as well as ever. She had been under medical treatment in New York and New Haven, but had abandoned it some time before her sudden cure.

Mr. Spurgeon on Himself.

At the annual "tea and supper" given to the friends and supporters of Mr. Spurgeon's "Pastor College," in London, Mr. Spurgeon said that he used to have no end of enemies; whether they were all dead he did not know, but they were much quieter than they used to be. There were his friends of the Church of England. Did he ever refuse to speak all he thought about them? And yet one of the first things he received in the course of his illness was a letter from the Bishop of his diocese to express his extreme sorrow, a letter and book from the Dean of Chester, and another letter from Archdeacon Law, of Gloucester; also, another from a very, very High Churchman, whose name he would not mention, because he was so dreadfully high, all expressive of deep love to him. It seemed strange to him that such a grumpy individual as himself, and one who could grumble so very loudly, should be treated so kindly. He began to fear he must have been doing something wrong, and he began to question his conscience; but on the whole he could not remember unfaithfulness in his utterances. He rejoiced in the conduct of the brethren concerned, and returned to all their affection. Whenever anybody sang his praises he sank to the very lowest in spirit directly, but on his being abused up went his spirits, and he defied the very devil himself when it came to a fight.

One-Tenth of the Sugar of the World.

Something like one-tenth of the sugar in the world is produced in Mauritius. McCulloch, in 1858, put down the world's produce at 1,250,000 tons. In that year the island produced 126,250 tons. In 1862-3 the crop produced 165,000 tons, the largest quantity ever made in Mauritius in a single crop. These figures are independent of sugar made from beet or other sources besides the cane. The crop during the coupe just over is estimated at 125,000 tons. Of this the larger portion is exported. the islands consuming annually about 7,500 tons. Beet-root sugar can be classed among the natural enemies of the cane; the very mention of its name in Mauritius acts like the wave of a red flag to a bull—a good year for "beet" meaning a bad year for sugar; a failure in the former crop will add several shillings to the price of a hundred weight of sugar, a difference which means to the planter a good income for the year, or the reverse. Beet sugar is encouraged by bounties by the French government; hence its cheaper production and its rivalry with cane sugar.

"I say, Charley," said a young swell the other day, "I've struck a new sort of a prospective father-in-law. You see, I got mashed, terribly mashed, on a little one, and she asked me to call. So I went down the other evening. The governor came to the door, and I thought it was all up with me. Expected the traditional boot, you know; but he was very gentlemanly, asked me into his library, chatted on politics and trade, set up the cigars, had a bottle of wine opened and did me proud. Invited me to call again, too. But hang me if I had a chance to set eyes on the girl! Singular, wasn't it?"

INTERESTING ITEMS.

PHILADELPHIA counted up 96,000 church-goers last Sunday.

AMERICAN lock-boxes are placed in Antwerp's new Postoffice.

THE penalty of lying in Siam is to have the mouth sewed up.

THERE are about 70,000 more males than females in San Francisco.

ONLY one inch of rain fell during the month of March in Norther Texas.

MALE corsets are unknown in America, but they are by no means in Europe.

SPIRITUALISM is unknown in China.

AN observatory is about to be erected on Mount Etna.

WILLIAM DAWSON is the name of a poor Quaker shoemaker in Spiceland, Ind., who is an excellent astronomer.

WELL bred fox hounds are very valuable; at Lord Poltimore's sale in 1870 forty-three hounds produced over $15,000.

PHYSIOLOGISTS have observed that men and dogs are the only creatures whose nature can accommodate itself to every climate.

THE Princess Louise is said by the Montreal Herald to be painting a portrait of Mrs. Scott-Siddons for presentation to the actress.

IT is rather a curious fact that the three great conquerors of the world—Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon—were all bearless men.

A TEXAS jury arose after the evidence was in and requested that the case go to them without "any lawyer's speeches," and it did.

THERE have been only seventeen hangings for murder in New Hampshire. The first two were women, who were hanged in 1739 for child-murder.

DOM PEDRO packed his contribution to the Washington Monument in fine Brazilian wood. Now the wood, made into a model of the monument as it is planned, and has been returned to him.

A BOY in Philadelphia has obtained a verdict for $8,500 damages against some saloon-keepers who put out his eye by the wad of a toy cannon they were firing to celebrate the Fourth of July.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD girl, lost in Minnesota woods, had the good sense to hang bits of her dress on bushes as she wandered, and these led to her discovery, after she had lived four days on berries and wild onions.

THE proprietor of the Pullman car invention reports that paper wheels have run 400,000 miles under his cars without repair, while the average running power of an ordinary wheel is from 55,000 to 60,000 miles.

JUSTICE HUNT, who at one time was given up to die, and for whose place on the Supreme Bench there was a sudden array of applicants, is improving rapidly. He rides out daily and expect to go to his home in New York this week.

THE widow of ex-P. M.-Gen. Alexander W. Randall still thrives as a raiser of cattle upon her lands in Nebraska. For several years, it is said, her sales of stock have reached $6,000 a year, and the herd is as large again as it was when she assumed the management.

JUDGE BAXTER, of Tennessee, has decided a suit in which a tract of land covering six hundred square miles in Overton, Fentress, Putnam and Cumberland counties is involved. The possessors have held the property through forged deeds, and it is returned to Dr. Abram Litton, of St. Louis.

MR. ED. REED, a farmer near West Point Ga., says that on Monday last he killed nineteen snakes, on Tuesday twenty-one, and on Wednesday six, making forty-six in three days. He is useing them as fertilizers by laying them in open furrows by the side of his corn and then covering them.

A TWENTY year old will, covering nearly a million dollars' worth of property, has just come to light in Washington, and the customary complications are promised. Why will rich men persist in hiding wills, or making odd ones, and in every other way act contrary to business principles in dividing their property.

ALLEN M. JONES, a colored man living near Archer, Fla., has a son with the following names: Europe Asia Henry Taylor Thomas Mintern Abraham Lincoln Menden Hall Josiah T. Walls Shadrich Timmons John Fitz Simmons William U. Saunders Jonathan Lambert Jones, all of which was incorporated into a legal document at that town last week.

"SISTER MARIE BARNARD died piously" on the 17th of April, in the Convent of Sisters of Mercy and Christian Education at Nevers. In 1858, under the name of Bernardette Soubirous, she declared that the Virgin Mary repeatedly appeared to her in the grotto at Lourdes, and made that place the goal of pious pilgrimages, and a market for miraculous waters.

RUSSIA has had a great bank embezzlement case. Mr. Tuchentzoff, cashier of the Landed Bank of Mutual Credit, has been seutenced to Siberia for plundering his institution for four years of millions of rubles, which he spent in magnificent living. Like T'Kind't, of Belgium, he went on his career of theft and extravagance without exciting the suspicions of the directors of the bank.

POLICE officers are detailed to attend balls in New Orleans to take charge of the revolvers and other concealed weapons of the attendants, and politely return them when the owners are ready to depart. At one ball recently the searching process resulted in the discovery of seventy-nine dangerous weapons concealed on the persons of gentlemen applying for admission to the evening's amusement.

MR. MARTIN was a conductor on an Iowa railroad. He is a church member, and at a recent revival meeting told what the Lord had done for him. Among other things he said he ran his caboose car from Cedar Rapids to Pottsville without a flange on one wheel. He had faith the Lord would keep the caboose on the track, and He did. It was not long after he received an epistle from the General Superintendent, which began thus: "Young man, I don't believe the Lord has anything to do with running freight trains;" and now Martin has no caboose to run on the faith principle.

THERE were two suitors to one girl in Des Moines. She married No. 1 while No. 2 was out of town, and on No. 2's return he called on her without knowing what had happened. There was his rival in the parlor, but he resolved "to sit him out." The girl made no explanation, and the hours passed until midnight. Then No. 1 said: "Excuse me, sir, but we desire to go to bed." No. 2 was dumbfounded.

THE living and the dead were recently bed fellows for nearly twenty-four hours in a Welshman's house in Cornwall. A farmer and his wife lived alone in a house. The husband was a helpless paralytic; the wife was hale and hearty. The poor man awoke one morning to find his wife, who had seemed to be in perfect health when she went to bed, dead by his side. Unable to move or to make anybody hear, the unfortunate man was compelled to remain in bed all day with his wife's corpse, and it was not until evening that the neighbors broke into the house and discovered what was amiss.

ANNIE KLINE, the daughter of a Mississippi planter, became somewhat famous during the war as a rebel spy, and was once sentenced to death, but finally liberated. Her family lost all its wealth, and she subsequently went to California, having married William Townsend. In San Francisco she started a manufactory of wax flowers and did very well until, in an anti-Chinese riot, her establishment was burned. A suit against the city for damages failed, and at last accounts she had disappeared, with her daughter, leaving a letter indicating that she meant ot kill herself and the child.

To Drive Away Rats.

Rural Press.

A lady, in a recent number of a New York journal, discourses in the following style concerniug her treatment of rats and mice: We cleaned our premises of these detestable vermin by making whitewash yellow with copperas and covering the stones and rafters of the cellar with a thick coating. In every crevice where a rat might tread we put crystals of the copperas, and scattered the same in the corners of the floor. The result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rat or mouse has been heard about the house. Every spring a coat of the yellow wash is given the cellar as a purifier as well as a rat exterminator and no typhoid, dysentry or fever, attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats of the neighborhood by leaving fruits and vegitables uncovered in the cellar, and sometimes even the scraps are left open for their regalement. Cover up every thing eatable in the cellar and pantry, and you will soon drive them out.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

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OFFICIAL STATE C. T. U. ORGAN.

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IT is reported, and officially denied, that there are recent cases of yellow fever in New Orleans.

Two towns and four large villages in Russia were recently burned by the Nihilists, reducing thousands of peasants to beggary.

POPE LEO protests against the new law passed by the Italian Parliament requiring civil marriages to precede the religious ceremony.

THE impression everywhere prevails that the business of the present year will be the safest that has been done during the last decade.

OVER two million copies of the speeches made in Congress at the present session have been sent out from the House folding room.

THE volcano of Mount Ætna, in the Island of Sicily, is in full eruption. Three new craters have appeared, and adjacent villages are in danger of destruction.

RIPE wheat was cut in Americus, Ga., on the 30th of April, threshed and ground on the 2d of May, and a barrel of flour has since been sold in New York.

AN ordinance will be submitted to the Louisiana Constitutional Convention, repudiating the State debt in excess of $3,000,000. The ordinance will be strongly supported and opposed.

OFFICIAL advices from Washington Territory indicate that only a few locusts had been hatched near Glencoe, up to April 18th. From other points of the Northwest there are no reports of these pests appearing in numbers.

A LONDON paper affirms that the youngest son of Queen Victoria, Prince Leopold, has just sent an offer of marriage to the Princess Marie of Hanover, for whom his brother, the Duke of Connaught, was an unsuccessful suitor

THE Baptist General Association, in session at Charlotteville, Virginia, recently, recommended the establishment and perpetuation of the closest fraternal relations with colored Baptist bodies, including the sending and receiving of delegates.

NORTHERN colored men hold divided views on the question of the Southern exodus. The New York colored Methodists, in conference, have passed resolutions approving the movement, while the Philadelphia and Baltimore conference of the same sect, has adopted a resolution contrariwise.

GENERAL GRANT'S present from the Sultan of Turkey, two handsome gray Arabian stallions, has arrived by steamer at New Haven, Conn., after a journey of twenty-six days from Constantinople. They are in fine condition, and will probably be forwared to the General's farm in Missouri.

THE report of the Surgeon-General of the United States for the week ending May 17th, 1879, shows Indianapolis to be the healthiest city in the Union, the death rate being 9.60 per 1,000. St. Louis comes next, with a rate of 10.4 per 1,000. The average of the principal cities is 17.6.

IT is claimed now that the proposed monster excursion to meet General Grant on his return to San Francisco, Cal., for the purpose of escorting him eastward in triumph, originated with Chicago parties, who have gone so far as to secure reduced railway fares for the excursionists. The time of the General's arrival is believed to be between the 15th and 20th of July. It is calculated that about 4,000 persons will participate in the jaunt to the Pacific when it comes off.

A VERY singular item comes from Maine. A lady of Madrid, that State, was in a house which was struck by lightning. A valuable gold watch which she wore stopped at the time, and, although jewelers have repeatedly examined it and pronounced it perfect in every particular, it cannot be made to move. It is so charged with electricity that watchmakers say no part of it can ever be made to do duty if taken out and put into another set of works.

A YOUNG lady of Belleville, Iowa, Miss Germain, recently deeded a farm worth $8,000 to the Catholic Church for the purpose of erecting an orphan asylum in that city. Last Tuesday the young lady died of consumption, at the age of twenty-one years, and at the grave, her mother (who, with her other relatives, had opposed the gift to the church) gave vent to her feelings by abusing the officiating priest with her tongue and striking him on the head with her parasol. The disgraceful scene was ended by the removal of the exasperated woman by her friends.

THE bill for the establishment of a national system of quarantine to prevent the introduction and spread of infectious diseases has passed both Houses, and now only awaits the President's signature to become a law. The noteworthy feature of the discussion of this measure, was that the Southern Democrats who were loudest in their denial of the right of the nation to protect and preserve the purity of elections were the foremost advocates of the interposition of national power to ward off pestilence.

REPORTS from all parts of Southern Georgia announce the appearance of a strange and fatal disease among cattle. In several counties the death rate among cows and oxen is alarming. Nobody seems to understand the treatment of the malady, and it is spreading to the central and northern parts of the State. The symptoms seem to be new, and the effects of the disease strange. The State Commissioner of Agriculture is investigating the matter thoroughly, and hopes to stop the spread of the epidemic. The planters generally are alarmed at the prospect of great loss.

THE tornado in Kansas and Nebraska on the 30th inst., was remarkable for the great destruction of life in the rural districts as well as in the towns. Generally such storms are most destructive in towns, people finding it impossible to escape the flying and falling timbers of wrecked buildings. In the Kansas tornado people in the woods or in the fields suffered equally with those in falling houses. The record, as given in the dispatches, is a terrible one, and the loss of life and property simply appalling.

AT Hagerstown, Maryland, on Thursday morning, a fire was discovered in the lower floor of the Washington House in that place. Before the alarm could be given the fire had gained such headway that the flames rushed up the stairway, completely cutting off all escape. There were upwards of sixty persons on the register, besides the regular boarders, nearly all of whom were compelled to escape by climbing down the porch pillars. Several of those who escaped in this way sustained serious injuries by falling. One man made a rope of his bed clothing, and attempted to escape in that way from the fourth floor. The rope broke as he reached the third floor, and he was very dangerously injured. A child of the agent of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, while climbing down the porch from the fourth floor, fell and is supposed to be fatally injured. Two bodies were found in the ruins, burned to a crisp. There are six persons missing, supposed to be burnt and in the ruins. Fifteen persons were injured seriously from falling, and about twenty slightly injured.

The French and English Colonist.

When a Frenchman, says a writer in Frazer's Magazine, is forced to plant himself as a colonist in some corner of the globe (he does not like doing it), his mode of setting to work is very different from an Englishman's. He initiates himself into the customs of the natives, is not above mixing with them in a friendly, neighborly way, and picks out any peculiarities of dress, living, or habit which appear more suited to the place than his own; little by little he assimulates himself with the people of the country in all points which he conceives will make him more comfortable or better able to resist the climate; while in return the natives copy his ways, so manifestly superior to their own, adopting them freely and handing them down from father to son, as an advantageous exchange. An Englishman, on the contrary, under similar circumstances, holds himself aloof from the inhabitants, looks down on them and their customs as barbarians, prides himself on remaining still an Englishman, wears a tall hat and frock-coat with the thermometer at ninety-five degrees, and sticks to beer and spirits, even when light claret is the obvious drink of the country. He lives outside the world in which the natives dwell, and so they have to get on without him as best they can, while wondering at the eccentricities of so great a man.

A flame is in her glassy eye, a broom is in her eager hand, aloft she lifts a sudden cry that echoes like a new brass band; her dress is reefed about her knees, as through the house she cuts a path, and in her every stranger sees a being of magic wrath. Step-ladders scale the papered height, and tubs of water flood the floor, her voice is heard from morn till night rising above the awful roar. Fly from her presence dog and cat, fly from her presence man and mouse, it is the vernal frenzy that possesses her—she's cleaning house.

LEADVILLE produced more silver last year than any county in the State.

A MAY IDYL.

A Vision of Spring with an Incident Attached Thereto.

As I write, a dear little wasp falls upon the table and expresses his emotion by whirling madly around on his back as he lies prone on the manuscript before me. Somebody left the window open and "the wind blew it in." It lies prone just now, but isn't half so prone as it looks. I whistle up the dog of a neighbor. It is a young dog, foolish in its general habits, impulsive to a fault, usually incorrect in its premises, faulty in its conclusions. I direct the attention of the dog to the struggling wasp, and by sibilant sounds and taunting and encouraging gestures, endeavor to excite the unjust wrath of the quadruped against the insect. I am eminently successful. The instinct of the brute would undoubtedly teach him to shun a strong, healthy wasp, but as this insect appears to be suffering from a broken back, the dog is confident of an easy victory.

After a short introductory overture of barks, he advances upon the buzzing victim and picks it up. But how shall we despise the day of small things? Without the sunshine floods the dusty thoroughfare of Eight street with the glory of spring, the maple buds unfold and the white blossoms sparkle like summer snowdrows on the cherry trees; a child in a clean white dress and red flannel leggings is falling down the stairs of the house across the way, and a man in the lot adjoining is trying to chase seven chickens into one coop, while the seven chickens, with a fine burst of speed, are endeavoring very successfully to distance the man in seven different directions. No one man can head off seven chickens under those circumstances. A woman, out "calling" and evidently a little bit lost as to locality, is standing with a card case in her hand, patiently knocking at the door of a house that has been empty nearly eight weeks. The wasp, evidently cheered and toned up by the skirmish, is wheeling airily about the room singing in low, soft tones the songs of other golden summer days. How peaceful and summer-like the picture!

The dog? Ah, yes! Was there then a dog in the scene? Memory, memory, open the golden gates. Ah, yes! There was a dog, not long ago. Yes, I remember now. He was here.

But there is no dog in this immediate vicinity now.

He has moved.

How like a silent benison the radiant sunlight falls upon the streets! Yes, I think now I saw him move. I heard him, too, for my recollection is that he moved as much with his tongue as he did with his feet. I gaze upon the canvas of the past, and memory limns for me the details of his moving. But nothing limns anything for the dog, he doesn't need it.

He limbed it all that was necessary for his own unaided self.

Upon the cloudless, pale, unshadowed blue of the April sky above me, storms will come, and the fierce, white glare of the lightning will frighten the radiant sunshine and the mellow starlight. There will be drifting clouds across the summer days, and the smile of the spring time will be quenched in bitter tears.

Oh, icy sheen of winter and the hollow sound of the man upon the treacherous cellar door!

How all these things will come and go! The changing seasons, flecked with storm and calm; the still, deep starry summer nights; the restless tide, and the laughing of the winds in the voiceless forests; laughing childhood, radiant youth, and reverenced age; the bridal wreath and the snowy crown upon the casket lid.

How all these things will come and go!

But that dog will never come back here again. Never.

At least, not until he had heard that that wasp is dead. Dead. Dead and buried.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

OLD TIMES.

How People Lived Fifty Years Ago and How They Live Now.

G. C. Goffin, in May Atlantic.

A half century ago a large part of the people of the United States lived in houses unpainted, unplastered and utterly devoid of adornment. A well-fed fire in the yawning chasm of a huge chimney gave partial warmth to a single room, and it was a common remark that the inmates were roasting one side while freezing the other; in contrast a great majority of the people of the older States now live in houses that are clap-boarded, painted, blinded and comfortably warmed. Then the household furniture consisted of a few plain chairs, a plain table, a bedstead made by the village carpenter. Carpets there were none. To-day few are the homes, in the city or country, that do not contain a carpet of some sort, while the average laborer by a week's work may earn enough to enable him to repose at night upon a spring bed.

Fifty years ago the kitchen "dressers" were set forth with a shining row of pewter plates. The farmer ate with a buck-handled knife and an iron or pewter spoon, but the advancing civilization has sent the plates and spoons to the melting pot, while the knives and forks have given place to nickel or silver-plated cutlery.

In those days the utensils for cooking were a dinner pot, tea kettle, skillet, Dutch oven and frying pan; to-day there is no end of kitchen furniture.

The people of 1830 sat in the evening in the glowing light of a pitch-knot fire, or read their weekly newspapers by the flickering light of a "tallow dip; now, in city and village, their apartments are bright with the flame of the gas-jet or the softer radiance of kerosene. Then, if the fire went out upon the hearth, it was rekindled by a coal from a neighboring hearth, or by flint, steel and tinder. Those who indulged in pipes and cigars could light them only by some hearthstone; to-day we light fire and pipes by the dormant fire-works in the match-safe at a cost of one hundreth of a cent.

In those days we guessed the hour of noon, or ascertained it by the creeping of the sunlight up to the "noon mark" drawn upon the floor; only the well-to-do could afford a clock. To-day, who does not carry a watch? and, as for clocks, you may purchase them at wholesale, by the cart-load, at 62 cents apiece.

Fifty years ago how many dwellings were adorned with pictures? How many are there now that do not display a print, engraving, chromo, or lithograph? How many pianos or parlor organs were there then? Reed organs were not invented till 1840, and now they are in every village.

Some who may read this article will remember that in 1830 the Bible, the almanac, and the few text-books used in school were almost the only volumes of the household. The dictionary was a volume four inches square and an inch and a half in thickness. In some of the country villages a few public-spirited men had gathered libraries containing from 300 to 500 volumes; in contrast, the public libraries of the present, containing more than 10,000 volumes, have an aggregate of 10,650,000 volumes, not including the Sunday school and private libraries of the country. It is estimated that altogether the number of volumes accessible to the public is not less than 20,000,000! Of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries, it may be said that enough have been published to supply one to every 100 inhabitants of the United States.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

Exchange.

Mr. Kroeger was tranquilly eating his breakfast, a morning or so ago, when his boy broke the silence by asking him for twenty-five cents to go to the minstrels with that night. Mr. Kroeger promptly refused, on the ground of hard times.

Mr. Kroeger's boy is more than a boy, and when he sets his heart on anything he generally succeeds in getting it; so, when his father refused to comply with his request, he moved over by his mother and said:

"I guess I'll tell ma what the cook said to you last night."

Mrs. Kroeger's eyes flashed like two balls of fire.

"You're a nice man," she said, sarcastically, "to come home and pet me, and kiss me, and call me your dew-gummed tulip, and then go and receive the caresses of the cook. You miserable frog-eyed runt, for two pins I'd go over there and rake your eye out."

"I—ah—," stammered the lord of the manor, when his wife broke in:

"Oh, yes—I'll ah you!" and turning suddenly to the boy, she demanded an explanation.

"Will you give me twenty-five cents?"

"Yes."

"Give me the money first," said the boy. "I'm opening the year on the C. O. D. principle.

"He got the money, and relieved his mother by telling her:

"Last night cook came to pa, and got pretty close to him—"

"Oh, you wretch!" hissed Mrs. K.

"And when she got beside him, she smiled sweetly and said: 'Mr. Kroeger the potatoes are getting low, and you had better get another sack.'"

The boy got out as fast as possible, while Kroeger lifted his paper before his face to veil the smile which made it look like a calcium light.

Sunday-School Story.

Burlington Hawkeye.

She has a class in our up-town Sunday-school. The pupils are boys ust old enough to catch connundrums on the fly and spout doggerel by the yard, incipient Congressmen, so to speak, who rarely fail to bring down the house. Last Sunday she asked the question, what about the flood? And her feelings suffered a terrible shock when a boy intoned:

"Noah he did build an ark
Of white oak chips and hickory bark.
The animules came two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo.
Do you belong to Gideon's Band,
Here's my heart and here's my hand.
I'm fighting for my home."

When the singer choked down with his rapid utterance, the consternation over and order restored, another boy broke the silence by asking the teacher why death was like an empty oyster can tied to a dog's tail? It was given up of course, and he said, 'Because its bound to a cur.' She fainted and was taken home. She thinks of marrying a missionary and going among the heathens just to see if the savages of darkened lands can come up to the average Sunday school boy of America,

Dying Women.

Baron Huddleston, a neminent English judge, recently took occasion to say from the bench that it was an undoubted fact that a woman told a lie very much better effect. It was a remarkable circumstance that when a woman was determined to say what was untrue she said it in a much better maner than a man. Whether this was due to a man feeling that his dignity was to a certain extent offended by recourse to untruth he did not know; that was a metaphysical question into which he would not enter; but it was certain that a woman told a story much more logically, and, if it was untrue, held to it much more pertinaciously, and with much more the appearance of truth, than a man could.

MOST encouraging crop reports are made from all parts of Minnesota.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

The rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

Beer may not make you fat, but an overdose will make you lean—up against something.

In character, in manners, in style, and in things, the supreme excellence is a simplicity.

Many people use their refinements as a spider his web, to catch the weak upon, that they may be mercilessly devoured.

Masculine virtue is as necessary to real eminence as a powerful intellect. He that is deficient in either will never, unless from the influence of fortuitous circumstances, be able to place and maintain himself at the head of society.

Our trials vary with our years, and though we deem, too often rightly, that suffering and disappointment are but barren thorns, whereon grows neither fruit nor Tower, it is our sin that they are so, for they are designed to bear an excellent harvest. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," says the great poet—and so, indeed, to the wise they are.

We find it much more easy to carry a virtue to an extreme than to practice it with moderation. Thus prodigality is more common than generosity, meanness than humility, levity than cheerfulness, etc. This is owing, perhaps, partly to our losing sight of the nice relations which exist between different virtues and their dependence upon one another for a full and efficient operation of any one in particular, and partly to our making a good quality rather a matter of feeling than a permanent principle of action.

CONDIMENTS.

The wasp is a stem-winder.

How to get up a spring meeting—put two fat men in a light buggy.

The soul that is in earnest will not stop to count the cost. It is the same way with a hen.

An up-country society offers a reward for the arrest of a person who surreptitiously introduced a hornet's nest into the grab bag.

A good many Missouri papers are discussing problems of table manners. It seems to be in bad taste to feed a cat with a two tined fork.

Judge Eve, of Augusta, Ga., dislikes men who carry concealed weapons. When a man is found with one Eve gives him a leaf of absence.

A poetess sings: "Tho' dead my heart would beat for thee." This would certainly be a "dead beat;" and it strikes us the poetess assumes too much poetic license.

Tacks on spirits: This is the time of year when Toodles comes in late, tries to steal up stairs in his stocking feet, and suddenly gives a yell like a Comanche.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis is a ding dat I seldom don't like to talk apout, but ven I does it seems so long as it never vas."

An old miser having listened to a powerful discourse on charity, said: "That sermon so strongly proves the necessity of almsgiving that I've almost a mind to beg."

Now the winds that softly breathe, and the flowers that garland wreathe, a gentle hint of summer in the mind implants; and so do the beetles and the spiders and the ants.

Speak of a man's marble brow, and he will glow with conscious pride; but allude to his marble head, and he's mad in a minute. Language is a slippery thing to fool with much.

The hen which has been putting in three weeks' time over a lump of chalk and a broken teacup came off the nest yesterday to learn if there was any new gossip in the neighborhood.

Most of us pass our lives in regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future, when it would be vastly better to cut a pole, dig some bait and go fishing.

Captain Eads has discovered a St. Louis girl's shoe at the bottom of the river near his jetties, and if Congress doesn't allow him an extra million to raise it, he vows that he will let it stay there and ruin commerce.

Elder sister to little one, who appears to take great interest in Mr. Skibbens: "Come, little pet, it is time your eyes were shut to sleep." Little pet: "I think not. Mother told me to keep my eyes open when you and Mr. Skibbens were together."

Have you heard the news, my dear?" "No; what?" "That Dianna and Florence have made up." "No; have they though!" "Yes; each frankly admitted that the other was wrong, and perhaps she was, too, and now they are the best enemies in the world."

They were walking home from a rehearsal. Said he: "Lovest thou me?" She said: "Thou knowest I love thee!" Then they measured noses, while the trees sighed, the lake murmured upon the pebbled beach, and the moon shone in soft splendor.

"Sambo! 'cordin' to yo' idee, which one o' dem Bible chaps made de greates' mistake?" "Dunno, Julius, 'less 't was G'liah." "Wharfo' G'liah, Sambo?" "Case ef he'd been smart 'nuff ter bin borned a nigger, dat ar brickbat Dave huv at 'im mighter knocked at dat skull o' hisn all day and nebber got in.

Ratiocination: Country Doctor—"Did you take that bottle of medicine to old Mrs. Gambidge's?—because it was very import——." Surgery Boy—"Oh, yessir. And I'm pretty sure she took it, sir!" Country Doctor [after a pause]—"What do you mean by that, sir?" Surgery Boy—"Well, I see the shutters up at the 'ouse as I passed this mornin', sir!"

MEXICAN RURAL LIFE.

Oranges, Bananas and Cocoanuts Growing at the Front Door—No Work But Keeping in the Shade—A Pretty Picture with a Very Dark Side.

The life of a genuine country family in the warm districts of Mexico is about as happy an illustration of quiet resignation and peaceful contentment and blissful ignorance as this world can afford. I had the pleasure of visiting such a happy household, about fifty miles inland from Vera Cruz, nearly on the line of the railroad, and this family shall stand up for a model. The train was to make a stop of nearly an hour, and we had time to wander around. The place at which we stopped was a watering station for the engine, and the entire settlement consisted of three structures that were not exactly the right shape to be called huts, but could not be dignified with the name of houses. The weather was about right for sitting in an ice-house and fanning yourself, although it was the middle of January. The vegetation was very much such as we used to see pictured in the geographies, so thick that it was hard to walk through the bushes, and the big leaves growing far upward and then curving gracefully down again. I am proud to say that Mr. Geographer Mitchell's representations of tropical vegetation are just about right. These things so often turn out frauds. You remember the old school-book story of the Indians around Niagara falls, who used to guide themselves through the forest by the roaring of the falls. That's one of those humbugs they used to teach us, and call it giving us an education. There's no more roar there than there is at the falls of the Passaic. I was in the midst of this world of green leaves and bright flowers that these three habitations stood. They were only samples of hundreds more we saw just like them, and they had the most delightful Robinson Crusoe air about them. They were built of twigs or small sticks about six feet long and from half an inch to an inch in diameter. These were bound together and fastened to a frame work of four posts driven into the ground, with cross-pieces. The roofs were of the same, and sometimes covered with big leaves that looked like tobacco spread out to dry. Sometimes the interstices between the twigs were filled in with muddy plaster, but generally they were not, and the air was left to circulate. There was no floor in any of the houses except the hard-packed earth, and this was generally pretty hilly and uneven, and hard to walk on. A little raised place made out of poles, and covered with such old clothing as they could raise, was the bed, which must have served the whole family, for there was only one in each house. An iron kettle, and two forked sticks to hang it over the fire with, completed the furniture. There was generally a rough bench across the front of the house, shaded by a twig awning, where the family sat in the heat of the day. There were no windows, the only opening being the doorway, with no door. The interior was always very dark, but cool.

This is not to be regarded as the dwelling-place of some outcast, away on the mountains. It is a sample of the ordinary residence of the rural Mexican of the low-lands. On the low-lands it is hot all the year round, and protection against the sun is needed more than anything else. It is not necessary to work for a living. With lemons and oranges and bananas, and all sorts of tropical fruits growing around you till the leaves of their trees fan the roofs of the huts, the fruit to be had for the picking, plenty of game to be had for the killing, the less clothing the more comfort, and wages at 25 cents a day, what an awful guy any man would make of himself who went to work. Half an hour's exertion would provide the family with delicious provisions enough for a week. Nothing is lacking but fire-water. Pulque is not used in the low lands. Nature was unkind not to make the brooks run with champagne, where she provided everything else. But the native is patient about it. When the Virgin throws a copper in his way he goes to the nearest town and drinks it up. When she doesn't, he stays sober. When by any stroke of fortune a little money does fall into his hands, he has only to put his rope bridle on the first horse or donkey he meets, and he will not have to look far for one, and ride away.

The people who live in these homes are just about suitable matches for their dwellings. If it is possible for human beings not to know anything at all, these people are in that happy condition. They loll away most of their time in the most convenient shade, and shade is plenty. There are generally one or two old people in the house, and the head of the family and his wife, and a great troop of children. Children seems to grow on the trees, and are so plenty. Up to 7 or 8 years old they run around entirely naked, and the clothing they wear after that age does not burden them much to carry. Of course, they have nothing to do, and they have none of that careworn and prematurely old look that the children of the table-lands have. Some of the children, both boys and girls are exceedingly handsome. They nearly all have sparkling black eyes and teeth as white as pearls, which show off well behind their dark skins. Their color is more mulatto than Indian, but there is no negro blood in them. There beauty, however, is short lived. Some of the boys are good looking until they reach 18 or 20, but the beauty of the women rarely lasts beyond 14 or 15. At this age they correspond with an American woman of 30, except that they are much smaller. Both men and women are ridiculously small, and the half-grown children are not much larger than big dolls. These people cannot read or write, and have no idea of anything in the world beyond the hut they live in and the neighboring towns they sometimes visit. Their whole earthly possessions would not sell for a dollar, and they lead as simple lives as Adam and Eve in Eden, except that there is no tree they dare not eat of without getting into trouble. No newspaper ever comes to them with the latest dispatches from the other end of creation. Occasionally a few soldiers swoop down on them and capture a man for the army, but they generally manage to the coming and keep out of the way.

These people of the lowlands, however, are a far more pleasant race to meet with than there counterparts on the table-lands. They are always good-natured and obliging, always ready to do you a service, thankful for any small gratuity, not quarrelsome and are said to be moderately honest. One of this race, who was a servant in the Vera Cruz hotel, was the most obliging and intelligent hotel servant I ever had the pleasure of meeting. They are quick and ready in understanding signs from anybody who can not talk Spanish to them, and willing to tell about themselves—a story that is soon told. When they stay in cities and become porters, as most of them do who reach Vera Cruez, they carry loads on their backs that would stagger a horse.

The country people on the table-lands are a very different set. They are alike only in their color, their ignorance and their poverty. The colder climate of the upper rigion makes it necessary for them to build more substantial houses, and they either burrow into the side of a hill and live in a cave, or build a square little house of adobes. The adobe hut is the most dismal hovel imaginable. It has no floor, and only one door, and one window, sheltered either by board door and shutter, or by curtains. There is no chimney, for no fire is ever built in the house. If the bloated landlord wants a fire either for cooking purposes or for warmth, he builds it out in the yard. Sometimes when it is unusually cold, half a dozen families go out together and build a big bonfire. The furnitnre of this country residence is fully on a par with that of the lowland house. The highlander, however, has a great advantage over the lowlander. By merely cultivating a few of the maguey plants, he can keep himself gloriously drunk the year round on pulque, without a cent of expense. As an offset against this luxury, he has to cultivate a few vegetables, to live on. The countryman of the plains (an Indian of course,) is unspeakably dirty; and he will steal anything he can lift. The semi-nakedness of the lowlanders, in their terribly hot climate, does not strike a stranger as anything out of the way, after, perhaps, a little surprise at first; but the low people of the plains are utterly without any sense of decency, living, in most respects, in a way that would make a dumb animal blush. The men are fond of fighting with knives, particularly when they can steal up behind a man without being heard. The only good point is that they kill each other off rapidly, and there is no law to to ask any questions about it.

This is the condition of the rural population of Mexico. At intervals that would average, I should think, about twenty-five miles, throughout the country, are haciendas, or large farms, with a population of perhaps half a dozen intelligent whites. The rest of the population is composed of the poor creatures I have described. Looking over the map of Mexico, many towns and cities may be found—so many as to lead the observer to believe that Mexico must be a well-settled country. But fully two-thirds of all the towns marked and named on the map of Mexico are composed of one long street with adobe huts on either side, and not two persons in the village who can read, write or cipher. But these highlanders can drink pulque against a Dutchman's beer, and give him odds.—[Correspondent New York Time.

The Congressional Lunch Counter.

There is a good deal of angry comment on the part of Republicans over the selection by the House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds of John F. Chamberlain keeper of the restaurant under the House of Representatives. The complaint is that Chamberlain was formerly a gambler. Well, what if he was? He does not gamble now, and he has not gambled for several years. For the past two years he has kept a restaurant here, which has been and is frequented by the best people in town, and there has never been a gambling game in the establishment. If it was proposed to make Chamberlain the Chaplain of the House, his former life might be a legitimate cause of objection; but in a restaurant in the Captiol or elsewhere, the proprietor is expected to dish up acceptable food, and not morals for Congressmen and others. The mere fact that Chamberlain was once a gambler ought not to bar him from association with the members and Senators in the present Congress, which numbers among its members some eminent pokerists. The Chairman of the most important committee of the House had rather sit down and play for money than go to prayer meeting, and there are many of his associates in the House who are passionately fond of the green cloth. The Senate is not a whit behind. One of its presents members, several years ago, crossed the street from Wormley's Hotel to Welcker's with nothing but his trousers, stockings and shirt on, at 3 o'clock in the morning, in order to indulge in a little game of "draw" which he knew was going on there. The initiated always knew when there was a game in progress from a light in a certain room. There has always been a hot contest every two years over the House restaurant. It is very desirable in a business way. In the first place the proprietor pays nothing for the privilege, and besides this advantage he pays nothing for rent, although his kitchen, store-rooms, dinning-rooms, etc., are very spacious. He gets his fuel for nothing, he pays nothing for ice, nor water nor gas. Even the furniture is owned by the Government. The proprietor has thus to furnish nothing but crockery, linen and other table ware. During the day probably from 200 to 500 people get luncheon or dinner there, spending from ten cents to $5 each. The prices charged are higher than the same things are in Philadelphia, and the articles supplied are no better. John Chamberlain has had experience enough to keep the best restaurant the house has ever had. It is now to be seen whether he will attend to it.—[Philadelphia Times Washington Letter.

What a Spider Eats.

In order to test what a spider can do in the way of eating, says a writer on spiders, we arose about daybreak in the morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat, so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught, and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly and at once returned to his "first course." This was at half-past 5 a. m., in September. At 7 a. m. the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, having rested a while, and probably enjoyed a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at 9 a. m. A little after 9 we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which he ate by noon. At 1 o'clock a blow-fly was greedily seized, and then immediately, with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blow-fly. During the day and toward evening a great many green flies, or what are commonly termed midges, had been caught in the web; of these we counted one hundred and twenty, all dead and fast prisoners in the spider's nest.

Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering from indigestion or in any other way from his previous meals. Instead, however, of being thus effected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, which he took to his retreat and ate. This process he repeated, carrying up the lots in little detachments, until the web was eaten; for the web and its contents were bundled up together. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by the most industrious web-making process, and before daybreak another web was ready to be used in the same way.

Taking the relative size of the spider and of the creatures it ate, and applying this to man, it would be somewhat as follows: At daybreak a small alligator was eaten; at 7 a. m. a lamb; at 8 a. m. a young camelopard; at 10 o'clock, a sheep, and during the night 120 larks. This, we believe, would be a very fair allowance for a man during twenty-four hours, and could we find one gifted with such an appetite and digestion, we readily comprehend how he might spin five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.

The Epicurean Reform.

The 200 horse-flesh shops of Paris are subject to rules of inspection and cleanly order, regularly. "Ah, sir, these shops are easy, but it is those charcuteries (pork-butchers) that puzzle our men," says the inspector to me. "The best of us, sir, skilled in chemistry and all the alimentary laws, cannot help being taken in on sausages, galantine, fromage d'Italie and the numerous other little dishes our people are so fond of. Pepper, spices and garlic are like charity, sir, in these affairs, and cover a multitude of sins. These disguises are deadful barriers to us." I feel like telling him Sam Weller's remark about the "Weal pie being all werry well when you know the gal wot makes it," but he gives me a list of his experiences in setting detectives to watch for midnight deliveries of bags of dead cats, dogs and rats, destined for the terrible scalding vats and fearful mixing machines which make chopped cat look like minced veal and smashed dog like a chicken pie in a trice! Experience teaches, says our Latin copy-book. So does hunger. The siege of Paris has elevated the science of cooked cats, dished dog and cat ragout. Few inspectors of food nowadays would turn up or turn in their noses on a tabby-tart, a doggy-dumpling, or even a rat pie! I have a lively recollection of mule meat being a tough morsel to swallow the first time I banqueted off it at Vicksburg, when General Pemberton could not go out for better food and General Grant would not come in with worse. But at the second and third orgie I took to the venerable and toughened mule meat as if it were vension without cranberry sauce! I have done worse since in Italy and paid more. A gallant Captain about the same time as the siege of Vicksburg, and the chief officer commanding the fleet in Mobile Bay, did his roast rat every morning and enjoyed it.

The First Love.

It is the old saying "Whom first we love we never wed," and this, though not strictly true, may be applied to Scott, Byron, George Washington, and many other men of note. It is interesting to observe how poets generally present their love matters to the public. The personal experience of such men will crop out. Scott, for instance, fell deeply in love in early life with a girl of aristocratic family, and, as he was then merely a poor barrister, there was no prospects of success. His father knowing this, and being desirous to bring the matter to a close, suggested to the parents the propriety of terminating the acquaintance, and this was done in the least painful manner. The lady was the only daughter of Sir John Stewart, of Forfarshire, and she afterward married Sir William Forbes, the noted Edinburgh banker. As Scott was a well educated young man, of fine personal appearance and agreeable manners, there could be but little reason for giving the banker preference, except his wealth and social rank. Scott felt this keenly through life, and in "Rokeby" he revives the episode at some length. Matilda, the heroine of the poem, represents the object of his early love, who there rejects a poet in favor of one of higher rank, and this scene become doubly interesting as a picture of Scott's early experience. In 1811 Lady Forbes died, but she had lived long enough to see the penniless barrister, the first poet in Scotland. Her death was deeply felt by Scott, for although he had been married for years, the old flame was not extinguished. "Rokeby" appeared the next year, and nothing wrought out in all Scott's prose more exquisite than the contrast between the rivals for the hand of the heroine." Six years afterward Scott wrote thus to Miss Edgeworth: "Matilda was attempted for the person of a lady who is no more, so that I am flattered with your distinguishing it." As this took place nearly twenty years after the disappointment, it illustrates the tenacity with which the author held to his first love. When Lady Forbes died Scott was so affected that he called on her mother, and both fell to weeping over the sad affair. It is a curious incident in domestic history to see a man carrying his first love so tenderly through life, while married to another woman to whom he always showed great attachment. Scott evidently made Matilda the ideal or dream wife who accompanied him to the last. Having recovered from the worst effects of his disappointment, he met a French girl whose father had saved both life and fortune by fleeing from the dangers of the revolution. At the time referred to Miss Carpentier (or Carpenter) was an orphan, and to her Scott transferred his affections, as far as this was possible. He appeared, as has been said, much attached to his wife through life, and sincerely mourned her death. She was, however, intellectually and physically inferior to the Scottish ladies of the day, and the rapid degeneracy of the family may in some degree be described to so unfavorable a union.—[N. Y. Correspondence of Troy Times.

A Ducking-Stool.

In the crypt of Warwick Church, the mighty arches of which spring from one enormous pier, there is an article which has long gone out of use—whether advantageously or not, I shall not venture to say—a ducking-stool, made for the public discipline of scolding women. This one of the only two I believe, that remain in England. It consists of a strong oaken frame on low wheels, from which a seat rises from an inclined beam that works upon a pivot or axle. The scold was lashed into the seat, and then the "institution" was drawn to the river side at a conveniently deep place, and rolled in until the patient sat just above the water. Then the land end of the beam was tipped up, and the other end, with its lading, went down under the water, where it was allowed to remain not too long, and was then raised for breathing time. This process was repeated as often as it was thought beneficial to the lady under treatment, or necessary for the peace of her family or neighborhood. Whether husbands ever interfered for their wives thus disciplined, as wives do now sometimes for husbands who are unreasonably interfered with in the gentle sport of blacking their eyes or kicking their ribs, is not recorded.

A Sad Moment.

The pastor of a church in Rhode Island died suddenly, and the congregation, by whom he was much beloved, was thrown into great grief. On the Sunday following the funeral the son of the deceased, also a clergyman, conducted the service. It was a solemn scene. The pastor's family, in deepest black, occupied the front pews, while the young man stood in the place made sacred by his father's ministrations. The sermon was little more than a eulogy on the virtues of the deceased. Near its close, overcome by emotion, the son's voice faltered, his arms dropped across the pulpit, his head sank upon them, his hands worked in his strong agony, and his tears fell upon the open Bible. Uttering a few broken words of prayer, he sank into a seat. Every head was bowed. Sobs were heard all over church. Just at this solemn moment the deacons rose—and passed the contribution-box.—[Boston Transcript.

She Mixed Those Children Up.

A young Jewish lady of a rich and respected family was recently on the point of being married near Cologne, in Germany, when a pleasant woman entered and forbade the cermony. She said that twenty years before she had been the nurse of the child now supposed to be the bride, but had accidentally rolled over upon it and smothered it while sleeping. Fearing punishment, she substituted her own infant, and allowed it subsequently to be taken from her. "Of course I am much obliged for the education and rearing the child has received," said the woman, "but you can understand that as a good Christian I could never allow my daughter to be married to a Sew."

Murderous Indians.

San Francisco, May 28.—A Walla Walla dispatch says a party of Indians made a raid on the South Fork of the Salmon river, Idaho, fourteen miles distant from Warren's. Two white men, Hugh Johnson and Pascall Dawson, were killed. The killing was doubtless done by the same band that killed the Chinaman at Loon creek last week. The country through which they roam is very rough and mountainous; no roads, and only game trails along the steep mountain sides. There is no general outbreak. The Indians are a mere handful, who have lived in the canons of the Salmon river, and belong to the Sheep-Eaters tribe. It is considered that there is no cause for alarm, as the Indians are so few.

AGRICULTURAL.

For the week ending March 15 there were but thirty-one hours of sunshine in England.

Hen and privy manure, mixed with fine coal ashes, makes a handy stimulant and feeder for the hill and drill o all garden crops.

It takes the price of twenty bushels of wheat to pay for the transportation of one car load over the Union Pacific railway bridge at Omaha.

A few drops of ammonia added to a gallon of water and applied once a week to all pots of flowers will do much good and keep the pots and earth from souring.

The Minnesota Legislature, which has just adjourned, appropriated $7,500 to aid the citizens of the State to defend themselves against the infamous drive well swindle.

In Holland, where sand is more plentiful and cheaper than hay, it is used for bedding cows. This keeps the animals always entirely clean, and the milk never takes the odor of the stable.

The pea is the most nutritive of the leguminous crops, and its wholesomeness as an article of food is attested by its great use in Scotland—the country of great men and able-bodied laborers.

Keep a barrel of gypsum in the stables where cows are kept, and sprinkle the floor with it after the stalls are cleaned. It is a valuable absorbent of liquid manure and an excellent deodorizer.

If you have to shut your hens up to keep them out of the newly-made garden do not forget to throw them an occasional sod so that they may scratch and peck it. They will even tear out the young grass. The exercise does them good.

A porridge made of buckwheat flour, given to calves, with a little cornmeal added, makes a good substitute for milk. It must be fed quite warm. After the calves are three weeks old, feed a gill of oats twice a day. These should be boiled before feeding.

It is well for the dairyman to remember these proportions: A quart of average milk which has a specific gravity of 10.20 at 60 degrees Fahrenheit, weighs 2.15 pounds. One hundred quarts of milk are equal to nine pounds of butter, or 21½ pounds of cheese.

In Kentucky when a mule gets so lazy that he won't work for more than nine or ten hours a day, they train his ears down and sell him to a Chicago man for a carriage horse.

We advise no one who has but a small lot for a garden to put out a willow hedge or windbreak about. Willow is an intolerable feeder, and in a few years it appropriates all the substance and moisture for two rods on either side.

Salt is injurious to a corn crop, but beneficial to wheat, cabbage and strawberries. It can be applied any time after the wheat is up or the cabbage plants set out. But we are seeking from experienced men further information on the subject.

It is said that boiled hams are much nicer to stand in the water in which they were boiled until cold. The outside does not then turn black and dry up as it does when taken from the water to cool; but remember to remove the lid of the kettle, so the steam may escape.

The English dairy farmers get immense returns from their grass lands by a free use of bone manure. One Cheshire farmer says that by this he can feed forty cows from land that formerly gave him product sufficient to feed only twenty. The English farmers believe in "boning" the grass land especially.

As regards its fodder value, Prof. Storer says that from analysis, buckwheat straw, when mixed in small proportion with richer kinds of foods, might, like other straws, be usefully employed for feeding animals in many cases, especially if it were previously softened by steaming or soaking.

If, after the wool has grown to considerable length, sheep or lambs become annoyed with lice or ticks, wash the lambs in a strong decoction of tobacco. Another way is to take a pair of bellows and inhale tobacco smoke with considerable force among the ticks. This will prove instant death to them.

A correspondent, writing from Guilford, Connecticut, protests against classification of the oriole among mischievous birds. He says that he has frequently seen them tear open the nests of apple worms and devour them, and thinks that birds with pluck enough to destroy such disagreeable pests ought to be fostered rather than destroyed.

A homestead bill has been introduced in the lower house of the Missouri Legislature exempting from execution 160 acres of land, not exceeding $1,500 in value; in cities of a population of 40,000 or upward, eighteen square rods of ground, not exceeding the value of $3,000, and in cities or towns of less than 40,000 population, thirty square rods of ground, not worth over $1,500.

It is folly to keep old sheep. They should be turned off to the butcher while they are in their prime. It does not take half as much to fatten them then. When they get old and thin, in order to put them in condition to slaughter, the whole substructure must be rebuilt. Four sets of lambs are all a ewe should bear; this will bring her to five years, and this is an age when, with little extra care, she will round up to a fine and full carcass. Exceptions may be made when the breed is scarce, and the blood is more durable than anything else.

Fatal Fire.

Boston, Mass., May 31.—Eaton & Wilson's mill at Medway, was burned last night. A fireman named Edward Hart was killed, and a fire engine exploded its boiler.

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All letters and communications should be addessed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency can not be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

ALL is well.

NOT dead yet.

PUSH the work.

WE want agents.

NOW hold meetings.

CLAY is ahead again.

CROWD the hall to-night.

OLD Clay is still booming.

LOOK out for the next issue.

The country unions did nobly.

LINCOLN all right, so is Walton.

GET your friend to subscribe for the SIGNAL.

BRO. GRIMES reports New Waverly still living.

SEND to us for terms to agents and go to work.

W. A. BARNES, of Burnettsville, was at the Jubilee.

METEA Union was well represented at the jubilee.

LET unions be organized in every school district.

THE Murphy movement is not a failure after all.

JACKSON sent its quota of representatives on the 31st.

HON. B. F. CAMPRELL was delighted with the jubilee.

THE choirs made excellent music at the jubille, which was duly appreciated.

THE next issue of THE SIGNAL will be red-hot. Do not fail to see it, and read it.

HARRISON was in bright and early on jubilee day, and stayed till the last minute.

BRO. DRAKE'S heart was at the Jubilee, so he said. We suppose his girl was there.

THE Thalian, of Galveston, and Anoka bands rendered excellent music on the 31st.

A FULL report of receipts and expenditures at the jubilee will be given in our next issue.

DR. DUTCHESS, D. P. Hurd, Miss Miller, and others, from Walton, Jubileed last Saturday.

BRO. WOODS, Masters and Comingore, of Flora, were at the Jubilee celebration, looking pretty and happy.

WM. TRAMRELL, Esq., of Huntington, a zealous Murphy worker, attended the celebration last Saturday.

BRO. WARD says that at half-past ten the "procession proceeded to process." Come, Milo, this won't do.

IT is said that the saloon keepers of St. Louis paid $7,000 to defeat the bell-punch law in the Missouri Legislature.

JOHN COSTENBORDER and others from old Tipton took in the jubilee on the 31st. We can always count on Tipton.

BRO. KINNEY and Dr. Abbott, of Georgetown Union, and many others representing the same, jubilated with the throng.

MESSRS. HUGHES AND WARD were each presented with a handsome bible Saturday evening, a gift from their many friends.

WE notice that some of our good "temperance" (?) friends are advertising beer and whisky shops. "We're friends of the cause, you know."

Frankfort Banner: Rev. Schofield, of Logansport, delivered an able lecture before the temperance meeting at the Presbyterian church on Monday night.

EVERY township turned out immense delegations on the 31st, and to all appearances all went home feeling as happy as the damp weather would permit.

THE smiling visage of Bro. Streeter, of Xenia, was seen in the hall Saturday night, at which place he made one of his characteristic speeches. He is doing well at his new home.

DR. AYRES of Marion, made an excellent speech at the hall on Jubilee night. He has attended each of our celebrations, and says they were the happiest days of his life. Come again, Doctor.

THE Murphy Union extends thanks to Mr. J. C. Bridge for use of his excellent organs on jubilee day. Also to all persons who contributed to the success of the occasion.

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

THE Miami Murphys will celebrate on the 14th. Bro. Graham and the Editor have been invited to address them, and others far more capable will also be present. A good time is evident.

THERE is nothing more said of "illegal voting" since we proposed also to discuss illegal whisky selling. The whisky element soon put a quietus upon the nonsence when they saw the consequence.

SILVER TOP succeeded in closing every saloon, but one, in Crawford county; the whisky pimps have good reason to abuse him; but he need have no fear, as all respectable people will sustain his past efforts.

REV. T. H. MCKEE will respond to all calls to lecture when expenses are paid or guaranteed, which is only reasonble. He is one of the finest speakers in the country, without exception. Those who hear him will be pleased.

T. L. HARRISON is ready to swear that the material of a certain blackmail sheet published in this city belonged to him and that the present blackguard editor stole it from him. This in explanation for the vile abuse that fills its pages.

A LARGE hall, dedicated to the cause of temperance, has been opened in Evansville at a cost of $18,000. The main hall contains seats for 2,000 people, and is fitted with a stage. There are also minor halls, dressing rooms, kitchen, etc.

BRO. N. W. STRANAHAN, of Miami, was in the city Saturday, and of course jubilated. He made a fine speech at the hall Saturday night, which was of more than the average in point of merit. We shall be pleased to hear from you again, brother.

The Carroll County Record has been enlarged from a four column to a five colum quarto. The Record is a newsy and readable sheet, and a credit to Carroll county. Frank Comingore, formerly of this city, has charge of the editorial department.

SIX of Attica's saloon keepers have entered into the following agreement: "We, the undersigned, saloon keepers of Attica bind ourselves to pay a penalty of $50 if any of us should at any time sell or give away a drink of spirituous or malt liquors to anybody on Sunday.

THE President of the county union has received the aesignation of Bro. S. R. Mellinger, as Vice President of Clay township, because he feels that he is not tde man for the place. The matter will be referred to the proper committoe. The union cannot afford to lose such an officer.

BRO. DRAKE is at Walton again and the temperance work will not lag if he and the interested persons are given encouragement. The town is doing better in every way, under Murphy rule; and the people can afford to sustain an institution that will relieve it of unpleasant feuds, quarrels and fights.

BROS. VANATTA, Read and Shaw, with many others from staunch Jefferson, were in the city Saturday and attended the jubilation. They enjoyed it hugely. Lake Cicott, they inform us, is all right. Big meetings and big times. Good for Lake Cicott say we. Let us hear from you often, friends. The people are always glad to know that you are doing well.

Rev. Father Weichman, of Wabash' Ind., delivered a most excellent temperance lecture last Wednesday at St Vincent's Church, before a large audience. The Father Mathew T. A. B. Society was present in full regalia. The lecture by Father Weichman was an eloquent arraignment of the evils of intemperance, and an able argument for sobriety and morality.

IT is stated on good authority that Gov. Williams voted at the recent municipal election at Indianapolis. His home is in Knox county. Now, let the Phoros arise in its mighty dignity and declare it illegal, and put the grand jury on his track—and blow, and puff, and snort. Whew! wouldn't the Governor light out for Canada, though, if the puffing machine would get after him.

JOHN P. CRAWFORD informs us that a harvest is being gathered at Kentland and Goodland. Jimmy Dunn, of Pittsburg, is conducting the meetings. at the latter place, where he now is, the enthusiasm is intense, and many are signing the pledge every night. If we are to believe the reports, Bro. D. is a successful worker, and ought to receive much credit from the good people of the two places named.

THE Brooklyn Club, a rich, solid institution, has issued a circular protesting against "treating." The anti-treating movement is spreading very rapidly, and is the very best help to temperance that has yet been presented. The time will come when a proposition to pay for another man's whisky will be received as unpleasantly as would be an offer to pay for his bread-and-butter. And then the habitual bummer will either perish or reform.—Ex.

ONE of the most important resolutions passed by the late State temperance convention at Indianapolis, was that recommending effort for the introduction of temperance text books into the public schools. This is a step in the right direction. The leading cause of the extended drunkenness of to-day is improper training of children. The morning of fire-side dram has proved the ruination of many noble minded youths. Let parents abstain from the use of strong drink, at all times, and provide their children with books that treat the subject of temperance from a scientific stand point and great good will be accomplished.

THE meeting Sunday was held in the afternoon at four o'clock, in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A., and was one of the best meetings held. Bro. Will McDonald read the exercises and called on different speakers, who entertained the audience for two hours. Bro. Ward spoke first, and, as everybody who ever heard him knows he can, made a tip-top speech. He was followed by Dr. Justice, Bros. Hughes, Murray, Legg and others. The proposition to suspend Sunday night's meetings on account of conflicting with the churches has been consented to, if the regular union meetings are given the support of Christians, and the one of Sunday would indicate that they will work to an advantage to both institutions concerned. We hope also that all Murphy and Christian people will rally to the standard and make intemperance less progressive and powerful.

Tennessee.

TAZEWELL is one of several towns in this State formerly cursed by the drink-traffic, but which has secured the advantages of the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors through the operation of of the law excluding them within "four miles of chartered educational institutions which are not located in incoporated towns." The citizens of Tazewell had their charter abolished that they might thus secure the prohibition of the liquor traffic. A correspondent of the Morristown Gazette mentions, among the immediate results, a noticeable diminution of drunkenness, rowdyism, quarrelling, and profanity, and adds:

"Men are improving their property; people—good citizens—are moving into town; citizens who have long endured this curse are encouraged to plan for the future, and invest accordingly. The people of the country are likewise encouraged; have hope that the moral debasement occassioned by this iniquitous traffic will sooon be reformed, and the law and order will again prevail."

Books Received.

WE have received from the American Temperance Publishing House, 29 Rose stree t, New York, three of John B. Gough's Lectures on Temperance, entitled, "Our Battle Cry: Total Abstinence;" "The Power of Appetite;" and, "The Only remedy;" in one volume. Price 25c.

Also, "The American Temperance Speaker No. 1;" a choice collection of dialogues, prose, and poetry, especially adapted for use in adult and juvenile temperance organizations, schools, public and private readings, etc. Price 25 cents. Send for them. J. S. Ogilvie, publisher, 29 Rose street. N. Y.

Highly Endorsed.

AT the Indiana State Christian Temperance Union Convention, on the 14th ult., at Indianapolis, it was unanimously

Resolved, That THE MURPHY SIGNAL, published at Logansport, and the Monitor Journal, published at Seymour this State, be and are hereby recognized by this State C. T. U. as our official organs, and they are recommended to the people throughont the State as worthy of their support.

WALTON,

LINCOLN, AND GALVESTON—A VISIT THERETO.

COMMENTS ON THEIR WORK AND WORKERS—GALVESTON WITHOUT A SALOON.

WE were at Walton on the 24th. There were others there also. But we were there especially, individually and collectively, and all over.

Last week one day we received a letter, addressed in the graceful, Chinese hand of that prince of good fellows, Jas. B. Drake.

Bro. D. is a good writer; the person who can't decipher his caricatures after he has explained them two or three times, ain't anybody. Therefore, when we got his letter, we brushed up, disguised in a clean collar and in the afternoon, we went down to have him read it for us.

We conducted "ourself" to the business part of the burg, via. the grist mill, hand car house, and other attractive places.

We found Bro. Drake busy, very, in dealing out plows, and nails, and cigars, and other hardware.

He had prepared a feast—not a marriage feast, mind you, but a regular old-fashioned Murphy feast.

President Frank Hight occupied the chair and conducted the excellent Murphy meeting Saturday night. The exercises were interesting. Bro. Drake and Hight, of the burg, Bell and Fresh of Lincoln, and others contributed, by delivering booming speeches, to the enjoyment of the occasion. Miss Stough presided at the instrument, and everybody sang, and a few signed.

This was the first meeting held for some time, but in future they will be held every two weeks, and great good may be expected from them. The town has one saloon, eking out an existance, scanty though it may be, at the expense of morality. And it is proposed, if possible, to kill the demand for this unornamental and undesirable institution.

Long may the temperance banner wave.

Bro. Drake recently returned from the West.

He went out there to grow up with with the country.

It only required two weeks—to satisfy himself that he would prefer to bloom and bask in the sunshine of his adopted home of Walton and its fair and cultured daughters.

So he returned, and is giving his attion to Murphyism and the hardware business, as well as to the young ladies.

Then, there's Bro. Keltner. He's growing up here, also. His time is thoroughly occupied. He has a great many professions, and is proficient in either. He bas a large school and is an excellent teacher. His scientific studies are pursued devotedly; and as a taxidermist, he honors the art. He is also an artist of no small merit.

Bro. Keltner is a staunch Murphy and a fearless temperance advocate; a scholar and a gentleman.

Dr. Neff, we also met, and Dr. Dutchess with his big voice; and Col. Bowyer, the "silver tongued" blacksmith; and pretty John Bennett; and Walker, the frisky grocery clerk; and Bro. Curtis, and the Bros. Stough, and the good Revs. Wadkins and Snyder, and a host of other hail fellows well met; including Frank Hight.

Then, there are Mrs. Hurd, and Mrs. Snyder, and Mrs. Bishop, and the Misses Snyder, and Miller, Hahn, Pewter, Davis, and many other such ladies who thrive in this thriving little town, living happily and making others happy.

They are all good Murphy workers, and will do everything possible to render their union the best anywhere.

LINCOLN.

On Sunday evening a half dozen and one persons might have been seen leavling the grand central depot with first class passage on a pull-men palace hand car, bound for Lincoln.

The large church here, though not crowded as usual, contained a great many of the best young people of the neighborhood. And after the delay always necessary, seemingly, at a real enjoyable Murphy meeting, President Mahlon Bell announced a song, read a Scripture lesson, offered prayer, and introduced Prof. S. M. Keltner, James B. Drake, John Bennett, Mr. Curtis, of Walton, and others, who interested the audience for an hour and a half.

The singing and signing followed for some time, thirty-one subscribing their names to the pledge.

The music was excellent, and the solo by Miss Boring, "Where is my wandering boy, to-night," was finely rendered: also, the serio-comic solo by Bro. Wood, while Bro. Fresh and the ladies lent valiant assistance in the choruses.

All in all, the meeting is among the best we ever attended.

This union appears to be one of the most flourishiug in the county. Bro. Drake organized it about one year ago, since which it has held regular meetings. Mahlon Bell, a worthy gentleman, is its present presiding officer.

Prof. Will McClain, of Kokomo, peculiarly attracted to this place, often makes it convenient to be at the meetmgs, and his fluent speaking and able counsel has done much to build up the society.

We pleased at the evident willingness of the members to work. No society will fail to do good if the members are as united as here.

In the few remarks Bro. Drake made he said he was proud of the society, and we wish to add that the county is also proud of it.

May its shadow never grow less.

Our party of seven returned about 12 midnight, to Walton, thoroughly impressed that they had had a good time and thoroughly soaked with the rain. And, while the good people and bad alike of the young and aspiring city were "dreaming the happy hours away," and while the elements were enveloping creation with terrific uncertainty, so to speak, your humble servant also enveloped himself, in a borrowed overcoat and sich, and slid away to his abiding place, "a 'wetter' if not a wiser man."

GALVESTON.

THE temperance people of Galveston have achieved another great victory.

Their saloon has "gone up the flue."

Hurrah!

Murphyism did it.

And the prettiest little town in the county is free from the galling chains of murderism.

In these columns a few weeks ago mention was made of an application for license to sell whisky in the place named.

When the matter came before the Commissioners' Court, strong efforts were made to have the license refused, but dishonest tactics secured to the applicant his much desired authority to sell fire water.

He opened out his den and invited the fly to call around and see him.

But the fly was busy.

It preferred other company.

And the newly woven web did not entangle even as much as gnat for its hungry spider.

Time passed on.

And so did the people.

And before a month had passed it was plain to be seen there wasn't "millions in it."

It did not seem to "supply a long-felt want," or anything of that kind.

It was ignored.

And the "institution of industry" pined away and died.

No elaborate monument marks its resting place, and no mourners are to be seen at its tomb.

It died a natural death.

Though it died hard, it died dead.

But Galveston rejoices.

Their work has been effectual.

They will never regret being free from rum and its influences.

Hughes and Ward.

Hughes and Ward closed their labors here Sunday afternoon, and departed for Hoopeston, Ill., where they will engage in the work again. The campaign in this city has not been fruitless by any means, and though they were bitterly opposed by every whisky bummer and pimp in the city, through their effort a lasting good has been accomplished. Not a reflection can be cast upon them. They worked hard, faithfully and honestly, and the only regret is that they was with us so short a period. The rum element recognized in them a power that would do it injury, and to meet this and retain its present, not very satisfactory hold upon the drinking men it set its comtemptable curs and pimps, to defame and villify them; but through all the storms they sustained an established reputation of sincerity and integrity. We have no hesitancy in reccommending them to the people everywhere. There are no two persons in the field more capable of doing effective work for the cause, and none who will prove under all circumstances a more fitness for duty. We wish them success wherever they go; may they be received with open confidence, and those who thus honor them will never regret it. God bless the boys, is the wish of all Logansport Murphys.

A Lie Nailed.

The Saturday Blackmailer and whisky organ says:

"Ward, the tramp, said at the hall the other night:

"'Every pioneer of Logansport died a drunkard and fills a drunkard's grave.'"

Ward didn't say anything of the kind, and the author of the assertion is a "malicious liar and blackguard."

THE LEAGUE

EETS AND NOMITAES A FULL STATE TICKET.

ROCEEDINGS CONDENSED — OPPOSITION TO THE MOVEMENT.

THE State League nominating convention met in pursuance of call at Indianapolis on May 21st. The attendance was small, and the harmony of the proceedings was marred by disnters to the object of the convention.

After usual opening and preliminary exercises, all persons in sympathy ith the purposes of the convention ere declared delegates; on this motion veral present inquired if they would entitled to seats as delegates if opsed to the nomination of a State cket. They were answered in the egative, whereupon fifty or sixty ose and retired to another hall.

The League then elected permanent ficers as follows:

President—G. W. Hoss.

Vice Presidents—A. B. Hamilton, I. Davis, and L. Abbott.

Secretaries—T. A. Goodwin, and Sylester Johnson.

The counties were then called and ghteen found to be represented.

W. S. Lingle, editor of the Lafayette ourier, addressed the convention at ngth, protesting against the propos- political action.

After the noon adjournment "an apeal to the earnest temperance people f Indiana" was adopted, setting forth he reasons for independent action.

The committee on nominations re orted the following:

For Governor—Ryland T. Brown. of Marion county.

Lieutenant Governor—J. V. R. Miller, of Monroe.

Secretary of State—Abram Spaneowr. of Greene.

Treasurer of State—William S. Hubard, of Marion.

Auditor of State—Jeremiah Leiter, of ulton.

The candidate for Governor, in a nodest speech, announced his willingness to pursue a vigorous canvass of he State, if means were provided to lefray expenses, feeling confident the lay could be won.

THE SIGNAL was recommended by wise though unknown friend as the State organ of the new party, but some of the delegates not having sufficient evidence of the loyalty of the sheet, the matter was referred to the central committee for investigation.

The following were appointed as the State Central Committee:

Sylvester Johnson, J. M. Tilford, J. F. Wallick, L. Abbett, O. A. Burgess, John H. Orr, J. B. Balizley, T. A. Goodwin, all of Marion county; G.W. Hastings, of Adams county; and Reuben Taylor, of Tippecanoe.

The committee was authorized to raise funds for the campaign.

Speeches were then made by Mr. Miller, candidate for Lieutenant Governor, and Mr. Leiter, candidate for Auditor, and after a few closing remarks by President Hoss, the convention adjourned.

THE OPPOSING FACTION.

Upon the retirement of the non-nominating faction, Col. John W. Ray led the way to an adjoining room in the same building, where the dissenters' convention was organized by electing Hon. W. W. Curry President, and A. T. Bushee Secretary. The chairman stated that the object of this meeting was to consider the temperance cause in its political bearings. All temperance people favor prohibition, and the best means and time to accomplish such a result was the object.

Speeches were made by Col. Ray and others, and a committee on resolutions was appointed, after which an adjournment for dinner was made.

Upon reassembling the committee made its report.

After inquiries and explanations by Messrs. Graves, Curry, Harrington, Gray, Dart, and several others, the report was unanimously adopted.

Of the resolutions it is sufficient to mention that they are a protest against the action of the League convention; denying its right to commit the temperance men of the State to the formation of a political party without their consent; declaring it arbitrary, etc.

Th convention adjourned.

Always Opposition.

THERE constantly appears barriers to the progress of the temperance work, but none have as yet succeeded in doing it great injury. To-day, prejudice and jealousy, vice and crime, self-righteousness and self-aggrandizement, saloon-keepers and the devil are marshalling forces to destroy moral work, and no compromise can be affected to relieve temperance work of the attacks of these antagonists; nor should a compromise be proposed. Those who engage in the cause must expect to meet and combat every obstacle, and those mentioned are only the greatest of the many. Because there are obstacles is no reflection upon the purity and holiness of the cause. Christ, in his day, found those who despised him because af his goodness, and if his sacredness did not shield him, how do those of the present time, far less deserving, hope to pass through life unmolested. The righteousness of the world signifies the absolute prohibition of evil acts, and those who survive off of these will not silently witness the dissolution of their creeds, or the severing of indolent lives from evil pursuits and associations.

Our work is assailed by opposing elements, which, while they cannot produce one sound reason for opposition, their technical flaws are a soucre of annoyance, and sometimes result injuriously. To meet these it is only necessary to ignore them as much as possible. Stand to your post, and do duty faithfully and zealously. Success is certain. No one need fear in that regard. As confident are we of this as of eternity. Then continue your effort for right must prevail.

The Second Anniversary.

AT an early hour, Satnrday morning, crowds of visitors, were seen upon the streets, and by ten o'clock the walks were thronged. The imposing procession moved through the principle streets to the Fair grounds, where the exercises were of a plaasiug character. The Journal gives the following account of the proceedings:

The celebration of the second anniversary of the Murphys of Cass county, held at the fair grounds yesterday as a reunion of the home workers, was a decided success, though not reaching the dimensions which the managers had hoped. There were a few visitors from abroad, but the great bulk of the attendance was from Cass county. Even upon these latter the threatening aspect of the weather had a dampening effect, and large numbers remained at home who otherwise would have been present. The procession was formed by eleven o'clock, and shortly after moved toward the fair grounds, following the line of march as published in the Journal of yesterday, and moving in the following order: Thalian Band of Galveston; speakers and officers in carriages; Band of Hope in decorated wagons; Anoka Band, and citizens in wagons and carriages. The procession was fully a mile and a half in length, and conveyed to the causal observer something of an idea of the hold which Murphyism has upon the hearts of the people of Cass county. At the grounds the people gave themselves over for a general good time, and evidently enjoyed themselves hugely. In the afternoon addresses were delivered by Rev Wooten, Judge D. P, Baldwin, Hughes, of LaFayette, and Rev. Thomas H. McKee. The banner offered to the township which should turn out the largest delegation was awarded to Clay township, they turning out a delegation of 270. The banner was presented by Rev. T. H. McKee, on behalf of the Association, and was acknowledged by Rev. J. H. Rohrer, on behalf of his delegation. At 4:30 the rain descended in torrents, driving the people to the halls, and the celebration was at an end.

In the evening an excellent meeting was held at the hall.

Temperance in Congress.

The Washington Dispatch says:

IN the House Mr. Frye, of Maine, introduced a resolution to raise a special standing committee of nine to receive all petitions and bills touching the alcoholic traffic. There was a good deal of discussion on this, Wood of N. Y. Reagan, Blackburn and Knott taking strong ground against it. *

The question was settled by a motion of Wood to lay the resolution on the table, which was defeated by a vote of 99 to 127. This is said to be the largest vote favorable to temperance ever received in Congress. Many temperance people believe that the result will eventually be the abolishment of alcoholic traffic in the District. Petitions favorable to this have already accumulated to the number of over fifty thousand names.

Talking Loud Enough to be Heard.

THE Cumberland Presbyterian Assembly, in session at Memphis, Tenn., appointed a special committee on the observance of the Sabbath. Said committee was composed of some of the best men present. The report which it presented is a most able vindication of the holy day. A special committee was appointed on alcoholic beverages, also, which spoke out plainly and emphatically on the right side of this question, requesting the Assembly to unite with other Christians in recommending that the International Christian Alliance set apart a day during the week of prayer in 1880 for Christians of all lands to unite in prayer to Almighty God for the overthrow of this great foe to Christian progress. Rev. E. Morris, D. D., of Cincinnati, bore fraternal greetng from the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He delivered his address last Wednesday, and was responded to by the Moderator of the Assembly, Rev. J. S. Grider. Both ddresses were most fraternal and Christian-like in their tone.

Liquor Interests in Washington.

A DISPATCH from Washington says, "Delegations from New York, Philadelphia, Cincinati and Chicago will go before the Committee on Ways and Means to urge the repeal of Section 7 of the Internal Revenue act, requiring rectifiers to give bonds. There is little doubt but that the section will be modified."

Of course not. Whatever may be the gravity of the situation, both parties can suspend hostilities long enough to listen to the liquor men. Then votes will be wanted this fall, and as they are earnest men, always voting for their own interest, respect will be paid them. When the gristle which is found in the backs of so many of our so-called temperance men shall develope into bone, they will also make their demands, and will be heard.

CLUB US.

ub Us Hard—Cl Us All Over—Club Us Everybody.

THE SIGNAL will be furnished at the following rates, to societies and individuals getting up clubs:

One copy, one year	$ 1 00
Five copies, one year	4 25
Ten copies, one year (with extra copy)	7 00
Fifteen copies, " " " ..	10 50
Twenty-five copies, " " ..	15 00
Fifty copies, one year, " " ..	25 00

Every union in the state should take advantage of the above offer.

It will pay you to circulate temperance literature among your people.

The cash must accompany each list.

Address all communications to the editor, box 411.

Responsible agents wanted in every county in the union.

Carrying Intemperance into Politics.

THE saloon keepers of Chicago require all candidates for city offices to sign the following pledge before guaranteeing their support:

"The undersigned hereby declares that he is opposed to all so called temperance, and that, if elected to the common council, he will not vote for any ordinance prohibiting the sale of liquor on Sunday, or to minors, or at any time between the hours of five o'clock A. M. and twelve o'clock at night, or for any ordinance which is calculated to injure the legitimate traffic in intoxicating liquors" Intemperance is effecting politics in Chicago. It is not probable that intemperance is affecting some of the officers of our neighboring cities?

A Praiseworthy Example.

THE late Gen. Dix leaves as a legacy to property owners a praiseworthy example, which all will do well to follow. Writing to an agent in Chicago having charge of some of his property, General Dix says:

"I am very glad you have allowed the Woodland House to remain vacant instead of renting it for the sale of spirituous liquors. I would rather let it remain vacant to the end of time than to have it rented for such a purpose. I consider rum the cause of nine-tenths of all the murders, poverty, and crimes in the country, and no earthly consideration would induce me to contribute in the remotest manner to its sale."

Mild and Strong Drinks.

THE New York Independent, in commenting upon the plea in favor of the milder intoxicating beverages, says very pertinently:

"The alcohol is precisely the same sort of alcohol in both the fermented and distilled liquor. It has the same chemical constitution and produces the same intoxication. Generally, the difference between a fermented and a distilled liquor is solely one of strength. A fermented liquor is distilled solely to get out of it some of the water with which its alcohol is diluted. The difference between a fermented and a distilled liquor is only that between weak and strong coffee."

A Valuable Journal.

THE MURPHY SIGNAL kumz to us from Logansport, Ind. Az its nam indikats, it iz an enthuziastik temperans organ. It givz important nuz konsernin thu temperans werk in ol parts ov thu kuntri. It iz a valyoabl jernal for ol interested in thu temperans koz.—[Bloomington (Ill.) Phonorthographer.

Beer, Whisky and Dogs.

THE State of Georgia proposes to su pport public schools by axing beer, whisky and dogs.

Is it an Uncommon Case.

JOHN DUEY, of South Bend, has become insane from the excessive use of alcoholic liquors.

SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS—NOTE WORTHY EVENTS.

THE TEMPERANCE WORK AND INTERESTING ITEMS CONNECTED WITH IT.

—John W. Drew, Esq., is lecturing to crowded houses in Illinois.

—"Hop beer" has taken the place of "Wooden Nutmegs" in old Connetiout.

—There are 4.000 Bands of Hope in Great Britain, with an average membership of 125.

—The women's Christian Temperance Union of Illinois observed the 27th as a day of prayer.

—Napoleon, Ripely county, a town of about three hundred and fifty inhabitants, has six saloons.

—Praying bands of women, it is announced, are visiting the liquor-saloons in Portsmouth, N. H.

—The production of alcohol in the first nine months of the present fiscal year reached twelve millions.

—The "Maine law" bill was defeated in the Michigan Legislature, Lower House, by a vote of 54 to 37.

—It is stated that more than one thousand municipalities in Illinois have voted against the licensing of the liquor traffic.

—The N. Y. Sun says very pertinently, "The best time to leave off the use of both rum and opium is before you begin."

—The Sunday liquor law is being vigorously enforced in Rochester, N. Y., by a league of citizens organized for that purpose.

—A Northwestern Temperance Congress is to be held at Lake Minnetinka, Minn., August 2 to 5. A large attendance is expected.

—The R. I. Temperance Union recommends the holding of temperance meetings throughout the state on the coming Fourth of July.

—A Norwich, Conn., jury decides that "Schenck beer," which Prof. Siliman found to contain 6 per cent. of alcohol, is not intoxicating.

—Kansas will vote in November upon the proposed constitutional amendment to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors.

—A convention has been called in Louisiana to call on the Constitutional Convention to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday.

—Referring to General Grant as President of the United States, the N. Y. Independent says: "It was no slander that he would sometimes drink to intoxication."

—The city council of Atlanta, Ga., have increased the tax upon the retail liquor-dealers of that city from $300 to $400. Let some of the Northern cities follow the example.

—The Pennsylvania railroad company have refused to renew leases in Jersey City to persons keeping barrooms and selling liquor. This is the rule of the company through the entire line.

—The voters of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, recently gave a majority of 574 in favor of the Canadian Temperance act of 1878. One entire county has adopted the act, and others will soon follow.

—The new constitution of California, voted upon at a recent election in that State, was adopted. The Liquor-Dealers' Association of California opposed it on the ground that it opens the door for "Local option."

—John B. Gough has been visiting Scotland addressing large and enthusiastic gatherings in the principal cities. The Glasgow "League Journal" can scarcely find words to express its admiration of his address in their City Hall.

—The National Christian Camp Meeting Association and the New England Reform Club Association will hold a joint temperance mass camp-meeting at Old Orchard Beach Me., beginning August 13 and closing August 23.

—There have been passed 342 statutes, in varied forms and changes, to regulate the manufaciure and sale of intoxicating liquors in the State of Pennsylvania, since the year 1682. Verily license is a failure in that commonwealth.

—The Providence Railroad posts a notice to the effect that "passengers using tobacco, or having occasion to spit, are requested to take seats in the smoking-car, where they can indulge themselves without being a nuisance to the ladies and other decent inmates of this car."

—The country is deluged with itinerants and ignorant "lectures," who clamor for a hearing in the pulpit and before the public, who have no standing at home, and no claim to be heard. This will be remedied when temperance organizations and churches receive none but duly accredited lecturers, and summarily dispense with the "tramps."

A Pointed Question.

On last Sabbath a committee from the legislature visited the penitentiary at Joliet. As usual, a meeting was held in the chapel. The honorables made pious speeches to the convicts, and gave them much good advice. The prisoners then, one by one, gave their experiences, which was touching in the extreme. Even Dr. Snyder, one of the committee, found the tears rolling down his cheeks. It was the same old, old story—whisky brought them there. Finally an old man rose and said he was there for the third time, but that he never committed a crime except when under the influence of whisky. While drunk he had killed a man for which crime he now was in prison. "Now," says he, "can I ask the honorable gentlemen a question?" Being answered in the affirmative, the aged man, standing in the presence of two hundred fellow-convicts, turned upon the twelve law makers present and said substantially: "Do you think it right to license men to sell whisky and make them drunk and then when they commit crimes put them in prison! with one hand make them drunk, and with the other chuck them in the penitentiary?" A dignified silence was the only response from the legislative committee. Dr. Snyder says these pointed questions "kinder throwed a coolness over the meeting." exchange

Kansas.

BY a postal card received, we learn that the Rev. Mr. Buckles, of this state, is carrying on a successful Murphy revival at Osborne City, Kansas. More than two hundred have signed the pledge, and that many more are waiting for the opportunity. The town is alive with enthusiasm, and indications encourage the conclusion that it wil never be cursed with rum and murder mills. God speed the good work of ous far-away brothers.

Excursion to LaFayette.

The Broadway and Market Street M. E. Sunday Schools, have determined to run an excursion to LaFayette on Saturday next. The train will leave this city at 9:15 a. m. Fare, adults, 80 cents; children under fifteen years of age, 35 cents.

There will be a strawberry and ice cream festival at the Zion M. E. Church, in Harrison township, on Wednesday evening, June 11th. Everybody invited.

A City of Priests.

Benares is the city of priests. Its population, notwithstanding Macauley's estimate, is less than 200,000. Of this number from 20,000 to 25,000 are Brahmins. They govern the city, and hold its temples, wells, shrines and streams. Pilgrims are always arriving and going, and as the day of General Grant's visit fell upon one of the holiest of Indian festivals, we found it crowded with pilgrims. Sometimes as many as 200,000 come in the course of a year. They come to die, to find absolution by bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganges. The name comes from a prince named Banar, who once ruled here. The Hindoo name, Kasi, means "splendid." There is no record of the number of temples. Not long since one authority counted 1,454 Hindoo temples and 272 Mohammedan mosques. In addition to the temples there are shrines, cavities built in the walls containing the image of some god, as sacred as temples. Pious rajahs are always adding to the temples and shrines. One of the rulers of Jeypour offered a present of 100,000 temples provided they should be commenced and finished in one day. "The plan hit upon," says the Rev. Mr. Sherring, who tells the story, "was to cut out on blocks of stone a great many tiny carvings, each one representing a temple. The separate blocks, therefore, on the work being completed, exhibited from top to bottom and on all sides a mass of minute temples." It is believed that there are 500,000 of idols in the city. The effect of the British rule has been to increase the idol and temples, for the law of the British gives protection to all religions, and under this the Hindoo has been able to rebuild the monuments which the Mohammedan invaders pulled down. Arungzebe, who flourished at the close of the seventeenth century, and to whom Benares owes a prominent, picturesque mosque, was the chief among the destroyers of images. To Arungzebe the Hindoos attribute the overthrow of most of the shrines which made Benares famous in other days. Since the Hindoos have been guaranteed the possession of their temples, the work of rebuilding has gone on with increasing zeal.

D. W. Sumption, who went to Nebraska a few months ago from Walton, in this county, to take the position of telegraph operator at Plum Creek, on the Union Pacific Railway, has been promoted to the position of Assistant Paymaster. Good for Mossback! May his substance always increase.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

THREE DAYS AFTER.

"My precious popsy-wopsy love,
I'm going out," he softly said,
And she upon his manly breast
All lovingly reclined her head.
"You will not leave your birdie long?"
"I will not, darling, rest content"—
And then they kissed a dozen times;
"By-by!" "Ta-ta!" And so he went.

THREE WEEKS AFTER.

"My dear, I'm going out to-night—
Pray don't sit up—I may be ate!"
She laughed a pretty little laugh;
"Oh, never fear, I shall not wait!"
Then, having lighted his cigar,
Above her in the chair he bent,
And kissed her somewhat languidly,
A single kiss—and so he went.

THREE MONTHS AFTER.

"Irene, I'm going out to-night,"
She does not even raise her eyes
From Mrs. Southworth's latest tale,
Nor does it cause him much surprise.
He hums an Offenbachish air,
And pins upon his coat a rose,
I'm going out.'' She cooly says:
"Why don't you go!" And so he goes.

THREE YEARS AFTER.

"Yes, Mrs. C., I'm going out!"
"Twould be a blessing if you'd stay!"
"I wish upon my soul, I might!"
"You horrid wretch! What's that you say?
I only wish I were a man,
Your insults then I'd soon resent!"
"I wish you were, and not my wife!"
And followed by the broom—he went.

UNCLE JACK'S STORY.

It is not much of a story in itself, nevertheless I love to tell it, and perhaps it is because I have told it so many times and that it is true that it makes so great an impression upon me. However you shall hear the story.

My Nephew Philip wrote me that he was tired of roaming about the world, and as he expressed it, was going to visit his good old uncle once more and then settle down to business. Philip was a good boy and I always felt proud of him.

About the same time my Sister Judith, who is the remaining part of my family, received a letter from a young lady friend saying that she was also coming to see us and make a good long visit.

Being an old man, you know, I will have my joke, and when Judith read Jeanie Morris' letter to me I said "Nothing could have fallen out more delightfully. Upon my word, this arriving on usuarlly the same day looks like fate, doesn't it?" Judith rebuked me as in duty bound.

Well, Jeanie Morris came, and she set our nearly staid and quiet house quite beside itself with her charming ways.

Philip came, too, and when they met I introduced them in my own awkward fashion.

"This is that scrapegrace, Phil Voorhies," I said. "You have heard us talk about him more than enough. I dare say we have made Miss Morris hate you in advance, Phil—"

What more I said I do not know; I kept on talking, though conscious that I had produced a very unexpected coup de theater. I was evidently doing a work of supererogation in introducing those two young people. They recognized each other, and this unexpected meeting was a surprise which caused both strong emotion, though I saw at once that it was not of an agreeable nature to either.

Phil turned pale under all the sunburn left by his sea voyage, and Jeanie—well Jeanie looked as I remembered seeing her do once when she was little, and an older girl with a bad temper boxed her ears; she looked positively faint, with a mingling of emotion in which it was difficult to tell whether a sort of frightened surprise or proud indignation was uppermost.

I glanced at Judith. For once in her life Judith stood helpless, as near reduced to a state of coma as I was myself.

Jeanie was the first to speak. She held out her hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Voorhies?" she said. "I met your friend in Europe, Uncle Jack," she added, turning to me in explanation.

There was more talk, but I could see that both Philip and Jeanie were embarrassed and soon the party broke up.

As soon as Jeanie and Judith had left us and the instant the door closed Phil turned quite savagely upon me.

"Why didn't you let me know that girl was to be here?" he demanded.

"How could I think of it?" pleaded I in desperation. "I did not know that you had ever set eyes on each other. Good gracious, Phil! what does it all mean?"

"Mean?" cried he, "it means that I'll not spend a night under the same roof with her! I can't help how it looks—I don't care what anybody thinks—I'm off."

"Going away? Why, you'll break Judith's heart!"

"Don't talk to me about hearts!" roared Philip. "There is no such thing when women are concerned—the article was left out of their anatomy. However, that's neither here nor there—I can't stay; I would not endure another hour of such purgatory as that dinner had been for any price one could offer."

"Matters did not seem to go smoothly, somehow," said I.

"Smoothly!" echoed Philip, in a voice that sounded like the blare of a war-trumpet. Then he laughed, in a bitter, tragic way that would have done credit to the Mephistopheles himself.

"Do tell me what it is all about!" I cried, feeling more bewildered than ever.

"There's never any use in explanations," returned Phil, loftily. "I am very sorry to appear rude; I can only trust your goodness to excuse it—"

I sat dazed, as he left me, wondering what it all meant. Maybe I dropped into a doze. Any way, I felt as if I had a nightmare; I roused myself enough at last to think that I must join the others, when I heard Judith's step in the hall.

"Jack! Where are you, Jack?" she cried.

"Here I am," I groaned, rising to meet her.

"Did ever mortal hear the like of this?" she cried, waving an open letter over her head. "Never, never! I am 50 years old, but if I was 500 I could not expect such a thing to happen twice."

"Wh-what is it?" I asked. "Is Philip—"

"I've not seen him—one of the men met him on the road—"

"Then he has gone after all?"

"Gone?" echoed Judith. I can find no comparison that could do justice to her tone.

"I suppose he tells you all about it in his letter," I suggested, hoping at least to be relieved from explanation, since I really had none to offer..

"What does he say?"

"Say! I think you are crazy. You are all as mad as hatters. I'll turn the house into an asylum, and shut you all up in it, if there's no other way."

"But the letter—"

"Don't I tell you it's from Jeanie!" cried Judith, fairly dancing at me in her anger and astonishment. "Jeanie has gone away!"

"Jeanie gone, too?" I muttered, and sank helpless.

"Gone, too?" demanded Judith. "Do you mean that Philip has left the house?"

I nodded. I was past speech for the moment.

"Tell me this instant what it all means?" shrieked Judith. "I'll not wait a second!"

"Phillip went into a great state—said he would not stay a night in the house with that girl. I tried to get him to see you before he started; I thought he was with you."

Judith sat down in a chair and glared at me.

"What does Jennie say?" I ventured to ask.

My question agitated my sister so much that I really thought she would fly in pieces. Then, with her usual brusque changeableness, she suddenly began to read the note aloud:

"Dear Aunt Judith—you must forgive me—some time I will explain—I am leaving the house—I shall take the train to New York—mamma is there. Try not to be very angry with me, and invent some reason to give to Uncle Jack—I can think of none in my confusion—but I must go. It breaks my heart to behave so ill toward you—do please try to pardon it, and believe me always, your loving Jennie."

"Heavens and earth!" cried I. "Gone!"

"Gone? Ordered the carriage, and drove away while I was busy about the gardener, who is ill."

"Gone to town," I said. "Why, good gracious, Phillip has gone there, too."

There was a chief silence between us. The room grew rapidly darker; for twilight was coming on, so that I could not well see Judith's face. Suddenly she startled me my bursting into a fit of laughter. There she sat and laughed like a maniac, and the more I begged to know if she had the hysterics the more she laughed.

"O, don't you understand?" she managed at length to articulate. "These two idiots were trying to run away from each other, and have run together."

I did understand. I laughed more insanely than Judith had done, I laughed till I set myself coughing so hard that she was obliged to loosen my neckcloth, and pound me on the back.

A minute more we heard Jeanie's voice in the hall.

"Good Heavens! she has come back!" whispered Judith. "Stop where you are. She may as well think you know nothing about her going. I'll find out what it means."

My sister went away. I sat there alone in the gloom. The dining-room was at the back of the house and had glass doors opening upon the shrubberies, and these doors now stood open, for it was a warm May evening.

Suddenly I heard a step on the veranda and saw Philip's head appear in the doorway. He could not see me, but I had lighted another cigar, and it made a bright spot in the darkness—he could see that.

"Uncle Jack," he said, softly.

"Yes, my boy," said I—there was no further emotion possible to me—I was calm from utter stupefaction.

"I have come back," said he, rather sheepishly.

"So I perceive," said I.

"You needn't say anything to Aunt Judith," said he, in a coaxing voice. Then he went on: "You see just as I was taking my ticket at the station, I saw Miss—I saw your young lady friend. As she had chosen to leave the house, there was no reason why I should not come back."

"Not the slightest," said I, though I did not know in the least what I meant.

"What reason did she have for going?"

"I didn't see her, said I.

"But to Aunt Judith—you have seen Aunt Judith?"

"Oh, yes," I replied; "but I don't think she knew any more about Jeanie's reasons for going than I did yours."

"I suppose I had better tell you," said Phil. "I feel rather more sane at present—I know I acted like a fool—but, you see, meeting her here, so unexpectedly, quite upset me."

"I should say there had been a pretty general upsetting," I muttered, but had sense enough not to make it audible.

Just then we heard Judith call me.

"Wait here," I said, rising. "I'll go and see what she wants."

So I went out into the corridor, closing the door after me.

"Phil has come back," I whispered.

"I know it, but Jeanie doesn't," returned my sister, in a low tone. "I saw him going through the shrubberies. What are we to do now?"

"Has she said anything?"

"She won't explain. She only says she could not stop in the house with that man; that when she got to the station she saw him buying his ticket, and she came back."

"He was just going to tell me his side of the story when you called me," said I.

Judith clapped her hands softly.

"Go back and make him tell it," said she.

I obeyed passively.

"I suppose Aunt Judith will blame me for her visitor's going away," said Philip.

"I am sure I don't know. That will depend, I suppose, on what Jeanie tells her."

"What can she tell her?" cried Phil. "I think she would be puzzled to give any account of her conduct. There never was a man so abominably treated as I have been."

"Come, Phil," said I, "I have known Jeanie since she was a child—there must be some mistake."

"How I loved her," he broke in. "I love her yet. That is the worst of it, that is what drove me so wild to-day. After all that had come and gone, after having been so cruelly deceived, mocked, made a jest of—that I should be such a weak fool that the sight of her can move me—but I love her yet—yes, I do—that is what galls me so!"

"Tell me, Phil," I urged. "At least you know you can trust me, or Judith; that we love you as if you were our younger brother."

"Yes, yes, I know. Well, it is not much of a story," he continued with a hard little laugh. "I met her in Rome, first, nearly three years ago. I don't think I fell in love. I loved her from the very first moment I set eyes on her. I believe I told her so in less than a week. Well, well, after awhile she gave me reason to believe she cared for me."

"I may as well tell it in a few words. She was obliged to leave Rome. Her cousins wanted her to marry some Italian, and they quarreled with me. But the upshot was that Jeanie and I were engaged—in July her mother was to come to Europe—Jeanie would be with her at Blarritz—free from her relations, and I was to join her there. I had more than two months to live through. I went wandering about as best I could. At first I received letters from her very often; but soon they grew more rare; and then they stopped altogether. It was not yet the time she had set for me to seek her; but I flew off to Blarritz, and—"

His hesitation quite maddened me. I cried out:

"Well—you saw her?—for Heaven's sake, tell the rest."

"Saw her!" he repeated, savagely, shutting his teeth together till they clicked like steel springs. "Yes, I saw her—I think I shall not forget it this side of the grave."

"Go on."

"In the train from Bordeaux I met one of her cousins, who told me that Jeanie was to marry the Italian; that she had informed them of her engagement to me as a good joke; that she had fooled me just for the fun of the thing; that she had laid a wager that she could do so."

"What did you do?"

"I went to Blarritz! The family had a house on the cliffs. It was evening. I went up there, determined to see Jeanie. I knew that it was probable I should be refused admittance So I just walked into the house, for the doors were open. There was a veranda at the back, like yours here. I saw Jeanie sitting there, and the Italian was kneeling at her feet."

"Did you go on?" I asked.

"Go on," returned he. "I had seen enough. There was a night train to Pau. I took it. From Pau I wrote to her. I was determined that she should not make an utter fool of me."

"What did you write?"

"That I had to thank her for our pleasant flirtation in Rome; that, as of course neither of us had ever considered it serious, she would not be surprised that I hoped before long to introduce my wife to her; and that I trusted my sweet girl would rank among Miss Morris' friends."

"Great Heavens, Phil."

"Then I started for Australia, and went around the world. Well, here I am, and that is my story."

"And a pretty one it is!" cried a voice in the library doorway, which made us both jump.

We turned. There stood Judith.

"You're a dreadful fool, Phil!" she continued.

"There was no truth in what that woman told you. The Italian did propose to Jeanie—she could not help that—I suppose you happened to go eavesdropping at the very moment!"

"Aunt Judith!"

"Hold your tongue!" cried the imperious lady. "They had kept back you letters and Jeanie's, no doubt. Well, sir, the first news she had of you after weeks of silence, was that sweet effusion you sent from Pau. Do you know what you did, sir? You nearly broke her heart!"

"If I could believe that," groaned Phil, "I would go and find her absence—beg her to——"

"Bah!" interrupted Judith. "Come here!"

She pushed him into the library, and shut the door behind him.

We heard a cry from Phil, echoed by a feminine voice. Then we neither saw nor heard our visitors for more than an hour.

The table had been cleared and lamps brought, and Judith and I were waiting with that patience we might. The door opened a last.

There the pair stood, a little shamefaced, but as happy a couple as one could well find.

Judith hugged them both, and so did I. Then we had some supper. Then Judith sternly dismissed us all to our respective chambers.

"This is a respectable house, and I am a woman of order," she said; "it is past eleven o'clock, and I feel as if we had lived about ten years between sunset and bed-time."

"Come and Be Shone."

The Detroit brigade of bootblacks was increased by one yesterday. A passenger train from the East carried one more passenger than the conductor knew of, because the said passenger was concealed on the track and looked more like a hunk of mud than a live boy 14 years old. He came across the river with the others and after a brief look around the depot he walked up to a hackman and said:

"Old boy, I'm right from Jersey City, with nothing to eat for two hull days and not a red in my pocket. I'm game, I am. Lend me a quarter and I'll make it a dollar before noon."

"I don't know you," replied the hackman.

"Nor I you, but that's all right. A man who won't lend a live boy a quarter to get a start in life is no man at all. Come, what d'ye say?"

"He got the money, and walking up to a boot-black who stood shivering in the cool air, he said:

"Boy, you'll never make a shiner in the world. Your forte is landscape painting or counting bank notes. I'll gin ye a quarter for yer kit, and if yer ever want money for a pint of peanuts, call on me."

It was a trade. There was a new box of blacking and a pretty fair brush, and the new boy no sooner had the box under his arm than he cried out in a wonderfully shrill voice:

"Come and see me! Come and be shone by a chap who kin make yer butes look nicer in two minites than a slouch could in four days. Hold out yer feet an' gin me a chance to lay the corner-stone of a fortune—and don't you forget it!"

He secured five "blacks" as fast as he could work, and in twenty minutes he had paid back the quarter. In half an hour he was fifteen cents ahead, and then he rubbed his aching arms and said:

"I've got to drop suthin' down for my stomach to lay hold on, and then I'll come out and make the fur fly. It'll take me two hours yet to get limbered up and feel like a buzz-saw run by chain lightning, but when I do get to work in earnest I shall use up a brush every nine minutes all day long."

After he had procured a cheap breakfast at a restaurant, he found himself confronted by four or five bootblacks, who looked as if they had planned to give him the bounce.

"Morning, gents," said the new boy, as he looked from one to the other. "No use giving me any copperas, my beauties, for I've struck this town to stay. I'm right on the black. I'd rather black butes, but I kin black eyes if I'm forced to. I'm a Keely motor—only more so. I strike, kick, bite, and pull hair all at one motion, and it takes three policemen to pull me away from the mangled remains of my victims."

The boys consulted together and concluded not to tackle him, and in five minutes more they were giving him their friendship. He led them back to the depot, stood them in line, and said:

"Now, slouches, you stick by me and I'll stick by you. This town hain't never been half worked, and I know it. Down east we thought you used dish-water and stove polish. Repress yer emotion a few minutes and see me tear myself all to flinders."

The new boy moved around like a top, worked like a pony engine, talked like a candidate, and made twenty cents in about ten minutes. Putting the "chink" down into his old vest pocket, he swung his box over his shoulder and remarked:

"Sixty cents afor 10 o'clock of the first day is good 'nuff.' Now I want to go up-town, see the streets, study architecture, steal me a dog, and this afternoon I'll feel as if I were born here and had been in jail half a dozen times. Tata, children; don't spend your money for taffy while I'm gone!"—[Detroit Free Press.

A Blunder and Its Reward.

During his first visit to Paris M. Lassalle, a distinguished German, presented himself at the house of a well-known lady, to whom he had sent letters of introduction in advance. When the servant opened the door and received his card she conducted him to the boudoir and told him to be seated, saying, "Madame will come immediately."

Presently the lady entered. She was en dishabille and her feet were bare, covered only with loose slippers. She bowed to him carelessly and said: "Ah, there you are; good morning."

She threw herself on a sofa, let fall a slipper and reached out to Lassalle her very pretty foot.

Lassalle was naturally completely astounded, but he remembered that at his home in Germany it was the custom sometimes to kiss a lady's hand, and he supposed it was the Paris mode to kiss her foot. Therefore he did not hesitate to imprint a kiss upon the fascinating foot so near him; but he could not avoid saying, "I thank you, madame, for this new method of making a lady's acquaintance. It is much better, and certainly more generous, than kissing the hand."

The lady jumped up, highly indignant. "Who are you, sir, and what do you mean?"

He gave his name.

"You are not, then, a corn doctor?"

"I am charmed to say, madame, that I am not."

"But you sent me the corn doctor's card."

It was true. Lassalle, in going out that morning, had picked up the card of a corn doctor from his bureau and put it in his pocket. This, without glancing at, he had given to the servant, who had taken it to her mistress. There was nothing to do but laugh over the joke.—[Forney's Progress.

A COMMITTEE of the Michigan Legislature reports that among the cruelties practised in the Kalamazoo Insane Asylum was the breaking by an angry attendant of a patient's jaw while he was strapped down, and scalding to eath of another in a bath ub.

CONDIMENTS

"Tears cannot restore my wife, therefore I weep," was the inscription on a French tombstone.

A woman's chiropodist at Brighton, England, has placed this legend above his door: "Hell hath no fury like a woman's corn."

An Irish crier at Ballinsloe being order to clear the court did so by this announcement: "Now, then, all ye blackguards that isn't lawyers must lave the coort."

The Pennsylvania legislature, in the opinion of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is so corrupt that a rotten egg smashed against the speaker's desk smells like a bank of violets.

Some of the dogs at the show in Boston are said to be worth $10,000, but they can't chase a sneak-thief out of a melon patch any quicker than a five-dollar bull dog.

Time, 12 o'clock. She—"George are you to exhibit in the dog show?" He—"No; why?" She—"Oh, nothing; only you are such a remarkably fine setter." Exit young man.

An ambitious young writer having asked "What magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" was told: "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article.

"A man out west, who read that dry copperas put in a bed of ants would cause them to leave, put some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she wouldn't go. He says she was there at last accounts.

An inn-keeper observed a postillion with only one spur and inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of the other?" said the postillion; "if one side of the horse goes the other side can't stand still."

A newly married lady was tellin another how nicely her husband coul write. "Oh, you should just see some o his love letters." "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply, "I've got a bushel of 'em in my trunk."

"Look pleasant," said the photographer to Charles Francis Adams, "smile a little," Mr. Adams slowly and frigidly smiled. "Mother of Pluto!" howled the artist, cry! cry a little? That'll help your expression some!"

In a certain Massachusetts normal school the word "eucharist" was given out not long ago to be spelled and defined. More than three-fourths of the gir—beg pardon—young ladies—wrote "euchreist, a person who plays euchre.

A little boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey, "Good-bye, papa, I love you thirty miles long." A little sister quickly added, "Good-bye, dear papa; you will never ride to the end of my love."

The proprietor of a building site in Wisconsin advertises his land for sale in this wise: "The town of Poggis and the surrounding country is the most beautiful nature ever made. The scenery is celestial; also, two wagons and a yoke of steers."

A short time ago a Danbury man had forty dollars stolen from him. The thief was subsequently struck with remorse, and sent back twenty dollars, with a note to the effect that as soon as he received more remorse he would send back the rest.

Smith, who had always been a "tough one," had just died. The physician is met coming from the house by Brown, who asks, "Doctor, how is Smith? Is he out of danger?" Physician—"No; he is dead, poor fellow, but he is far from being out of danger, I fear."

When old Mrs. Skinner heard that the census-taker was coming around, she spitefully threw this shot at her next door neighbor, as they were having a quarrel one day: "When the senses taker comes he needn't stop at your house, for he won't find any there."

The Rev. John Brown, of Haddington, was in the habit of proposing, on festive occasions, a certain young lady as his toast. Having abandoned the practice, he was asked for a reason. "Because," said he, "I have toasted her for sixteen years without being able to make her brown, and so I've resolved to toast her no longer."

A colored firm of Chicago recently dissolved partnership, and posted the following notice to the public: "De dissolution of coparsnips heretofo resisting betwixt me and Moses Jones, in de barber profession, am heretofo dissolved. Pussons who owe must pay to de subscriber. Dem what de firm ose must call on Jones, as de firm is insolved."

The old ladies of Connecticut are among the best story tellers in New England. Mrs. Hanna Forrard Clark, of East Granby, is now in her ninety-fifth year, and yet tells with grim humor a quaint tale of the olden time when it was the custom to "line hymns in meeting." The deacon adjusted his spectacles, raised his psalm book and incidentally said: "I'm almost blind," and the congregation took up the words and sang them as a line. The deacon, greatly annoyed, explained, "I can scarcely see at all;" but this, also, was sung in solemn measure. In holy indignation the deacon raised both hands and exclaimed: "You're all bewitched!" and this, too, was rendered into praise; whereupon the deacon vociferated loudly: "The devil's in every one of you!" Such a change in the sentiment as well as the meter, brought the singers to a stand still, and after some confusion they sang the proper psalm.

A Minister Charged with Fraud.

Pittsburg, May 28.—A sensation was caused to-day by the filing of a bill in equity by Cyrus Clark against Rev. Dr. I. C. Pershing, a prominent Methodist minister, President of the Pittsburg Female College, charging him with fraud in the purchase of certain oil lands. The Doctor denies the charge.

"Blode Up."

Detroit Free Press.

The other day a muscular young fellow, having the odor of the stables about him, entered a Detroit photographer's establishment and explained that he would like to have about one photograph taken, but on learning the price he concluded to invest in a tintype. After taking his seat in the chair, he shut up one eye, drew his mouth around one side, stuck up his nose and patiently waited for the operator, whose astonishment caused him to exclaim:

"Good gracious! but you don't want to look that way to get a picture. Nobody will know you from Sitting Bull."

"You go ahead was the reply.

"Do you want me to take such a phiz as that?"

"I do."

The artist took it. It beat Sol Smith Russell all to pieces, and was highly satisfactory to the sitter, who paid for it and said:

"You see. I had a sort of object in this. Came here from Allegan county six months ago—engaged to a gal out there—found a gal here I like better—got to sever old ties—see?"

"But what has that picture got to do with old ties?" asked the artist.

"Lots—heaps! I've writ to her that I was blode up here on a boat and disfigured for life. She's awful proud. When she gits this and sees how that explosion wrecked me, she'll h another lover quicker'n wink—How do you like the plot? Just g. on this picture once and tell me that Mary Ann won't send back my love letters by first train!"

He posted the picture. The letter was brief, but explained all. It said 'My ever Dear Gurl—I inclose my picture that you may see how awful bad I was hurt, tho' I know you will love me just the same."

"Ever see that game worked afore?" he asked of the artist as he licked the stamp on the letter.

"No—never did."

"Course you never did. "It's mine. It struck me the other day while I was greasin' a wagon, and I think it's boss. Blode up—see? Disfiggered for life—see? Picture right here to prove it, and she'll write back that she has at last concluded to yield to her parents' wishes and marry a young man out there who owns eleven steers, 100 sheep and an eighty-acre lot.

A Strange Story.

A story, which has every semblance of truth, has just come to light in Maine, showing how an innocent man was convicted and incarcerated in prison for wife murder in that State. Late in 1873 James A. Lowell was convicted at Lewiston for the murder of his wife, Lizzie, whose supposed skeleton, a short time previously, had been found in the woods. The defense was that Mrs. Lowell had not been murdered, but had run away with a member of a traveling circus. Nevertheless, Lowell was convicted, and, after being sentenced to be hanged was sent for life to the Maine State prison, where he is still confined. Last year a man named David Stevens, was committed to the prison for adultery, and since his advent there he learned of Lowell's case. Stevens now claims that Lowell is an innocent man, and says that in 1873 he saw a woman, who was undoubtedly Mrs. Lowell, living as the wife of a man named Spalding in Saginaw, Mich. He learned that the woman came from Maine, where she had a husband living. In 1876 Stevens says he met Spalding and the woman at a beer garden, in a western city, and that upon this occasion Spalding and the woman quarreled. Spalding called her "Liz Lowell," and told her she had better return to her husband in the Maine State prison, for she could stay no longer with him. The woman acknowledged herself as "Liz Lowell" and denied nothing said by Spalding. Stevens' description of the woman he saw agrees perfectly with that of Mrs. Lowell, and he has furnished the names of reliable western people who know the Spaldings and who, he states, will confirm what he says. Lowell is now in hopes of finding his wife and getting a speedy release.—[Boston Herald.

Marco's Mistake.

Nay, do not kiss me Marco. Go and seek
Some newer love. I am so tired of thee—
Tired of thy caress on lip and cheek—
Of thy rhaposdies and praise of me.

ELLA WHEELER.

There Marco, didn,t we tell you so! Didn't we warn you of the danger of being too fresh? After all the fatherly advice we have given you on this very point, we have no sympathy for you whatever. Not a single solitary symp. "I am so tired of the." Tolerably plain talk, Marco, but it serves you exactly right. What business had you to call around every night? Seems to us some people haven't sense enough to make a decent member of the legislature. "Tired of thy caress on lip and cheek." Good gracious! Why didn't you do as we told you, and bite her nose once in a while, and give her lip and cheek a rest? Tired "of thy rhaposdies and praise of me." Oh, Marco, Marco! Why did you not follow our advice and divide you rhaposdies and praise qually between her and your Cousin Sue? This is necessary, Marco; just as necessary as the air you breathe. You have put your foot into it, indeed. Yes, Marco, "Go and seek some newer love." We think a red-header cook on a canal-boat would about suit you. —[Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE will of the late Judge Asa Packer, of Pennsylvania, bequeaths for a permanent endowment to the Lehigh University, of Bethlehem, $1,500,000; for a library for the University, $500,000; to St. Luke's Hospital at Bethlehem, $300,000; to St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Mauch Chunk, $30,000. Several bequests are kept private for the present.

Eel River Railroad,

TIME TABLE

On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND.		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.23 am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	S Whitley.	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City...	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00, m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	...Aubnrn J..	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	....Auburn....	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 am	
	2.23 pm	...Reading....	1.24 pm	
	2.35 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.50 pm	..Jonesville..	12.55 pm	
	3.55 pm	...Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	....Detroit....	7.00 am	
	5.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw...	7.15 am	

Connection is made at Denver with the I., P. & C. railway, for Rochester. Plymouth, LaPorte and Michigan City; at Columbia City with P. Ft. W. & C. railway, for Ft. Wayne and Pittsburg; at LaOtto with G. R. & I. railway, for Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids; at Auburn Junction with Ft. W. J. & S., and B. & O. railways, for Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw Defiance, Tiffin, Bellair, Washington, and Baltimore.

Trains from the east make close connections at Logusport with T. W. & W. railway for Hannibal, Quincy and St. Louis, and with P. C. & St L. railway for Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk and all points west.

All Passenger trains fully equipped with Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Couplers and Buffers.

S. HOWELL
Gen'l Ticket Agent.

FRANK J. HECKER,
General Superintendent.

B LOOMINGTON ROUTE

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RAILROAD COMPANIES.

The shortest and most direct route, making immediate connections for passengers, both east and west.

CONDENSED TIME OF THROUGH TRAINS.
May 12th, 1878.

WEST.—Leave		Chicago Time	EAST.—Arrive.	
	5.25am	.... Muncie....	6.35 pm	
	6.19	..Alexandria...	5.55	
	6.33	....Elwood.....	5.53	
Leave.	6 48	.....Tipton.....	5.06	Arrive
2.00pm	7 42	.. Frankfort ..	4.09	9.45 a m
3.00	8 42	Lafayette Junc	3.10	8.33
3.05	8.50	...Lafayette...	3.05	8.26
3.45	9.32	...Templeton..	2.21	7.32
4.48	10.37	..Hoopeston..	1.22	6.09
5.42	11.30	....Gibson	12.37	5.00
6.21	1205pm	....Paxton.....	12.05	7.12p m
7.50pm	1.20	.Bloomington.	10.50 am	5.10

Leave.	Leave.	C & A R R	Arrive	Arrive
2.00am	2.15 p m	.Bloomington.	2.20 am	2.45 am
8.00	8.25	. .St Louis...	7.45 pm	8.00 am
	5.40	.Bloomington.	10 50am	
	2.15 am	...Mexico.....	2.30	
	10.?0 pm	.Kansas City.	6.00 pm	
	12.50 pm	...Atchison...	2.40	
	12.40	. St Joseph ..	3.15	
	?.30	.....Omaha....	8.00 am	

Leave	I C R R	Arrive
5.53 pm	.Bloomington.	7.43 am
7.10 am	Dubuque	9.10 pm
6.45	Sioux City.	6.00

Leave	I B & W.	Arrive
1.20 pm	.Bloomington.	10.50am
3.20	.. .Peoria ...	9.05
10.00	....Omaha ...	6.40 pm
Arrive	C B & Q	Leave

Through tickets on sale for all points east west. Reduced rates for emigrant and colonist parties For information in regard to tickets, rates etc., address, G. W. Smith. Gen. Pass'r Ag Lafayette, Ind.

E. H WALDRON,
General Supt.

L., C. & S-w. ROUTE

IS THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST

FROM LOGANSPORT

—TO—

Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Greencastle Terre Haute, Vinncennes, Evansville, Cairo, Paris, Mattoon, Pana, Alton, Effingham, Altamont, Vandalia,

TWO TRAINS DAIL

[Sundays Excepted.]

Trains Run as Follows.

[Taking Effect March 17, 1879.]

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Logansport.....	6:30 a. m.	2:35 p. m.
Arrive at Frankfort...	8:30 a. m.	5:20 p. m.
" Colfax.....	9:00 a. m.	5:55 p. m.
" Indianapolis, via Colfax.....	10:50 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
" Cincinnati.....	4:00 p. m.	
" Crawfordsv'll	9:55 a. m.	6:58 p. m
" TerreHaute...	12:55 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
" Vincennes.....	5:22 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
" Evansvill.....	7:35 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
" St. Louis	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.

☞ Close connections at Terre Haute with trains East and West on the Vandalia and I. & St. L and South on the E. & T. H. railroad.

Ask for through tickets, and get your abage checked through.

Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Plams on all Passenger trains.

J. P. CLAYBROOK,
General Manager
H TRUESDALE, G. T. A

Old Reliable

Indianapolis, Peru & Chicgo Ry

CONDENSED TIME-TABLE

12:25 p. m. (Daily except Sunday.)
- Arrive Logansport 4:05 pm
- " Chicago, via Kokomo..... 8:30 pm
- Tro' Chi without change.

11:20 p. m. DAILY.
- Arrive Logansport 3:05 am.
- " Chicago (via Koko'o) 7 50am

Leave Kokomo Junction	2:50 pm	1:55 am
" Indianapolis	5:30 pm	4:10
" Cincinnati	10:30 pm	8:40
" Louisville	11:10 pm	8:30
" St. Louis	8:10 am	2:15

Running through to Indianapolis without change.

For Chicago and the Northwest; the most direct route to Ft. Wayne, Toledo and Detroit and the great lumber and salt regions of the Saginaw Valley.

No change of cars from Louisville to Montgomery, Memphis, Mobile, Jackson, and New Orleans.

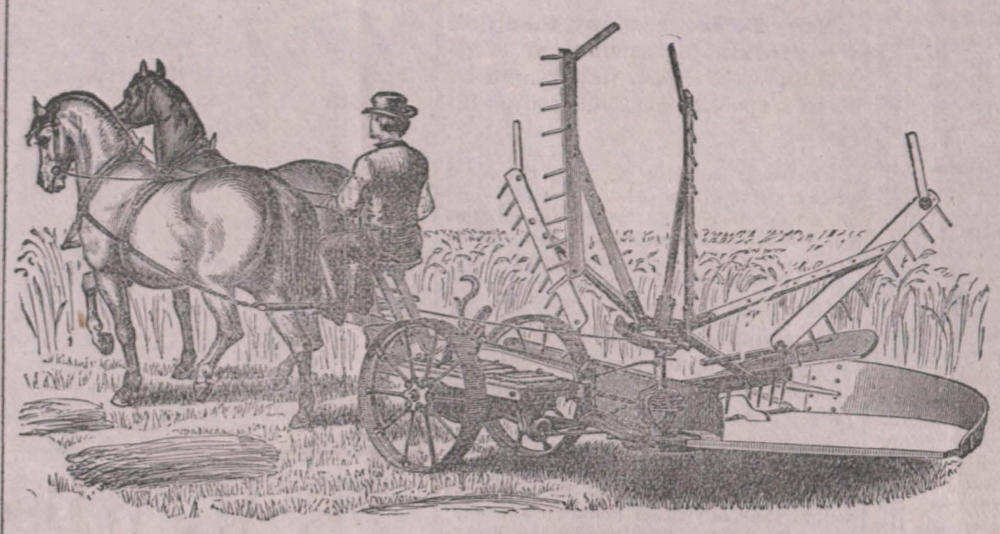
Only one change of cars from Louisville to Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Decatur Macon and Jacksonville, Florida.

For Indianapolis and the SOUTH take the I., P. & C. short line railway. Passengers by his route cross the great Ohio river bridge at Louisville, and avoid all omnibus transfers.

Woodruff's Parlor and Rotunda Sleeping Cars on night trains.

V. T. MALOTT, Gen'l Manager
P. WADE, Gen'l P. & T. Agent.

The Standard Hubbard Reaper.



Height of Cut changed while in motion.

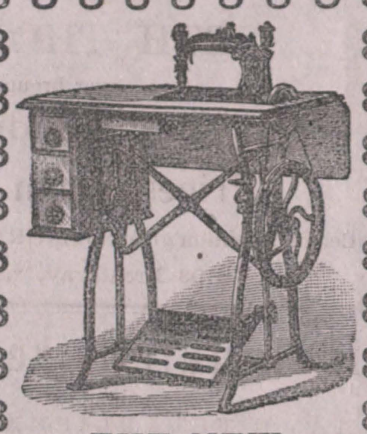
Farmers, when you want a combined Reaper and Mower, buy the changeable motion Hubbard. It has two finger-bars, 3 knives, 5 rakes, besides a change of motion, which is easily changed while the team is in motion), while many of the so-called combined machines in market have but 1 finger bar 2 knives and 4 rakes, thereby depriving you of some of the best as well as the most expensive parts of the machine. The Hubbard has broad-faced wheels, runs light, and makes a perfect gavel. In fact, such confidence have we in our Combined Machine that we defy competition and seek comparison.

For sale by

T. C. Barnes,

512 Broadway,
Logansport, Ind.

3m9 70



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PERFECT AND COMPLETE

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NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.

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Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.
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EIBIG'S FEVER AND AGUE CURE IN Liquid or Pills

Positively CURES the worst forms of Chills, Fever, Dumb Ague, Third-Day Ague, Fever without Chills, Neuralgia or Sick Headache, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, builds up the System to overcome Malaria—makes you feel like yourself, and never fails to cure.

Sold by W. H. Bringhurst, Lee W. Redd, and Needham & Keesling. 3m8

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A SPECIALTY.

GOOD WORK !

LOW PRICES

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3m20

AN ELEGANT BOOK FREE.

Your choice between two books, "The Age we Live In," and "History of the Sherbro Mission, in Africa." will be sent free to every subscriber to the LIFE BOAT, the popular temperance monthly. Only 75 cents per year, and 10 cents in stamps to mail the book. The books are nicely bound in cloth and gold, and sell for more than the price of the paper. $2.00 worth for 85 cents. The greatest offer ever made. Sample of the Life Boat free. ROUZER & MOWRY, Dayton, O.

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HARDWARE, GUNS,

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CHAINS, BELTING, SASH,

Doors, Blinds, Mechanics' & Farmers' Tools of all kinds,

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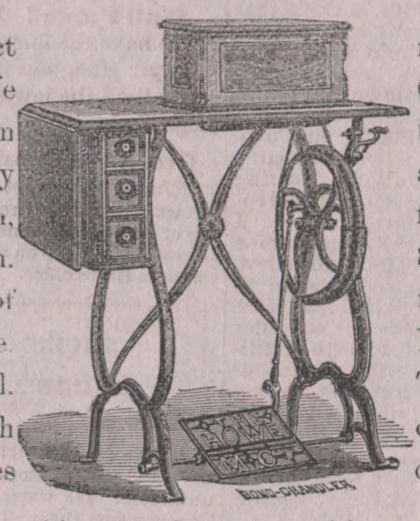

The most perfect machine in the World. We Challenge comparison. It combines lightness in working, beauty and excellence of stitch, strength, firmness and durability of seam. Simplicity and perfection of mechanism, will last a lifetime Range of work without parallel. The hemming will not wash out like that of other machines does.

We handle nothing but honest machines, no rebuilt stuff, pawned off for new. We warrant each machine for five years.

A full line of attachments kept constantly on hand, also oil, needles, and everything else in the Sewing Machine line, at No. 512 Broadway. aprill9'79ly T. C. BARNES

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New Agricultural House.

T. C. BARNES.

Takes pleasure in presenting to the farmers the Standard

Hubbard eaper, Combined Changeable Motion,

Also the THREE RIVERS VIBRATOR, INVINCIBLE and ENGINE, Richmond Corn Plows, Ellwood Sulky Cultivators, Self Dump Hay Rakes, and all other Agricultural Implements, at

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Old Indiana---"Slow But Sure."

NEW QUARTERS, NEW STOCK

The business has been enlarged and extended by the introduction of

CUTLERY AND HARDWARE.

Also everything in the HEATING and COOKING STOVE LINE, Tinware and Tinner's Stock in Full Supply. HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS in Great Variety.

I Am Selling These Goods Low For Cash

And parties needing anything in my line will do well to give me a call at the NEW STORE No. 312 Market Street

H. BALL, Jr.

A Funeral Party Struck by Lightning.

Lightning struck the house of J. D. Barnard, on Bucktooth, town of Little Valley, May 20, doing damage to both person and property. A few of the people in the neighborhood had assembled at Mr. Barnard's to attend the funeral of a child who had died of diphtheria. The people nad just got together and were about to open the services, when the lightning struck the house, passing down the chimney, demolishing the stove-pipe, and dividing into two parts. One branch struck Mrs. J. B. Munger, tearing off both shoes, burning a place on her foot the size of a silver dollar, and cutting the flesh on the bottom of the other very badly. She was also burned on the lower part of her limbs, and her dress torn to pieces. She was rendered insensible by the shock, and supposed for a time to be dead, She rallied, however, and, although severly prostrated, is now likely to recover. The dress of another lady was torn somewhat, and other people shocked by the bolt, but no one was hurt much except Mrs. Munger. The other part of the bolt passed into the room in which the body of the child lay, and when near the center of the room shivered the floor and passed through, killing two ogs that were under the floor.—[Olean N. Y.,) Times.

The Blessing of Labor.

I believe that for most men more than eight hours' work per day is required for the maintenance of physical, mental and moral health. I think that for most men, including operatives, mechanics, farmers and clergymen, more than eight hours' labor is necessary, in order to keep down and utilize the forces of the animal nature and passions. I believe that if improvements in machinery should discharge men from the necessity of laboring more than six hours, society would rot in measureless and fatal animalism. I have worked more than ten hours a day during most of my life, and believe it is best for us all to be compelled to work. It would be well, I think, if we could make it impossible for an idler to live on the face of the earth. Religious teachers are not without responsibility for having taught that the necessity of labor is a curse. The world owes most of its growth hitherto to men who tried to do as much work as they could. Its debt is small to the men who wished to as little as possible.– [June Atlantic.

Mr. Joe Wiler started on the 5:23 p. m., train yesterday on his European tour. He will take the steamer at New York on Saturday next.

DENTIST.

H. C. Cushman, Dentist, will call at you house and do all kinds of work in the Dental Line. Send postal card to Box 145, Logansport.

MR. JOHN GRAY is a match for any in the Dry Goods line, in quality and price. If you don't believe it try him. The 5c. counter surpasses anything that is in town.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Mrs. W. J. Potter for new millinery goods and dress patterns.

Potter does papering and calsoming cheap, don't you forget it now.

Harry Denbo manufactures the finest brands of Cigars in the city.

Schools supplied with Visiting Cards by Chas. Longwell & Co., Logansport, Ind.

Buy that new calsomine at the People's Drug Store, all ready for use, the best in the market.

Mrs. W. J. Potter, for the cheapest and best Millinery Goods and Dress Patterns.

For a good Cigar, call on Harry Denbo, manufacturer, Broadway, near Sixth Street.

Frank Beamer has got a splendid Fountain, Good soda and delicious ice cream, Come and see him, corner Fourth and Broadway,

JOHN DEBOO still lives to do the best Horse Shoeing. If you don' think so call and see him. North st. near 6th.

CULLEN & Co. keeps wall paper for sale at his Drug store; pure fresh drugs and medicines on hand; lamps, paints, oils, &c. Sixth street, three doors from North.

J. E. JACOBS, Boot and Shoemaker, 315 Sixth street, does good and cheap work. You can depend on him doing what he tells you. Boots made and repaired.

JACOB BOICE, Veterinary and Livery Feed Stables. Put your horse up when you come in town. Get them well cared for, as Jake can tell all about what they want.

H. BALL, Jr., 212 Market street, is now offering tinware of his own make at retail and wholesale prices. This is in order to meet the competition of cheap tin sold in the cheap stores. He is in earnest, and means to take care of himself. Try him before you buy any more of the flimsey stuff sold by the so-called stores.

T. P. Swigart did a good trade on jubilee day, but that's nothing new. He keeps pure candies, and sells them low. His stock is always large, his ice cream anp soda water the best, and there is no wonder his trade is large.

S. A. VonBehren, at the red front Cigar Store, Broadway, east of Fourth, delights his patrons with the best 5c. and 10c. Cigars in the city. When you buy your next cigar, try one of his excellent brands.

I. S. DEER keeps a nice cool place, and sells all the choice meats that you may wish. Give him a call, Broadway, three doors above Fifth.

Harry Denbo, Broadway, third door west of Sixth st., manufactures excellent brands of Cigars. Smokers desirous of a good smoke should consult his stock.

THERE is no use talking, the most substantial harness, both for buggy and wagon, can be got at J. W. Fuller's, on Market street. Whips, saddles, robes, and in fact, you can see a grand display of everything you may want in his line.

CALL at BROWN'S CANDY FACTORY and get a nice dish of **Ice Cream**, as he has fitted up his place conveniently and pleasantly. All Candies fresh and pure. Two doors from Murdock's.
3m11-521

Frank BEAMER is taking the lead in ice cream. He gives more for the same money than any other house in the city. Give him a call, corner Fourth and Broadway. 6m10

Mrs. W. J. Potter, for the cheapest and best Millinery Goods and Dress Patterns.

Henry Tucker, Dealer in Harness, Saddles, whips, Robes, etc. Repairing harness etc, done by competent workmen. Market street, east of Fourth.

Wall Paper! Wall Paper!!

We have the finest and largest stock of Paper Hangings in the State. Prices wer than the lowest. 323 Fourth St., Logansport. QUEALLY.

GEO. ASH'S for parlor suits.

John Winch, Boot and Shoe maker. All work done in approved manner; Repairing of all kinds done neatly, promptly, and at lowest rates; Shop on south side Broadway, opposite Howe office. 3m2-521

GO TO
HICKS'
FOR A
15 CENT DINNER.
Next to Murdock Hotel

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be a he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

Patterson & Tomlinson, dealers in all kinds of Garden and Field SEEDS, all fresh and good. Also Plows a nd Agricultural Im plements. This old an d reliable firm needs no commendation from us. Buy of them.

Mrs W. J. Potter keeps the latest styles of dress patterns at her millinery store. See wire sign across the street above the post office.

Geo. W. Hoffman, City Drug Store, keeps pure drugs and patent medicines. Also a full line of toilet goods, perfumes, brushes, combs, etc, Fourth street.

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas repaired: 171

E. Steckel, dealer in Groceries, Dry Goods, etc. Goods sold at lowest prices. Corner North and Sixth street. Call and examine goods and learn prices.

Needham & Keesling, Druggists dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Apothecaries, Oils, and everything in the Drug line. Patent Medicines of all kinds. People's Drug Store, Fourth Street.

To U. S. Pensioners.

We are now prepared to secure without the least possible delay, back pensions under the arrears of pensions bill enacted by Congress, January 25th, 1879. Call early.
McNARRY & LEEDY,
feb22d&wtf 412 Broadway.

Take Notice.

State of Indiana, Cass County:

Before me, Charles W. Fisk, a notary public, within and for said county personally came Joseph L. Taylor, who being duly sworn deposes and says, that on the 14th day of August, 1876, and during the same month, Miss Telitha Eicher, the daughter of John and Mary Eicher, all of the said county of Cass, and State of Indiana, came to him the said affiant for medical treatment, and that the said Telitha Eicher stated to him that she had been previously treated by Dr. John B. Shultz, and this affiant further says that he gave her medicine and accomplished a cure. That the medicine he gave her was iron, a mixture composed of glycerine, iron and simple syrup. That she was, and is an amiable young lady, having a reputation above reproach, and that whatever statements may have been made either before, or at, or after the time of her illness derogatory to her character are base, malicious falsehoods, without the shadow of a cause, and are groundless in the extreme, as he verily believes.

JOSEPH L. TAYLOR, M. D.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of June, 1879.

[Seal] CHAS. W. FISK,
Notary Public.

I concur in and corroborate the statements made by Dr. Taylor as true in every particular as regards the disease and ailment of Miss Eicher, and that any insinuating remark or statement derogatory to her pure name is entirely groundless to the best of my knowledge and belief.

[Seal] Dr. J. B. SHULTZ.
May 24, 1879. june3d2tw1t

ALWAYS BE WITH
THE TIMES.
NEW GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED, AT
Prices Lower Tha Ever.
CALL AND SEE.
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MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 427 Broadway, Cor. Pearl,
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W. W. Wilson, Jeweler,

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SETH THOMAS' CLOCKS
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Over One Hundred Different Styles.
Prices From $1.50 to $25.00.
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406 Broadway, near Fourth Street.

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I HAVE ESTABLISHED
At No. 445 Fourth Street, near the Pan Handle depot, a
MARKET STAND.
At which I will keep all kinds of fruits and nuts in their season. Fresh fish, ready dressed; poultry and vegetables of all kind; butter and eggs; game in its seeson.
GIVE ME A CALL.
I will keep the best and freshest of all goods.
S. M. RAINES,
mar58d3m

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A GOOD PICTURE
Of any kind, go to
A. N. DONALDSON'S,
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WINDSOR HOTEL.
First Class in every particular:
J.H. WINEMILLER, Proprietor
Rates: $1.50 per Day.
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MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN.
Treats Ladies and Children.
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J. F. BECKER,
IMPORTERS OF
Red and Grey Scotch Granite,
And Manufacturers of
Foreign and Domestic Marble Monuments and Headstones.
310 Bridge Street Logansport, Ind,

CHAS. HORNING,
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
Is about to **Close Out all His Made-Up Goods** at
GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.
All work warranted. 1y2-4 501 Broadway

MISS R. E. BOWMAN,
MUSIC TEACHER,
Lessons in Vocal and Instrumental Musi given at reasonable terms.
Rooms: Over Peters' book store. 3m19-021

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Bank, Railroad and BUSINESS STAMPS.
Date Stamps a Specialty.
FLORA, INDIANA.
Agent's Outfit, $1.00.

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SALE STABES.
Buggies, Carriages and Rigs,
for all occasions promptly furnished, Prices Reasonable,
Stable on Alley, Bet. 6th & Broadway, West of 6th

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COR. THIRD AND MARKET STREETS.
John Shannon, Prop
LOGANSPORT, IND.
$1.00 PER DAY.

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UNDERTAKERS.
ALL KINDS OF CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES, LININGS AND TRIMMINGS IN STOCK.
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25 ALL Chromo Cards, Mottoes, Flowers, etc., prettiest ever sold, with name, 10 cents. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

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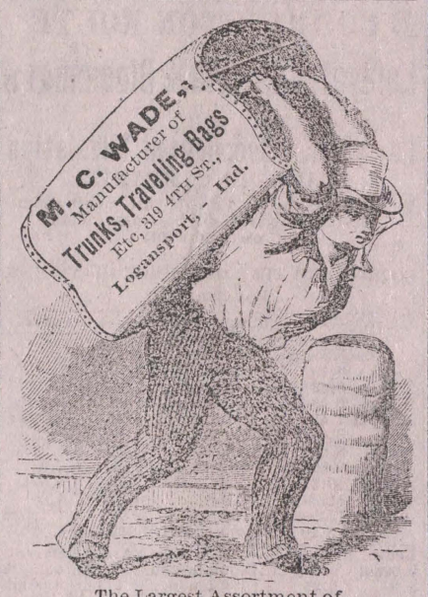

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To be found in the city. Trunks and Sample Cases made to order. Our prices are always the lowest. Call and examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere. 3m17-092

THE SINGER M'F'G CO. have REMOVED
their office to a room
OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,
where they will keep on hand a large stock of Machines of every style. Also, all Part Attachments, Twist, Linen, and Cotton at greatly reduced prices. Needles, 25 cents per dozen, etc., etc.
Special attention given to Repairing all kinds of old Machines. Please give them a call, and don't forget the place, just opposite the p. o. 3m1-521 GEO. W. WERNER, Agt.

THE REASON WHY
WALKER, RAUCH & CO.
SELL MORE
BOOTS and SHOES
Than any other house in town is because they sell the best goods
THE CHEAPEST.

TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas!
H. T. MANLOVE,
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Rooms over Murdock's Store, corner Fourth and Broadway, Logansport, Ind, 1y2-4

DR. OVERHOLSER'S
DENTAL ROOMS,
Cor. Fourth & Market St., [Entrance on Fourth
LOGANSPORT, IND.
All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.
Teeth extracted positively without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, or Protoxide of Nitrogen, the safest and pleasantest anæsthetic known. 173m120

TAYLOR & VELSEY,
DENTISTS,
Office: 312 Market Street, Up Stairs,
LOGANSPORT, IND.
All Work Done in FIRST-CLASS Style.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.

MURDOCK BARBER SHOP.
WM. KRAUT, Proprietor.
SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING
In most fashionable style.
BATH ROOMS CONNECTED

CHARLES HARTWIG,
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CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
RUBBER BOOTS REPAIRED AND WARRANTED.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.
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ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
AND REAL ESTATE AND COLLECTING AG'TS,
All business promptly attended to.
No. 410 BROADWAY.

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AND
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You will find at the
Cor. Broadway & Pearl St.
A well-selected stock of

NOTIONS

Consisting in part of

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CUFFS,
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BUTTONS,

ETC., ETC., ETC.

ORDRS FROM the COUNTRY

Promptly attended to, and

FILLED as DIRECTED.

A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE
MASON & HAMLIN
ORGAN

Is conceded to be THE BEST NOW MADE, and can be had very

Reasonable FOR Cash

Also, on the plan of

EASY PAYMENTS,

or Renting an Organ until Rent pays for it.

It must be hired for not less than six months, but it may be returned at any time after that If retained until the price o the Organ is paid, it will become that person's property without further payment.

For all particulars call at
Cor. Broadway & Pearl St

All kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE Kept

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I + P Biddle

The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., JUNE 18, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 13

THE PRESS.

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES —INTERESTING THOUGHTS.

"GROWTH OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT" IN EVERY STATE AND COUNTY.

A Column that will Well Repay Perusal and Consideration.

NOT EVEN A RUM-SELLER.
Mitchell Times.

NEED it be said that even a whisky seller will not employ a dissipated clerk in his business.

CAPS THE CLIMAX.
Temperance Advocate.

LEGAL prohibition and extirpation is the only principle that will be decisive and effective. War and the devil are bad enough, but license and whisky caps the climax.

STORMING THE FORT.
Goodland Register.

THE temperance movement in Kentland has taken the town by storm, the Murphys numbering about 700. The two licensed saloons there have thrown up the sponge, and will sell no more by the drink.

CONDEMNED BY ALL.
Chicago Citizen's League.

THE liquor interest has been rapidly growing into a moral and physical blight upon our country; but the truth now shines forth, and we see religion and law, medicine and philanthropy the accusers of alcohol.

A PROSPECTIVE FUNERAL.
Worth County (Mo.) Times.

HAD the women a right to vote, the liquor traffic would be blotted out forever. We would just like to see them have a chance at the demon—there would be a funeral that day, and thousands of homes happier in the future.

A FOOLISH PRACTICE.
Corydon Republican.

MEN often drink liquor when they don't want it. They take it from habit or because somebody else wants them to. If they would stop this foolish practice of drinking when they don't want it, even this would greatly improve the case with some of them.

NO-LICENSE IN CONNECTICUT.
No-License Advocate.

"No-license does no good. There is just as much rum sold." One of our Willimantic drinkers declares he could not get anything stronger than "hop-beer" at the European or Brainard House, during the year it was off. Does it not reduce the amount?

AN ACQUIESCENCE PROPOSED.
Temperance Vedette, Texas.

THE prohibitionists are getting ready for the contest in 1880, and this cause will then be more formidable than ever before. The Democratic party should acquiesce in the prohibition measure and thereby obviate the necessity of a new party in this respect.

PURE ELECTIONS.
Key-Stone.

THERE is just now a great deal said about preserving the purity of elections. Whisky and lager beer have more to do with corrupting the ballot box in this country than all other causes combined. Where whisky is banished we hear of no trouble from ballot box stuffing.

A WORD TO THE CLERGY.
American Conflict, Conn.

MORE frequent and more pointed temperance sermons from the clergy are now in order. The watchmen on Zion's towers should not fail to sound the alarm. The rum-shop is the nursery and hot bed of sin and inquity, and it is the greatest foe to Gospel salvation.

NO HONOR TO THE STATE.
Chicago Inter Ocean.

THERE are only four States that produce more beer than Illinois. The following table shows the amount of beer produced during 1878 in the five largest States of the Union:

	Barrels.
New York	3,285,498
Pennsylvania	957,060
Ohio	907,254
Massachusetts	572,254
Illinois	550,976

THE TWO TOGETHER.
Woman's Tribune, Indianapolis.

IT must be conceded that the Murphy movement has rescued many a drunkard from the ditch; but it is also true that quite a number are daily falling back into the ditch again. Prohibitionists now propose to fill up this ditch and then there will be no more falling back, and no further use for a Murphy movement.

A CONSOLIDATED VOTE NEEDED.
Woman's Tribune.

THERE is nothing that anti-temperance people fear so much as the consolidated vote of the temperance advocates. If they succeed in keeping the different temperance elements divided, the liquor traffic will remain unmolested. The whisky advocates understand this, but a certain portion of the temperance people do not seem to be as far-seeing.

AN UNDENIABLE FACT.
Rising Sun Recorder.

TOTAL abstinence is positively safe, while moderate drinking is unsafe. Were all the drunkards to be removed from the world, if moderate drinking was still permitted, it would be but a short time before the sots would be just as abundant as now. The habit of moderate drinking is, under any and all circumstances, the seed-bed of a new and heavy harvest of drunkards.

HEROINES OF TRUE LIBERTY.
Adams County Union.

NEVER before in the history of our State have the women been so active in moving forward their suffrage car. The "Woman's Tribune," the organ of the cause, is becoming quite popular, and the temperance cause is being strengthened by the decided action of these heroines of true liberty and equal rights. May their "tree of Liberty" make a prosperous growth this summer.

"PLAIN, IF NOT POPULAR."
Elkader Journal.

A CORRESPONDENT wades through four pages of foolscap to ask the editor how he stands on whisky! We don't stand on it at all. Like every other man, we stand much better without it. In fact, we wish every drop of whisky in the world was in hell. It might cause same "medicinal and mechanical" incenvenience, but we should willingly take our chances. Now, we hope this is plain if not popular.

'TIS TRUE.
Monitor-Journal.

THERE are many men who allow their children to join the children's temperance movement, knowing that the object of that movement is for them to vote temperance; they want their children to vote temperance because it is right, and they want their children to do right. If they would only spur up their courage and do right themselves by voting the way they want these children to vote they would be more consistent.

NEWSPAPERS IN GENERAL.
Huntington News.

A NEWSPAPER and a newspaper editor that people don't talk about and sometimes abuse are rather poor concerns. The man and business that an editor sometimes feels a duty to defend, at a risk of making enemies of another class, are often the very first to show ingratitude. The editor who expects to receive much charity or gratitude will soon find out his mistake; but he should go on and say and do what he conscientiously thinks right without regard to frowns and smiles.

"I DON'T DRINK."
Minnesota Radical.

SOME men think that because they do not drink at all, their whole duty is performed. Is this true? Is not every man responsible for the government of this country, so far as his vote and influence extend? Can a man vote to license dram-shops, or to vote for parties or men who will license them, without being a party to the saloon business? Is it not the conscientious duty, and ought it not to be the pleasure of every good citizen to do that which will make the government pure and good?

A WISE SUGGESTION.
Blue Ribbon News, Iowa.

Now that the warm weather is upon us, and the short evenings, too, every effort should be put forth to keep up the interest of the meeting. One good way is to have something from your club published every week. Every speaker that addresses you will touch some new chord, and a few lines published in your temperance paper each week touching on the particular point made by the speaker will be looked for and commented on by the members, and thereby—enhance the interest in your meetings.

COWARDS.
Warrick Chronicle.

HE is a coward who is afraid to tell the truth. He is a coward who is afraid to do right. He is a coward who will insult the weak. He is a coward who will not define his position on temperance, religion, or politics, holding back for policy's sake. He is especially a coward who is a public teacher, and fails always to enunciate his opinions until others have given their convictions, so that he may trim to meet public opinion. He who holds no opinions of his own is the greatest coward of them all.

A RELIGIOUS OPINION.
Chicago Witness.

SO FAR as politics are concerned they cannot well be ignored by temperance men. This question comes up most most prominently in connection with the capacity and reliability of public officials. Then, too, legislation is the only practical way of securing and enforcing temperance principles. That is to say, but little can be accomplished in this direction without legislation. The ballot box and the statute book, apart from divine assistance, are the two main arms of the temperance cause. We are short-sighted to try to dispense with their use.

CORRUPTED MORALS.
Maine Living Issue.

IF a republican form of government depends for its stability upon the virtue, intelligence and sound morals of the people, what, then, should be said of those things that are debasing in their tendencies and results? Does the drinking and traffic in strong drink promote virtue? Does it improve the intellect? Does it conduce to a sound morality? Take away the intoxicating cup, prohibitit the traffic in alcoholic beverages, and you take away one of the poisons that is intermixed at the fountain. People wonder and talk in amazement at the corruption of the times; but nothing is more perceptible than the natural result of a people who drink from the poisonous stream.

WELL STATED.
Temperance Reformer.

MEN who favor moral suasion as the only means of advancing temperance usually say, in support of their theory, that prohibition or other law cannot reform a man. Such statements do not meet the case. The law is for the prevention of crime by punishing offenders. The drunkard, as such, is not a criminal, and is not the object of the law's displeasure. Prohibition has an object entirely distinct from the reformation of drunkards, namely, the suppression of the crime of liquor selling, thus protecting reformed men, the sanctity of the home, and the youth of our land. Let these things be remembered by the zealous reformer, and there will be no conflict between moral and legal means.

SKULKING BETWEEN FIRES.
Living Issue, Maine.

CHEAP temperance men are they who can TALK temperance when they wish to gain the favor of the friends of the cause, and when it is popular to do so, but who shrink from any sacrifice to promote the work. They are afraid to offend rum-sellers by advocating the enforcement of the laws against the traffic. They as frequently vote for rum as reform; and when driven to choose openly between the two they prefer to be seen nowhere. Such temperance men should be made to understand that it is impossible to deceive anybody but themselves. The cravern betrays his character in his very appearance. To go to the ranks of the enemy is more honorable than the skulk between fires, and safer, too.

GROWTH OF SENTIMENT.
Fairland Bulletin.

DRUNKENNESS is gradually becoming more dishonorable. It is now a disgrace to be found in or about a saloon. It is even mere disgraceful to be found drunk. Public opinion is already opposed to the liquor traffic. The people are tired of a business that ruins the lives of fellow men. It is a question how sane men can engage in liquor vending with a free conscience. This question is probably more rife in the country than in the cities. Country folks seem to have a deeper sense of the wickedness of the traffic than persons who are in its immediate presence. Long and continued acquaintance with any sinful business sometime produces dormancy as regards the perception of its real character. But the people are waking up to the welfare of humanity and those who remain active in the temperance work will soon lead the van in favor of total and universal abstinence.

DEFENDING MAYOR KIMMEL.
Lafayette Temperance Herald.

THE Logansport MURPHY SIGNAL, makes an uncalled-for attack upon Mayor Kimmel of this city, calling him a great many naughty names. THE SIGNAL is mistaken in the character of our Mayor. He is by no means the bad man it represents him to be, as all who know him will attest. From education and life-long habits, Mr. Kimmel cannot, or does not, see and realize the very great evils of intemperance as they are seen and realized by THT SIGNAL and by temperance people generally, but he is no worse in that respect than the average German of fair to good personal habits. He is far from being a dissipated man; and although he does not see his duty in any extraordinary efforts to enforce the restrictive features of our temperance laws, still he is far from prostituting his office for the encouragement of bummerism and bad morals. No, no, Mr. SIGNAL, there are worse Mayors than Kimmell, and he may come out all right yet, when he sets himself to thinking a little more than he has heretofore done, for he is tolerably independent.

Constitution of the State League.

FOR the information of our readers, we publish below the constitution of the State Temperance League, branches of which are being organized in every part of the State. If any of our readers wish to take a part with the League, they can do so by adopting this constitution, with such by-laws as their several localities prefer, and reporting to the Secretary, T. A. Goodwin, Indianapolis. No given number is required and no special formula adhered to. Any number from two to a thousand may constitute a league. We give no opinion for or against this method of reaching the end we are all laboring for. Perhaps, before we reach prohibition we will all become earnest prohibitionists, willing that every soldier may fight, like the Indian Chief Logan, in his own fashion, but fight the common foe. The constitution reads:

Article I. The name of this league shall be the Prohibition League of —— township, —— county.

Art. II. The object of this league shall be the total suppression of the liquor traffic in this township To this end we will use all honorable means to educate public sentiment, and to procure and enforce prohibitory laws, resorting to independent political action whenever it is deemed necessaey.

Art. III. The officers of this league shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall be elected annually, at the first meeting in January, and who shall discharge the usual duties of their respective offices.

Art. IV. All meetings of this league shall be public, but no person shall vote who is not a member.

Art. V. The members of this league shall also be members of —— county league, and this league shall be entitled to one representative in the State league for every ten members.

Art. VI. Every member of this league over twenty-one years of age shall pay twenty-five cents per quarter to constitute a fund for the circulation of temperance literature, and other temperance purposes.

Art. VII. The secretary of this league shall annually furnish the secretary of the State league the names, with the address, of every member over twenty-one years of age.

Art. VIII. This league may make such by-laws from time to time as may be necessary; but the constitution shall not be amended but by the State league.

Art. IX. All persons over the age of fifteen years may become members by signing this constitution.

S. S. Lesson-Leaf for June.

THE Woman's Christian Temperance Union have prepared a new Temperance Lesson Leaf for the last Sunday in June, entitled "Parental Teaching," the text being found in Proverbs xxiii. 15-25. It is followed by questions for notes, hymns, and illustrations. Every Sunday-school should be supplied. Four pages 12mo. Price, only 50 cents per 100. Address J. N. Stearns, 58 Reade street, New York.

WOME[illegible]

THEIR RELATION TO THE TEMPERANCE WORK.

PURSUING AND COMBATTING THE ENEMY OF THEIR HOMES.

BUT is it a woman's work?
IS it!!
Why not?
Isn't she the most interested?
Doesn't she suffer the most?
It seems to be a "woman's work" to wash to support the family while the father is "off on a spree!"
You don't object to THAT!
Hasn't she the same "right" to PREVENT her husband from becoming a drunkard as she has to SUPPORT him after he becomes one.
Dare you deny her the right of self-protection?
God gave her the right.
Man makes it necessary for her to use it.
If you will remove the curse of her existence, it will not be necessary to plod through storm.
Mourn.
And suffer, for the sake of loved ones.
AND IT WON'T BE NECESSARY TO RESORT TO THE WASH-TUB FOR A LIVING.
With the same vigor exercised at the the latter, she pursues her work in the temperance field.
And you think, while you step up to the polls, and vote to license murder-mills, you are doing a good act.
Do you know what you do?
YOU, reader; we mean YOU!
YOU vote to make HER a SLAVE!
To make her husband a drunkard!
To make her children paupers!
THIEVES!
And MURDERERS!
YOU do this!
And though you may have been unconscious of it, you cannot deny it.
It is the legitimate result of an illegitimate traffic.
Do you wonder at her activity?
Your mother would do the same for you!
Demons of rum-mills and perdition may jeer and taunt her, but these same demons made her a widow, and their base cowardice prevents her from throtling them.
They will never swerve her from her purpose!
When men vote right and govern right, women will be content.
Until that time constant efforts will they make to bring it about.
When their wish is considered.
Their demand complied with.
And, while at Washidgton the lawmakers are passing their time in drunken revels, the women of the country are silently preparing the way for their own protection and government.
God speed the day when they shall have home protection.
Then, kind hearts.
Wise heads.
SOBER heads.
Will stand in the lead.
PROHIBITING wrong.
APPLAUDING right.
This day must come.
And it matters not by whom it shall come.
Evil must cease to be rewarded and licensed.
The happiness of the people should be the highest object of every nation.
Rum does not contribute to the happiness of any one soul, but destroys hundreds of thousaands.
It has no deserving place among any people.
God bless the women.
May they never cease their battle against intemperance.

Slightly Questionable.

THAT was a very peculiar and significant speech made by Commissioner Raum before the beer brewers' convention at St. Louis last week. The telegraph report says:

"He bore testimony to the fact" (??) "that they had always manifested a desire to aid the government in the collection of its revenue, and to have its laws and regulations properly observed; and said he would be glad to consider any suggestion which might be made to him touching any plan they might devise to PREVENT THE REUSE OF BEER STAMPS."

Wasn't it rather unkind of the Commissioner to accuse them of defrauding the government of its revenue, and that, too, right in their teeth?

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST
OFFICIAL STATE C. T. U. ORGAN.

W. J. POTTE & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS
W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, JUNE 18, 1879.

Published in the Interest of the Murphy Temperance Movement.

Subscription—Per Year, $1,00.

All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

GRECIAN ladies count their age from their marriage, not from their birth.

MORE SNOW fell on Mount Washington the past winter than for forty years.

NEWBURYPORT, MASS., is happy over the improved condition of her silver mines.

SIR EDWARD and Lady Thornton delight in riding in a canal boat on the Potomac.

ANGER, when it is long in coming, is stronger when it comes and the longer kept.

IT is a well-established fact that the tea plant will grow in many of the Southern States.

THE acreage of the cotton crop in Western Texas is fifty per cent. greater this year than last.

THE Christian Union has been sued for $50,000 damages for violation of business agreement.

TWINS always attract attention. From babyhood to maturity they are objects of observation.

THERE are twenty alligators in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris, the largest being over seven feet long.

PHOSPHORESCENT paper is reported to be one of the latest novelties. Writing done upon it can be read in the dark.

THE Silk Association of America reports a good business for last year. The price of raw silk has constantly declined.

A LADY in Paris, named Chevassus Clement, has been frequently prosecuted for wearing a nun's costume, but she pers.sts in the offense.

THE orchards in Northern Pennsylvania, which is the greatest fruit raising reigonof the State, never looked more promising than now.

THE city of Rochester is being sued for $1,000 damages for the destruction, by order of its Board of Health, of rags supposed to be infeeted with the smallpox.

THE ghost of a woman haunts the track of the Kansas Pacific railway at Smoky Hill, Col., and when they try to run ner down she doesn't give them a ghost of a chance.

AMONG the speakers of the next Yale commencement will be Chun Lung, a. Chinese member of the class of 1879, who will deliver an oration on "The Chinese in America."

MOST of the wines used in England for the holy communion in Roman Catholic churches comes from the vineyards of English colleges of Libson and Valladolid, and is white.

AN Aryshire cow belonging to the Sears brothers, Elmwood, Conn., gave 386 pounds of milk in ten days. Seventy-four ounces of butter was made from the milk drawn in one day.

A CRUEL exchange, noting that a meteorite weighing several hundred pounds fell near Ottawa, says the people for miles around thought it was the arrival of the daily Canada newspaper.

MISS C. L. WOLFE, the wealthies single woman in the United States, has arrived at Newport, after a two years' trip to Europe. Her residence is in New York. She is worth $10,000,000.

HUNDREDS of cold-blooded wretches are putting themselves forward as candidates for the office of public executioner in Paris. The bulk of the would-be-neck-choppers are doctors and coachmen.

THERE are at present in Germany 340,000 workmen out of employment, and 14,000 employes with places. The average reduction of salaries during the last year was 20 per cent, and more than 300,000 tax-payers prosecuted for non-payment of taxes.

IN Sumatra, when telegraph messages are delayed or fail to be transmitted, it is because the wires are down or won't work as elsewhere, but it is not attributed to storms. Elephants and tigers upset the poles, and monkeys break the wires by taking gymnastic exercises on them.

THE Central Pacific freight train, No. 6, was detained one day last week at Clark's Staion, Nev., for two hours by crickets. The track was covered with them for a distance of three miles, and the boys had to have the patience of Job while moving the train over such a slippery mass.

THE United States produced 50,000,000 tons of coal in 1877 in a coal area of 192,000 square miles. Germany, with a coal area of 1,770 squares miles, produced about the same amount, and Great Britain, with a coal area of 11,900 square miles, produced in the same year about 135,000 tons.

THE old chimney of the house in which Washington was born, on the estate of "Wakefield," in Westmoreland county, Virginia, is still standing—all that is left to mark the spot, the tablet erected by Parke Custis in 1815 having crumbled to pieces. It is suggested that an enduring monument be placed upon the spot.

ACCORDING to statistics just published, there were 18,738 young men studying at the twenty German universities during the Winter semester just passed. Of these, 2,438 were studying theology, 5,106 law, and 3,537 medicine, 7,657 being inscribed in the philosophical faculty. Their ages ranged for the most part from 19 to 22 years.

THE nomination of Senator Conover for Collector of Internal Revenue in Florida, has been withdrawn.

THE prospects are that the cotton crop of 1879, in the Southern States will be the largest and best ever raised

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S golden wedding concluded with a grand dinner, laid for 750 guests, and a soiree attended by 9,000. He granted 700 pardons, and more are expected.

CONGRESS has passed a joint resolution appropriating funds for a monument to mark the birth-place of Washington. The old house in which he was born has completely disoppeared.

THE prospect now is that the contest for the Governorship of Massachusetts next fall will be between Governor Talbot, the present Republican incumbent, and General Butler, as the Democratic nominee.

THE jury in the case of Mrs. Vredenburg vs. Members of the Crescent City Rifle Club, of New Orleans, gave a verdict of $15,000 for the plaintiff, whose husband was killed by a pet bear kept on the club grounds.

IT is said that the Empress snubbed Bismarck at her golden wedding reception. That is nothing, dear gossips! It is more than probable that the pepper and vinegar old lady has snubbed the great Emperor himself, scores of times.

AT the funeral of General James Shields, the two swords presented to him by the States of Illinois and South Carolina were crossed over the casket containing his body, and with the floral decorations, helped to make up a rich and pleasing picture. In the procession they were borne, respectively, by Col. P. G. Ballingal, of Ottumwa, Iowa, and Mr. J. M. Wilcoxson, a banker of Carrolton. The inscriptions on the testimonials are: On the first—"Presented by the State of Illinois to Gen. James Shields, for gallant service at Vera Cruz, Cero Gordo, Contreas, Cherubusco, Chepultepec and the Garetta o Belin, City of Mexico." On one side of this blade is a view of the City of Mexico; on the reverse, scenes from the several battlefields named. The cost was $2,000.

The other: "From the State of South Carolina to Gen. Shields, in testimony of her admiration of his gallantry in the Mexican war, and as a tribute of gratitude for his parental attention to the Palmetto regiment." The hilt is studded with diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and on the scabbard is a palmetto tree, with dates of the several battles in which the old hero fought in the Mexican war. South Carolina invested the handsome sum of $8,000 in this gift.

It may here be stated that General Shields breathed his last in a hospital attached to a Catholic convent, presided over by a female relative of his, in the beautifnl little city of Ottumwa. The immediate cause of his death was the bursting of the old wound received by him at the battle of Cerro Gordo.

"What a roguh fellow that Sniggins is!" petulantly exclaimed the Hopedale girl after a struggle with the aforesaid Sniggins. "He nearly smothered me!" "And did you kiss him for his smother?" asked the other miss, naively.

Nobody except the people in the front pews last Sunday, and only the few there who listened very intently, could hear the tenor when the choir started out "When I can read my title clear," singing very distinctly, with his face turned toward the leader at the other end of the organ:

"I've lost the place; I'm in a fix,
What ever shall I do?"

And then the leader, in his profoundest bass, replied in his faultless tone and metre:

"The tune is on page ninety-six,
The words on forty-two."

AN official statement just made, shows that the Fair held in Cincinnati last April for the benefit of the Children's Home, netted $25,668.52.

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TORNADOES.

Not Cyclones—What a Tornado Is—The Kansas Storm—Danger in Valleys.

A writer in the New York Herald furnishes a valuable paper on the subject of tornadoes, elicited by the dreadful storm which recently visited Kansas. Following are a few extracts:

The Kansas tornado and others are quite frequently called "cyclones," when, in fact, there is no authentic instances on record of any such thing as a "cyclone," or "revolving storm;" that is, a storm wherein the wind blows in a circle round a point called the "storm center." The only perfectly reliable records we have of the progress and direction of great storms are those of the United States Signal Service, and in all their maps and records for the ten years there is not a single instance wherein the faintest approach to a revolving storm can be traced. Small eddies and local whirls, appropriately called "tornadoes," exist in the air as they do in the water, and from the same cause, tne clashing of opposing currents, owing to local impediments; but a great revolving storm, accurately reported, cannot be found in the annals of meteorology any more than a great circular current can be found in the ocean, however numerous its local eddies and waterspouts.

The accounts of several witnesses fully bear me out in this conclusion, one of who says: "The path of this awful storm was, like all others of the kind, very crooked and zigzag, at no time pursuing a straight course for more than a few hundred feet. It frequently made a curve and returned in an opposite direction for some distance, and again turned back to the general course. By this means almost as much again of a scope of country was devastated as would have been the case had the course been straight."

Other witnesses call attention to the same fact of its crooked and zigzag course. The question arises, can a zigzag storm be called with any scientific propriety a "cyclone?" It is true that it forms small whirls at the angles of the zigzags, but these are only momentary, the leading characteristic of the steam path being the zigzag lines of movement.

I have called special attention to this fact, because it underlies the whole secret of the cause and paths of American tornadoes as explained by Blasius, the celebrated meteorologist of Philadelphia, and because the theory can now be verified or disproved with comparative ease and giving a chance of attracting attention to the true causes of the North American tornado—a peculiar institution of our country, owing to our peculiar climate and topography. A tornado is nothing more nor less than the meeting and opposition of two strong currents of air, a hot and a cold one, very nearly in equilibrium, which equilibrium is suddenly disturbed by a deep ravine or steep bluff, happening to coincide with the general direction of the line of meeting.

The theory is very simple. Let two strong currents be opposed to each other and three results must follow if they are nearly equal—first, a calm; second, heat, produced by the friction of one current on the other; third, electricity, producing thunder and lightning. These three conditions are found in the account of every tornado on record, and in none more than this latest product of Kansas.

Mark the account in the dispatches; "Friday had been excessively warm, the wind blowing at times a gale from the northwest and the sky overcast with clouds from early morning. In the neighborhood of Irving, where the loss was the greatest, the clouds appeared in light-colored masses, constantly changing, until about 3 o'clock, they banked in the northwest and west in huge black masses, and a current of hot air came up from the southwest which appeared to hurl them it wrethes like battle clouds one upon another. It was about 3 o'clock when the citizens were startled to see a wild, funnel-shaped cloud appear in the west and sweep onward in awful majesty, as if to doom their town to destruction."

Note here that there was a strong current from the northwest. which ceased, the next wind coming very hot from the South while heavy clouds appear in the quarter from whence the wind criginally came. What caused the clouds? Nothing but the cold current condensing the moisture in the warm current. The two currents were almost in equilibrium, one pushing the other back very slowiy. Suddenly, in their plane of meeting, appears an abrupt break in the ground, and the cold current rushes down it with a roar, the hot current whirling over it. The tornado has begun. Down the ravine it rushes, and the oscillation becomes more violent every moment. Once begun, it zigzags to and fro, as first one current, then the other, has the mastery. Crossing to level ground, the zigzag appears to mount up into the sky, but wherever the country becomes broken down to earth it comes again. In leaving Kansas for Missouri it makes a jump of some miles, and mark what the telegram says about its coming down: "Near Minneapolis, Ottawa county, the track left by the storm was eighty yards wide. It formed on the Saline river, in the south part of the county, blowing down several houses, and crossed over the Solomon river, passing northwest of the town about four miles, unroofing houses, killing stock, blowing down houses and killing and wounding the inmates. The track of the storm here was not more than eighty rods wide and ten or fifteen miles long. The houses have been blown down north of the Solomon."

Note that it "formed on the Saline river" (probably between deep bluffs), and crossed at once to another river. Mark, also, what it does whenever a ravine happens to lie directly in its path: "Huge trees, two and three feet in diameter, have been twisted away, and in one instance it swept along the bed of a ravine and lifted out of its narrow walls every stick of timber and carried them away. The bed of that ravine looks as if it had been swept by fire."

All these little incidents will very likely lead the reader to suspect wherein lies the golden rule of safety against tornadoes and a warning to those "within their track." It is this: "Tornadoes are formed by abrupt descents and ravines, especially those running east or west or midway between these points and the poles. Therefore, never build in such situations." The Wallingford tornado of last year was a very striking illustration of the danger of building in valleys when tornadoes are liable to occur. That storm zigzagged across the little valley of Wallingford till it came to school house at the edge of a declivity, and running partly down it. The storm destroyed all of that building on the side of the hill, but left standing the part on the table land above. Such illustrations might be picked out of the Kansas tornado, I feel assured, did the reporters feel impressed with the importance of describing the topography of the country over which the storm passed. As it is, hardly a word is said on that subject, of all others the most important. There is plenty of description of the "funnel-shaped cloud," the "roaring," the "black mud" beaten into the skins of the dead—all repetitions of the experience of every American tornado, but hardly a word as to the topography of the country as it regulated with unerring laws the course of the storm. In the only places where a word of topographical information occurs it shows that the storm came to earth at a river and raged its fiercest up a ravine.

Too Hot for Him.

As Confederate war reminiscences are always in order, here is one too good to be buried. The hero of the joke was one Jim. He was attached to Rosser's cavalry, in Stewart's command. Jim was noted for his strong antipathy to shot and shell, and a peculiar way he had of avoiding too close comunion with the same; but at last all his plans failed to keep him out, and he, with his companion, under a lieutenant, was detailed to support a battery that composed a portion of the rear guard. The enemy kept pressing so close, in fact, as to endanger the retreating forces and the troops covering the retreat had orders to keep the enemy in check a given period at all hazards, and the order was obeyed to the letter under a galling fire. Jim grew desperate. He struck behind trees that appeared to his excited vision no larger than ramrods. He then tried to lie down. In fact, he placed himself in every position that his genius could invent, but the hiss of the bullet haunted him still. At : st, in despair, he called to the commanding officer:

"Lieutenant, let's fall back!"

"I can not do it, Jim."

"Well, I'll be darned if we don't get eaned out if we stay here."

"My orders, Jim, are to hold this place nd support the battery of guns. If we fall back the enemy will rush in and capture the guns."

Just at this moment a well directed bullet impressed Jim with the idea that a change of base was necessary. Jim found another apparently protected spot, and as soon as he recovered his mind he sang out:

"Say, lieutenant, what do you think them ere cannons cost?"

"I suppose about a thousand dollars, Jim."

"Well," said Jim, "let's take up a collectionand pay for the guns, aud let the Yankees havethem."

The Most Beautiful Building in the World.

The Taj (at Arga) is the expression of the grief of the Emperor Shah Jehan for his wife, who was known in her day, as Mumtaz-i-Mabal, or the Exalted One of the Palace. She was herself of royal blood, with Persian ancestry intermingled. She was married in 1615 to Shah Jehan, then heir to the throne, and, having borne him seven children, died in 1629 in giving birth to the eighth child. Her life, therefore, was in the highest sense consecrated, for she gave it up in the fulfillment of a supreme and holy duty, in itself a consecration of womanhood. The husband brought the body of the wife and mother to these gardens, and entombed it until the monument of his grief should be done. It was seventeen years before the work was finished. The cost is unknown, the best of authorities rating it at more than two millions of dollars. Two millions of dollars in the time of Shah Jehan, with labor for the asking, would be worth as much as twenty millions in our day. For seventeen years 20,000 men worked on the Taj, and their wages was a daily portion of corn.

The effect of the Taj, as seen from the gate, looking down the avenue of trees, is grand. The dome and towers seem to rest in the air, and it would not surprise you if they became clouds and vanished into rain. The gardens are the perfection of horticulture, and you see here, as in no part of India that I have visited, the wealth and beauty of natural Hindoston. The landscape seems to be flushed with roses, and all varieties of the rose, and that most sunny and queenly of flowers seems to strew your path and bid you welcome as you saunter down the avenues and up the ascending slope that leads to the shrine of a husband's love and a mother's consecration. There is a row of fountains which throw out the spray and cool the air, and when you pass the trees and come to the door of the building its greatness comes upon you—its greatness and its beauty. Mr. Keene took us to various parts of the garden, that we might see it from different points of view. I could see no value in one view beyond another. And when our friend, in the spirit of courteous kindness, pointed out the defects of the building—that it was too much this, or too much that, or would have been perfect if it had been a little less of something else—there was just the least disposition to resent criticism and to echo the opinion of Mr. Borie, who as he stood looking at the exquisite towers and solemn marble walls, said "It was worth coming to India to see the Taj." I valued that criticism because it is that of a critical business man, concerned with affairs, and not disposed to see the poetic side to any subject. What he saw in the Taj was the idea that the founder meant to convey—the idea of solemn, overpowering, and unapproaching beauty.

As you enter you see a vast dome, every inch of which is enriched with inscriptions in Arabic, verses from the Koran, engraved marble, mosaics, decorations in agate and jasper. In the center are two small tombs of white marble, modestly carved. These cover the resting place of the Emperor and his wife, whose bodies are in the vault underneath. In other days the Turkish priests read the Koran from the gallery, and you can imagine how solemn must have been the effect of the words chanted in a priestly cadence by the echo that answers and again answers the chanting of some tune by one of the party. The more closely you examine the Taj the more you are perplexed to decide whether its beauty is to be found in the general effect of the design as seen from afar, or the minute and finished decorations which cover every wall. The general idea of the building is never lost. There is nothing trivial about the Taj—no grotesque gothic molding of flowering Corinthian columns—all is cold and white and chaste and pure. You may form an idea of the size of the Taj from the figl ures of the measurement of the roya engineers. From the base to the top of the center dome is 139½ feet; to the summit of the pinnacle, 243½ feet. It stands on the banks of the river Jumna, and it is said that Shah Jehan intended to build a counterpart in black marble in which his own ashes should rest. But misfortunes came to Shah Jehan — ungrateful children, strife, deposition—and when he died his son felt that the Taj was large enough for both father and mother. One is almost glad that the black marble idea never germinated. The Taj, by itself alone, is unapproachable. A duplicate would have detracted from tis peerless beauty.—[Agra Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

"Have a Dip."

A correspondent of the Troy Times, at present traveling in Arkansas, gives the following sketch of snuff-dipping as still practiced in that State: I was about to go, without even making intended inquiries, when our company was suddenly increased by the incoming of two other women, one of middle age, the other evidently yet in her teens. Some short ceremonial chat ensued, when my hostess with the "yuralgy" laid aside her pipe, and, diving into a huge black outside pocket or reticule at her side, fished out a tin mustard box with a hole in the top, through which a dirty looking stick protruded. She first took off the top, then she sighed, then she said: "'Pears to me, 'Liza, dey don't make no snuff dese days;" then she put the end of the stick in her mouth and gummed it awhile; then she soused it about in the box until it was well coated with snuff; then she rubbed it about her toothless jaws and then passed it to Liza with the interrogatory sentence, "Have a dip?" Liza went through with the same performance, and passed it to Tennessee with "Have a dip?" She defiled her sweet lips with the vile stuff and passed it to Missouri, not forgetting to say, "Have a dip?" This stately maiden indulged most plenteously, and, turning on me an inexpressibly pleading look, sne passed over the box, and gently queried, "Have a dip, stranger?"

A One-Eyed Wonder.

A queer freak of nature occurred a few days since in the neighborhood of Wadesville, a little village a few miles below Parkersburg, W. Va. A farmer found himself the possessor of the oldest specimen of horse flesh ever seen or heard of in this neighborhood, when he entered his barnyard one morning. An increase in his stock was looked for, but the arrival of this extraordinary specimen astonished Lowers. The colt was, in every respect but two, as perfect in build in shape as any other colt, the exceptions being in the shape of its nose, which was short and square, and unlike that of any animal I can call to memory, and its eye—it had but one—which was placed just in the center of its forehead, was a large, brilliant and beautiful eye. The news soon became general, and the neighborhood flocked to see his colt. Along with the crowd came a superstitious, ignorant specimen of the genus homo, who advised Lowers to kill the colt, as it would bring bad luck, sickness and all the ills mortals are heir to if he should keep the anomally. Unfortunately for Lowers the specious arguments of this intelligent (?) reader of dream-book lore and necromancy at last prevailed, and the colt came to an untimely end by a bullet from a rifle.

Supper at Pekin.

The repast was charming. What dishes, bowls, and plates there were! Birds'-nest soup, sharks'-fin soup, chicken broth, lapwings'-egg soup, and countless other dishes, all cooked to perfection, from the fish with sharp sauce to the apricot-kernel milk, and the sweet salad of young radish-tops. Loutalou offered me, with his chopsticks, a piece of roast duck. I reciprocated the politeness by taking—now from the dish, now from my plate—pieces of fowl or pork, and placing them on his. "A preserved Canton orange for Miss Perfumed Jade," a water-chestnut for another lady, for each guest, if he wishes to be polite, must pass half his time in heaping up his neighbors' plates with different kinds of food, and accepting, with many "tching, tching," or "toue shie," all that is offered him in return.—[London Society.

FEMALE DUELS.

Madame de Murat, the Countess de Nesle and Others.

The recent reports of duels and intended duels recall some curious incidents, suggestive of the manner in which the bloodthirsty may avoid the disagreeable consequences of responsibility to law. The duello is excused on many grounds; but perhaps the best is its convenience; for juries always take into consideration the fairness of the thing, and then all the parties present may be considered guilty as well as the principals. One of the strange flaws in the laws of Europe is that women are not mentioned, and thus many fair but fierce dames have been enabled to perpetrate gentlemanly crimes.

In 1838, in Ireland, two girls who loved the same man agreed to prevent misunderstanding by fighting a duel; which they did, with regular hair-triggers, "smoothbore and saw handle." One of the Amazons was killed and the other tried for murder. It was at the Leicester assizes, and the jury, taking into consideration that the fair killer was not the challenger, but only the acceptress of the challenge, acquitted her; and she went from the court room festooned with flowers, and looking for the man for whose heart she had fought,

In Spain about that time two ladies were repairing to the field of honor with their seconds, when the police caught and took them before a magistrate. The younger lady very coolly informed the official that she had a right to fight, as the law did not forbid women from fighting duels. The judge looked at the law, and had to let the prisoners loose, who at once proceeded with their business, declaring a dividend of one broken arm and a shattered cheek. The broken armed girl took the man, of course, with the only regret that she had not two arms to bestow.

A few years ago two beautiful young girls employed in the royal tobacco factory of Seville, the front of which furnishes one of the scenes for Carmen, fought a desperate duel near the city. They went out as coolly as the most elegant Caballero could do, and cut each other to pieces in the presence of their seconds. They were both beautiful, and the affair caused much sympathy and much sentimental talk, especially on account of the young man, who thus lost both his sweethearts and had two funerals to attend.

Richelieu at one time had so many affairs of the heart on hand that he had to turn over the amatory correspondence to a secretary, who managed it along with the diplomatic letters. One morning this secretary read the Cardinal two rose-tinted notes, one from the Countess de Polignac, the other from the Marquise de Nesle. Both the ladies declared that they were dying to see his clerical excellency. The Cardinal directed the secretary to appoint an interview for each for the next day, one at twel e o'clock, the other at one; he didn't care which should have the precedence. The secretary was too much bothered with the affairs of the kingdom and other trifles to pay proper attention to such a weighty matter, and he appointed the same hour for both ladies. The result was a scene worthy of the drama which Richelieu wrote about that time. The Cardinal just got away with a whole skin; and while he went for his secretary the ladies went for each other. They met with long horse pistols in the Bois de Boulogne, and at the first fire Madame de Polignac's bullet took a large piece out of the pink ear of her rival, after which they embraced and proceeded to a tavern to take some wine together.

About the same time the widow of a distinguished officer was courted in a somewhat obstreperous manner by the Count de Beauvais; and as he took her coyness to be coquetry he pushed his suit until the lady, who was a fine specimen of Amazon, challenged him, ran him through the body, and wept over his corpse, declaring wildly that she loved him. After which she retired to a convent, gave her estate to the church and wrote three religious tragedies, the perusal of which made many readers wish that she and not her lover-antagonist had fallen.

The duel between Madame Chateau Gay de Murat and her lover, the Chevalier de Cordieres, ended in a happy reconciliation; but the lady was not content until she had horsewhipped her rival. The chivalrous encounter between the two actresses, Beaupre and D'Urles, resulted in a saber cut for one of the enchantresses, and the young man who was the cause fled.

Getting more than they Prayed for.

In a certain country town there had been a long-continued drought; the fields were parched and burnt, the foliage had withered under the sun's burning rays; the wells were dry' and it was only by going to the river, three or four miles away, that water for the animals and household use could be obtained. Under these circumstances it was resolved in the "store" one Saturday evening to see the good parson and ask him to pray for rain. He was interviewed, aad promised accordingly. The next morning the sun came out hotter than ever, and the congregation came to church white with dust which hung like a cloud over the roads. At the close of the "long prayer"—and it was unusually long—the preacher said: And now, O Lord, we approach a subject that lies near, very near, to our hearts. Thou knowest that our fields are parched and our wells dry; thou knowest that we choke with dust, and our cattle are in sore need; and so O Lord, we pray that Thou wilst open the almighty bottle of the universe and pour out its contents on this, our bedroughted country." On the evening of that day the sky looked hazy. On Monday there were genuine clouds, and "signs of rain." Tuesday brought two or three refreshing showers; "the woman folk" as New Englanders of the rural sort call the fair sex, caught for their week's washing, and were happy, and the withered vegetation began to revive. On Wednesday and Thursday the rain fell steadily. On Friday it came in torrents, and ere Saturday evening things began to look serious. But there was no let up, and when Sunday morning came the devout ones who ventured out had to go to "meeting" in boats. Just as the dripping minister was about to climb the stairs that led to the high pulpit a bedraggled deacon took him by the arm and had a few words with him apart. The pastor looked puzzled, but finally assented with a nod. took his place in the pulpit, and opened the service. Again there was a loug prayer—a very long prayer—and it closed as follows: "Again, O Lord, we approach with fear and trembling the subject of which we made mention of last week. We told Thee that our fields were parched, our wells dry, and our cattle were in sore need, and we asked that Thou wouldst open the great almighty bottle of the universe and pour out its contents on our bedroughted country: but, O, Lord, when we made that, our prayer, we'd no idea that Thoudst loose the stopple!"—[Boston Transcript.

Afghan Towers and Huts.

These towers are structures about 30 feet high, and the same in diameter. The first ten feet are of solid stone structure; the upper hollow and capable of holdiug fifteen or twenty men; the whole loop-holed and roofed in; above the roof is a lookout balcony. The only entrance is a small doorway above the stone substructure, approached either by a ladder or a single piece of rope, which, when the tower is occupied, is drawn up. Scattered around the towers are the huts or cave-dwellings of the people. The huts, surrounded generally by low, earthen walls, resemble those all over upper India—earthen walls and flat, mud-covered roofs some twenty feet long, ten or twelve broad and six high. Sometimes they are longer, and divided into apartments, in one of which the cows and buffaloes are housed, though quite as often they occupy the same apartment as their owners. Their portion is generally anything but clean; the portion occupied by the family is swept out daily by the women, who, as a rule, do not only all domestic work, but a good portion of outside duty also. The only furniture consists of two or three small bedsteads, covered with string, on which lie tumbled some dirty quilts or blankets; in one corner some seed-cases covered with a coating of mud, containing the grain for daily use and for the next sowing-season; a small stool or two and some spinning-wheels, at which the women sit when at leisure, which is seldom; a few ghurras, earthen vessels, holding water or buttermilk, and used as cooking pots. In one corner, or in the centre of the room, lies a heap of ashes or a wood re, on which the cooking is done, the moke of which, having no outlets, lackens walls and rafters, on which hang the warlike implements of the lords of the mansion. These consist of a match lock or flint lock musket, lately superseded in many Afreedee homes by the Enfield, snatched from the Ameer's panic-stricken infantry flying from Ali Musjid; a horn of powder, a bag of bullets, an old pistol or two, and the long knife, used as sword and dagger of some tribes, or the sword and shield of others. All these are worn by the men not only when on the war-path, but almost invariably, even when plowing in their fields. Add to this a sheep skin bag containing about twenty pounds of flour, in which are imbedded some pieces of salt and goor (molasses), and the Pathan is equipped for a week's campaign.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

Cockburn on a Bust.

Sir Alexander Cockburn (pronounced Coburn) is Her Majesty's Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the highest court of the realm. He was one of the Geneva arbitrators on behalf of England on the Alabama claims, and is regarded as standing at the head of English jurists. But the labors of the Lord Chief Justice are severe, and, like the smaller lords, and no lords, he needs rest occasionally, and so takes a vacation and a trip to the provinces, where "noble lords of high degree" are not seen so often, and are not indigenous. On one of these trips, as related to me by a young barrister, accompanied by one or two boon companions, amid his relaxations he had regaled himself on beer so freely that he became "quite jolly." He was at first very loquacious, then garrulous and funny, and finally, at the request of some of the company, he sang songs for their edification, and danced "a regular jig." The performances went so far that, at length, without warrant from the court, the Lord Chief Justice of England was actually arrested and imprisoned—that is, taken by his friends and put to bed. The rather remarkable exhibition was, of course, "hushed up" as well as it could be, but is told as one of the odd things that will sometimes happen—[London Letter.

The Rose of Sharon

The so-called rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers in shape and hue. Its blossoms are bell shaped and of many mingled hues and dyes. But its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East, throughout Syria, Judea and Arabia, it is regarded with the profundest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossoms dry and close together when the season of blossoms is over, and the stalk, withering completely away from the stem, the flower is blown away from the stem on which it grew, having dried in the shape of a ball, which is carried by the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over to the waste and sandy deserts, until at last, touching some moist places, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root and springs to life and beauty again.

The Murphy Signal.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.

OFFICIAL MURPHY ORGAN OF THE WEST
OFFICIAL STATE C. T. U. ORGAN.

W. J. POTTE & COMPANY, PROPRIETORS
W. H. LEEDY, MANAGING EDITOR.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

For any amount less than one dollar postage stamps may be sent when fractional currency cannot be conveniently obtained.

By the existing laws publishers must prepay portage. Subscribers to THE SIGNAL, therefore, pay no postage.

X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

PROHIBIT.

WE hold the fort.

WALTON is happy.

REPORT your meetings.

READ our advertisements.

QUITE happy, thank you.

THE movement's moving.

SUBSCRIBERS are rolling in.

STILL onward and upward.

How do you like THE SIGNAL.

REV. BARNETT spoke Sunday.

GET your friend to subscribe for the SIGNAL.

NO TOTAL abstainer ever became a drunkard.

PATRONIZE those who advertise in this paper.

SEND to us for terms to agents and go to work.

LINCOLN Union gave a festival last Friday night.

ABOUT fifty went to Lafayette from here, Sunday.

BRO. WILL SNYDER, Walton, was in the city last week.

THE bawdy house reporter is wrathy. Who wouldn't be?

EROGNI—somebody sends us good news from Lafayette.

READ our Argos communication, and let joy be unconfined.

LET us be careful that whisky drinking doesn't begin at home.

A CAMP-MEETING will be held at Fletcher's Lake next Sunday.

ONE hundred and thirty-eight new subscribers since the last issue.

WE condemn no one for doing what they honestly believe to be right.

T. J. LEGG, President Y. M. C. A., took a trip to Xenia last Saturday.

HALT not between two opinions, but come out squarely on the side of right.

BRO. BELL, Lincoln, made us a call last week; Also, Bro. Drake, Walton.

AN examination of the Mayor's docket will show the cause of high taxation.

PROF. HISER, the phrenologist, made some interesting temperance talks last week.

THERE is considerable talk of organizing a Citizen's Protection League in this city.

AN excellent meeting was held at the "ould brick," three miles north, last Friday night.

SALOON KEEPERS in Connersville and Wabash are required to pay $100 city license fee.

BRO. JOHN READ, Jefferson, called last week, and showed his appreciation of THE SIGNAL.

BRO. STREETER writes from Xenia, that prospects are brightening for a successful Murphy work.

LAWYER SNYDER, with several citizens, of Walton, was in the city last week working up a case against the saloon.

THE Rev. M. Swadener, now stationed at Palestine, Kosciosko county, was in the city last week, greeting his many friends.

J. V. CLARK and M. S. Woltz, of Goodland, the latter strongly identified with the temperance work, were in the city Saturday.

A BUILDING that will contain from 6,000 to 7,000 persons, is to be erected immediately, on the LaPorte temperance camp grounds.

THE new feature, "The Press," added to THE SIGNAL this week will prove interesting to those who wish to know the sentiment on the temperance question as it is developed everywhere. Food for reflection, reader.

THE union meetings now held in this city by the Y. M. C. A. and Murphy institutions are very interesting and quite satisfactory.

THOSE who subscribed with the first numbers of THE SIGNAL will observe by the X that their time has expired. We hope you will renew at once.

SHILOH union holds meetings on Sunday nights. It is one of the best unions in the county, and we wonder why their meetings are not reported.

THE article in this issue, an address before the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, by Mrs. C. P. Wright, contains many striking truths, and is well worthy of a perusal.

THE Mayor of Crawfordsville said in a recent speech that he would rather be the instrument te wipe out the curse of intemperance than to be President of the United States.

AN honest saloon-keeper at Mitchell said he had more respect for temperance people who voted and worked against them than he had for those who voted with them.

WE are only dealing with one evil. We pass all others by for the greatest, the parent of the entire list. Abolish strong drink and crime of ALL kinds would decrease fifty per cent.

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

ONE person in 450 in Prussia is affected with insanity. A Berlin professor attributes the result largely to intemperance among the lower class, and too much forcing of early education among others.

"Dan" Comingore was up from LaFayette again Wedesnday, decked out with a button-hole boquet, the size of a sunflower. There must be some extra attraction in this neck of the woods for Daniel.

IT is authentically stated that the sales of intoxicating drinks in Illinois have decreased forty per cent. within the past year, a result of earnest work and the activity of the Woman's Home Protection movement.

THE "Morning," an exchange, says a Connecticut farmer sprinkles his currant bushes with whisky. The worms get drunk, fall off, and either kill themselves or cripple themselves so that life is a burden to them.

ACCORDING to statistics presented at the National Associations of Brewers, beer was consumed in this country during the last fiscal year in an aggregate quantity that would give seventy-five glasses for every man, woman and child, in the land.

THE brewers' convention at St. Louis passed a resolution declaring that only those who favored their traffic would be sustained as candidates for office, especially for the office of Representative. Ain't our friends a leetle afraid they will run this beer question into politics?

THE National Brewers Association met in annual convention at St. Louis on the 4th and 5th. Business of interest to the brewers' pocket-books was transacted. After whereasing, resolving, and swigging barrels of swill, the boozers adjourned to their several dives.

THE Murphy picnic at Miami last Saturday was a successful affair, nearly 1,000 persons being present. Addresses were made by several prominent speakers, including our own faithful Jos. H. Ivins, and Dr. Landrey of Galveston. We hope Miami may live to enjoy many such occasions.

THE churches of to-day will contain larger congregations if the saloons closed, even on Sundays. It is to the interest of every member and of the cause of Christianity to see the law enforced. Some of the immoral newspapers will object to this, but good citizens, and decency, and God won't.

AS A rule drinking men are good men, who innocently contract the habit. But in this day none are ignorant of its evil tendencies and results, and therefore none are excusable altogether. We regard with far greater honor he who never debased himself by intemperate practices.

As it is to-day, intemperance is a crime, and no other term describes it. As much as it is desired to hide the truth, this becomes more apparent each day. We have the best wishes for those who are innocently cultivating this habit, hoping they may learn ere too late the mistake of indulgence.

There's a great difference in crime. If a starving drunkard's boy, as the last chance of saving his life, should steal a five-cent loaf of bread, the police couldn't devote too much time to his "capture." Saloon-keepers sell whisky every Sunday and—but, "oh, that's different, you know. "WE CAN'T HELP THAT!!"

THE Supreme Court of Iowa has decided that the law prohibiting the sale of wine and beer within two miles of the incorporate limits of any municipality where such sale has been prohibited by a vote of the people, or within two miles of any voting place at any election, is constitutional and valid.

MAJ. FRANK BALDWIN is at Fort Wayne. He is doing good work for THE SIGNAL during his leisure hours. He is authorized to receive subscriptions wherever he may be. Frank is a good engineer and mechanic, and a good follow, and we bespeak for him the kindliest consideration of all well-meaning people.

SPENCER, Indiana, has had an illustration of the effect of whisky. Wm. Shelbron, living near that city, became intoxicated a few days ago and going home began abusing his family, when Mr. John Franklin, his father-in-law, interfered, and was set upon by Shelbrom and stabbed three times, with fatal termination.

THE legal investigation that was inaugurated some months ago against Judge Pinckney of New York, who was accused of gross inebriation while engaged in the discharge of his judicial functions, have recently culminated in his deposal from the judicial office. There are other judges in the country that need to be deposed of beside Judge Pinckney.

LINCOLN, Lake Cicott, Shiloh, and New Waverly unions hold meetings on Sunday evenings; Bethel, Galveston, and Crooked Creek, every other Sunday afternoon; Zion, Wednesday evening; Brick, Spring Creek, and Metea, each, alternate Friday evenings; Walton, alternate Saturday evenings; Logansport, Sunday afternoon and Wednesday evening.

THE manufacturers and exporters of alcohol of the United States are trying to have a bill presented to Congress for passage that will make allowance for "leakage or accident" to spirits withdrawn from storage for shipment. Should such a bill become a law, the amount of "leakage" and the number of "accidents" to alcoholic packages would be enormous.

JUST previous to the last election the city officials were very anxious to reduce gambling in this city. Arrests were made, guilty ones fined, newspapers gave big notices, and the whole proceedings looked well on their face. Do you hear of anything of the kind being done now? NO! The election is over, and, if we are not mistaken, the gamblers will enjoy another year of unbroken tranquility. So much for "abused" city officials.

A PROMINENT physician, as he renewed his subscription last week, said he "wanted THE SIGNAL because it was the only paper in the city brave enough to oppose wrong." Its a wonder to us, how our papers, if they depend upon the moral people for support, can so habitually ignore immorality, vice and crime, and live. If it is nothing more, it is an accursed blot upon moral sentiment; but we believe that silence, under the circumstances, is nothing less than crime.

A SLY glance at the newspaper advertisements will inform you as to the principles of a newspaper. None but hypocrites can "endorse" the principles of temperance and continue the ally and abettor of intemperance. The sheets in this city that "want it distinctly understood that they are not opposed to Murphyism," and who publish in each issue whisky advertisements, are professional liars, the fit counterpart of Annanias, the most despicable of the class.

WE have no regard for saloon-keepers who violate law. A horse thief only violates law in his profession, and does not do the injury. There is nothing that tends to demoralize so much as the Sunday and illegal traffic in beer and whisky. The law-observing s.-k., who has paid for his license and observes to the letter its provisions, is entitled to protection, by the government and by the people. The one who disregards law should be condemned as any criminal.

THE respectable citizens of Walton have also gained a victory. The saloon keeper at that place applied for license last week before the Commissioners' Court, but the attorneys for the people, Messrs. Snyder and Magee, after examining the record, had the application refused on account of insufficient publication. This will delay the matter until September. The citizens will remonstrate against the granting of any license, and as regards the present applicant the evidence collected will prove him a character unfit for the business. Therefore, it is safe to predict that Walton will soon be without a saloon.

A WORD

OR TWO, REGARDING RUM LICENSE AND RESULT.

NO LICENSE AND NO LEGALIZED CRIME —THE MISTAKE OF THE AGE.

THE licensining of the rum traffic is doing untold injury.

It maintains a respect for it which would not otherwise exist.

Some, who do not give the matter much consideration, are willing to believe that it is the best disposition that could be made of it.

It affords a revenue.

But isn't that about all that can be said in its favor?

A license from a State or city authorizing the sale of rum—

First—it lends a tone of respectability to a disreputable business.

Disreputable, because it degrades everything thing that comes in contact with it; because it has not a commendable feature; because in makes criminals, paupers and murderers.

Second—increases taxation thirty-three per cent.

The revenue from license is far less than the cost of prosecution, support of convicts, etc.

Third—legalizes the traffic.

Destroys home and happiness, affording no relief until too late.

A government is without right to legalize wrong, and even the confession of this power shows it to be wrong.

The licensing of rum takes from the legitimate channels of trade the wealth of the country.

The merchant is deprived of trade.

The home of necessities.

The whisky and death dealer becomes impudent and arrogant.

The drinker a public burden.

The licensed rum-shop is the licensed school of crime.

The den is placed at our door by law.

The young are taught the rudiments in criminalty.

And, in truth, all noble feelings revolt against the practice.

Politicians tell us to make the best of what cannot be helped."

Then shall we understand that we are unable to govern our nation.

Shall we submit to the will of the rabble rather than that of the honest masses.

Is this nation, composed of perhaps 50,000,000 souls, unable or unwilling to dictate and CONTROL and HANG, if need be, a few thousand rum sellers!

It CAN be helped, and if political parties would take one-half the trouble to advance public interests that they do retain and sustain the whisky interests it WOULD be helped.

License is the compromise parties have made with rum-venders.

It is not by the wish of the people.

Why should you consent to such an outrage, reader?

If the traffic can be curtailed in part, can it not be prohibited entire?

If it can be forbidden on the Fourth of July, ought it not to be on the fifth?

Will a pint of gin used on election day render a man more drunken than the same quantity used on the day following or preceding.

Drunkenness is prohibited, but whisky selling is LICENSED.

The law says:

"Any person who may be seen in a drunken condition, on the streets, in public places, etc., shall be fined," &c.

The lincense says:

"Mr. ——, having paid, etc., is here by licensed to sell, barter or give away intoxicating liquors in less quantity than a quart at a time," etc.

Thus the matter stands with its glaring inconsistencies.

The drinking men of the nation are the slaves, not the sellers.

The freest people on the globle to-day are the saloon keepers.

Licensed!

Authorized by law!!

To sell rum and all that follows!!!

Murder!

Arson!!

Theft!!!

Torture!!!!

That is always the consequence!

Can you call to mind ONE saloon that benefitted a community?

Can you mention one that has not done injury?

That has not caused mould and emptiness to find place in some one's larder and cupboard?

Put crape upon some door?

Do not take our word for this!

Look around you!

Investigate!

INVESTIGATE!!

INVESTIGATE!!!

And form your conclusions.

And act accordingly.

A Good Work.

Journal.

The activity recently displayed by the city officials and police in administering wholesome lessons to the hordes of bad women and their followers, who had become so bold and obnoxious, is warmly commended by all good citizens. It is scarcely to be expected that this evil will be entirely exterminated, but it can be driven into cover and made so timorous that its curse will be greatly mitigated. For some time past these debased creatures have been growing more and more insolent and audacious, until a crowning insult to decency by one of the most conspicuous of their number aroused public attention and indignation. The energetic co-operation of the officials with this awakened public sentiment, has produced an excellent effect. The woman who dared so wantonly and cruelly to outrage respectability has been compelled to close the doors of her den, and may yet find it wholesome to seek a more congenial clime. Let the good work go on until all such characters are taught that their shame cannot, with impunity, be flaunted in the face of this community.

The State Union.

SOME of our Ft. Wayne readers complain because we did not publish full proceedings of the blue ribbon State convention. We had intended to do this, but our correspondent failed us. Even if we had not arranged for this the Secretary should have reported the proceedings. We propose to give our readers all important temperance news possible, and in future will guard against a repetition of this mistake. The blue ribbon people have been granted one week of the time at the great jubilee at Laporte, and during that week the State Union will convene in mass convention. It is hoped that the attendance will be large from each county, as the occasion is of interest to all. Indiana should be a temperance State, and to make it so, each county should "touch elbows" on the important issues that are to make it such. Give this next convention a proper recognition and county work will be better.

An Observation.

A GENTLEMAN of close observation, writes from Massachusetts, as follows, concerning the effect of prohibition:

Many say, Prohibition is a failure. In my early childhood I believed it to be true, but now I do not hesitate to say it is only one of the devil's lies. Over a year spent in Maine has proved to my mind that prohibition is not a failure. Never have I seen an open bar, no place have I found where liquor is publicly sold. Only one intoxicated person have I seen, and he was imported from Massachusetts with Barnum's show. In the name of the young men of Massachusetts, who wish to be an honor to their country, who desire to live upright lives, but who are weak and unable to resist the temptations you have placed before them, I implore you to make an effort to remove the public saloons from our streets.

We have tried license and our youth still continue to become drunkards, give prohibition as fair a trial.

New Temperance Dialogues.

THE National Temperance Society has just published three new dialogues written by H. Elliot McBride:

1. "A Boy's Rehearsal," for eight boys, in which each one rehearses his speech, selected for a public meeting. 20 pages; 10c each; $1 per dozen.

2. "A Talk on Temperance," for two boys, an earnest effort for recruits. Six cents each; 60c. per dozen.

3. "A Bitter Dose," two characters, man and wife; the drunkard cured by a bitter dose. 10c. each; $1 per doz.

Address, J. N. Stearns, publishing agent, 58 Reade Street, N. Y.

He is Mad.

THE following item, which appeared in the last issue, is what made the lobster-brained "editor" (?) of the bawdy house reporter so wrathy. Read and consider it:

"T. L. Harrison is ready to swear that the material of a certain blackmail sheet published in this city belonged to him and that the present blackguard editor stole it from him. This in explanation of the vile abuse that fills its columns."

And yet this "editor" is running loose in Logansport!

Minnesota Prohibitionists.

THE Minnesota State Convention of Prohibitionists met in Minneapolis on the 10th, and nominated a State ticket as follows:

For Governor—Rev. W. W. Satterlee.
Lieut. Governor—S. B. Williams.
Secretary of State—I. C. Stearns.
Treasurer—H. D. Brown.
Attorney General—A. W. Bangs.

Resolutions were passed pledging the members of the party to ignore old political affiliations and vote for the candidates of the convention.

REV. T. H. MCKEE will respond to all calls to lecture when expenses are paid or guaranteed, which is only reasonble. He is one of the finest speakers in the country, without exception Those who hear him will be pleased.

OBLIGATION.

THE GROUND OF OBLIGATION TO GIVE THE GOSPEL TO THE WORLD.

An Address Delivered Before the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Indiana.

BY MRS. C. P. WRIGHT.

WE are always sure that the ground upon which we build, is not sinking sand, when we have 'thus saith Lord,' for a foundation.

"To the law and to the testimony," for "the law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise and simple."

Desiring to be made wise, I turned the sacred pages, and found them glittering, sparkling and glowing with missionary texts, as thickly set as stars in the firmament; then there was the milky way above them yet. That I felt sure would prove to contain stars equally bright, if the vapors of selfishness and worldliness, were entirely removed and I could look through a more powerful telescope of God's boundless love.

There are persons who can say, whereas, I was blind, now I see, who are so near-sighted that they can hardly see their next door neighbor much less all the world to whom we are commissioned to preach the gospel. We read of one from whose eyes scales fell, as a preparation for his life work. Who was this man? Circumsized the eight days, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and a Pharisee; although he had been arrested, and by the Holy Ghost called Jesus Lord, and had accepted him whom he had prosecuted as the Christ; yet how thick must have been the films of national and ecclesiastical pride and exclusiveness, so that he could not see that God had also unto the gentiles granted repentance unto life. He realized already in a measure, what Jesus had done for him and his people when the scales fell off he saw what He had done for the world! Then he could exclaim, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation; unto the Jew first, but also to the Gentile."

I conceived the idea of picking out all texts bearing on the missionary work and see how the Bible would read without them. I found they were not only interwoven with the personal and home work, but were knotted together, so that they couldn't be removed without riddling the whole fabric. "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder." The spirit of God's word from Genesis to Revelations is, "go send, I come." I am sent; from the time when in the counsels of eternity the Son of God said: "Lo! I come to do thy will, Oh God," from the time when God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth upon him should not perish but have everlasting life," to the present, when "the spirit and the bride say come! and whosoever will may come, and take of the water of life freely."

The ground of obligation. It is well that the question is put in the singular number, for there is only one ground, and that reaches as high as heaven, and as deep as hell, including every inch of ground trodden by fallen humanity. The ground is the will, the word, and providence of God, as manifested in blessing the work, and the workers.

The Savior himself said: "The field is the world." I need not prove to you that all the world is included in the field in which the good seed is to be sown. I need not re-iterate in your hearing the command of our risen Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," until even debased Ethiopia who is still stretching her hands unto God, shall have put into them the bread of life; until every parched lip may drink of the water of life as freely as we and our children are privileged to partake of the life restoring stream, "until the kingdom of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord."

I need not say to you that "Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man." These things you cannot question, with the Bible in your hand, and the love of God in your heart. Nevertheless the workers in the W. F. M. Society have to meet objections urged sometimes by their own brethren and sisters. One is: "We have plenty of heathen at home, when these are all converted it will be time enough to go to foreign fields."

If that proves anything it proves too much. According to the same mode of reasoning we ought not to go outside of our own town or our own neighborhood to preach the gospel until all around us are converted.

How few of us (I am sorry to say) could witness for Christ outside of our own families, if we should have to wait until every member had become a new creature in Christ Jesus; but we are not so instructed any where in God's word, either by precept or example. In that case the Savior himself could not have gone about doing good, and preaching his own gospel, for "neither did his brethren believe in him," and his neighbors said deresively, "is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother's name Mary? and his brethren and sisters are they not all with us? Whence then has this man these things? And they were offended, and he could not do many mighty works there because of their unbelief; and himself said, "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house." It is true the apostles were instructed to begin at Jerusalem, and so successful were they that three thousand believed in one day, under the preaching of one man; but if Peter had continued to preach in Jerusalem until all the inhabitants had been converted, he would never have preached the gospel at Lydda, Joppa and to Cornelias at Cesarea.

The probability is, that if we join no church until we find one that, according to our judgment, has no tares springing up among the wheat we will never confess Christ before men, and will have no right to expect that he will confess us before his Father and the holy angels; or being church members, will do nothing for the conversion of the world, until it cannot be said of our own society, "one of you hath a devil (for wherever the sons of God come together Satan also comes among them) we will never do anything for a world lying in wickedness and being zealous over much to root up all the tares in our own special fields of labor, we will injure many tender blades of wheat with our heavy footsteps, forgetting that we are not prepared to do the work of angels until we have angels wings.

It is true that next to our own conversion it is our duty to labor for the salvation of our own families, but so closely is the prosperity of God's church allied to family religion that we can hardly separate them; if we could raise a christian family and at the same time stand aloof from God's church, and from his instituted ordinances they would at best be narrow minded, not to say selfish christians, which would be a contradiction in terms. We can not afford to pray. bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four and no more.

The religion of Christ is emphatically a religion of giving. If we have not yet experienced the blessedness of giving, we have not progressed very far in the divine life, for it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

If we have not the missionary spirit, we have not the spirit of Christ, if we have not the spirit of Christ we are none of His. Hear ye the words of the Lord: "As Thou hast sent me into the world so have I sent them into the world; that the world may know that Thou hast sent me, and hast loved them as Thou hast loved me."

The Sabbath schools all over Christendom have recently studied the life, labors, sufferings, sacrifices, trials and triumphs of Paul the Apostle to the gentiles. Yet in the face of this wonderful example of sacrifice and success, of scattering and thereby increasing, a Sunday school superintendent intimated at a missionary meeting, that he considered it out of place to press this subject on so weak a society as theirs.

It is to be feared that if he had been the disciple in whose hands the five loaves and two fishes were, the five thousand would have gone away fasting; the women and children fainted by the way, the twelve apostles had empty baskets instead of full ones, while he would have selfishly devoured his morsel in a corner, notwithstanding the command of Jesus, bring them hither to me. Oh, our Father is rich; would so many of his children be poor, if they would but bring their tithes into his storehouse?

An intelligent gentleman said, "This gathering up money and sending it to China and India, is all wrong, while we have so many poor at home." Noted on his table tea, coffee, and other articles from heathen lands; it did not occur to him to say, this sending money to China for tea and Liberia for coffee is all wrong, while we have so many poor at home. "Oh, consistency thou art a jewel." What a sight we must be to angels; how they must pity our folly and inconsistency, not to say imbecility, when they hear us talk of the burden of supporting God's house—the institutions of the church; of the sacrifices we make in giving a trifle for the spread of the gospel—giving up our friends to go to distant fields at the Master's call, with the assurance that He will be with them always. While many foreign ports are crowded with the young men of America and Great Britain, who leave their homes and friends, endure the inconveniences of ocean life, merely for the bread that perishes, and a poor quality at that.

It does seem a little strange, that when the times press Christians closely, they realize the necessity of curtailing their expense; that instead of denying themselves, restricting their appetites, or sacrificing the gratification of their æsthetic tastes, that they should first of all withhold their dues from the treasury of the Lord, commence by refusing to lend unto the Lord the only investment that can never be lost, and that will yield a hundred fold even in this life, to say nothing of life Eternal.

The next step is to deny themselves and their families, the benefit of a church paper; too poor to take the Heathen-Woman's Friend at fifty cents a year, while the weekly or even daily secular paper is continued.

Let us look at these matters in the light of Eternity; something must be wrong, or we would not find in our highly-favored land, cities, containing a dozen churches, three or four of them tottering for want of sufficient support, while there are from fifty to sixty saloons in full blast day and night, like so many craters of hell! and I am afraid that even Christians pay more to keep up these places than they pay to support the church.

Don't you pay more tax than you pay into the treasury of the Lord? Don't you know that nine-tenths of your tax is imposed upon you by these places that lead to perdition?

How much we have heard of hard times, and the wisdom of the nation has been taxed to find the cause for hard times and the remedy. It does seem very unreasonable that a free, intelligent, christian nation, suffering neither from war, pestilence or famine, should complain of hard times, and that, too, in years of unusual plenty; the Lord also having disclosed to us his long concealed rivers of oil, and given us access to gold and silver that He had stored away for ages; in short, possessing a country for all practical purposes of infinite resources.

Well may the Lord say to us as He did to Israel of old, "What could I have done more to my vineyard, that I have not done to it?"

Why, we might be living in another paradise if we, as a people, had made equal advancement in morality and spirituality as we have in physics and metaphysics; if the consciences of the people had become enlightened and kept tender in proportion to the development of their intellectual powers; if all the inventions of the age had written on them "holiness to the Lord," instead of monopolies consecrated to mammon.

But it is not only the monopolies that have been at fault; some of it lies at our own doors, my sisters. What a wail used to go up about the slavery of woman to the needle; how little time the mother had for self culture, and the training of her children, as she had to toil early and late, ruining her health bending over her needle to keep her loved ones comfortably clad. The Lord heard this cry and sent the sewing machine. With what delight this wonder was hailed! The happy possessor found that she could take ten stiches in the time it used to take her to make one. Then what did this highly favored woman do? Why she put in ten stiches where she used to put one. Of course that required ten times as much thread, so that this Godsend instead of proving a time and labor saving machine as it was designed to be, is neither, but a continual expense, to say nothing of the original outlay. But is thread the only additional expense? By no means. As trimming was so easily made she commenced trimming elaborately the most common articles of apparel until a number of them required twice the quantity of material formerly needed. And this unusual number of ruffles and puffs, and plaits and tucks not only increased the labor of ironing, but made it almost impracticable without the additioual expense of fluting and crimping irons, etc , etc. Is it less wearying, more conducive to health for a weak woman to run a sewing machine six hours a day than to ply her needle the same length of time, to say nothing of the clatter often so trying to some one with weak nerves in the household, preventing the mother from listening to the prattle of her children, answering their many questions, requiring her attention so entirely that she cannot even rock the cradle while she sews? Now, don't understand that I am underrating the sewing machine. I am not speaking of its use, but of its abuse. What is true of the sewing machine is equally true of the majority of inventions intended to lessen and expedite labor instead of thereby redeeming time for the masses and they improving it in religious, moral and mental cultivation, these ponderous engines of factory and machine shop have been whirling, many of them day and night, and some of them regardless of the holiness of the Lord's day, until the land is flooded with every variety of products; our streets are full of venders, calling at every house, pressing their wares at almost nominal prices, thus daily tempting our women to continue the extravagance, that in easier times they had thoughtlessly commenced, while hundreds of strong and willing hands are lying idle. God is teaching us by his Providence, as well as by his word, that even the Lord can not bless us, however much he may lavish the good things of this life upon us, while we reverse the Divine order, nor arbitrary but existing in the very nature of things by seeking first the "all things," instead of the "Kingdom of God and his righteousness." While we refuse to yield Him, our reasonable service, 'our bodies and spirits a living sacrifice,' any more than he can avert everlasting misery from the head of the everlasting sinner.

The evanglization of the world is the one work of God's people, and whatever they are engaged in is important only as it leads to this one great end. Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, is our standing commission, until a shout shall go up from every nation and tongue, and kindred and people. "Alleluah the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

When all the world is redeemed, (which it surely will be, whether you or I do anything towards its evanglization or not), when they shall come up from the east and the west, the north and the south, saying "unto Him who has loved us, and redeemed us to God by his blood out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation. Singing with a loud voice, "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches and wisdom, and strength and glory, and honor and blessing." And then meeting those who have been instrumental in their salvation, greeting one after another, saying, "this is the one who supported me in the orphan school in India, where I was taught the way of salvation, and I was prepared to proclaim it unto my people, and here are those whom the Lord has given me." This is the one who sent the Bible Reader, who led me and my children to Christ."

This is the young lady who denied herself the pleasure of wearing gold and costly apparel, that she might have the means of sending the light of life to her sisters, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death," and now we are as stars in the crown of her rejoicing."

As we move about, amidst that shouting, rejoicing, congratulating throng, wearing our starless crowns, reflecting that we have been saved as by fire, our work which was nothing but wood, hay, stubble, all burnt up, we shall be poor in heaven, having no treasure laid up there!

But you say, "I would like to do something for Christ, but my means are limited, and I have little time and less talent, so I leave the work to those who are more capable." You seem to forget, my dear sister, that it was not he who had the five nor he who had two, but he who had the one talent who was condemned. Not because he had only one, but because he failed to use it in the service of his Master.

The reason why the world has not long ago been evangelized is not so much, because great talents have been abused, as on account of the smaller ones having been neglected. We forgot that "not many wise, not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God has chosen the weak things to confound the mighty." Have we not an example of this in our society? Our two cents a week in one decade, aggregate over a half million of dollars.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. church was organized in 1869; in 1870 the Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church, and also the Woman's Board of Missions of the Congregational church, were organized; the Baptist Ladies' Missionary Society was organized in 1871; the Woman's Missionary Society of the Dutch Reformed church in 1875; the Woman's Society of the United Brethren church in 1878. Although the Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church was organized one year later, we rejoice to find that their collections exceed ours. We still glory in being the pioneer church. When the way was not so plain, and success doubtful we led, and encouraged all our sisters to follow. Now we are driving. And we would joyfully bring up the rear, could we see all our sister churches outstrip us in this race; not that we would work the less, but they the more.

The motive power that impels the true missionary of the cross is Love; love to God, and love to man for Christ's sake.

Mrs. Rhea, a returned missionary from Persia, said: When we started to our field of labor, we verily thought that our hearts were full of zeal for Christ's cause, and love for the perishing, then when in the good providence of God, we reached our field of labor, and commenced mingling with our people, how were we humbled because we did not love these lost sheep for whom the Savior died. So repulsive and disgusting did they appear to us, that we began to fear that we never should love them. When we visited the women in their mud huts, found them sitting on their clay floors, on dirty mats, on which they invited us to be seated; not at all diffident, their curiosity very much excited, they commenced handling us, examining our clothing inside and out, we felt indignant, and very much like repelling them, but we knew we could not benefit them by teaching them the truth unless we did it in love. So we cried mightily to Him, who, while we were yet sinners loved us, even unto death, that He would give us such a portion of His Spirit, that we might be enabled to love that people. The Lord heard our prayers, and our hearts began to yearn over these degraded sisters of ours, and He blessed our labors among them so that out of seventy girls that attended our school but seven left us unconverted!

Dear Christian friend, if Jesus left the court of glory, and came to this sincursed world taking the lowest place in it, and died the most ignominious and painful death to secure your salvation and mine; is it a great matter for us to stoop to visit the most degraded of our race, in order to do what we can to secure their salvation?

The disciple is not above his Lord?

Turn not away with proud disdain,
When called to mitigate the pain
Of the debased and vile!
Think not yourself above the task,
Should mercy your assistance ask
To raise misfortune's child!

Oh think of him who left a throne
For guilty sinners to atone!
The fallen to restore.
Though Lord of all, He deigned to die
That we might live with Him on high,
Nor sin nor suffer more.

What a Saloon Costs.

THE Alderman of Joliet, Ill., says the Huntington News, look upon the liquor traffic just in about the right light. In a recent meeting of the common council of that city, Alderman Pittigrew stated that it costs the city $180 for each saloon license taken out, and he believed that that was the exact amount they should pay for a license. Common justice demanded it. The way he figured it out was as follows:

Money expended for city poor	$8,000
Poor at poor house	1,500
Cost of police force	4,207

The Joliet News says those figures carried out gives a total of 11,946.53 as the cost of whisky to Joliet. Divided by the number of saloons, it gives a trifle over $180 each as the sum the saloons take from the people, and which they are mortally wounded to return again.

From statistics carefully prepared, both in the old countries and in America, it is estimated that 99 per cent of the city poor, 16 per cent of the cost of maintaining paupers at the poor house, and 90 per cent of the cost of the police departments are traceable directly to liquor. Now, let those who have access to the figures, give us the amount each saloon in Logansport costs its citizens in dollars and cents, to say nothing of the untold want, suffering and eternal misery which goes unrecorded.

Huntington.

THE Huntington Murphy Union elected the following excellent officers last Thursday evening, who will push the work during the Summer and Fall:

President—W. H. Trammel.
Vice-Presidents—Capt. J. Wintroed. and Mrs. Brandon.
Secretarys—E. S. Wheeler and Chas. Kronk.
Chorister—J. G. Price.
Chaplain—Rev. H. J. Lacey.

The union has done good work in in the past and promises to do better in the future.

BEER BOOZERS.

"Unfinished Business"—and a Word or Two Concerning Such.

THE brewers' convention left a little unfinished business, which it might be well for us to look after.

The members were either too dumb or too drunk to present the usual quota of resolutions.

Hence, we conclude the job:

Resolved, 8; That we have no compassion for those who suffer from our traffic; we are for self; and the people and the country we will destroy, that we may fill our own purses.

And then let the farce conclude with the following truthful "reportoire:"

Resolved, 10: That Beer Blears, Bloats, and Blasts.

Blears the face, Bloats the form, Blasts character and life.

Causes Charity-Children to Cry for Crumbs, Chills Chastity, Charms Crime, Cheats Churches, Chars Cheerfulness, Creates Curtain lectures a la Caudle.

Deals Death and Destruction, makes Dead Drunks, Dead-beats, Death, and Damnation.

The beer drinking only creates a demand for stronger alcohol.

When the destruction and injury by the use of beer is realized, its use will be discouraged more than it now is, even by our German friends.

We are pleased to know that excessively few Americans are brewers, and regret that so many Germans reflect upon the habits and sobriety of their people.

We respect Germans but for their habits of drink.

As to the St. Louis convention, it was a first-class funeral farce, disgusting in detail, damning as a whole.

Beer is not a good substitute for brains.

And it was evident the convention used more beer than brains.

The Prodigal's Return.

AN exchange gives the following account of an incident in real life.

In the city of Elizabeth stands a mansion built and still occupied by an aged gentleman of nearly ninety years, Isaac Jaques, for many years a practical draper and tailor in John street, New York, who retired from business thirty years ago. He was one of the founders of the Bethel for seamen in New York, and one of the first to inaugurate the Fulton street prayer-meeting, of which he is a faithful attendant.

His son John was a source of trouble to his father, and left his home in 1846. The drunkard's life cannot be told, and during years of degradation and debauchery he went down to its depths until he was disowned by his heart-broken parent.

One year ago the prodigal sought the meetings of the First Temperance Reform Club. He was persuaded to sign the pledge and seek the help of God in his effort to reform. He was converted, and proved faithful to his pledge ever since. Last Thursday evening the members of the club and of the Women's Union, to the number of about sixty, visited the old mansion in Elizabeth and gave the venerable couple a surprise.

Mr. William C. Souter, president of the club, made known to the aged father the object of the meeting by telling him that his prodigal son had resolved to come back to his father's house; that he had been faithful and true for one year, and that they believed he would be true to the end.

The scene cannot be described. It was a real prodigal returning to his father's house. When the old man saw his son standing before him he went to him and threw his arms around his neck, kissed him, and wept like a child. It was was a scene that will be long remembered by all who were present.

North Manchester.

THE North Manchester Murphys have elected new officers, term having expired. A large hall has been leased in which to hold meetings. The Journal of that city, a good friend of the cause and an excellent paper in general, gives the result of the election:

President—Dr. H. Winton.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. G. W. Stover, and Dr. Keen.
Secretary—Shelby Sexton.
Treasurer—J. J. Martin.
Organist—Jessie Wells.
Chorister—W. D. Keesey.

The union will prosper under such management.

IN the grand lodge, I. O. O. F., at Indianapolis, recently, on a resolution to amend the general laws by making persons engaged in the traffic of intoxicating liquors ineligible to membership in the order, the legislative committee reported that the grand lodge of the United States has exclusive jurisdiction over that question. Rum must go, as it is evident it will promote neither friendship, love, nor truth. The purity of Odd Fellowship should not be tainted with the greatest curse of the age, and we are pleased to see the initial step towards its abolition.

REV. HUDSON MCKEE leaves on a pleasure trip through Kansas, next week, to be gone two or three weeks.

Both Sides.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily dressed wife by his side;
In satin and laces she looked like a queen
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed;
And said,as he worked with his saw in a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would give if I could—
I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who sawed the wood."

A pretty young maid, with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning, was fair,
Went tripping a long with smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said,"I'drelinquish position and wealth,
Her beauty and young to possess."

Thus it is in the world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we enploy
In longing and sighing for what we have not
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

TRAPPED BY AN HEIRESS.

A coosier place than the big sitting-room at Hillcrest would have been hard to find, if one had traveled from Land's End to Joan O'Groat's; and this eventful evening, when the destinies of two worthy people were about taking definite form—two people who had never seen each other, and who had heard of each other so often that both were curiously eager to meet—on this important evening the sitting-room at Hillcrest had never looked pleasanter or cosier.

A huge fire of logs glowed like molten carbuncles in the open fireplace; on the table in the center of the floor, whose cover matched the glowing crimson of the carpet, was a silver stand that held a dozen snowy wax-tapers, whose beaming light contrasted exquisitely with the ruddy glow of the fire.

Beside the table, in a big, cushioned chair, with his feet thrust toward the genial warmth on the hearth, his gray dressing-gown sitting comfortable on his portly form, his gold-rimmed glasses on his nose, sat the owner and master of Hillcrest, Mr. Abiah Cressington, rich, good-natured, and fond of his own way. Opposite him was the mistress of the little place—little, shrew-faced, sharp-nosed, merry Aunt Cornelia, his sister, who, since her widowhood, had come to Hillcrest to make her bachelor brother's home as pleasant as she could.

That she had succeeded was very evident by the way now in which he looked up from a letter he had been reading—the confindential. kindly way in which he did it.

"Walter writes a curious letter in response to my invitation to come and spend a few weeks at Hillcrest as soon as he gets over his fatigue from his ocean voyage home, after his five years abroad. I'll read it to you."

He leaned near the softly glowing lights, and began the short, concise reply that Walter Austin had written from his chamber in the Temple:

"You are very kind, indeed, Uncle Abiah, to ask me down to Hillcrest for as long as I wish to stay, and I can assure you that I have been so long a wanderer, that the idea of home is very pleasant to me. But when I take into consideration the peculiar importance you propose attaching to my visit, I am unwilling to accept the invitation. To me, the idea of having my fancies and inclinations put into harness, and to feel that I am on continual duty to win my way into the good graces of my second cousin, Mabel, whom you are good enough to wish me to marry—"

Mrs. Cornelia interrupted sharply:

"Abiah, you never surely went and told our grandnephew that you had in view his marriage with Mabel."

Her tone was energetic, almost reprehensive.

Why not? I certainly did. I told him in my letter that it was a chance for him he'd never get again, and that he needn't feel under such terrible obligations to take a fancy to Phil's little Mabel, but to come down and be cousinly, and if anything should happen, it'd be right all round."

Mrs. Cornelia knitted vigorously, her lavender cap-ribbons quivering in the mellow taper glow.

"All I have to say is, you're—a fool, Abiah! Walter is right. A young man doesn't like to have his fancies under rein and whip, and the very fact that we want him to marry, will make him indisposed to do it. You've made a very great mistake in the beginning.

Mr. Cressington looked aghast at his sister's determined face.

"Why, I really didn't suppose——"

"Of course you didn't. It's only your natural stupidity, you dear old fellow! Men are all alike. Don't I know them like a book? And you've ruined your hopes for Mabel and Walter at the very outset."

Mr. Cressington started discomfitedly.

"I am sure I meant it all right enough, Cornelia. I certainly wanted Walter to know what a little darling our Mabel is, and what a nice little wife she would make for any man."

"Very commendable, indeed; only if you had consulted me upon the letter you sent, I should have advised you to say nothing about Mabel, or her charms, or her expectations. I should have simply asked him to come and see us, and have left the rest to Mabel's blue eyes. You see, Abiah?"

His lips compressed slowly.

"I think I see. And my hopes in that direction are all ruined!"

The silver needles clicked rapidly, and the snow-white yarn came reeling merrily off the ball under her arm.

"Not at all. Leave that to me, and I'll see what can be done. Trust a woman's wit to get even a blundering old fellow like you out of a scrape."

She smiled and nodded, and looked altogether so mischievous, that Mr. Cressington became quite excited over her little mystery.

Do explain. Cornelia.

And when she explained he leaned back in his chair, with an expression of positive awe and admiration on his face.

"What a woman you are, Cornelia! I declare, it beats everything I ever heard in the whole course of my life!"

* * * * *

After dusk a glorious winter day, with here and there a star twinkling in the pale gray sky, and the lights and fires in the Hillcrest sitting-room making an eloquent welcome to Walter Austin, as he stood in the midst of the home circle, tall, gentlemanly, handsome, and self-possessed.

Old Mr. Cressington was in his richest humor as he led forward two young girls.

"Come, don't be shy now. Walter this is your cousin, Mabel Cressington, and this is her good friend and inseparable companion, Irene Vance, come to help entertain you. My nephew, Mr. Walter Austin, girls. And this is Aunt Cornelia—you remember her well enough, hey?"

And so the presentation was merrily gotten over, and Walter found himself at home in the most pleasant family he had ever known.

They were remarkably pretty girls, with blue eyes, although Miss Vance's were decidedly the deeper blue and more bewitching, and lovely yellow gold hair.

Walter found himself admiring the style of Miss Vance's coiffure before he had known her an hour, and when he went up to his room that night he felt as if between the two, roguish Mabel and sweet little Irene, he never would come out heart whole.

For Mabel is a good little darling," thought he, "and I will take Great-uncle Abiah's advice and fall in love with her, and thereby secure a generous slice of the Cressington estates. Egad! that's a happy thought!"

But the handsome young gentleman went to sleep and dreamed, instead of Mabel's laughing eyes, of Irene's gentle, tender ones, and awoke somewhere in the middle of the night, unable to get to sleep again for thinking of her.

And the after days were not much better. Despite the golden value of Mabel, there was something about Ierne Vance that made this headstrong fellow very foolishly indifferent to the advice he had sworn to follow.

"Because, by Jove! a fellow would have to be made out of granite to resist the sweet, shy ways of such a little darling as Irene. And I'll marry her if she'll have me, and the money and property may go to the—dogs. I've a head and a pair of hands, and the blue-eyed Irene shall not suffer."

It was an hour latter that he met her in the hall, carrying great bows of holly, with which to festoon down the walnut staircase.

"Give me your burden, Irene," said he. "Why did you not tell me you were going to gather it, and let me go with you? It is altogether too heavy a burden for your arms to bear."

He managed to get the lovely sprays from her arms, but it required an immense amount of tardy effort on his part, and shy, sweet blushing on hers.

"Answer me, Irene. Why didn't you let me go with you? Wouldn't you have liked it?"

He demanded her answer in the most captivating, lordly way, and she dropped her eyes in great confusion.

"Y-e-s."

"Then why were you so cruel to me?"

"I am not cruel to anybody. Indeed I must now go."

Walter placed himself squarely in the way, and was looking down on her rose-tinted face.

"No, you can't go yet. Irene, you are cruel, or you would never deprive one of the opportunity to enjoy the blessedness of your society." His voice lowered tenderly, and he dropped his head nearer her golden curls. "You know I think it cruel in you to be so distant and shy and reserved with me—don't you, Irene?"

She shrank away, her lovely form drooping like a lily, her cheeks hanging out their signals of distress and confusion.

"Oh, please don't talk so to me. Indeed I must go! Mabel is waiting for the holly, and—they won't like it if—"

But she was a prisoner in his tight clasp.

"If what? If they find you and me talking so confidently together?"

"No! I mean if I don't take the holly at once."

Walter put his arm around her waist before she knew what he was doing.

"Irine, look up. You shall not go until you let me see in your eyes if you love me as well as I love you! Irene, my dear little girl, I love you very dearly."

She was silent for one second, and he saw the quiver of her red lips. Then she raised her head slowly, shyly.

"You love? Oh, Walter, what will they all say? Don't you know it is Mabel you should say that to? I am nobody, Walter, and Mabel is an heiress."

Walter had both arms around her by this time, and was looking ardently in her glowing face.

"I know Mebel is an heiress, and a nice little girl; and I also know you are a darling—my dariing—and the only girl I ever asked to be my wife, or ever shall ask! Say yes, pet."

His tones were low and tender, but triumphant.

"And you can deliberately give up so much for only just me?"

Her wondrous eyes met his bravely now, and thrilled him with the love light in them.

"Only just you, my own darling! Why, you are more than all the world to me! Come, we will go tell Uncle Abiah at once. Just one kiss first—you must!"

And he had more than one or two before he led her, blushing, with tears trembling on her lashes, like diamonds on a golden thread, to Uncle Abiah, who sat in his library with Mrs. Cornelia, industriously looking over a receipt book. They looked up in surprise as Walter marched in, Irene on his arm, a picture of confusion.

"If you please, Uncle Abiah, I want your blessing and cordial consent to receive this little girl for your niece. I love her, and she loves me."

Uncle Abiah looked shrewdly over his glasses at Mrs. Cornelia.

"Well, sister, what shall we say to this youth's demand?"

A broad smile of perfect delight was on her merry face.

"Say? Why, tell them yes, and welcome, and let them know their Aunt Cornelia isn't a fool if their Uncle Abiah is."

Walter looked astonished, and felt Irene's hand tremble on his arm.

"What is it, dear?"

She smiled through her tears as she looked into his inquiring eyes.

"Oh, Walter, I am afraid you will be angry. I am Mabel, after all, and—and—"

"And you have made love to your cousin, the heiress, in spite of yourself, my boy! So Hillcrest is a forgone fate, after all, eh?"

"Don't scold, please, Walter?" Mabel pleaded, in a low voice, with her blue eyes looking into his.

"As if I could scold you, my love! Since I have you, what need I care?"

And Mrs. Cornelia turned over the leaves of the receipt book until she came to "wedding-cake," and avers that she made the match herself.

Rev. Phillips Brooks and His Church.

The walls are massive, the pillars are massive, the chandelier is massive. There are fine windows, elegant colors, little cherubs and big angels hovering overhead, rich pews and costly upholstery down below, but all this does not detract from the general effect of strength. The chancel is peculiar. It is capacious, with an extended rail circling all about the communion table. It reminds one of the old English custom when the table was out in the body of the church. While there is beauty about the whole structure, space and bigness are the special features impressing you.

Corresponding with the big church is the minister. He is large physically, large intellectually, large spiritually; New England's leading, favorite preacher. He strides forward to his pulpit, which is a plain rich stand. It is a pleasure to see him step forth with a firm, imposing, but never pretentious, gait.

He stands behind his desk. He grasps its sides, then sways back and forth, or steps slightly forward to emphasize a point. There is no ostentation in his manner. As you hear him you feel that he is larger than the church. While the audiences are large, you feel that he is larger than the audiences, but he is never greater than his subject. He makes himself inferior to that always, dwarfing himself by the side of that favorable theme, Christ's power to make men better. While the rector of Trinity Church is an Episcopalian in his preferences and methods, he is so sympathetic, broad and Catholic that he is very popular with all denominations, especially Unitarian and Congregationalists. You listen to Phillips Brooks and feel that here is a door widening, widening, widening till you are in the church universal, and right at home in the midst of all the saints.

A Mendacious Priest.

An extraordinary story is related by a correspondent of the Italian Nazione, writting from Lucca. Some years ago a native of Camajore emigrated to America. leaving behind a wife and two children. After a time he sent home to them through the priest of his native place 100 lire. A few months later on this remittance was followed by a second, this time of 1,000 lire, and at intervals afterward other sums were sent, making all together a total of over 25,000 lire, or £1,000. The priest, however, never gave the money to those for whom it was intended, but kept it for himself, sending for the woman and telling her, with many consoling reflections, that her husband was dead. At the same time he wrote to the man informing him that his family were dead, sending also with his letter an official certificate of their death. After a time the man married again, and a short time ago, having prospered in business and become wealthy, he determined to revisit his native place. In due time he arrived with his second wife and family at Camajore, and went to the principal inn in town. As he was walking out one day a boy begged of him. Something in the appearance of the beggar seemed to be familiar, and, questioning the boy, he found that it was his own child, and that his wife was living with the two children he had left behind in the greatest poverty. The priest, thus found out in his wickedness, endeavored to compromise the matter by offering to pay the 25,000 lire, but the authorities, who had been informed of the business, declined to allow it, and proceedings against him are now pending.

A Dinner in China.

A lady formerly living here, now the wife of an American officer in China, writes to her friends at home an account of a ceremonious dinner which she attended recently. The feast was given by the "Deputy," and was attended by only seven persons—three American gentlemen, two American ladies, and two Chinese men—besides the host. Describing the Deputy as a "lovely old man," the latter says: "He passed to me first a cup of hot wine with a graceful bow; it was only after that that one could sit down. He made the tour of the table and gave each guest his wine, accompanied by the chin-chins (bows) from both parties. Before each guest were three plates, about the size of a little girl's tea-set plate—three inches in diameter. On these plates we ate all our dinner except the soups, which were put before us in small bowls. Each one had his chopsticks and a two-pronged silver fork. In a few moments, as Mrs. M. and I could not use them very well, we were given our own forks and knives. At each place was a big pile of melon and apricot seeds, and this pile was replenished constantly during the four hours we were at the table. Between the courses everybody was cracking and eating away at the melon seeds. They were not very good, of course, yet it was amusing to nibble them, and they came in hot from the oven, and on the whole did not taste badly.

"On the table when we sat down were eight dishes of preserved fruit of different kinds. They were all on those small dishes, but put one on top of the other to make a kind of pyramid, and in a row along the center of the table were other dishes larger in size and holding the more substantail things. On one were slices of lobster and salted walnuts—very good, both of them. On another were goose gizzards cut in thin slices; on another shrimp salad, and on another thin slices of chicken. These were all meant to give an appetite for the dinner which followed. I sat next to the old Deputy, and he helped me from all the different dishes within his reach, only a mouthful or so from each, though. When we had tried all these things, the first course was brought on, and, as I suppose you imagine, it was 'birds' nest soup,' and very good too. We have nothing like it at home. After that we had stewed chicken with young onion sprouts.

"The third course was cold mutton served with raw turnips cut in long thin strips.

"Fourth—Awfully good—was pigeon eggs in a kind of acid soup.

"Fifth—Cucumbers stuffed with chopped fish.

"Sixth—Roast chicken served in very small bits with mushrooms.

"Seventh—Sharks' fins.

"Eighth—Mutton dumplings. [After that there was a little rest, and we walked about the garden, going to work again after a half hour.]

"Ninth—Pork soup.

"Tenth—Stewed mussels.

"Eleventh—Champignons and spinach made together.

"Twelfth—Ham in slices.

"Thirteenth—Stewed pigeons and bean curd.

"Fourteenth—Fish.

"Fifteenth—The nuscles or fibres of flowers.

"Sixteenth—Sea-lugs (something awful to look at, just like leeches with pimples on them.)

"Seventeenth—Mushrooms and bamboo sprouts made together.

"Eighteenth—Cakes and bitter almond sauce.

"Nineteenth—An entire roast pig. [It was brought on and then taken away and carved for us. I thought the dinner at an end when we had the cakes, and was taken aback to see this animal make its appearance. They served first the crackle or skin. It was A No. 1, and we began to each eat anew; second, they served the lean meat; third, they served some fat, and then something else, all four from the pig.]

"Twentieth—Rice, with chicken soup, salted cabbage, salt bean curd, chestnuts grown in water, and I don't know what.

"After that tea, and it was over."

This was followed by a two days headache.

Foot Gear.

The very newest stockings are in solid colors, in silk or lisle thread, ribbed and open worked. The ribs form stripes that run up and down to the ankle, and over the instep, and above the ankle they are laid across, which rounds the lower part of the leg as it rises above the boot. The colors are pink, blue, garnet, tinted white, and some colored red. A straw-colored silk stocking is handsomely embroidered in brown; midway between the top and the instep is a band of brown; at the top is lace edging.

Another style has the instep and heel in dark red, and the other part of the foot, as well as the top of the stocking is gray. A beautiful cream-colored silk stocking has an embroidery represnting wheat on the sides and instep—this is in extremely bright blue silk. A singular pair of white stockings has three bands of open work, resembling lace, on the instep. three half way up the leg, and a very broad stripe of the same at the top of the stocking, which is finished with lace. Another very elegant stocking is checked with white and black, like an ivory domino. A pair of lisle thread stockings is embroidered in green, with tall grass and small flowers on the instep and sides.

A new whim in stocking is to wear them in different shades of color, to match the dress. If the costume is pink and white, the stockings will be delicately ribbed—one pink, the other white; or in the same gray and white, blue and white will be put together. The idea was taken from an actress in Vienna, who exhibited in the last act of "Fatinitza"

A correspondent of the Indiana Farmer, from Labette, Kansas, uses the following contrivance to prevent cows from sucking themselves: "Cows may be cured of sucking themselves by the the use of two sticks long enough to reach from the butts of the horns to the back of the shoulders. Cut notches in both ends of the sticks, and secure one end of each to the base of your cow's horn's. Then pass a rope around her body just back of her fore legs. Fasten the other ends of the sticks to this rope by means of knots about midway of each side. I will pay for all the milk the cow gets when the above directions are followed."

THE average salary of Methodist ministers in fourteen Southern conferences is said to be $572, and the average amount paid $438. In Northern conferences the average is $700, and the deficiency in payments about 12 per cent.

Never expose your disappointment o the world.

AGRICULTURAL.

The best soil for beans is a mellow clay or sandy loam. Prepare the land as for corn, fitted in the nicest manner. Plant ten days or two weeks after planting corn. Marrow beans require one and one-eighth bushels of seed per acre; mediums, three-fourths of a bushel; pea beans, one-half bushel; kidney or other large beans, more, in proportion to size. A fair crop is twenty bushels per acre.

One of the new industries of Germany, reported by Dr. Stutzer to be "now in a flourishing condition," is the manufacture of artificial clover seed. Fragments of gravel are sifted until particles of a suitable size are obtained, and the substitute for the seed is then shaken up with some coloring substance until it acquires the desired hue. An ordinary pocket microscope is quite sufficient, however, to expose the cheat.

I had a mare some years ago that had a large wart on her side where the harness rubbed and kept it sore. In summer the flies made it worse. To prevent this I put on a good daub of tar, and in a few weeks the wart was killed and disappeared. I have frequently tried it since on cattle and horses, and seldom had an occasion to use a second application. The remedy is simple and effectual.

At the State farm at Monson, Mass., the cows are milked precisely at 5 a. m. and 5 p. m., and each cow's milk is weighted and the weight recorded. The records show that fifty-five cows gave, in one week in June, 2¾ tons of milk, and in one week in December, 2¼ tons of milk. The whole amount of milk produced during last year was a little over 120 tons. Seven cows have given an average of about twenty quarts of milk each day.

Potato water, or water in which potatoes have been boiled, is now recommended in various quarters as not only an effective but an immediate remedy for lice on cows and other cattle; also for ticks. The affected parts are to be bathed with the potato water; one application is generally sufficient. This remedy (if remedy it proves) has the merit of being exceedingly simple, easily employed, and without danger of injury to the cattle.

The use of cow's milk in nervous disorders is very highly recommended by our best physicians. They prescribe it to be used at all hours, and recommend the patient to drink as much as four quarts per day if agreeable. The constant and exclusive use of this article after a time becomes very tiresome, and the milk acquires an unpleasant taste. It may in a degree be avoided by heating the milk and adding enough salt to flavor it, in this form doing as much good as in any other.

A correspondent in the Rural World shows some points of difference between British and American methods of feeding stock, as follows: In Great Britain turnips are cut, reduced to a pulp and mixed with cut hay or straw, and allowed to ferment. Hay and straw are always cut up and mixed with meal. Stock raisers in England buy oil cake, which Americans consider too expensive. They wet and use it with cut hay and straw and meal and pulped turnips. The manure from such feeding is regarded as of great value.

Experience with the Colorado beetle should prompt the early planting of potatoes; also abundant manuring and good preparation of the soil. The latter often doubles the crop. An extra 100 bushels of potatoes per acre are well worth working for. It does not pay to plant large seed. Small well-ripened seed will be the most profitable when its cost is considered. After much observation there appears no difference in the crop from small and large seed. Of course there is a limit, and potatoes as small as hickory nuts are not referred to.

Regarding borerers in peach trees, says the Country Gentleman, it is useful to heap a peck of dry slacked lime about the peach trees after the grubs had been picked, and before the earth is drawn back to the tree. The lime kills any grubs that may be left. If a live grub is thrown into the dry lime, it will soon die; this may be tried to satisfy an inquiring mind. Having used lime in this way in 1877, the writer found no borers at all in his trees in 1878, and therefore has confidence in this means of repressing the depredations of this pest.

Much clover seed is wasted by sowing too early and also by scattering it upon the surface without covering. All seeds should be covered, although under very favorable circumstances they would sprout and grow, even if not covered. If you harrow your wheat, that should be done as soon as the ground is dry, then sow the clover immediately after the harrow, the gradual leveling down of the little furrows made by the harrow teeth will cover the seed. When clover seed is sown on the surface too early a warm rain will sprout it, then a frosty night will destroy the young rootlets which have not yet penetrated into the ground, and the seed is wasted.

Ready for Business.

Burlington Hawkeye.

Dr. Ware says "there is nothing like the health-lift for the complete waking up of every torpid molecule of brain, liver and blood." Dr. Ware may be authority on these matters, but if he wants to risk his reputation and money on this championship for the waking up of the molecules, we have a steel blue wasp, foaled in 1878, about three-fourths of an inch long, that we will match against the biggest health-lift in America. Dr. Ware can name his own time and place, he to furnish the health-lift and we to furnish the wasp, and we to try the health-lift while the doctor tests the wasp. Or, while the wasp tests the doctor, as the case may (and in all human probability will, be).

CONDIMENTS.

A double house, with two families, is rent in twain.

All jokes on the Rev. Joe Cook we hang on the joke hook until wanted.

A saw for the times: "No man should live beyond the means of his creditors."

A young lady in Utica is so refined that she invariably alludes to the Spitz as a "cuspidore dog."

Rain is real, rain is earnest;
We would not stop it, if we could;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was surely written of the mud.

The injurious effect of "forty-rod whisky," we presume it is attributable to the fact that forty rods make one rude.

A young lady was heard to remark a day or two ago, "Why, I haven't had a woolen hoe on my limb this winter." That's culchah.

Two men went down the street this afternoon. One slipped and fell, and the other entered an eating-house. One got shaked bad and the other got baked shad.

The woman who put her tongue to a hot flat iron to see if it was hot, now sits calmly and sees her husband pull off his dirty boots on the parlor carpet without a word of dissent.

How much more bitter than wormwood and gall it is, when you attempt to k--that is to press your girl's head close to your own, to be jabbed in the ear by the pin that holds her hat on.

A Southerner says, "Now look yar!" A New Englander says, "Now yew, say!" A New Yorker chips it, "Now say!" A Hoosier puts it, "Now lookee here!" An Englisher get it, "I say, aw!"

A damsel applied for a place behind a counter. "What clerical experience have you?" asked the man of dry goods. "Very little," she said with a blush, "for I only joined the church last week."

A bright boy was walking along the street with his mother, and, observing a man with a peculiar hitch in his gait approaching, he drolly exclaimed, "Look, mamma! See how that poor man stutters with his feet."

Butcher—"Come, John, be lively, now; break the bones in Mr. Williamson's chops, and put Mr. Smith's ribs in the basket for him." John (briskly)—"All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mrs. Murphy's leg."

"When I was a boy," said a very prosy, long-winded orator to his friend, "I used to talk in my sleep." "And now," said his friend, "you sleep in your talk." But somehow that didn't seem to be just exactly the point the orator was going to make.

If the young man who went to call on a girl on Fourth street last Sunday night, but who suddenly left the front door and shot out of the yard, with a dog attached to the dome of his trousers, will return the dog, a reward of $5 will be paid by the girl's father, and no questions asked.

An Irish waiter at a Christmas gathering complimented a turkey in the following manner: "Faith, it's not six hours since that turkey was walking around his real estate with hands in his pockets, never dhraming what a purty invitashun he'd have to jine yees gintleman at dinner.

A popular concert singer, advertised to participate in an entertainment in a Missouri village, excused her absence on the ground of having a severe cold in the head, and the next day received the following from an admirer: "This is gouse greze; melt it rub on the bridge of yore noze until kured. I luv you to distraxshun."

When a man enters a church during the singing of a hymn, and sit down to hear the sermon, only to see the contribution box passed around and find that the services are just over, his feelings are only equalled by the man who falls asleep in his pew, and in a dreamy state calls to the minister to "set 'em up again."

An hour passed on, the Turk awoke,
And to a blear-eyed minion spoke—
Between the whiffs of opium smoke:
"What, ho! thou Oriental bloke,
Repeat the latest circus joke."

Shrewd answer made the caitiff, for
He knew the fate that was in store
If he retailed an ancient joke:
So deftly pulling down his vest,
He bent, with salaam low, and said:
"Great Pacha, all the fools are dead
Except the knave, who bows his head."

When the robin jumps along the lawn or flies from tree to tree, scattering the dew drops from the leaves; when the bee coquets with the opening flower; when the first golden beams dart from the sapphire skies, and gild the filmy clouds; when the clover trembles in the freshening breeze, and all nature seems imbued with the charms of paradise; then, ah! then it is sweet to turn over in bed and take another nap.

"Does that hurt?" kindly asked the dentist, holding the young man's head back and jabbing a still probe, with back-set teeth, clear down through his aching tooth and into the gum. "Doss that hurt?" he asked, with evident feeling. "Oh, no," replied the young man, in a voice suffused with emotion and sentiment. "Oh, no," he said tenderly, rising from the chair and holding the destist's head in the stove while he dragged his lungs out of his ears with a cork-screw. "Oh, no," he said, "not at all; does that?" But the dentist had the better of the young man, after all, for he charged him fifty cents, and didn't pull the tooth then. By that time the astonished tooth had forgot its aching.

We hear the band strike up at last,
Suspense is over sure;
The music they so finely strain
Is but the overture.
The lady when the Israelite
Tries hard to over-Jew'er,
He vain proceeds with all his sole,
But cannot over-shoe'er.
The cow that lies contentedly
In yonder field of-verdure.
And masticates her cud once more,
Becomes an over-chewer.

Pittsburgh Cincinnatti & St. Louis RR

CONDENSED TIME CARD—East We

Taking Effect Sunday, May 19th, 1878.

☞Passengers purchasing Local Round Tr Tickets before entering the cars, obtain a discour of ten per cent. from regular rates.

GOING EA ST		No 1.	No 5.	No 7,
Lv Chicago		*8:20 pm	.....	†9:05 p m
Ar Crown Point		10:04	.....	10:4
Ar Logansport		12:45 am	.....	.....
Lv Ill. State Line		†2:05 pm	*6:30 am	.....
Ar Logansport		5:00	9:15	.....
Lv Logansport	Via Kokomo Via Ridgeville	*1:00 am	Leave	†2:00 p m
Ar Kokomo		1:50	6:00 am	3 07
Anderson		.....	7:40	4:35
New Castle		.....	8:42	5:35
Hagerstown		.....	9:15	6:05
Richmond		.....	10:00	6:40
Cincinnati		.....	.....	10:00
Lv Logansport		12:55 am	†9:25 am	.....
Ar Marion		2:33	11:07	.....
Hartford		3:17	11:50	.....
Ridgeville		4:10	12:40 pm	.....
Lv Ridgeville		*4:15	.....	.....
Ar Richmond		5:50	.....	.....
Cincinnati		8:50	.....	.....
Lv Ridgeville		*4:30	12:40†	.....
Ar Union City		5:05	1:10	.....
Bradford Jnc		6:00	2:00	.....
Lv Indianapolis		*4:35	11:00	*6:00 p m
Ar Knightstown		5:58	12:42 pm	7:15 a m
Cambridge City		6:28	†1:29	7:58
Richmond		7:15	†2:05	8:37
Lv Richmond	Via Dayton Via Piqua	†7:20	2:05	Leave
Ar Dayton		†9:35	5:25	†7:30
Xenia		10:40	7:20	8:20
Springfield		12:40	8:30	10:10
London		11:48	8:40	9:28
Columbus		2:45 pm	9:40	10:30
Lv Richmond		*7:18 am	2:05	*8:40
Bradford Jnc		8:35	3:35	9:55
Piqua		9:23	4:16	10:20
Urbana		10:35	5:20	11:14
Columbus		12:35 pm	7:25	12:50

GOING WEST,		No. 6.	No. 10.	No. 8
Lv Columbus	Via Piqua Via Dayton.	*6:30am.	*3:40pm.	†5:40pm.
Ar Urbana		8:05 "	5:15 "	7:40 "
" Piqua		8:58 "	6:07 "	9:00
Lv Bradford Junc.		9:22 "	6:35 "	*9:30 "
Ar Richmond		10:33 "	7:55 "	.....
Lv Columbus		*6:25 "	*3:40 "	.....
Ar London,		7:22 "	4:37 "	.....
" Xenia		8:25 "	5:37 "	.....
L Springfield		7:20 "	†3:40 "	.....
" Xenia		†6:30 "	†5:45 "	.....
A Dayton		8:00 "	6:35 "	.....
" Richmond		10:10 "	.....	.....
L Richmond	Via Ridgeville. Via Kokomo.	10:35*"	*8:10 "	7:15am
" Cambridge City		11:04 "	8:46 "	7:52 "
" Knightstown		11:41 "	9:34 "	8:38 "
" Indianapolis		12:55pm.	11:00 "	10:10 "
Lv Bradford Junc.		†9:30am.	.....	*9:45pm
Ar Union City		10:25 "	.....	10:43 "
" Ridgeville		10:58 "	.....	11:20 "
Lv Cincinnati		.....	.....	*70:0 "
" Richmond		.....	.....	10:00...
Ar Ridgeville		.....	.....	11:30...
Lv Ridgeville		10:58†"	.....	11:40....
Ar Hartford		11:50 "	.....	12:35...
" Marion		12:40pm.	.....	1:30....
" Logansport		2:30 "	.....	3:00.....
Lv Cincinnati		†7:15am.	.....	.....
Ar Richmond		10:38†"	*8:00pm.	.....
" Hagerstown		11:28 "	8:45 "	.....
" New Castle		12:05pm.	†9:17 "	.....
" Anderson		1:20 "	10:17 "	.....
" Kokomo		3:00 "	*2:15 am	.....
" Logansport		4:00 "	3:05 "	.....
Lv Logansport		†7:30 "	8:00 "	†8:00 "
Ar Ill. State Line		10:20 "	10:50 "	10:40 "
Lv Logansport		†4:05 "	3:15 "	*3:15 "
Ar Crown Point		6:50 "	6:10 "	6 10 "
Ar Chicago		8:30 "	7:50 "	7:50 "

*Daily.
†Daily except Sunday.
Trains do not stop where time is omitted.
Pullman Drwning Room aad Sleeping Cars run through from Chicago to Columbus and Cincinnati, and from Indianapolis to Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York, with close connections fo Baltimore and Washington City.

D. W. CALDWELL, Gen'l Manager
W. L. O'BRIEN,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent,
General Offices. COLUMBUS, OHIO.

L., C. & S-w. ROUTE

IS THE SHORTEST AND QUICKEST
FROM LOGANSPORT
—TO—
Indianapolis, Crawfordsville, Greencastle Terre Haute, Vinncennes, Evansville, Cairo, Paris, Mattoon, Pana, Alton, Effingham, Altamont, Vandalia,

TWO TRAINS DAIL
[Sundays Excepted.]

Trains Run as Follows.
[Taking Effect March 17, 1879.]

	MAIL.	EXPRESS.
Leave Logansport	6:30 a. m.	2:35 p. m.
Arrive at Frankfort	8:30 a. m.	5:20 p. m.
" Colfax	9:00 a. m.	5:55 p. m.
" Indianapolis, via Colfax	10:50 a. m.	8:40 p. m.
" Cincinnati	4:00 p. m.	
" Crawfordsv'll	9:55 a. m.	6:58 p. m
" TerreHaute	12:55 p. m.	10:00 p. m.
" Vincennes	5:22 p. m.	6:25 a. m.
" Evansvill	7:35 p. m.	9:00 a. m.
" St. Louis	9:00 p. m.	7:30 a. m.

☞Close connections at Terre Haute with trains East and West on the Vandalia and I. & St. L and South on the E. & T. H. railroad.
Ask for through tickets, and get your ab age checked through.
Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Plat ms on all Passenger trains.
J. P. CLAYBROOK,
General Manager.
H TRUESDALE. G. T. A

Eel River Railroad.

TIME TABLE

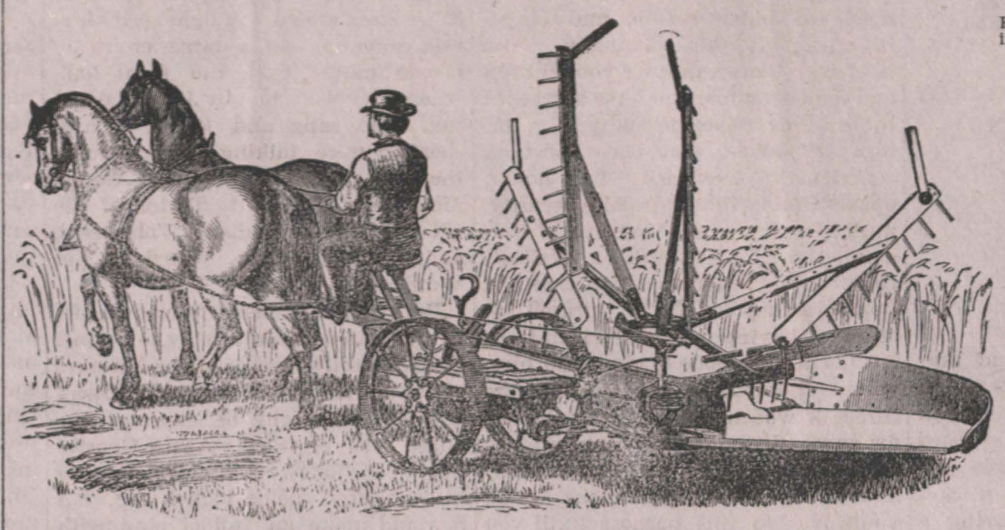
On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND.		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.23am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	.S Whitley..	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City...	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00, m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	..Auburn J..	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	...Auburn....	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 am	
	2.23 pm	...Reading...	1.24 pm	
	2.35 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.50 pm	..Jonesville..	12.55 pm	
	3.55 pm	...Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	....Detroit.....	7.00 am	
	5.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw...	7.15 am	

Connection is made at Denver with the I., P. & C. railway, for Rochester. Plymouth, LaPorte and Michigan City; at Columbia City with P. Ft. W. & C. railway, for Ft. Wayne and Pittsburg; at LaOtto with G. R. & I. railway, for Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids; at Auburn Junction with Ft. W. J. & S., and B. & O. railways, for Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw Defiance, Tiffin, Bellair, Washington, and Baltimore.
Trains from the east make close connections at Lognsport with T. W. & W. railway for Hannibal, Quincy and St. Louis, and with P. C. & St L. railway for Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk and all points west.
All Passenger trains fully equipped with Westinghouse Air Brakes and Miller Couplers and Buffers.
S. HOWELL
Gen'l Ticket Agent.
FRANK J. HECKER,
General Superintendent.

The Standard Hubbard Reaper.



H eight of Cut changed while in motion.

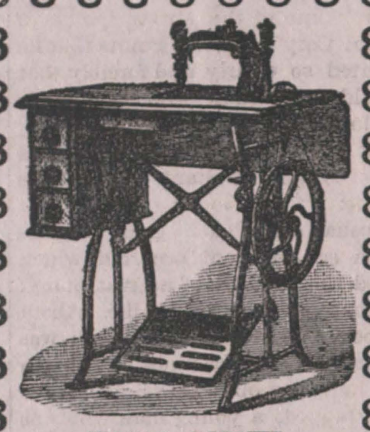
Farmers, when you want a combined Reaper and Mower, buy the changeable motion Hubbard. It has two finger-bars, 3 knives, 5 rakes, besides a change of motion, which is easily changed while the team is in motion), while many of the so-called combined machines in market have but 1 finger bar 2 knives and 4 rakes, thereby depriving you of some of the best as well as the most expensive parts of the machine. The Hubbard has broad-faced wheels, runs light, and makes a perfect gavel. In fact, such confidence have we in our Combined Machine that we defy competition and seek comparison.

For sale by

T. C. Barnes,

512 Broadway,
Logansport, Ind.

3m9 70



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WHEELER & WILSON
No. 8
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PERFECT AND COMPLETE
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NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.

AGENTS WANTED
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ADDRESS
Wheeler & Wilson Mfg. Co.
182 WEST FOURTH STREET,
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*Also, for Sale by G. P. WASHBURN north side Broadway, east of canal.

LEIBIG'S FEVER AND AGUE CURE IN Liquid or Pills

Positively CURES the worst forms of Chills, Fever, Dumb Ague, Third-Day Ague, Fever without Chills, Neuralgia or Sick Headache, General Debility, Loss of Appetite, builds up the System to overcome Malaria—makes you feel like yourself, and never fails to cure.

Sold by W. H. Bringhurst, Lee W. Redd, and Needham & Keesling. 3m8

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GOOD WORK !
LOW PRICES

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AN ELEGANT BOOK FREE.

Your choice between two books, "The Age we Live In," and "History of the Sherbro Mission, in Africa." will be sent free to every subscriber to the LIFE BOAT, the popular temperance monthly. Only 75 cents per year, and 10 cents in stamps to mail the book. The books are nicely bound in cloth and gold, and sell for more than the price of the paper. $2.00 worth for 85 cents. The greatest offer ever made. Sample of the Life Boat free. ROUZER & MOWRY, Dayton, O.

I. N. CRAWFORD,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL DALER IN,
HARDWARE, GUNS,
PISTOLS, SAWS, CUTLERY, GLASS,
CHAINS, BELTING, SASH,
Doors, Blinds, Mechanics' & Farmers' Tools of all kinds,
No. 84 Broadway, - 1y2-4p - *Logansport.*

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Logansport, Indiana.
All matters left with given given prompt attention. 19-3m521

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IT WAS THOUGHT IMPOSSIBLE TO IMPROVE THE

WORLD-RENOWNED

HOWE.

It Being Already Perfection Personified,
BUT WE HAVE DONE IT!
The Shuttle is Made so as to be Self Threading
Every bearing part is SELF ADJUSTABLE so that they
Will Now Last a Lifetime
They are the Lightest of the Light in running. A silk thread will run them, and yet they are still STRONGER THAN EVER. Take it all in all it is the
Wonder of the 19th Century!
Be sure to call and see this beautiful piece of machinery, whether you need one or not.
All orders promptly attended to. A full line of machine accessories always on hand.

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Broadway Agricultural House.

T. C. BARNES.

Takes pleasure in presenting to the farmers the Standard
Hubbard Reaper, Combined Changeable Motion,
Also the THREE RIVERS VIBRATOR, INVINCIBLE and ENGINE, Richmond Corn Plows, Ellwood Sulky Cultivators, Self Dump Hay Rakes, and all other Agricultural Implements, at

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SUCCESSOR TO
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TRADE MARK

Practical Upholsterers.
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Parlor Furniture, Spring Mattresses and Lounges,
—ALSO—
STUDENTS, LIBRARY, CLUB HOUSE AND EASY CHAIRS, LAMBREQUINES, ETC., ETC.
No. 515 Broadway, Logansport.

MERRIAM & RICE,
DRY GOODS.

We have received our full Spring purchases, comprising a larger assortment than ever, of

General Drv Goods,

Especially in the new styles of fabrics for Ladies' dresses and over garments,

Brocade silk and worsted piece goods in the new dark, medium and light shades.

Black and colored silk in extra good qualities, at extremely low prices.

Silk, Cashmere and cloth sacks, cloaks, dolmans and scarfs; also piece goods and rich trimmings for above garments.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, JUNE 18, 1879.

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

Argos, Ind.

To the Editor.

WE have met the enemy and they are ours. June 5th, 1879 marks a new era in the temperance work in Marshall county. That was the day appointed by our Commissioners to hear the protest of the temperance men and women of Argos, against having a licensed saloon keeper in our town. The true temperance workers felt that duty called them to drop everything and go to the rescue. Everything that cunning lawyers and whisky men could do was resorted to, in order to gain the license.

We met them at every point and forced their own witnesses to disclose the plot by which they expected to gain the day.

On last Tuesday evening when the news came that license was not granted, great joy prevailed in our little town. The small boys built a bonfire in front of the defunct dead fall, the band came out, people gathered in, listened to stirring speeches from Bros. A. J. Wickizer and Chas. Matheney, and amid hand shaking and general rejoicing, the evening was passed very pleasantly. All true temperance men and women feel that the first real battle has been fought and the victory won.

Our society is going to join the Inwood society, and hold a two days camp meeting on the Tabor section, Saturday and Sunday, June 21st and 22d. All neigboring societies and temperance people are invited to attend. Rev. T. H. McKee is invited and expected to be present, as the principal speaker.

Yours truly,
R. M. WILLIAMS.

Plymouth, Ind.

To the Editor:

THE SIGMAL, No. 12, is greatly in keeping with its reputation as the foremost temperance journal in the United States.

The cause goes bravely and aggressively onward, and we hope to witness its universal and glorious triumph in alcohol'd America.

The Plymouth Good Templary gave a grand jubilee social and open lodge on Monday evening, the 2d inst., netting over $15.

Hon. I. N. Davis, G. W. C. T. of State I. O. G. T., tarried in the city, Wednesday.

The plucky citizens of Walnut township, came to the city en masse, Thursday, to remonstrate against the issuance of a license to a saloonatic to retail perdition. They succeeded, too.

The efforts of the Plymouth temperanceites proved futile, owing to "legal inefficiency." The attorney employed "forgot" his business.

Having occasion to rescue a fallen brother from the ever tempting snares of the damnable and cunning agents of the devil, commissioned from his headquarters in perdition to deal out liquid fire and utter destruction to erring humanity, on Monday night we made a tour of the sinks of iniqnity and gateways to where thermometers indicate 500 above zero; and as we stepped in the sights that met our gaze would cause a chilled plow to blush with horror. Parson Talmage could find sufficient matter in Plymouth for a month series of sermons on the "earthly side of hell."

Thine for the right.

T. JEFF. WHIT.

Plymouth, Ind.

Courage, Brethren.

To the Editor:

HAVE courage to encounter the thorns and briars, remembering that the Lord's strength will abide with you, if you are guided by his will. Your good works in the temperance war have been pure. That is why the whisky advocates are getting alarmed, and seek by lies to destroy this glorious cause of temperance; but they have commenced about two years too late, and have failed to harm us, but by their opposition they have strengthened us more than they could have aided us in any other way. Where they tried to tear us down, they have built up for us helpers, of giant strength and daring mould. Yes, you have dared to do right, and firmness has bound your soul, for the purpose of sowing seed that shall yield divine fruit (redeemed souls). You have stern work to do yet. All the thorns are not roses, but you are abolishing intemperance. You are pouring blasting vials, on the heads of liquor sellers, and blighting their interests effectually. You have had temperance for your dearest and fondest aims, and have succeeded in bringing peace to many poor, forlorn drunkards, that once had their consciences hardened by liquor, opiates lulling them to a false security, until they stood on the brink of condemnation; for a drunkard swallows time, money, self-respect, reason and hope, wasting his life in turmoil, instead of having the peace which Jesus left his divine abode to give unto him, what a glorious redemption from the throes of woe and sin. Let us all pray for more firmness, and continue to lean upon the solid rock (Christ Jesus) and we will be more victorious. Bind yourselves to this purpose until you enter upon the victorious shore. The tumultuous billows will then be past, and forgotten, and you will reap your reward. Your work is successful. Do not falter but be brave and stand for temperance everywhere. Work for temperaace and purity, and God will bless your labors. The good accomplished by you is flowing onward through the land, and many streams are widening with love and good will towards the blessed shore. Breakers will not disturb this city when temperance rules it. Every day brings a glorious increase of faith and power to pursue our work of redemption. Dear brethren, go on in your Murphy policies, and the reward will be yours for faithfulness and charity.

L. L.

Lafayette, Ind.

To the Editor.

I SEND you an account of our two day's picnic. We boast that we have the best organized temperance societies in Lafayette and Tippecanoe county than anywhere else in the State. We have the best choir, the best speakers, the go-ahead workers, the earnest workers, and the Christian workers; and with these all combined in one grand working body, well officered, moving against intemperance and vice, victory is sare to follow.

We hear temperance from the pulpit, at the Y. M. C. A. meetings; we see it springing from the gospel meetings, we have its sweet notes from the choir; we see those who have reformed talking it from every corner throughout the county. In fact, it is so imbeded in the hearts of our people that it will never die out. Who brought about all of this reformation over a year ago? Two young men, unknown to fame, came here and started a temperance revival. They sought the Christian people for help, They were earnest in their work, though meeting opposition they kept the work going. Those who came in day by day and signed the pledge would not give them up, and today finds us with one of the best reading rooms and the finest club-room in the State. Those two men were

HUGHES AND WARD.

While they are still in the work of temperance, going from city to city, town to town, they are not forgotten in Lafayette or Tippecanoe county. Their names are held dear, here, to every Christian and law-loving man, woman and child. The road these two men travel are not always strewn with flowers; they meet with opposition in almost every place they start revivals. But if the Christian people will show them some assistance, and those who signed the pledge because they think it popular will not get jealous and hold back, they will stay till their work takes root and grows.

Harry Burton is busy canvassing the country around for his paper, the Temperance Herald. He reports success. He has a very tidy sheet, and we hope it will prove a success.

OUR PIC-NIC.

Our pic-nic commenced last Saturday, at the Fair grounds. All forenoon was taken up in getting ready. By noon a large number of people were on the ground. The speaking was mostly by our home talent, interspersed by singing and signing. A large meeting was held at the club house in the evening.

SUNDAY

was the gala day. The rain of the night before had cooled the air, and everything looked and felt fresh. Early in the morning indications pointed that a large outpouring of the people was evident. Excursion trains were run on all the roads leading into the city, coming from every direction. By 1 o'clock at least 12,000 people were on the ground. Everything was orderly. Everybody looked cheerful. General Sam Cary commenced speaking at 1:30, to an immense crowd. He commenced at once in a strong voice and spoke for over two hours without showing any signs of fatigue. In a short time after he commenced a second stand was erected and Judge Harrington, of Indianapolis, addressed another large crowd. A light sprinkle of rain came up, and a large crowd of people moved into the floral hall, where they were met by Jack Warburton, who sang and spoke. Three speakers were talking temperance on the same ground. Hon. W. W. Curry, Mace Long, Col. Lint. Taylor, of the old Twentieth Indiana Volunteers, Judge Higinbothom, Hughes and Ward, spoke.

By request, General Sam Cary delivered his address in reply to Colonel Bob Ingersoll's "Some of the Mistakes of Moses," in the evening, at the Opera house. As might be expected the house was crowded. Again General Cary spoke for two hours, and handled his subject in such a logical way, that it would make an infidel blush with shame.

I am sorry that I have not the space to give some of the strong points of General Cary's speech. Points that he presented so clearly and forcibly that it would make those who are in favor of saloon keepers and wine tippling shrink back into the dark valleys where the sun and stars would refuse to shine.

As usual, on all such great gatherings, a sad accident occurred, which marred the pleasure of a great many. And that was the loss of a life. About 9 o'clock, as a heavy loaded train was leaving for the grounds, and when about half way out—at the shops—the train stopped, a young man who was working at Frankfort, jumped off the train, and somewhat staggered, as a switch engine was backing down. He was knocked down and run over. He was taken to the Bramble House, where he died at 3 o'clock. Of course, a great many reports were at once set going. Some say he was under the influence of liquor, etc. What the true facts of the case were I could not find out. When he was told that he could not live but a few hours, he answered, "All right. If it is my fate to die so, I am ready."

EROGNIMOC.

LaFayette, Ind., June 16.

An Old-Timer.

My grandfather's breath was too strong for the house,
So he slept ninety years in the shed;
It was stronger by far than the old man himself—
At least that's what grandmother said.

It was got on the morn when he swallowed his first horn:
You could smell it as you passed by his side;
But it stopped short, never te smell again,
When the old man died.

Ninety years he kept swimming on
Tick, tick, tick, tick;
His breath fairly killing from
This tick, tick, tick, tick.
But it's stopped now, let us thank heaven,
And the old man's dead.

—["Em" in Inter Ocean.

Children's Temperance Day.

SUNDAY, June 29, has been fixed upon for a grand temperance rally in behalf of the children of the republic. It is earnestly desired that our woman's temperance unions everywhere shall invite the pastors of their several churches to preach a sermon for the children at their regular morning hour of service.

In the afternoon, at such time and place as will be most likely to secure the largest success, hold a children's mass meeting, to which invite all, both old and young. Have good music and suitable speaking, and make the meeting enthusiastic.

At the close of the afternoon meeting take a temperance missionary collection—a free-will offering. Give the children a chance to drop in their pennies.

We urge our unions to make this a grand field day for the children, and a time of special interest to all.

ANNIE WITTENMYER President,
MARY T. BURT, Cor. Sec. W. N. C. T. U.

Female Drunkards.

A London letter says: In the United States you seldom see a girl or woman go into a drinking bar. It is common in England. In the slums of London a great deal of the drinking is done by women. This kind of promiscuous tippling used to be pretty well confined to the lower classes. But our Gladstone, from the highest motives, no doubt—for all he does is, of course, eminently conscientious—made every drug store and grocery store, every sweet shop and fancy bakery, a barroom and drinking shop for women; so that the girls and their mothers of the upper and middle classes could go out "round the corner" like Eccles, in "Caste," and tipple as well as their poorer sisters. And they avail themselves of the privilege to an alarming extent. Mr. Gladstone's famous free-trading measure in drink has increased drunkenness among the women of England until it has to be treated by the faculty as a special disease. Every doctor will tell you that the miscellaneous drinking among women, promoted and extended by enabling women to take wine and spirits at the grocer's or confectioner's and to order it in with vinegar or sugar, is exercising an awful influence upon the British female.

That's the Howe.

Journal.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Mr. T. C. Barnes, which appears elsewhere in this paper. Mr. Barnes has handled the famous Howe sewing machine for nearly three years past, and has met with most gratifying success, selling hundreds of them, thereby making the hearts of many to rejoice. The Howe has been greatly improved within a few months past, and is now unsurpassed among sewing machines. The family of the editor of the JOURNAL is using one of these machines, and they find in it such perfection of stitch, smoothness of movement and general excellence that the editor feels no hesitancy in recommending to all who are in need of a machine that they buy the Howe.

THE SIGNAL will be furnished at the following rates, to societies and individuals getting up clubs:

One copy, one year	$ 1 00
Five copies, one year	4 25
Ten copies, one year (with extra copy)	7 00
Fifteen copies, " " "	10 50
Twenty-five copies, " " "	15 00
Fifty copies, one year, " " "	25 00

Every union in the state should take advantage of the above offer.

It will pay you to circulate temperance literature among your people.

The cash must accompany each list.

Address all communications to the editor, box 411.

Responsible agents wanted in every county in the union.

FRENCH writers note the fact that drunkenness is largely on the increase in France. Years ago a drunken man was a rare sight; now, though not so common as in America or Great Britain, the sight is not uncommon. Beer and whisky have taken the place in many localities of the light wines, though the quantity of wine consumed seems to have increased rather than diminished. The change has been marked and positive since the close of the Franco-German war.

Another excursion train over the Eel River railroad will be run next Sunday to Rome City. Fare for the trip, $1.35. This is an especially attractive road over which to ride, and those who take advantage of the cheap fare, will never regret it.

THE House of Congress has ordered the removal of some of the bath-rooms in the basement of the Capitol, in order that John Chamberlain, the Congressional saloon-keeper, may have more space for the accommodation of his bibulous patrons.

The bell punch also is foreshadowed in Shakespeare: Macbeth remarks to an attendant, "Go bid your mistress, when my drink is ready, she strike upon the bell."

DENTIST.

H. C. Cushman, Dentist, will cal at you house and do all kinds of work in the Dental Line. Send postal card to Box 145, Logansport.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

Harry Denbo sells the "Peri" Cigar. Try them once.

Harry Denbo manufactures the finest brands of Cigars in the city.

The "Peri" it the 5-cent cigar of the city. If you smoke, try it. Sold by Harry Denbo.

GEORGE LIGHTNER the old toll gate man will occupy the store formerly occupied by Sellers, on Twelfth street, with a full line of flour, feed and groceries, etc. Do not fail to give him a call.

Frank BEAMER is taking the lead in ice cream. He gives more for the same money than any other house in the city Give him a call, corner Fourth and Broadway. 6m10

Mrs. W. J. Potter, for the cheapest and best Millinery Goods and Dress Patterns.

J. D. FURGESON, two doors east of Fourth, has received a large stock of Confectionaries, a large amount of fire works, fire crackers for the coming Fourth. Don't forget boys, a good "Crack" five cent cigar. A constant supply of bread, pies and cakes on hand.

CHAS. G. CHOEN, butcher, dealer in all kinds of fresh and smoked meats, sausages, ham, steak, and everything on hand of best meats. Also lard, tallow, etc. Give him a call. Market street, east of Fourth.

T. P. SWIGART is about to remove across the street in the Musodeon building, with a large and fresh stock of confectionaries, where he will be able to supply all his friends with ice cream, and all the goodies of the season. He also removes the Murphy boy "Jimmy" Vigus with him, who by the way, is always on hand, to please everyone with a pleasant look, and does not keep them waiting long, as he is as quick as a cat Don,t you forget the place, on Market, two doors west of Fourth.

Mrs. W. J. Potter, for the cheapest and best Millinery Goods and Dre s Patterns.

C. J. CRAGIN is receiving strawberries, cherries and all kinds of fruit, daily. His stock of groceries is full, consisting of everything in the line. The bargains he offers are satisfactory to every purchaser, who are confident of getting reliable goods and patronizing a reliable dealer. Commission house on Broadway near Sixth.

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be as he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

RICHASON'S Cure for Catarrh cures chronic and Acute Catarrh, cold in the head, hay fever, headache, etc., etc. Pleasant to take. Use as snuff from three to six times a day. Manufactured and for sale by J. W. Cost, druggist, 321 Fourth street, Logansport, Ind.

Go to Jacobs and Frere's, 219 Sixth street, for a good BOOT or SHOE, Sewed or Pegged. They are good and reliable workmen and warrant their work to give satisfaction. Repairing done neatly and on the shortest notice.

I. S. DEER two doors east of Canal, on Broadway, keeps constantly the finest meats in the city. Everything arranged and kept neatly, and meats of all kinds offered at all times. Give him a call.

"Peri"

Is the name of the best Cigar in town, and is sold only by

HARRY DENBO,

On Broadway, Near Sixth St. Try it and you will buy it.

WALKER, RAUCH & Co. are constantly receiving the latest and best made boots and shoes. You would do well to call and see them before purchasing elsewhere. Three doors above the Postoffice.

At *Hick's Restaurant* can be had Warm Meals, Lunch, Cigars, Candies! Oysters, Game, etc., and everything nice. Call Broadway, near Murdock Hotel. Open day and night.

JOHN GOTTSALEIG, boot and shoe maker, and dealer. Reliable goods kept in stock at lowest prices, and repairing done neatly and promptly at lowest prices, Market St, east of Fourth.

CITY VIEWING
and
STEREOSCOPIC WORK
A Speciality.
See New Samples at the Gallery.
MILLER.

JOHN DEBOO says he can and will shoe a horse as good as any man in Logansport. The ways he says is by doing the work to the satisfaction of all who employ him.

ELI STECKEL is determined to sell goods as cheap as any other house in the city. Please give him a call and examine for yourselves. North and Sixth.

CALL at BROWN'S CANDY FACTORY and get a nice dish of **Ice Cream**, as he has fitted up his place conveniently and pleasantly. All Candies fresh and pure. Two doors from Murdock's.
3m11-521

Patterson & Tomlinson, dealers in all kinds of Garden and Field SEEDS, all fresh and good. Also Plows a nd Agricultural Implements. This old and reliable firm needs no commendation from us. Buy of them.

Mrs W. J. Potter keeps the latest styles of dress patterns at her millinery store. See wire sign across the street above the post office.

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas repaired: 171

H. BRUNER,
DEALER IN BOOTS AND SHOES.
CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.
RUBBER BOOTS REPAIRED AND WARRANTED.
REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.
No. 324 Market-st., T. P. Swigart's old stand.

CHARLES E. HALE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE,
Logansport, Indiana.
COLLECTIONS Attended to PROMPTLY.
june5d&wtf

CHARLES B. LASSELLE. ANSON WOLCOTT.
LASSELLE & WOLCOTT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
216 4th St., Logansport.
may17d&wtf

Closing Out!
Closing Out!
Must sell every bolt of our mammoth stock of
Wall Paper!
by July 1st. Look at the prices we have made on them.

Brown Blanks, per double bolt	10c
White Blanks, per double bolt	12½c
Satins, per double bolt	30 an 33⅓c
Golden Paper, per double bolt	50c

ever offered to secure goods at a nominal price.

QUEALY'S
No. 323 Fourth Street, Logansport,

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INDIANA STATE LIBRARY

H P Biddle

The Murphy Signal.

WE HOLD THE FORT OF TEMPERANCE.—WE STORM THE FORT OF RUM

Vol. II. LOGANSPORT, IND., JULY 2, 1879.—SEMI-MONTHLY. No. 14

THE PRESS.

CLIPPINGS FROM EXCHANGES —INTERESTING THOUGHTS.

"GROWTH OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT" IN EVERY STATE AND COUNTY.

A Column that will Well Repay Perusal and Consideration.

DIDN'T KILL IT.

Lincoln Bugle, Ill.

OUR streets were thronged with people Monday, and trade tolerably brisk. This shows how prohibition "jes' rooins the town."

EXPLAINED.

Delaware Signal.

THE idea of prohibitory laws is not to sober men, but it is to abolish all laws which make them drunk, and to prevent them from getting drunk.

A SENSIBLE ORDER.

G, T. Advocate.

THE most Rev. Bishop McKlosky, of this diocese, has issued an order to all the priests to permit no wine, whisky or beer at any of their picnics or celebrations this year.

THE SAME SPIRIT

Temperance Gazette.

THE pro-slavery men charged every crime on the calendar on the anti-slavery men, and the rum men are seeking to blast temperance men in the same way. But the feet of those who carried the dead body of slavery to its unhallowed grave are at the door, and rum will find its burial at the side of the black carcass of slavery.

GOOD MEETINGS.

Washingtonian, Chicago.

THE temperance experience meetings held in the chapel, during the past month, have been largely attended and full of interest. These weekly assemblages at the Home are found to be of much importance and practical benefit. The good results accomplished are matters for sincere happiness to all friends of temperance and moral reform.

BIBLE PRAYERS.

Word and Work.

SOME one estimates that all the prayers recorded in the Bible could be repeated in thirty-five minutes. Most of them are from one minute to two minutes long. The prayer of Solomon is less than ten minutes. Is there not a lesson and a warning in these facts which should be noted by Christians? Let us not imagine that we are to be heard for our much speaking.

NECESSARY.

Goodland Herald.

WE have the temperance question to take in hand politically as well as otherwise, and let our new temperance friends say with the ballot that "no license" shall rule. Don't be mediocra. Have it not temperance nor temperate, but total abstinence. And recollect that a christian life is necessary in order to keep the attitude you have struck, for if the billiard hall, card table, dance room, etc., are to receive the same attention as heretofore it is but a question of time as to when you will slip a cog and get back into the old notch.

SOME STARTLING FACTS.

Temperance Gazette.

MORE than sixty thousand men were slain last year by rum in the United States, and yet for all this wholesale murder no one has been punished.

Six hundred millions have been wasted for rum; at least a hundred thousand men have been transformed from good citizens to drunkards, and unnumbered families have been impoverished and ruined, while all our industries have felt the shock of this mighty evil.

The pertinent question for every good citizen to ask is, how long can a nation endure this terrible curse.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Living Issue.

FROM nearly all parts of the land come cheering tidings of a rapidly rising public sentiment in favor of the strict enforcement of the laws on the statute books, and the enactment of more stringent provisions for the suppression and total prohibition of the traffic in liquors. The open dram-shop is becoming more and more recognized as the deadly foe of the best interests of State and society, and without a single redeeming quality. It is more and more distinctly seen that if the home is to be protected, the saloon must be closed. Public sentiment has been steadily and surely advancing toward this object with rapid strides, and outside our great cities the nation moves foiward with persistent and determined step to final consumation.

IN ENGLAND.

Methodist.

THE temperance cause goes on in England. At the anniversary meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society, the Archbishop of Canterbury, presiding, told how he had been, the previous night in the House of Lords, engaged in considering a measure that would indirectly promote temperance, and the next night was to work on the Tippling bill, and on a following day on the Habitual Drunkard's bill, so that on almost three consecutive nights the highest house of the legislature would show that it was engaged in the same good work as this Society. Canon Ellison spoke decidedly in favor of local option, for which a resolution was passed. The English temperance reformers probably excel ours in practical skill. They are certainly making good speed.

WHY NOT?

Conn. Temp. Journal.

UP in Vermont the people are indignant because a farmer poisoned a stream of water by placing in it a dead horse and a few old potato vines on which was Paris green. Some school children drank of the water and eleven of them died. The people talk of enacting a law, prohibiting farmers from placing such things in rivers! Why will they be so fanatical! Can't they take a lesson from the way Connecticut treats men who poison their neighbors with strong drink? As a result of long experience our legislators have decided that it is not possible to prohibit men from poisoning their fellow citizens, so we simply regulate them. "We say to the dealers in poison, 'you may go on with your poisoning if you will give us one hundred dollars each year.'" They do so, and thus we derived a revenue of more than $100,000 in A. D. 1878. Why will not our Vermont friends license its poisoners? 'Tis true that the result would be death to a few hundred school children and some old folks, just as Connecticut loses a few thousand lives each year because it legalizes rum-selling, but what of that? Why should we worry about the results of alcoholic poisoning when we gain a revenue of one hundred thousand dollars by licensing the poisoners!

SHALL WE OBSERVE SUNDAY.

Daily Journal.

An important subject, and one which for a long time past has claimed the attention of all interested in the moral good of Logansport, is that relating to the observance or rather the non-observance of Sunday in this city. The observance of Sunday is one of the distinct barriers which separate people of the highest civilization from all grades beneath them, and as man violates this rule, just so does he depreciate in point of morals and culture. The fact that this law which is one of the most important in the Decalogue, which is spread upon the statutes of the State, and which is a part of the ordinances of the city, is ruthlessly trampled under foot, is not to be denied. It is a glaring fact that each Sunday the proprietors of clothing stores, tailor shops, gents furnishing establishments, beer saloons, etc., open up their establishments as regularly as Sunday comes, and thus openly are violated the laws of God and men. To such an extent does this evil prevail that the proprietor of a store on Broadway was recently heard to remark that in his business, Sunday was the best day of the week. Such a condition as this is a discredit to the city, and a reproach to the morals of the people. The ordinances of the city provide, in substance, that persons who shall ply their common avocations on Sunday, works of charity and necessity excepted, shall be considered violaters of the law, and shall be punished by fines. The ordinance here referred to is sufficiently explicit to cover the above offense, and its wholesome enforcement in a few cases would doubtless result in a partial abatement of the evil of Sabbath breaking. The example recently set by the barbers of this city in relation to this matter is one which might well be imitated by other branches of business. The attention of the officers whose business it is to see the Sunday laws enforced, as well as all others interested, is respectfully called to the above matter.

CONSISTENCY.

Blue Ribbon News.

Information comes from Washingington that a new counterfeit legal tender has made its appearance and is being extensively circulated. We believe there is a law prohibiting counterfeiting; then why has this new counterfeit been thrust upon the market? Simply because the prohibitory law is not a success, but, on the other hand, is a miserable failure. We now demand of Congress that it annul the existing Prohibitory law with regard to counterfeit money, and substitute it with a license law, so as to "regulate" the evil of counterfeiting in a "judicious (?) manner, or else send speakers over the country preaching moral suasion to the violators of the law against spurious money. Prohibition (as to counterfeiting) is a failure, and the law should be wiped from our statute books. We should see to it at once that our P. M. writes our M. C. at Washington and instruct him to use his influence to have a bill passed, doing away with the law prohibiting the manufacture and "shoving of the queer." Any prohibitory law that is a dead letter, should be rescinded and other laws made to take their place; and we esteem that congress cannot do a wiser thing than to regulate the manufacture and trade in counterfeit money by a "judicious license law" that will curtail the business and produce a revenue.

Too Fastidious, by Half.

A WRITER in the Goodland Herald, though evidently a friend of the cause, thinks "there is room for debate on the Murphy temperance question." He may be correct in this conclusion, but unless he presents better argument than in his letter, we shall still remain of the opinion that the Murphy movement is a grand and wholesome one. With all due respect to our brother, we call attention to one of his reasons for believing the question is debatable. He says:

"It associates the Christian element too closely with iniquity.

That is to say, the churches, if they engage in the Murphy work must lay aside tongs and kid gloves, and fight sin and iniquity hand to hand. If there are persons capable of defeating and destroying sin they are numbered among the Christian people. And that is all we have to say. If Christians have so little confidence in their Christianity as to believe it will not shield and protect itself, they have mistaken self-righteousness and pride for such, and should disabuse themselves. Perhaps the extreme fastidiousness of our brother will insure him a crown in the bright future, but if we are to believe true principles of charity and religion, we cannot think so. We would like to inquire of the brother how much iniquity he has destroyed by his kid-gloved doctrine? We trust he will study his own nature better, and perhaps he will then learn he is not altogether pure and good and holy. This in a kind spirit, brother.

However, he does present some admirable truths in his letter, and those we recommend to all, but it is only this "big I," and "little you," feeling that we object to, and we sincerely hope he will soon learn that to make the world better, the Christian element must overcome the iniquitous.

—Dr. H. A. Reynolds has just completed a series of engagements in the State of Michigan, where he has been laboring with great success, and gives encouraging reports from all along the line. He will visit a number of summer mass gatherings in the West this season.

THE bell-punch will be introduced into Texas after October 1.

SIGNALISTICS.

PEN AND SCISSORS—NOTEWORTHY EVENTS.

THE TEMPERANCE WORK AND INTERESTING ITEMS CONNECTED WITH IT.

—There are 5,038 licensed grog-shops in Philadelphia.

—Frances E. Willard is once again in Massachusetts.

—A grand temperance jubilee is to be held at Greenfield July 4th.

—Chicago has eight Catholic total abstinent societies in active operation.

—John B. Gough is about to return home. He has lectured 135 times in England.

—Homes for inebriates are to be opened in England under sanction of Parliament.

—The order of Good Templars number nearly 400,000; number of lodges, about 6,500.

—Colonel Hoy has recently held a series of very successful meetings in Williamsport, Pa.

—Beer may not make you fat, but an overdose will make you lean—up against something.

—The Prohibition party is organizing in twenty-one States, and others will soon join the movement.

—The Iowa State temperance meetings will be held at Clear Lake, Iowa, on July 27, 28, 29 and 30.

—The Board of Education in Chicago have voted not to lease buildings or land where liquor is sold.

—Geo. W. Bain, Esq., of Kentucky, is lecturing in California under the auspices of the Good Templars.

—The Sunday liquor laws are being enforced by leagues of citizens in various States throughout the Union.

—Connecticut will hold a four-days' State temperance camp meeting at Fenwick Grove, commencing July 22.

—An effort is being made to introduce the Temperance Lesson-Book into the public schools of Indiana.

—There are six "friendly inns" in Cleveland under charge of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

—It is estimated that one hundred illicit distilleries are now in operation in the Nashville, Tenn., revenue district.

—The New England Home for Intemperate Women in Eaton has received thirty-five inmates the last three months.

—Mrs. E. M. H. Richard, one of the most devoted laborers in the temperance work, sailed for Europe on the 12th of last month.

—The Woman's State Christian Temperance Union of Ohio have asked for women the ballot upon questions pertaining to temperance.

—The Church of England Temperance Society, of which the Archbishop of Canterbury is President, now number 108,103 members.

—A State Convention of brewers and Saloon-keepers is called to meet at DesMoines, Iowa, to organize against the temperance movement.

—The Woman's State Christian Temperance Union of Michigan has taken active measures to establish a State reform school for girls.

—What nose is more brilliant than a toper's nose? Why, vulcanos, to be sure. Pat remarks that the chief glow of each comes from the heater.

—It is stated that men who drink hold nearly all the offices in the gift of the people, and the politics of the country are the fruits of saloon conspiracies.

—The annual conference of the Congregational Churches of Michigan recommended that the churches in that State use only unfermented wine at communion.

—The Otsego County, N. Y., Agricultural Society has been sued by a man whose son was killed when intoxicated with liquor obtained from a barroom let by the society.

—In Ireland, between October 1877, and September, 1878, fifty-nine breweries consumed 3,892,323 bushels of malt. Meanwhile many of the poorer classes were suffering from famine.

—At the annual meeting of the Maryland State Temperance Alliance, held in Baltimore, recently, nearly five hundred accredited delegates were present. Resolutions were adopted in favor of total abstinence and prohibition.

—It is stated that a Harvard student recently took a young lady of high social standing to a champagne dinner at a Boston hotel, became himself grossly intoxicated and was sent home in a hack, while the young lady was left to walk home alone.

—Over six hundred Templars of Honor and Temperance marched in procession with regalia and music in Hudson, Wis., recently, and attended a mass meeting, after which a bounteous dinner was destroyed.

—A. F. Smith, Esq., editor of the Temperance Bugle, Illinois, was recently assaulted in the streets by a member of the beer fraternity. This is the usual argument used against temperance men by this class of people.

—John Scott, Esq., the veteran temperance worker at Charlottestown, Prince Edward Island, writes that the vote in King's county, which has just been taken, stood 1,076 for the Canada Temperance act to only 59 against. The whole county is "ripe for prohibition."

—The Supreme Court of the United States has affirmed the right of a legislature to pass laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors. It lays down the broad principle that "if the public safety, or the public morals, require the discontinuance of any manufacture or traffic, the hand of the legislature cannot be staid from providing for its discontinuance by any incidental inconvenience which corporations or individuals may suffer. All rights are held subject to the police power of the State."

—Temperance advocates would have a hard chance in Russia. Mr. "John Baker," a Russian citizen of Massachusetts, in the course of a lecture on "Nihilism," in Boston last week, said that in Russia it is "a crime to speak in favor of temperance, and [the fourth offense is punished by exile to Siberia." And he adds that the reason of this is that the government receives a large revenue from the sale of liquor, and it fears also that if the people stop drinking they will begin to think." Russia must be the paradise of rumsellers, and we beg to suggest to the members of that craft in the United States the expediency of early emigration to the Czar's dominions.

A Terrible Impeachment.

SOME one in the Peoria (Ill.) Democrat writes thus of intemperance. It is:

First—The combination of all the curses of the human race in one.

Second—It is the blast of death, concealed beneath a golden mantle.

Third—It is a serpent whose slimy folds encircle an entire race.

Fourth—It is a viper whose poisonous breath is not confined to particular localities, but crosses the threshold and enters the imperial, the royal, the pontifical, the ducal, the judicial palace, as readily as the humble wooden casing of the ordinary citizen, or the low mud sill of the wayside beggar.

Fifth—It is a simoon whose malaria overcomes not only an occasional straggler upon the sandy desert, but enters the most populous cities, overcoming and bearing down with a breath of venom all their inhabitants, regardless of age sex, creed or condition.

Death and devastation everywhere mark the pathway of this demonical monster in his triumphal march.

First—He paints his fever flush upon the noblest brow, and his feverish kiss parches the manliest lips.

Second—his poisoned cup paralizes the strongest limbs, and bury in eternal ruin the most gigantic intellects.

Third—Under his magic wand the voice of meaning, and of eloquence, is changed to the delirious and disgusting gibberish of the drunkard.

Fourth—Beneath his uplifted hand towering genius is wrecked, the brightest anticipations are crushed, and the fondest hopes are forever blackened in ashes.

Fifth—The most virtuous wives and the most innocent children are converted into homeless and friendless widows and orphans, and the truest, purest, and proudest hearts are broken by this unrelenting, villainous murderer.

To-day the business of the world, which is over-taxed—first, for the support of paupers; second, for the prosecution of criminals; third, to build penitentiaries for convicts who are made such by the use of strong drink—demands that the legislatures of all nations pass such legal enactments as will help to banish this torturer and destroyer from among men.

INDIANA STATE

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, JULY 2, 1879.

INTERESTING ITEMS

A FEMALE herring lays about 30,000 eggs.

QUEEN VICTORIA drinks tea out of a saucer.

THERE are 300,000 Russian exiles in Siberia.

THE slave trade in Upper Egypt has been crushed.

THEY have a new postoffice in Texas called Hash.

CANOEING is the latest pastime for English ladies.

THE milk supply of New York costs $4,000,000 a year.

ELIZABETH, N. J., has been sued for over $1,515,000.

THERE are 300 brandy distilleries in Middle Tennessee.

ROBBING stages continues to be a Texas amusement.

ARTIFICIAL ice in Florida costs about seventy cents a ton.

CHATTANOOGA has a boy orator who is only six years old.

GAMBLING is unusually active in Washington this session.

AN extensive lead mine has been discovered near Berne, Tex.

ROSEWOOD is taking the place of black walnut in furniture.

THERE is one divorce to every ten weddings in Connecticut.

OMAHA is building 750 new dwellings and business buildings.

NEGROES are said to be less liable to color-blindness than whites.

SINCE the war 200,000 negroes have joined the Methodist Church.

THE guinea hen is said to be a sovereign remedy for potato bugs.

A MAN living in Henrietta, Tex., has domesticated four buffaloes.

IN Kansas they now put their wheat crop at a possible 40,000,000 bushels.

THERE are 300,000 seamen employed on the rivers and lakes of the West.

BEANS planted between thin rows of potatoes drive away the potato bug.

EVERY State in the Union except Louisiana has a Sunday law of some kind.

THE Jewish Times computes the number of Jews over the world to be 6,503,000.

A MASSACHUSETTS man decides that when a robin becomes white the cause is disease.

ONE hundred and eighty-three cotton mills have been built in the South since the war.

A FARMER on the shores of Lake Ontaria has had nine acres washed away in twenty years.

A WRITER from California says the ground-squirrel in that State is the great pest of the farmer.

THERE is a Justice of the Peace in West Alexander, Va., who has married over 1,400 couples.

THE Key Stone sponge trade is on the increase. Seventy vessels and 350 men are engaged in it.

FARMERS along the Warrior river, Ala., have planted more cotton than any year since the war.

LONDON TRUTH thinks the Swedes are more like Englishmen than any other people in the world.

IN Paris and its suburbs there are more than 18,000 people who live by rag-picking or rag-selling.

TROY, N. Y., makes $5,250,000 worth of shirts, collars and cuffs annually, besides her laundry business.

A BOSTON woman poisoned herself and died rather than testify against a lady friend accused of arson.

A BRITISH religious newspaper, The Rock, announces that the surplice is the harbinger of spiritual death.

FIFTEEN general managers of railways in the United States have salaries of from $10,000 to $15,000 per year.

THIS country uses up 1,000,000,000 paper bags annually, and several manufacturers report increasing demands.

IT is said that Mississippi farmers are thinking of going into the corn and cattle trade and leaving cotton alone.

THE destruction of wild beasts and snakes is one of the duties undertaken by the authorities of the East Indies.

HOUSTON TEX., has got in debt $2,000,000, and the tax-payers have voted to resist taxation to pay the interest.

A GENTLEMAN in Copiah county Miss., shipped his strawberry crop to Chicago and sold it for ten thousand dollars.

THE last Austrian census shows that 183 men and 229 women in that Empire have celebrated their own centennials.

A GERMAN philosopher says one grain of wheat could be so multiplied in twelve years as to supply all the inhabitants of the earth with food during their lifetime.

AN overseer in Paris became so enraged at a laborer, that the blood vessels behind his eyes burst and he became blind.

WM. GALE, of Cardiff, has just completed at Bradford, England, the feat of walking 2,500 miles in 1,000 consecutive hours.

ON Easter Sunday the sound of an organ in public worship in Glasgow Cathedral was heard for the first time in 300 years.

THE youngest of a Connecticut family of seventeen sons and daughters recently married the seventeenth child of a neighbor.

THERE are ten ice companies in New York city. and one of them, perhaps the largest in the business, has a stock of 1,000,000 tons.

EGYPTIAN wheat is attracting attention in California, for the climate is particularly favorable to its growth. It yields enormously.

THE increased consumption of opium by the working classes in England is attributed by the London Lancet to the hard times.

HANNAH DEAL, a Swedish girl of New York, took nitrous oxide for the extraction of nineteen teeth, and laughed herself insane.

PARIS having copied the American idea of a college for women, has resolved to introduce the American steamboat on the Seine.

THE Russian Government incarcerates political prisoners a long time before trying them, and even before making charges against them.

THE orchards in Northern Pennsylvania, which is the great fruit raising region of the State, never looked more promising than now.

A MAPLE TREE in full leaf, standing in a large snow-bank, was one of the curiosities of the season at Montgomery, Vermont, the other day.

THE proposition for an international exposition in Mexico has been virtually abandoned for want of adequate means to carry on the undertaking.

JOHN DUNN is handsome and has seventeen wives. Several were presented by Kaffir chiefs who would ill have brooked rejection of their presents.

HARTFORD has just had a Grand jury whose average height was 6 feet 1⅛ inches, and average weight was 195 pounds. The tallest was 6 feet 4 inches.

THE largest bridge in Europe will be completed next year. It will cross the Volga in the government of Samara, Russia, on the Sibirian railroad. The river at the point of crossing is four miles wide.

A WOMAN at Hill, N. H., received a visit from her sister last week, it being the first time the two met for sixteen years although living within four miles of each other.

THE Knox county wheat crop averages twenty-five bushels to the acre.

EX-EMPRESS EUGENIA is said to be dying of grief for the loss of her son.

SECRETARY SHERMAN will make several speeches in Maine during the month of July.

KENTUCKY racing men dropped about $5,000 on Kentucky horses at the race at Chicago, last Wednesday.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL expects to raise $90,000 in New York city to aid in the relief of his financial embarrassments.

ACCORDING to his present traveling programme, General Grant will arrive at San Francisco on the 10th of September.

A BILL continuing the pension of Gen. James Shields to his widow and children, has been passed by the House of Congress.

A CLAUSE in the constitution of the Ohio Liquor Dealers' Association provides that any member who shall sell liquor to a minor or habitual drunkard or drunken person, shall be expelled from the Association.

IT is said that a friend of Weston won $50,000 by his victory, and, in accordance with an agreement previously made, Weston will get half of the amount. If this be true, Weston gained $80,000 by his great triumph.

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD, the preacher and novelist, is said to have contrived a public exhibition of "Pilgrim's Progress," in which he personates Christrian, and other members of his numerous family the other characters.

STOCK-RAISERS report terrible ravages among the young pigs by hog cholera, in southern Wisconsin and Jo Daviess county, Ill. A Galena dispatch says that hundreds are dying, and the disease not only spreads from drove to drove, but is always attended with fatal results. The disease has raged for some months in Grant, Iowa and Lafayette counties, Wis., Jo Daviess county, Ill., and Dubuque county, Iowa. The loss thereby is similar incalculable. Some farmers have been ruined, and others are much discouraged.

ACCORDING to the American Exporter the exports from the United States for the first ten months of the fiscal year show an increase in merchandise of over $21,000,000, compared with the corresponding period of last year. The increased exports of live cattle and hogs amount to $5,000,000; flour, $3,000,000, and wheat $30,000,000. Barley exports have decreased $2,000,000, and Indian corn $8,000,000. The exports of manufactured goods generally show an increase. The balance of trade in our favor (specie excluded) for the past ten months is $14,401,536.

IN 1878, one Collier, of Calloway county, Missouri, ran for the office of Probate Judge as a "Reformer," and was elected, having pledged himself that he would receive only half the salary provided by the law for the incumbent of that office. The Attorney General of Missouri, resisted his induction into office on the ground that he had secured his election by bribery, and the Supreme Court has sustained the objection by declaring the election of Collier null and void, and the office tho wich he was elected, vacant.

A Rare Surgical Operation.

Dr. A. W. Smyth performed recently another operation which for a second time places him in the front rank of living surgeons. In the first operation for aneurism of the subelavian artery, he stands alone; the second, a removal of a floating kidney, has been performed twice—once by a German physician, and the second time by Dr. Smyth at Hotel Dieu, less than two weeks ago.

The patient, Madame Honorette, of Galveston, for eight years has suffered from what was believed to be an abdominal tumor, which seemed movable, could readily be felt with the hand, and gave considerable pain and much uneasiness.

Three operations were performed. At the first an incision was made in the front of the abdomen, but the operators failed to discover any tumor and sewed up the incision without relieving the trouble.

Another surgeon inserted a tape into what he believed to be a tumor, keeping it in its place. This, in time, gave way, and two other surgeons in attempting to substitute a new one, broke their needle, of course failing utterly in the operation.

Mrs. Honorette came to New Orleans and visited the Charity Hospital several times. Physicians there diagnosed the case to be a floating kidney, and not, as she supposed, a tumor.

The lady exhibited not only the utmost courage, but was extremely solicitous to have another operation performed.

At length, after a good deal of persuasion, and after having informed the patient that the operation had been successfully performed but once in the world, Dr. Smyth consented to undertake it.

The lady, by previous engagement, agreed to be at Hotel Dieu on Tuesday, June 3, and reached there before Dr. Smyth and the medical gentlemen who witnessed the operation arrived. She manifested not the slightest tremor, assuming the position indicated by the surgeon. Dr. Smyth made an incision in the lumbar region, about two inches from the spinal column, took out the light kidney, found to be loose, and sewed up the wound.

It readily healed, sloughing off the silk thread on the eleventh day, and yesterday morning Mrs. Honorette walked to church. She is entirely restored to health, and walks without pain.—[New Orleans Times.

A Big Find—$20,000 in an Old Trunk.

On the 22d of last May Daniel Corker, of South Mexico, died, as it was thought, in rather poor circumstances. B. R. Cauthorn, was appointed administrator of the estate, and a few days since M. Y. Duncan and J. S. Steele, as appraisers, visited the house of Corker to appraise the property of the diseased. After going over various old notes, etc., they were about to leave when they saw an old leather trunk in the corner, which they kicked open out of curiosity than with the expectation of finding anything valuable in it. When will wonders cease? In that trunk were nearly $20,000 in old, rusty gold coin and musky bank notes. The coins and notes bear an old date, showing that Corker did not believe in banking his money, but hoarded it up. Corker, in his will, leaves $1,000 to each of his children, and the rest to his wife. He has one daughter in Texas, a Mrs, Chase. Jack Allen's wife, one of his children, is dead, but leaves a child. Corker made his money milling and farming, or rather he made his money by saving it.—[Mexico (Mo.) Ledger.

Farmer Dodge's Story.

At a meeting of the American institute farmers' club, yesterday, milk being the topic, Farmer Dodge told a story as follows:

"A Teuton made a little fortune here not long ago in the milk business, and decided to return to Germany and enjoy it in his old home. In the ship that was bearing him homeward was a mischievous monkey. The monkey prying around one day, found a heavy bag and ran up to the masthead with it. The German clasped his hands in despair at seeing the bag. It had his money, all in gold. The monkey in a leisurely way pulled out a piece and flung it down to the deck, when the ex-milkman gathered it up. Then the beast tossed a second piece into the sea. Thus alternately the pieces went, one into the ocean, and the next into the distracted man's pocket. 'Ah,' said the ex-milkman as he pocketed just half what he started with, 'it is just. One-half of that milk I have sold was milk, and the money for it comes back; the other half was water, and half goes back to water.'"

CONDIMENTS.

The postage stamp knows its place after it has been once licked.

An ancient way of rocking a man to sleep was stoning him to death.

If the planets ever have to give to each other a lift, how much will the sun rays.

A new singer hails from Castile. A soprano, we presume—a castile soaprano, as it were.

John Hannah recently died in Alabama, aged 136. That was all there was the matter with John.

To what base uses: A new variety of dog-leg tobacco bears the inscription: "This weed buy and buy."

It was a Massachusetts tramp who, when caught stealing watermelons, said he was in favor of greenbacks.

"When a man puts an innocent hen to work over a porcelain egg, is he setting that hen a good egg-sample?"

A northern tobaconist has manufactured what he calls the "Bob Ingersoll" cigar. It burns well at the end.

A Dutch Judge, on conviction of a culprit for having four wives, decided: "He hash bunishment blenty; I lifs mit one!"

The rooster that will leave his crow half crowed to gobble a worm, may not be a musical success, but we will bet on him for all that.

Mistress: Bridget, didn't you hear me call? Bridget: Yis, mum; but ye towld me the other day niver to answer you back—and I didn't.

The Utica Observer, observing rows of young men at church doors on Sunday evenings, calls them "dandy lines." Are they just for greens?

An old gentleman says his boy is the champion light weight of the country, for the gas is kept burning in the hall every night for him until 1 o'clock.

– Now the swell in guard arrayed
Goeth forth to promenade,
But wilts neath the fervor of the sunbeam's glance,
And so do his collar and his jacket and his pants.

"Yes," said a Texas lawyer who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there."

Lady (to rheumatic old woman): I am sorry you should suffer so; you should try galvanism. Old Woman: Thank you kindly, mum; be I to swaller it or rub it in?

Says a sententions writer: "They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts." Wonder if he is the party that went off accompanied with our Shakspeare?

"Johnnie, what is a noun?" "Name of a person, place or thing." "Very good, Johnnie; give an example." "Hand-organ grinder; because he's a person plays a thing."

The New Haven Register pensively remarks that when a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.

A tender-hearted woman in Monroe county, Mich., has her daughter play on the melodeon while she wrings a hen's neck. Probably it makes the hen resigned to its fate.

Two deaf mutes were married Wednesday, in Hartford. There is no earthly reason why they shouldn't slide through life as smoothly as a chunk of ice down a cellar door.

A timid Bostonian has married a lady whose weight verges closely upon 200 pounds. "My dear," said he to her, "shall I help you over the fence?" "No," said she to him, "help the fence."

Probably no man so fully realizes the hollowness of life and human ambition as the man who ladles a teaspoonful of new-laid horseradish into his mouth, under the impression that it is ice-cream.

The Burlington Hawkeye says that a man dreads the season for "canning and putting up," and has long ago found a rhyme for jam that expresses his feelings so well that he never seeks a new one.

A young man may do a great many foolish things, but he will never wear a pair of white pantaloons to a picnic but once. He will never forget the large amount of fun he didn't have on the first occasion.

An editor has one advantage over a king. When an editor goes out riding in his open barouche, drawn by four milk-white steeds, he is never shot at by a Socialist. You have probably remarked this yourself.

The peculiar characteristic of the Irish flea is that you put your finger on him and he isn't there. The peculiar characteristic of the Russian Nihilist is that you put your finger on him and you are not there.

We are never weary of reading a good epitaph, one which indicates the work of a lifetime, in a few short, crisp words. Here is one, for instance, which was inscribed on the tomb of a cannibal: "He loved his fellow man."

Mr. Talmage was warmly received by Mr. Tupper. "And do I behold those eloquent legs again?" exclaimed Mr. Tupper, with tears in his eyes. Then, turning himself around and assuming a couchant and expectant attitude, he added: "Please kick me."

When a man is standing with one foot on a truck and the other on a case on the sidewalk, and the horse suddenly starts and causes him to open like a pair of shears, the rapidity with which he can't decide what to do is one of the most insoluble phenomena of human nature.

When Benjamin Franklin was an editor he was in the habit of writing to the young ladies who sent in poetry, saying in honeyed language that owing to the crowded state of his columns, etc., but he would endeavor to circulate their productions in manuscript. And then he tied the poems to the tail of his kite for "bobs."

A legal gentleman met a brother lawyer on Court street one day last week, and the following conversation took place: "Well, Judge, how is business?" "Dull, dull; I am living on faith and hope." "Very good; but I have got past you, for I am living on charity."

A striking window ornament is made as follows: Take one woman weighing about two hundred pounds, with a neck like a stove pipe and hair uncombe , and let her throw up the sash, look up and down, and call out: Reuben, you come in here or I'll take your hide off!"

A lady not accustomed to raising poultry set a hen on some eggs, and in due course of time a brood of chickens were hatched. A friend coming in four days afteward, noticed that the little things looked weak and puny, asked how often they were fed. "Fed!" was the reply, "why, I thought the hen nursed them."

A Rhode Island Sunday-school Superintendent, last Sabbath, in a touching missionary address, told the children that away out West, far, far in Illinois and Iowa and Nebraska, there were people who had never been to a clam-bake. And when the contribution box went around after that the nickels rained into it until it weighed a ton.

Conjugal felicity, says the Albany Argus, depends largely upon mutual confidence. "I make it a rule," said a wiseacre to his friend, "to tell my wife everything that happens. In that way we manage to avoid any misunderstanding." Not to be outdone in generosity, the friend replied: "Well, sir, you are not as open and frank as I am, for I tell my wife a great many things that never happen."

Many years ago in the city of Cohoes, a German one day sat down to dinner, and found no bread on the table. Calling his son, he said: "Hans, go you queck by dot grocery und fetch me some pred," "Vat kind of pred do you vant, fader!" asked the boy. The man, who was hungry, exclaimed: "Vy any pred; it makes me not any difference." So the boy got a long, peculiar looking twisted loaf, which has ever since been known as Vienna bread.

A Flirt at the Theater.

She sat in the front row of the parquet circle the other night, and when she wasn't flirting with the gentlemen whose faces she cauld see, she was discussing the people on the stage. She was a beautiful blond, with dark brown eyes, and her face attracted much attention. A fair, white skin, rosy dimpled cheeks, lips like the cherries that grow nearest the sun, in the top of the tree, pearly teeth, the regular rows of which showed themselves whenever she chose to let her musical laugh be heard (which was often); and a pretty shaped head, crowned with a wealth of golden hair and the cunningest of hats. She talked aloud, and even made up faces at the gentlemen who stared at her. Ordinarily, such a character, even though a female beauty, would have been unpleasant at the theater, but somehow, everybody seemed pleased with the lady. If T. G.'s glass did not deceive him, she was about four years old. The only portion of the play she seemed to understand and appreciate was a love-making scene. When the laughter that followed the exit of the lovers in the play had subsided, the little one turned to a young lady and said in a perfectly audible voice. "Della, 'at's des 'e way cousin George tissed oo 'e uver day." The star was much disconcerted to hear a roar of laughter from a portion of the audience just as she made her tragic entrance on the next scene; but her tribulation was insignificant by comparison with that of a certain couple, who will henceforth leave the "little flirt" at home when they go to the play.—[Detroit Free Press.

An Africanized Irishman.

McCarthy, the recently captured chief of the Umzuzi tribe, a tributary of the great Gwazi people, was a draper's clerk in Limerick in the year of the Fenian rising. He had a relative, a constable of police, who warned him that his name was on the Castle books, and that if he wanted to preserve his liberty he had better leave the country. McCarthy fled to the South African diamond fields, where he prospered, making two profitable investments in London. He also contributed some readable sketches to the London Globe. Somehow or other he picked up with the natives, and being of a bold, adventurous disposition, and already reduced to a half savage state by his occupation, he ended by joining the Umzuzis. When the chief of that tribe died, McCarthy was elected to the position, which he secured by killing, in single combat, half a dozen pretenders. He made an effort to introduce christianity, but failed. He has a white wife, daughter of a rich Boer, who eloped with him some time ago. The lady's father would be glad to receive his son-in-law, but the Irish kaffir refused to desert his adopted people. It is feared it will go hard with him on court martial for McCarthy, as a combination of Fenian and Zulu, can hardly enlist the friendly admiration of his captors.

An Infantile View.

Harper's Magazine for July.

This is the view taken of it by an infant of St. Josepn, Missouri:

Little Freddie was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the manœuvre.

"Why, Freddie," said his mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed."

"Yes," replied the youthful party, "but your hair ain't hitched to your head."

Emerson: "Conversation is an art in which a man has all mankind for competitors."

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

How He Treats Native Christians in His Own Country.

Another outrage, more serious than any we have yet recorded in these pages, has been perpetrated on the native christians and preachers of the English Church Mission in the town of Yik-kau. On the 2d day of the present Chinese moon (24th ultimo) the native preachers and several of the christian residents of the district were induced by the Mandarins to present themselves at the town of Yik-kau for the purpose apparently of holding a friendly consultation with the Mandarins and literati, in order to make some arrangement with reference to the outrage on the Mission Chapel, which we noticed in a recent issue. The literati at once demanded a written engagement from the christians that they would at the expiry of the present year abandon their chapel at Yik-kau and their right to exercise their religion in that town and its neighborhood. This, of course, the christians refused to agree to do, but at the same time they expressed their willingness to sign an agreement to the effect that if they were found guilty of doing anything wrong or disgraceful they might at once be expelled from the town. They asked for nothing beyond the restoration to them of their chapel and their right to be tolerated as christians.

The Mandarins appear to have approved of these proposals, and to have applauded the christians for their conciliatory bearing and conduct. But the gentry and literati would have nothing less than their expulsion from the place. The meeting then broke up, and the christians retired to a lodging house in the town. Very shortly afterward the Mandarins' alarm-gong was sounded, the hundreds of people rushed, at the signal, to the lodging house where the christians had retired for the night, dragged four of them into the street, beat them most barbarously with all manner of weapons and inflicted severe wounds on the unfortunate men, leaving them, as was supposed, dead. Two of these poor men were then thrown like dogs into the river, but managed to scramble to the other bank, and crept away till they were found by the Yamen runners, who placed them in a sedan chair and sent them to the nearest mission station in the district. The other two men were taken as dead, and the brutal literati, aided by their hired followers, set fire to their clothing and queues. These two sufferers were ultimately rescued, and also sent in a chair to the nearest mission station. From the station they were sent on by boats to this port, where they arrived on the 20th of March, and were placed in the Mission Hospital, under the care of Dr. Taylor.

The unfortunate men were, we are informed, unable to walk or stand when they arrived in Foochow, and one of them is delirious and is still in a very precarious condition. The outrage on the chapel at Yik-kau some few weeks ago was brought by the English Missionaries to the notice of H. B. M.'s Consul, who, we learn, agreed to represent the case to the Chinese authorities. As usual, the native officials promised to examine into the matter. Instead, however, of punishing the offenders, they wrote complainingly to H. B. M.'s Consul that the matter was greatly exaggerated and made the usual excuses, but meanwhile did nothing. H. B. M.'s Consul appears to have taken the same view of the case as the Chinese authorities, and, we hear, has censured the missionaries for having reported (as the Mandarins are pleased to term it) such an insignificant affair!—[Fooshow Herald.

A Real Desperado.

As Canton Vaud, albeit neither Catholic nor Conservative has given a large majority in favor of the revision of article 65 of the Federal constitution forbidding capital punishment throughout the Confederation, it may, perhaps, be inferred therefrom that the electors are convinced, from their experience of the last five years, that the abolition of the death penalty was a mistake, for nowhere has serious crime been more rife than in Vaud, and the cantonal authorities are just now complaining bitterly of the trouble and expense they are being put to in respect of a prisoner of homicidal propensities of whom they are the involuntary custodians. The name of the prisoner is Christian Wyss, and he appears to have been an evil-doer from his youth upward. Though still under 40, he began his career of crime more than twenty years ago, being sentenced in 1858 to a term of imprisonment for a robbery committed at Vevy. In 1863 he was condemned to eight years' solitary confinement for robbery with violence, and a murderous attack on the gendarme by whom he was arrested. During this imprisonment he made a ferocious onslaught on a turnkey with a chisel, of which he had surreptitiously possessed himself, and nearly killed the man. No sooner was Wyss released from prison than he resumed his evil course. Two years thereafter he was brought before a criminal court at Payerne on a charge of breaking into the house of the pastor of Ressudens, whom he half strangled and left for dead; and though he recovered for a time, he did actually die not long afterward of the injuries inflicted on him by his ssailant. For this offense Wyss was sentenced, in 1873, to thirteen years' solitary confinement. Before the year was out he attacked another turnkey, this time with a knife, and though the poor man was hurt to death, he survived his wounds a few weeks, a circumstance which, indicating as it did a possibility of ultimate recovery, induced the magistrate by whom the murderer was tried to take an indulgent view of the case and add only two years to his sentence. After this event, and seeing that Wyss who is not only a creature of ferocious temper, but of great strength and almost herculanean proportions, continued to threaten his jailers and made several attempts to escape, the authorities resolved to provide him with a prison of his own. A separate cell of solid masonry was, therefore, built for him. Light was admitted by a single heavily-barred window, and the door was of such strength as seemingly to defy the prisoner's utmost efforts to break out. In this door was arranged a small wicket, through which Wyss was fed like a wild beast, for no one ever entered his cell. where he remained day and night heavily ironed. But one day last week when a guardian of the prison was conveying to Wyss his matutinal supply of food he perceived that the door had been tampered with. An alarm was forthwith given, and investigation made. It seemed that the prisoner had managed, nobody could tell how, to break a piece of iron from one of the bars of his window. This, by dint of hard work—using the floor of his cell as a whetstone—he had ingeniously shaped into a sort of chisel, with which he had forced back one of the bolts of his door, and would, doubtless, had he not been found out in time, have forced them all and regained his freedom. It required almost a regiment of gendarmes to secure Wyss and carry him to another cell, there to be kept chained to the floor until his own den should be once more ready to receive and, as his custodians hope, to retain him. If, before this time be out, Wyss should commit any more murders, it is very likely, in the present temper of the Voudois people, that he will be hanged. The case of this malefactor has been their strongest argument in favor of the restoration of capital punishment, for in the absence of power to inflict the death penalty, a prisoner sentenced to a long term of imprisonment may commit murder with impunity. On the other hand, there can be no question that deprivation of life is really a more merciful doom than such a punishment as that which Wyss is now enduring in his solitary cell at the Voudois Penitentiary.

Wise Rats.

It appears that although the Kelly farm at Garbuttsville is nearly all that could be expected of a farm—it has one drawback—the grounds are infested by rats to an extent almost as unbearable as Haemlin before the Pied piper paid it a visit. Mr. Kelly is not the man to sit quietly down and allow rats to walk away with his substance without remonstrance, and he set to work devising means to banish the superfluous rodents. Various banes were tried with good and bad results, and although scores of rats were poisoned, scores remained to plague the proprietor. After exhausting considerable patience and expending quite a sum of money in the purchase of poison for the rats, Mr. Kelly began to regard the matter as serious and consulted with his neighbors as to what they knew about that branch of farming relating to weeding out rats. A hundred plans were given him in a week, each of which was guaranteed as infallible. Most of them depended for success on inducing the vermin to eat something that would result in their dissolution. Mr. Kelly had tried in that direction so long and fruitlessly that he had little confidence in the prescriptions and determined to test a plan based on another theory. One old and sage granger told him to set a fish hook on an elevation in such a way that a rat in jumping at the bait on the hook would catch on it and remain hanging. His squalling in this position would intimidate all the rats in the neighborhood and they would decamp. This plan was tried, but although finely pointed fish hooks were set never a rat impaled himself, but stole the bait and wagged his tail in derision at the hook. When Mr. Kelly saw that he was defied he swore that the rats should die and he himself suffer no more from them. He had in reserve a plan that would finish them without mercy. True, it had a feature of cruelty about it, but what of that; had they not forfeited all right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness by their insolent demeanor and persistency in wrong doing? This receipt came from an old soldier. He should catch a rat in good condition, put him in a trap, visible to all his fellow ratst and allow him to starve to death. I was promised that toward the end o his days he would squeak dreadfully and scare all the rats out of the barn, after which, on the fourth day, he would expire himself. A rat was caught and placed in a box trap in the barn. No food was placed near him, and he was watched to observe his decrease. He was comfortable after the first day and no worse off the second. On the third day of his confinement he assumed to be about as happy as a rat could be and was as sleek and active as ever. On the fourth day, when it was expected that the bones of the prisoner would protrude from the skin and all the other rats would have fled, Mr. Kelly's hired man visited the barn and saw the trapped rat partaking of a generous meal from scraps of meat stolen from the house dog's dish by the kindred of the imprisoned rat. Mr. Kelly is still looking for rat-bane.—[Rochester (N. Y.) Union.

Falling Families.

The changes in society are indicated by the occasional appearance of names in the police reports or in other disreputable connections. Here, for instance, was the Aspinwall divorce case, which recalled a name once noted among the aristocracy of the drug trade. This class of men made money rapidly and the Aspinwalls were among the leading names. Here too, is Carson Brevoort, who, when called to pay a debt pleads usury. Were there any basis for such a defense, it would still be contemptible for any one who claimed true manhood to offer, but in this case it is merely a sham, and only reveals meanness of character. Brevoort evidently has peculiar notions about paying debts. Not long since, a man who had lent him money called to collect the loan, and was so roughly handled that he had Brevoort arrested for assault and battery. On the present occasion the defense is usury. How strange this seems in the son of Henry Brevoort, who once led the fashion of New York! This is the way, however, in which the great families decline, until they "die out." I well remember the time when Henry Brevoort gave a grand fancy ball, one of whose guests was Washington Irving. It was the first entertainment of the kind which ever had been given in the city, and attracted a rare degree of attention. I was at that time a mere lad, in the service of a young merchant, whose wife then referred to the glory of the Brevoorts in glowing terms, to which the former coolly replied, "Pshaw! do you think that we ever can go into this society?" Well, the best illustration of the changing nature of social life is found in the fact that while the Brevoorts have sank out of notice, the above named merchant has for twenty years been prominent in the Fifth Avenue. He still occupies an eminent social position, being distinguished for wealth and social position. In this manner the old and effete aristocracy is displaced by the vigor and enterprise of the new element which is continually attracted to the metropolis.

At the time the Brevoort fancy ball thrilled the highest walk of society, Wm. H. Vanderbilt was on a farm on Staten island. His father then owned the ferry to New York, but also had a tract of land where he could raise his own vegetables and perhaps have some for the market. Contrast this humble condition of the family with William's present princely state. Look at the reception tendered him on his return from England by the railway officials who filled a steamboat and made the cabin ring with huzzas. This man can not go to Europe without being escorted to sea by a steamer laden with his retainers, who receive him on his return with equal honors. When he travels, a palace car such as no European prince has ever beheld, is at his service, and his grandeur has reached a degree which the former railway magnates never dreamed.—[New York Letter to Cincinnati Gazette.

How the Indians Make Their Arrow Heads.

A young man in the Smithsonian Institute (writes the Washington correspondent of the Cleveland Leader) had just made public the discovery of the method employing in making the stone and volcanic glass arrow heads, daggers, knives, axes and razors, of the pre-historic races. Up to this time this has been a great problem to all antiquarian student, but no theory has ever been advanced showing so practical results as Cushing's. He started to solve the difficulty by putting himself in the identical position of the Aztecs or Mound Builders—without anything to work with except sticks, various shaped stones such as he could find on the banks of any stream, and his hands. After making some rude implements by chipping one flint with another, he discovered that no amount of chipping would produce surfaces like the best of those which he was trying to imitate. He therefore came to the conclusion that there was another way of doing it, and, by chance, tried pressure with the point of a stick, instead of chipping by blows of a stone; then presto, he found that he could break stone, flint and obsidian in any shape he chose. Soon he had made spear-heads, and daggers that would cut like a razor and as good as any he had before him, which had been picked up from all over the world By a little more observation, he found that the "flaking," which he calls his process, on the old arrow-head left grooves that all turned one way. He produced a like result by turning his stick the easiest way from right to left. He therefore concludes that the prehistorics were right-handed people like ourselves. This conclusion is reinforced by the fact that occasionally an arrow-head is found that has flakes running from left to right, showing a left-handed person. The importance of the discovery is, it shows that the early races were able to do this work without the use of iron or bronze—a thing long doubted.

The Greatest Walk on Record.

Brother Bell, of the colored Bethel congregation, a few nights since, at a prayer meeting, took occasion, in the course of an exhortation upon the duties of life, to fire a passing shot at the walking mania, now so prevalent, and developed some facts in relation to pedestrian feats that seem hitherto to have escaped notice. He said:

"My beloved bredren and sisters, dar is one thing I'm bound to say to you befo' I closesde exercizes dis nite, and dat is, don't you take no stock in dis here walkin' bisnis. Let dem white tramps, men and wimin alone; don't you spen' your money or your preshus time runnin' round arter them; and for de Lord's sake, an' your own, don't you try to make fools ob yourselfs by tryin' to do likewise. You men will fine plenty ob exercise in attendin' to your work, and de wimin enuf to do ober your washtubs and nussin' your babies, instead of trampin' roun' an' roun' de sawdust day on and day off, jiss to please a passel ob fools, an' ruin your own hef. Besides, my b'loved frens, all de braggin' dat dey duz about dere 'long walks,' 'long times,' and what dey call 'fizzikle ondoorinse,' ain't wuth shucks, wen you comes to compar' dem wid one pufformance dat took place thousands of years ago; an' de reason dey don't mention it is bekase none ob dese 'sportin' ' folks eber reads dere Bibles. Well, I'll tell you what it wuz—an' it's de greatest 'sportin' match,' as dey calls it, dat eber cum off on de face ob dis yearf. None ob your 'hipple-drum' bisniss heah! No, sah! Fair heel-an'-toe walkin'—judges appineted, track measured, time kep,' (accordin' to da skripturs,) an' a ree-kord made—yes, an' a ree-kord dat can't be denied, 'cause here it is—yes, here it is, in dis preshun book! Now, jiss turn ober your Bibles, my frens, an' look at the fift chapter ob Genesis, twenty-second vuss, an' what do you fine? Why, you fine dat Enoch—walked—wid—God! after he begeatted Meefoosalay)—three hundred year!' Three—hundred—years!! Dar wus a walk for you! Jiss shut yo' eyes, an' flect on it! Three—hundred—years!!! Besides de ree-kord says dat when de ole man made dat match, an' had dat chile, (who kep' on livin-until he was nine hundred an' sixty' nine years ole—monsus good stuff in dat family;)—I say, when de ole man made dat match, an' had dis chile, he was sixty-five years ob age, an' den walked three—hundred—years! Talk 'bout yo' 'fizzikle ondoorinse' after dat! Talk 'bout yo' 'pluck' and yo' "grit' after dat! Why de ole man has done laid out all ob dese nowadays blowers flat as a dead shad! So much for dis 'strordinary pufformance.' But dat ain't all ob it. Der's mo' yet. If you'll jiss look at the twenty-fourth vuss ob de same chapter you will fine, my b'loved frens, what a orful warnin' is in dat vuss to po' foolish creeturs who has de conceit to make sich on-ekal matches. Did any good come on ole man Enoch's walk? Did he make eny ting outen it? No my bredren and sisters. No! No! He loss by it—loss eberything by it—neber 'peard in de ring agin—in fack, he 'went up.' Jiss read the vuss: 'An'—Enoch—walked—wid—God—an'—he—was—not,' (dat is, he warn't nowhar,) 'for God tuck him.' 'God tuck!' To be shuah he took him! He was bound to be tuck! He helt out a long time, de old man did; he wuz game to de last; he was doin' his level best, but Ole Master' was too long in de stride, an' too sound in de wind for him, an' tuck him on de last roun'. Yes, my b'loved frens, an he'll take any body dat tries dat g'ame on him, an' histe him 'highern a kite,' jist as he did Ole Boss Enoch. So take warnin' by this orful lesson; let all dis kind of foolishness alone, an' tend to yo' proper callin's, like good Christhuns. An, now let us pray!"—[Sunday Herald.

The Strawberry.

The following palate-thrilling encomium of the strawberry is from essays by John Burroughs: "Locusts and Wild Honey"—"On the threshold of Summer, Nature proffers us this, her vergin fruit; more rich and sumptuous are to follow, but the wild delicacy and fillip of the strawberry are never repeated—that keen feathered edge greets the tongue in nothing else. Let me not be afraid of overpraising it, but probe and probe for words to hint its surprising virtues. We may well celebrate it with festivals and music. It has that indiscribable quality of all first things—the shy, uncoying, provoking barbed sweetness. It is eager and sanguine as youth. It was born of the copious dews, the fragrant nights, the tender skies, the plentiful rains of the early season. The singing of birds is in it, and the health and frolic of lusty Nature. It is the product of liquid May, touched by the June sun. It has the tartness, the briskness, the unruliness of Spring, and the aroma and intensity of Summer. Oh, the strawberry days! how vividly they come back to one! The smell of clover in the fields, of blooming rye on the hills, of the wild grapes beside the woods, and of the sweet honeysuckle and spiræa about the house. The first hot, moist days. The daisies and buttercups, the songs of the birds, their first rockless jollity and love-making over; the full, tender foliage of the trees, the bees swarming, and the air strung with resonant musical chords. The time of the sweetest and most succulent grass, when the cows come home with aching udders. Indeed, the strawberry belongs to the juiciest time of the year."

Rebuking a Juryman.

I once heard this anecdote about Judge Parsons, said the Rev. James Freeman Clark, the great Massachusetts advocate and lawyer. It is said that being about ready to try a mercantile case, he ordered a jury to be summoned and among the names that of Mr. Thomas H. Perkins, the leading merchant of Boston, and a personal friend of Judge Parsons. When the officer made his return he laid down a $50 bill before the judge.

"What is that for?" said Parsons.

"Mr. Perkins says he is very busy today and prefers to pay his fine."

"Take that back to Mr. Perkins," said the judge, and tell him to come at once; and if he refuses, bring him by force."

When Mr. Perkins appeared, the judge looked sternly at him, and said: "What do you mean, sir, by sending money when you are summoned to sit on the jury?"

Mr. Perkins replied, "I meant no disrespect to the court, your honor, but was extremely busy fitting out a ship for the East Indies, and I thought if I paid my fine I might be excused."

"Fitting out a ship for the East Indies, sir?" shouted the judge: "and how happens it you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies?"

"Your honor, I do not understand you."

"I repeat, then, my question, how is it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies? If you do not know I will tell you. It is because the laws of your country are properly administered. If they were not you would have no ships. Take your seat, sir, with the jury."

The original Southdowns were the purest blood of any English sheep. Their improvement was accomplished by judicious selection from various flocks. Great symmetry of form has been attained, large size and fattening qualities. By reason of their purity, they have stamped their fattening qualities more certainly upon their offspring than any other English breed. Lord Walsingham's flock is the most celebrated.

THE fine wheat crops of Texas has been harvested, and secured in excellent condition.

AGRICULTURAL.

The old queen always goes with the swarm.

Nearly 1,000,000 more hogs were packed in the West this season than last, and the general exhibit is considered encouraging to the trade.

A little dry sand covered over potatoes when they are first put in the cellar will destroy any unpleasant odor they may have. A sprinkling of dry, air-slacked lime will multiply a tendency to rot.

A Colorado farmer says that planting one or two flax seeds in each hill of potatoes will keep away the much-dreaded potato bugs. Hope some of our farmers will try the experiment and give us the result for publication.

A sprinkling of lime, plaster or sulphur over the leaves of the strawberry at the first appearance of the blight is suggested as a remedy for this disease, which has made such a sad work with the foliage of this delicious berry.

Hens do much better when allowed a free range outdoors then when confined. In France it has been found that with fouls allowed considerable freedom twenty per cent only of their eggs fail to hatch; with less freedom forty per cent, and in close confinement fifty per cent were not hatched.

Many a fine horse is ruined by driving him too fast immediately after a hearty meal. If the journey must be resumed with out delay, the horse should be driven very slowly for a half hour or more, when the speed may be safely increased. A good horse is too vauable an animal to ruin by injudicious haste.

Collect some soot from a chimney or stove where wood is used as fuel, put into an old pitcher and pour hot water upon it. When cool use it to water your plants ever few days. The effect upon plants is wonderful in producing a rapid growth of thrifty shoots, with large thick leaves and a great number of richly-tinted roses.

Corn cobs dipped into molasses and suspended from limbs in the plum trees has saved many a crop of plums for a Moreland farmer. He has done this for many years with success. The curculio will lay his brood into the sweetened corn cob instead of the plums. From six to twelve prepared corn cobs are sufficient for an ordinary-sized tree.

A most valuable remedy for the heaves and said to be a sure cure: Forty sumac buds, one pound of resin, one pint of ginger, half a pound of mustard, one pint of unslacked lime, one pound epsom salts, four ounces of gum guiacum, six ounces of cream tarter. Mix thoroughly and divide into thirty powders, and give one every morning in their feed before watering.

A new wheat pest has made its appearance in some parts of North Carolina and is fast destroying the crops. It is a weed that has sprung up simultaneously with the wheat and grows to about the same height. Nothing of the kind has ever been seen before, and the people call it Dutch cockle. It has a white bloom on the top and bears numerous pods, each of which contains four seeds.

A farmer in this State will not allow partridges to be killed on his place. He states that recent investigations made by him prove conclusively that they are the best protection the wheat crop could have. In the craw of one he found over 100 bugs of the most destructive kind to the wheat crop. His crop is excellent, while those of his neighbors have been ruined by bugs.

A farmer says: "Four years ago my farm was fearfully infested with rats. They were so numerous that I had great fears of my whole crop being destroyed by them after it was housed; but having two acres of wild peppermint that grew in a field of wheat, cut and bound with the wheat, drove the rats from my premises. I have not been troubled with them since, while my neighbors have any quantity of them. I felt convinced that any person who is troubled with these pests could easily get rid of them by gathering a good supply of mint and placing it around the walls or base of their barns."

If, after wool has grown in considerable length, sheep or lambs become annoyed with lice or ticks, wash them in a strong decoction of tobacco. Another way is to take a pair of bellows and exhale tobocco smoke with considerable force among the ticks. This will prove instant death to them.

A correspondent of Forest and Stream says: "A very successful plan has been tried by placing in Mr. Crow's way a number of grains with a horse hair run through them. He is bound to swallow one, and his note of alarm is soon sounded. It is impossible for him to dislodge the grain, and if he can be watched a sufficient length of time he will be seen to cut his own throat in scratching at it. His usual note is changed, and I can assure you that life to him is such a misery he could 'even wish that he were dead.' It has been noticed that after the note of alarm had been sounded all the crows in the vicinity will leave that field and approach it no more that season. It is a simple thing, yet all who try it will find it a success."

The Lewistown Gazette says every paper in the United States ought occasionally to keep the fact before its readers that burnt corn is a certain and speedy cure for hog cholera. The best way is to make a pile of corn on the cobs, effectually scorch it, and give the affected hogs free access to it. This remedy was discovered by accident by E. E. Locke, Esq., at the time his distillery was burned in this county, together with a large lot of stored corn, which was so much injured as to be unfit for use, was hauled out and greedily eaten by the hogs, several of which were dying daily. After the second day not a single hog was lost, and the disease entirely disappeared. The remedy has been tried since in a number of cases and has never failed.

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All letters and communications should be addressed to "THE SIGNAL, Box 411, Logansport, Indiana.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

TO AGENTS.—We desire to hear from you frequently, by card or letter. If you are doing well, we shall be pleased, and if not we can assist in ascertaining the cause of failure. If you need extra copies say so and they will be sent cheerfully and without extra cost to you. Special terms to you sent on application.

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X ALL persons receiving THE SIGNAL marked with "X," near address, with pen or pencil, are earnestly requested to renew their subscription, which has expired.

THE ball rolls.

THE work prospers.

REPORT your meetin gs.

LET the galled jade wince.

THE glori(bic)ous Fourth.

READ our advertisements.

No surrender—no compromise.

BLUE RIBBONISM is alive at Davenport, Iowa.

SEND to us for terms to agents and go to work.

THANKS to Goodland Register for favorable notice.

VIRGINIA reports Fairfax county for anti-license.

WILL there be another 4th of July dru—celebration.

EX-SEC. H. J. KLINE, Attica, called on us yesterday.

THE Delaware Signal is a new and excellent exchange.

AL. HAWKEY is visiting relatives and friends in Ohio.

THE Father Mathew society holds a a picnic on the 4th.

MANY new subscribers last week, for which we are thankful.

ANOTHER dish of—ice cream, please. 'Tis the fourth, you know.

BROS. DRAKE, Rohrer, and others were in the city last week.

ATLANTA, GA., has opened a temperance free reading room.

OUR reports indicate a revival in determined temperance work.

OUR Walton readers say THE SIGNAL gets better every week.

SEND us three new subscribers and get this paper for one year free.

CALIFORNIA Prohibitionists hold a State Convention on July 10th.

BETHEL and the brick school house unions have united, and hold meetings at Shady Nook.

THE Band of Hope picnicked last Thursday, and had an exceptionally good time.

WESTON is a total abstainer from intoxicating drinks, and attributes his power of endurance to that fact.

WITH pleasure the Weekly Record, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, is placed upon THE SIGNAL exchange list.

HON. I. N. DAVIS is actively engaged in working up the great Jubilee at LaPorte, commencing on the 15th.

THE Goodland Saturday Herald comes to hand this week laden with good things. We will X with pleasure.

MAINE produced seven barrels of beer last year, as reported to the Brewers' Congress. Oh, yes, prohibition's a failure!

THE Chief of Police of LaFayette has strict orders from Mayor Kimmel, to close up all saloons that are running without license.

IT is not likely the beer bloats will claim that prohibition is a faiiure, since Maine only brewed seven barrels of beer in the last last year.

LET those who wish to "show their patriotic patriotism" on the fourth find a more "conspicuously conspicuous" place than the gun club rooms. Its surroundings are obscured.

ALL persons who find a cross (X) on the front margin of this number of THE SIGNAL are reminded that their subscription remains UNPAID. They will oblige us by remitting at once.

THE London (England) Lancet says opium eating has increased considerably in the last two years among the working classes, induced by the restriction on the sale of intoxicating liquors.

ONE provision of the new Michigan State Liquor law declares State offices vacant in all cases where the incumbents are convicted of drunkenness, and provides for the filling of such vacancies.

A RIOT occurred in Chicago, Sunday a week, the result of a picnic and the hoggish swilling of innocent beer. Several persons were seriously wounded in the affray. We suppose the performance was licensed!

WE are indebted to Rev. A. W. Hawkins for a copy of the Temperance Bugle, an excellent temperance paper published at Lincoln, Ill. It is truly a good paper, and crowded with convincing facts. Please X.

REV. T. H. MCKEE will respond to all calls to lecture when expenses are paid or guaranteed, which is only reasonble. He is one of the finest speakers in the country, without exception. Those who hear him will be pleased.

BRO. E. B. WARREN, the originator of the Murphy movement here, now reporter for the Western Biographical Publishing Co., Cincinnati, is in the city, greeting many friends, and transacting business. Welcome back, Ed.

The President has pardoned the "first batch of whisky thieves," which is commend by the Inter-Ocean, because it will save expense. Then with the same propriety, let all criminals be pardoned, and no penitentiaries and jails will be needed. Bah.

A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY at Onego, New York, sent one hundred miles for an erring brother of theirs who had been on a spree. They brought him home and had him renew his obligation to the temperance cause. That is an earnest, resolute temperance society.

HON. HENRY W. BLAIR, the new Senator from New Hampshire, is a prominent temperance advocate and prohibitionist, and the workers of the State, are congratulating themselves upon his election. It will not hurt Congress to have a few more total abstainers, and consequently sober members.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, in a letter to the National Prohibitionist, says: "There certainly is not one-tenth part of the drinking in Maine that there was before the law was enacted, and probably not one-twentieth as much. It would be safe to say that not one man in five hundred in Maine can get at liquor. If this is not success, let any man show a greater success in the execution of any law in Christendom."

THE temperance people of Wisconsin are make strenuous efforts to rid the State of its curse. The Temples of Honor are in the advance with thousands of brave and determined members, leading the way for Good Templars, Father Mathew and other societies, including the very aggressive and powerful attitude of the prohibitionists. Every portion of the State is being canvassed. It is encouraging to know of such a united feeling, and unswerving purpose, backed by influence and wealth.

Intemperate Temperance People.

IN Indianapolis recently, a lecture was given on "Intemperance of Temperance people," a subject intending to convey the idea that some acts of temperance advocates are inconsistant. We want to be honest in this matter and are not unwilling to confess these are indiscret and intemperance acts committed, that will bear remedying, and consequently admit that the subject can be applied with good effect to almost every community. Temperance people no doubt intend to be honest in their work, but at times indiscreetness beguiles judgment and fallacies of no little momenta are the result. To guard against such, it is necessary sometimes to prove and thoroughly investigate our own actions that they may be beyond a matter of question. Temperance should not be accepted for its face value. If it contains nothing more than assertions it surely can never take a strong hold of the sentiment of the masses. Let each inquirer delve down to its heart for knowledge, and let its advocate be such as will make the heart pure as well as its surface. A lecture of this kind once in a while will produce good results. We do not desire it from enemies but from those who are directly interested in the advancement of the cause, to discuss the subject and show up in plain, impartial words, mistakes that are likely to occur and be over-looked.

Yes.

"WONDER if some saloon keeper is not responsible for that crazy alderman having no better sense?"—[Murder Advocate.

We suppose so. Drank too much "forty rod" likely. That usually reduces sensibleness. You appear to have "indulged" considerably.

OUR BOY.

"HE GETS TO BE TOO SMART FOR HIS OWN GOOD—THE BRAT."

Illustrative of the Request of Our People for Information, and the Result.

SEMI-TRAGEDY.

Charles Henry, inquiringly:

WILL the Mayor issue a proclamation requesting business houses to close on the 4th?

Old Man, patronizingly:

Yes, my son; more than likely.

Charles Henry:

And will he request the saloons to close, also?

Old Man, suspiciously:

Probably not. But you are too inquisitive.

Charles Henry:

Why are they not to close?

Old Man, encouragingly:

Well, they have more power than any government of municipal authority. The Mayor has no jurisdiction over saloons, and consequently has no right to dictate to them. They pay $25 a year. Cut down from $50 per year, a saving of $1,350.00 to the s.-k's.

Charles Henry:

Why was this reductiou made?

Old Man, explanitorily:

That "hundreds of dollars could be saved to the rumites."

Charles Henry:

Will the keeping open of saloons on the fourth benefit any one?

Old Man, confidentially.

Oh, yes, indeed; those of us who desire to "salt" our "ice cream" can do so without being inconvenienced.

Charles Henry, thoughtfully:

I do not believe it is right. Saloonkeepers have no right to violate law, which declares they shall not sell on holidays. The officers do wrong to permit them.

Old Man, decidedly tragically:

What, you brat, you howler, you fanatic, you—immoral, disgraceful booby! Us officers do wrong do we! You dare to dictate, do you? Who's running this, I'd like to know! Who owns this town, the officers or the people? I'll show you, you corrupt thing, you!! Ugh-h-h-h!!! Wife, put that boy to bed. He is getting entirely too smart!

—Exit Charles Henry—enter mayor with jug.

An Important Call.

A CALL has been issued for a State convention of all temperance societies, setting forth good reasons for the movement. The following will make clear the purposes:

We, the undersigned, believing that "in unity there is strength," and noticing the vast difference of opiniou between the members of different orders throughout the State, feel that it is necessary for us to unite our influence against the giant evil intemperance. King alcohol's strength is greater than ours, because our forces are divided and his are united. We believe that the united effort of all the temperance societies in the State: Blue and Red Ribbon Clubs, Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, Father Mathew Societies, Temples of Honor, and Ladies' Temperance Societies being brought to bear on our common enemy would overbalance his influence, and thus relieve the rising generation from its terrible surroundings. With this object in view we are in favor of meeting in Indianapolis with the union or Reformed Men's Convention, Tuesday, August 12th, and trust that every temperance society in the State will send delegates and take an interest in the proceedings.

The call is signed by official representatives of the societies above mentioned, from different parts of the State.

The purpose of this convention is of more than ordinary importance, as is evident to every reader. We hope all societies will take an interest in it, appoint delegates, or take action of some kind in regard thereto, and report to THE SIGNAL, Logansport, or to the Monitor-Journal, Seymour, for publication, without delay. Let us keep marching on, readers, with a united phalanx, fearing no evil or enemy, and with a constant reminder that if "united, we STAND," but when "divided, we fall."

A Protest.

THE Clay township people justly recognize in Bro. Mellinger his true capabilities as a temperance worker, as will be seen by the resolutions passed by the Spring Creek Union. By his whole-souled efforts to promote our cause, he has unconsciously placed himself among the foremost of the Cass county workers, and the acceptance of his resignation will do no little injury to the cause; therefore, we join our protest with the following against receiving it:

WHEREAS, Bro. S. R. Mellinger has offered his resignation as Vice President for Clay township of the Cass County Temperance Union; and

Whereas, We have at all times found him to be an earnest and efficient officer, constant in observance of duty; and

Whereas, We feel it would be almost an impossibility to supply his place, therefore,

Resolved, That we enter an earnest protest to the Executive Board against the acceptance of said resignation, and that he be retained as our township Vice President, to represent us in the county work.

Resolved, That from the past we recognize him as capable of fulfilling all the duties pertaing to his office; that we hereby express our appreciation of his valuable services, and ask that we be not deprived of the same in our future warare against intemperance.

Lafayette's "Honest" Whisky Sellers.

THE Lafayette murder advocate of recent date makes great ado because its bummer representatives became drunk on the Sunday of the Murphy camp-meeting in that city. As there is a law against the sale of rum on Sundays the only complaint that could properly be made against the Murphys is, that they did not jail every one of the violators. Law, order and decency should not be over-ridden by any class of people, especially when it represents the liars, thieves and off-scourings of the scum, and the saloon-keepers who violated law on this occasion merit nothing less than the fullest sentence. Murphyism has been entirely too lenient in its work; it has forgiven and almost forgotten trespasses by the opposition time and again; and it is now bitterly assailed for its kindness by every little pup that can bark above a whine,—an evident result of moral suasion on immoral beings. No one will dare say that moral suasion has not had a good effect upon a great many, but there is a class whom nothing could effect but the inmost cell of a penitentiary, and they can generally be found in a whisky saloon. They know well the injury arising from their illegal acts, yet repeat them without the least compunction. To such persons must be meeted just deserts, by a big fine and long confinement. All bummers who got drunk at Lafayette, purchased their rum in the Lafayette saloons, are the allies of Lafayette saloon-keepers, who instigated the acts, and who deserve the condemnation. They did this to reflect discreditably upon the Murphy work, which makes the crime still more heinons. The Murphy movement of that city represent the moral and Christian people, who should see to it that these trespassers against the sanctity of the day of God by their traffic in human blood receive just punishment.

The Jubilee.

THE great camp meeting and temperance jubilee will commence at Laporte on the 15th inst. and continue forty-five days. The arrangements have been completed in detail, and the people may expect a first-class time in every particular. Such speakers as B. Gratz Brown, Neal Dow, Gen. Sam. Cary, John B. Gough, Robt. G. Ingersoll, Francis E. Willard, and in fact all the most prominent temperance workers in the Union have positively promised to speak during the encampment, and each day a feature of some kind will be inaugurated. The lakes and beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Laporte renders the selection of the grounds an admirable one, and facilities for comfort and pleasure will be afforded all who visit there on this great occasion. Every railroad in the State will carry passengers at reduced rates, and we sincerely hope every reader of THE SIGNAL will embrace the opportunity of passing a few days in delightful recreation. By all means attend the jubilee.

Ohio Liquor Dealers.

THE Ohio Liquor Dealers' Association met at Toledo on the 24th, and discussed the advantages (?) of their traffic to the world, without which, no doubt, according to their argument, it would degenerate into a barren nothingness. Ever county in the State, but five, were represented. A constitution was adopted, containing at least one very commendable clause. It provides that any member who shall sell liquors to any minor or habitual drunkard or drunken person, shall be expelled from the association.

Surely this is "only in fun."

If the clause was strictly observed the association would be without a member in less than two weeks!

A paper advocating whisky guzzling will be started, and big efforts made to regain the grounds lost through the influence of the temperance work.

The next meeting should be held in the penitentiary at Columbus, where may be seen sixteen hundred victims of the whisky sellers.

Murphy in California.

A Correspondent says:

YOU will be glad to hear that Murphy is doing wonders here. The enthusiasm over the temperance question is on the increase. The crowd last evening was immense—hundreds turned away. Murphy addressed over three thousand people. In an earnest speech he urged all classes and sects to sign the pledge and don the blue ribbon. On the platform were several of the clergy of the city who evince much interest in the movement. Rev. Mr. Gibson spoke last night.

Kokomo.

ASHTON C. DIXON, a strictly gospel temperance worker, noted in Ohio and the east, is laboring at Kokomo, to revive its people from a lethargy on the temperance question. Kokomo has seventeen saloons, with drunkenness and crime to suit, and a few of God's faithful ones desire a change, hence an effort is being made to revive a work that will reduce sin and iniquity. Mr. Dixon appears to be the man for the work, as he combines all the essential virtues needed, sustained by indomitable will. He is heartily seconded by Jos. H. Sayler, Gen. Sec. Y. M. C. A., Josiah Stanley, Esq., the ministers, Mrs. Dixon, wife of Kokomo's spirited agricultural dealer, Mrs. Armstrong, and many others whose names we disremember, and we know of no reason for a failure,

Last Friday meetings were held at 3:30 for prayer; at 7:30 on the streets; and at 8:30 in the Christian church, each of which was characterized with determination, and evidently with good results.

Bro. Sayler is one of the best little fellows we have ever met. As valiant as a knight, as true as steel. We would that Kokomo had many such.

Bro. Stanley is proving himself a giant in the work, to whom we acknowledge indebtedness for favors.

Mrs. Dixon, whose bounteous hospitality we enjoyed, was one of the original woman crusaders, and a leader among them. It may not be generally known, but this place was the first to inaugurate the woman's movement, looking to the suppression of rum dens and the source of crime. Nearly three years previous to the time history accredits it as having birth in Hillsboro, Ohio, Mrs. Dixon, with five other estimable ladies, met one afternoon to discuss and determine a method of relieving the city of its terrible evil influences. Prayer at some stated time was proposed, but one said, "Let us pray now!" and bowed before God they asked for divine assistance. From this sprang an intense interest in reform. The move was most vigorously prosecuted, in detail as was the general crusade of three years afterward. Several of the saloons closed, and the number was finally reduced to five. Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Armstrong, and others of those ladies, are now evincing the same interest that proved of such great value during the crusade.

We met here Miss Minnie Trueblood, Mrs. Keen, Miss Dixon, Mrs. Cobb; Bert Keen, Abner Teeples, Messrs. Holstoff, Butcher, Cobb, Kern, Wilson and several others.

Prospects are far from discouraging.

Logansport will send them an excursion load of workers, next week, if their meetings are continued.

The Way to Prohibit.

THE LaFayette Temperance Herald falls down on prohibition this week in an editorial, in some parts commendable. We do not propose to defend those who nominated a State prohibition ticket, because they have shown "grit" and "sand" enough to prove to us that they are capable of taking care of themselves, even if we had an inclination to do so, but we do not know why their influence should be crippled because their methods differ from ours. Probably the leaders have had as much experience and have given the subject as much thought as the Herald, and therefore can see plainly what they are doing. Perhaps if we proceed to prohibit at once we will find public opinion ready to sustain us. But we are about tired of this "educating of public sentiment," without making an effort to educate it. If prohibition is a worthy cause it is able to cope with its enemy, and the sooner the fight is made square on the issues the sooner will the desired result be secured. The way to prohibit is to prohibit, and it matters not how it does come so that it comes. No, no, we have not departed from Murphy principles. We are only talking common sense from a Murphy stand point.

An Every Day Occurrence.

THE Lafayette murder advocate does not say a word against the Chicago Sunday beer riot.

Why?

Because it advocates Sunday beer drinking, law breaking,

And murder.

Innocent beer!

Consistent beer bloats!

Your murder will out.

Hang the Chicago murderers to the nearest lamp post.

Whisky and communism must not rule this country.

THE Baptist State Convention of Illinois recently held, resolved that they were committed to the interests of temperanse in the broadest sense of the word.

THE PEOPLE.

REPORTS FROM THE FIELD BY "SIGNAL" CORRESPONDENTS.

SHOWING THAT THE MOVEMENT IS STILL MOVING.

The Major All Right.

To the Editor:

GIVE my kind regards to all the brothes and sisters. Tell them the Major STICKS, and has become a perfect radical on the blue ribbon subject.

FRANK W. BALDWIN.

Ft. Wayne, June 22.

Attica, Ind.

To the Editor:

To Attica Temperance workers the prospects look flattering. The warm weather keeps some away from the meetings. Bro. Harry Burton, of LaFayette, spent one meeting with us, last week, and gave an excellent temperance talk. His description of a delirious tremen scene, he once witnessed, held the audience spell-bound until completed.

Scarcely a meeting is held that does not add one or more names to the list The work is being pushed to the country, and is speedily gaining ground.

The blue ribbon people celebrate at Hillsboro and Meharry's Grove, on the Fourth, and a "big time" is looked for.

Yours, H. J. K.

June 28.

The League.

To the Editor:

THE State Central Committee of the Prohibition League met to-day, and organized by the election of the undersigned as President, and T. A. Goodwin as Secretary. Cheering reports come to us from all parts of the State in regard to the new prohibitory movement, and we feel much encouraged. The following was passed by the committee:

Resolved, That we recommend the prohibitionists of Indiana to liberally support such papers as are devoted to the cause of temperance in this State, particularly calling attention to THE MURPHY SIGNAL, Logansport; the Monitor-Journal, Seymour, and the Woman's Tribune, Indianapolis, which have shown themselves worthy the confidence and support of prohibitionists by opening their columns to a free discussion of the question of prohibition.

Yours fraternally,

SYLVESTER JOHNSON.

Irvington, Ind., June 25.

"Give the Devil his Due."

To the Editor:

HAVING from reliable authority that the Plymouth attorney employed to prosecute the recent applications for license of certafn saloonists, is not to blame whatever, the committee being strongly of the opinion that the chairman "sold out" for a big "value received. So please "give the devil his due."

SOME of the "benzine shops" probably forget that the city ordinances state 11 o'clock p. m. as "shutting up" time. Saloonatics keep "open" doors six days each week and the "back" on Sundays. Merchants are compelled to recognize the law. "Rum slingers" appear to be a privileged class. We had the pleasure of meeting quite a number of Tyner City's energetic temperance workers last Saturday evening. The Plymouth Good Templars "surprised" ex-Worthy Chief E. S. Brooke last Monday evening, with their happy faces, merry voices and a dazzling gold watch chain and numerous bouquets.

T. JEFF. WHIT.

Plymouth, Ind., June 22.

How to Secure Prohibition.

To the Editor.

I HAVE conversed with a temperance man for twelve months who does not say that prohibition must come. It is only a question of time. But when we come to talk about how to reach it, there is a difference of opinion. This is natural. The character of the question makes a difference of opinion inevitable. Some seem to think that the best way is to say nothing about it, but go on reforming drunkards, while licensing men to unreform them and to make a new supply out of the rising generation. This plan does not strike me favorably, but I will not quarrel with any brother if he is in real good earnest. Let him go on with his reforming. Perhaps in a thousand years something will be done in that direction. A snail that climbs four feet every day and falls back three every night will reach the top of a fifty-foot pole in less than two months, if it keeps on. The trouble is, he is likely to get discouraged at the end of the first month, or six weeks, and slide clear back and give it up, assuring all little snails that the pole has no top—it is not worth reaching if it has, for no snail could live if it got to it. I have known a great many temperance men of this kind. Though they made good time while traveling in the right direction, they backslide and give up, and even say that prohibition is unattainable, and not worth much if attained; they abuse prohibition. Still, brother, go on with your reforming, but see that your own son is not taken to supply the material for the ribbon movement of twenty years hence. Very many of the men you are reforming now were as sober and innocent twenty years ago as your son is now; and they have been make drunkards through the licensed saloon at which you are hurling your moral suasion with so much zeal. I really have not much hope that you will live to see prohibition enforced; and, to tell the truth, in the last fifty years of temperance work I have not found many men to stick to their pledge who did not learn to hate liquor selling There are other workers for prohibi ion I will speak of hereafter; saying, in passing, that it strikes me that the best way is to go for it as if you meant business. But we will not quarrel as to methods.

T. A. GOODWIN.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 20th.

Georgetown, Ind.

To the Editor:

AS YOU have had but little commu nication from this place in your excellent paper, by request I send you a few lines.

We are up and doing at this place, and want it distinctly understoood by the rest of the world that we mean business. Although our organization is young and not very large yet, it is an interesting one, and our meetings are well attended. The house is generally filled to its utmost capacity, with much better order than might be expected on such times. We have an occasional visiting brother, to assisl us in speaking

Now, do not forget that I am talking about Murphy meetings. I presume you are acquainted with Bro. Will. H. Leedy, of Logansport; well, he was with us a few evenings ago, and gave us an excellent address. We hope he will come again. Also, Bros. Graham and Ivins, of your city, and Bro. L. Shaw, of Lake Cicott, were with us one evening, and stirred quite an interest with their excellent advice and earnest addresses. Come again, brethren. Any good brother who will favor us with a call and a speech will receive a cordial reception. We meet again on Saturday evening, and every two weeks thereafter.

The good ladies of this place and vicinity gave an ice cream and strawberry festival last Thursday evening for the purpose of raising funds to buy lamps and fixtures for the school house to a better advantage, and to fix up things in general.

To say that the festival was a success would but a faint idea of it. The house was crowded, and many went away without hardly getting a taste. The ladies realized some $16 from this first effort, and had not the ice cream given out no doubt the receipts would have amounted to $25 or $30. Another will be given on a much larger scale in the near future, due notice of which will be made. My letter is already too long. You may publish as much of it as you please.

We intend to make an effort to club the editor of THE SIGNAL from this place, so look out and prepare to dodge.

Yours, in hopes of success.

A. ABBOTT, M. D.

Georgetown, Ind.

A Commercial Fact.

To the Editor:

FROM the most reliable iuformation obtainable, it seems that the reform movement has been about as sweeping and extensive in Indiana as in Illinois, yet there has come to the surface a commercial fact bearing upon the temperance work which is very significant. The wholesale liquor dealers of Indianapolis have announced that within the twelve-month their Illinois trade has fallen off largely, while there has been no appreciable decline in their Indiana trade. This corresponds with reliable information from the field. While there has been a marked decline of liquors drank, in several small towns, for a season at least, careful observers very generally admit that in most places where the reform is a year or more old there is now nearly as much liquor sold and drank as ever. In some places there are fewer saloons, in other places more, so that it is fair to concede that the average amount of liquor is very nearly if not quite as much as formerly. There is at least one painful fact admitted by all, and that is that very many who seemed thoroughly reformed twelve months ago, or even less, have returned to their cups through the temptations and inducements of the legalized liquor traffic.

Now, why is this difference between the results in Illinois and Indiana? It can not be the difference in the workers or in the work. It must be that in Illinois they have a law which has enabled the temperance men to exclude the traffic from about seventy per cent. of the towns and smaller cities of the State, while in Indiana it is next to impossible to exclude any. But this will not always be the case. The people of Indiana are more in earnest than they have been for twenty years. They may not agree as to the best method, but they are agreed that something shall be done. In this as in everything, where there is a will there is a way. We may skirmish, and scatter our fire, for awhile, but within ten years we will move in solid column upon the works of the enemy. Only let us not, meanwhile, turn our guns upon one another. If prohibition comes by way of local option, so let it come. If it comes through the Democratic party, amen! If the Republican or Greenback party bring it, it will answer every purpose; but if neither of these bring it. or help, then the people will make a party that will, ond they will not wait another twenty years before they do it, either. Perhaps the Prohibition League may be the means, directly or indirectly, of helping, who knows? One thing is certain: Since their couvention in May there has been more prohibition talk than for the ten years preceding, and for the first time in twenty years politicians are saying that something must be done. If you want to organize a branch league, send for a copy of the constitution. You need not vote for the league candidates unless you think it necessary. Several things may occur before the next election making it necessary, and somethings may occur making it wholly unnecessary. We want to be ready for either emergency.

T. A. GOODWIN.

Indianapolis, June 25, 1878.

Argos, Ind.

To the Editor:

SUNDAY morning, June 22d, the mangled remains of A. P. Nelson were found scattered along the railroad track about one mile south of town. Near by was found his passport to the future world, a half-pint bottle of whisky. Lewis Bose or his clerk sold it to him when so drunk he could hardly walk. Is this murder, and will a just God hold him and his fellow fiends accountable for such hellish work? Nelson was a quiet, inoffensive man, whose only fault was to give his hard-earned money for whisky and get drunk every time he came to town; just so long as he could stand up and had money he could buy whisky of Bose. We have men in town who claim that whisky selling under license is just as honorable as any other business.

I think a sober horse thief is an honorable man in comparison to a saloon keeper, and less to be feared in the community in which he lives If all the saloon keepers, distillers and brewers had but one neck, and there was a rope around it, and a mule team attached to the other end, then would not I like to be the driver. There would be no stop, if the mules held on, until they were all clear off the American continent.

I would save the committee on temperance, recently appointed by Congress, the trouble of reading the petitions of the people, and investigating the traffic.

I favor the convention of reformed men called at Indianapolis August 12th, to invite and harmonize all the different temperance elements in the State. Our society will send a delegate. If all the temperance men and women and all church members would go to work in harmony, there would be no trouble to elect a Legislature that would pass any kind of liquor law the people demand. The Brewers' Congress have thrown down the gauntlet, and declared their intention to make an issue squarely against the temperance element.

How can we keep temperance out of politics without submitting to just such men as they choose to nominate, unless we assert our rights at the polls?

Our picnic on the 22d was a grand success; near one thousand people were in attendance; all we lacked was a good speaker. We intend holding one in Argros in two or three weeks.

Your subscribers here say THE SIGNAL is far the best paper they take.

Yours truly, R. M. WILLIAMS.

Illuminated Temperance Cards.

THE National Temperance Society has just published a packet of twelve illuminated floral cards, with Bible texts selected expressly for this object printed on each, suitable for distribution in Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, juvenile organizations, and among children generally. Price for packet of twelve cards, twenty-five cents. One hundred cards not in packets for one dollar. Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade street, New York.

THE SIGNAL will be furnished at the following rates, to societies and individuals getting up clubs:

One copy, one year	$ 1 00
Five copies, one year	4 25
Ten copies, one year (with extra copy)	7 00
Fifteen copies, " " "	10 50
Twenty-five copies, " " "	15 00
Fifty copies, one year, " "	25 00

Every union in the state should take advantage of the above offer.

It will pay you to circulate temperance literature among your people.

The cash must accompany each list.

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—The American ship Quickstep recently sailed out of the harbor of Shanghai, China, for Foochow floating the Good Templar flag. All the officers and hands except two are members of the lodge.

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THE GIRL GRADUATES.

[The following poem by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was read to the graduating class at Abbot Academy, in Andover, immediately after the presentation of diplomas:]

Ah! glad girls' faces, hushed and fair! How shall I sing for ye?
For the grave picture of a sphinx is all that I can see.

Vain is the driving of the sand, and vain the desert's art;
The years strive with her, but she holds the lion in her heart.
Baffled or fostered, patient still, the purpose clings;
Flying or folded, strong as stone, she wears the eagle's wings.

Eastward she looks; against the sky the eternal morning lies;
Silent or pleading, veiled or free, she lifts the woman's eyes.
Oh! grave girls' faces, listening kind! Glad will I sing for ye,
While the proud figure of the sphinx is all that I can see.

IN A LEATHER BAG.

"I will not wait another day," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley—a stout, middle-aged lady, with a rubicund countenance, a juvenile straw hat perched on the bridge of her nose, and many onyx beads wound about her throat.

"Bow-wow," responded her little dog Bijou.

Nephew Dick, presumptive heir of the lady, had failed to meet her at Turin, as agreed, and she had been forced to wait twenty-four hours without result. She was deeply incensed, as became a British spinster with a neat property in Derbyshire, and funds in Turkish and Indian loans.

The bag was produced by the maid. It was a large bag of black leather. Bijou eyed it apprehensively, yet with resignation. The tiny terrier, with eyes like shining beads, an inquisitive nose, and black body, with a patch of soft velvet brown on breast and paws, jumped into the outside pocket of this traveling mansion, and submitted to having the strap carefully adjusted over his prison in such a manner as allowed a breathing space. Bijou was smuggled on board trains; the maid was not trusted with her bag in her third class seat, and it was a point of economy with his mistress not to pay for a dog's ticket in her own first-class carriage. Miss Norfolk-Stanley took the bag herself, thus exciting the interest of keen-eyed birds of prey hovering about in scent of jewel cases and bags carried by the English lady traveler. At frontiers the pet was popped under his mistress' mantle, while the maid took the bag to the Custom House officer for inspection, then the inmate was successfully restored. Bijou remained as silent as a mouse in the pocket for hours, and resisted the most tempting inducements to bark at startling noises. He knew full well that when the enemy had deserted the field his mistress would take him out of the dismal captivity. Bijou's fur stood on end, at the approach of a guard, by instinct.

Miss Norfolk-Stanley and her maid appeared on the platform of the Turin depot at 9 o'clock in the morning. Nephew Dick would find the birds flown when he saw fit to grace the Piedmontese capital with his presence. Bijou was invisible to the most penetrating eye, curled up in the bag.

"Give me a ladies' carriage, and alone if possible," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley to a smiling official, with a persuasive exchange of francs from palm to palm. The smiling official bowed, and soon the lady was installed in a vacant carriage.

"You shall come out, pet, if we are left alone," she whispered, unfastening the strap over the pocket of the bag as it rested on her knee. Bijou thrust out his little black head, reconnoitered the premises, and discreetly withdrew from sight again.

The Turin depot is one of the most amusing fields of observation in Europe. How Charles Lamb, the gentle philosopher, fond of a London crowd, would have enjoyed it! The British lion monopolizes the field, as a rule, and presents here his most eccentric national aspect. He comes from Nice and Mentone, via Genoa, stiff in gait, with dyed whiskers and haughty mein, followed by wife and troops of daughters. He comes from India, via Brindisi, tall and lean as a cane, in Oriental cap and belted tunic, like a very large school-boy, accompanied by a sickly and querulous helpmate, whose aspect suggests loss of health and chidren on the borders of the jungle. Everywhere is clamor, confusion, panic or haste; piles of wraps, still odorous of long sea-voyages, trip the unwary pedestrian. A negress with a blue silk cap on the back of her head, and large earrings, drops a pile of cushions, and pauses to replace them in a scarlet rug, with good-humored laughter. An anxious mother escorts her darling boy, who is collapsed over the shoulder of a panting facchino, and demands widely her coupe, engaged for Paris. An Embassador of Morocco, in a crimson gown and white turban, passes with dignified repose of manner, surrounded by his suite, enveloped in snowy burnouses, each wearing yellow slippers. A group of young soldiers lean on their muskets, and criticise the throng; porters skurry along, and guards gesticulate; but the quick, mocking Italian eye has ample leisure to scan the laughing negress with her gorgeous wraps, the tall old gentlemen, the toddling old ladies round as balls, the Embassador in his turban.

Miss Norfolk-Stanley gazed out on he hurrying throng with that selfish complacency peculiar to the traveler who has already secured a good seat in a Continental railway carriage. She held an old-fashioned theory that, deprived of the escort of nephew Dick, a ladies' carriage was the safest place for herself. That she was alone in this opinion was speedily revealed by the fact of every other woman in the crowd bestowing her person in the conveyances adjacent, rather than submit to the awful possibility of a troop of children for hours. Bijou's mistress was an old traveler; experience had made her timid and suspicious. She read all the robberies in English and foreign newspapers, and looked dubiously at mankind of the tourist species. Who were these men? Why did they observe her? A ladies' carriage for her, if you please, and not one where each man in the corner may prove an assassin and a thief if a favorable opportunity offers. She had learned the words "Help!" and "Thieves!" in six languages for emergencies.

Two ladies paused at the door of her carriage. The smiling official, in remembrance of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's bribe, resisted their efforts to enter, and led them elsewhere. They were both women of medium height, in long water-proof cloaks, their head enveloped in blue veils, which concealed their faces. Miss Norfolk-Stanley saw a long, yellow hand, with thin fingers peculiarly talon-like, stretched forth to turn the handle of her carriage door. The hand belonged to the first woman, and she experienced a strange sense of relief when it was again withdrawn, and the owner passed on. Why? Because Bijou could caper about at liberty if she retained the carriage alone. She assured herself this was the sole reason for dreading the yellow hand, and the shiver which crept over her at the sight of it.

This danger surmounted, there remained one more to be overcome before Bijou and his mistress could breathe freely. The surly guard jumped on the steps, demanding tickets. The surly guard gave and received no quarter. His expression of countenance was saturnine, his gray mustache curled upward in a truly savage manner, and his cap was pressed down over a deeply-wrinkled forehead. He was always in a hurry and his life was rendered burdensome by the questions of nervous travelers. He eyed Miss Norfolk-Stanley sharply—sole occupant of the ladies' carriage, sitting with a leather bag carefully held upright on her knee.

"You have no dog?" demanded the surly guard, peering about on the floor suspiciously.

"Certainly not," said Miss Norfolk-Stanley, blushing at the fib which she uttered in alarm for her pet.

Then the surly guard banged the door, departed, and the train actually started at last. Bijou skipped out of his prison, executed a wild but barkless dance over the seats, stood on his hind legs with great apparent enjoyment, ate a biscuit, and was refreshed with water from the cup of his own tiny traveling flask.

The train wended its way toward the Alps; one by one snow peaks detached themselves from the mountain rampart dividing France and Italy, and stood out boldly against the blue sky; the atmosphere grew keen. Down in the valley weather-beaten little hamlets were huddled together in a cluster of steep roofs; the river foamed in silvery ripples, the peasants worked in the blooming fields. Within the railway carriage Miss Norfolk-Stanley indulged in her own meditations, and Bijou capered about at pleasure. The lady made her plans with slightly compressed lips. She would go to Paris, and thence direct to London. Nephew Dick might well look to himself!

The train paused. Hi, Bijou! Miss Norfolk-Stanley had scarcely time to restore her pet to the bag pocket, when the opposite door flew open, and the surly guard thrust in his head. Her heart failed her. If the surly guard had seen Bijou, he had the right to carry the dog off in triumph to the baggage van, and impose on herself the ignominy of a fine. Instead, he explained that two ladies must be admitted, as the cigar smoke of their carriage made them ill. Again that long, yellow hand groped upward for the handle, and the two women in cloaks invaded Miss Norfolk-Stanley's territory. She resigned herself, with a sigh, to the inevitable. After all, these ladies were only a trifle peculiar and foreign-looking, mere harmless fellow-creatures, and Bijou had already enjoyed two hours of freedom. Miss Norfolk-Stanley's first impulse was to throw herself on their mercy to the extent of releasing her dog. In travel she had never yet encountered another woman who did not assist in smuggling Bijou with the delight in contraband warfare of any kind peculiar to the sex. A second glance at those veiled and muffled figures deterred her. The strangers, with a murmured apology in French for the intrusion, sank into their places at the other extremity of the carriage, and remained as silent as statues. They carried no bags or parcels of any kind. The yellow hand produced a smelling-bottle of cut steel, and a pungent odor diffused itself gradually as the windows were closed to exclude the smoke.

Now the tunnels were gained which form the threshold of Mount Cenis on the Italian side, and which are immeasurably more black and oppressive.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train was ingulfed in the first of the three long tunnels. The gas burned in a tiny star in the "root of the carriage. Horrible darkness and dense smoke, like an opaque wall against the window-sash! Bijou's mistress unfastened her collar, and sought her fan. At the other end of the carriage the yellow hand was deftly opening the owner's cloak, while a pair of glittering eyes were turned on the unconscious Miss Norfolk-Stanley from the folds of the veil. The smelling-bottle of cut steel had vanished.

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train plunged into the second tunnel. Behold the companion of the traveler with yellow hands quietly unfastening her cloak, and producing her smelling-bottle, this one a slender vial of colorless grass, which she retained between her fingers instead of using,

A rush of steam, a shriek of the locomotive, and the train plunged into the third tunnel. Silence reigned in the ladies' carriage.

After this there was a pause, and Miss Norfolk-Stanley opened her window to inhale the pure mountain air, while each link of the train was tested before the trial of the great tunnel. Then Mount Cenis opened that great mouth, and received the human freight, the feeble atoms of an hour, into its rocky heart. Thirty minutes! Miss Norfolk opened her watch. Much may happen in thirty minutes. She had turned to the window, which had been closed, when her head was seized, a nervous hand was pressed over her mouth, she was forced to inhale chloroform, and a heavy cloak enveloped her, effectually stifling the faint cry, scarcely more than a faint sigh, which escaped her. The victim speedily lost consciousness, and the leather bag rolled from her lap to the floor.

Bijou fell on his head. Astonished at such treatment, he crept out of his pocket—of which the strap had not been refastened when the surly guard brought the other occupants of the carriage so unexpectedly—and hid beneath the folds of his mistress' dress. Mark the wisdom of this little dog, and explain it by any law, short of reason, actual presence of mind, if you can. He was afraid, and concealed himself, trembling in every limb. He knew something dreadful had happened.

The two women, divested on their cloaks, stood over Miss Norfolk-Stanley. Much can be done in thirty minutes of outer darkness, lost in the heart of Mount Cenis.

"Do not kill her. Discovery would be awkward," whispered the elder, a keen, yellow face appearing out of the veil which had previously concealed it.

Her accomplice removed the bottle from the nostrils of Miss Norfolk-Stanley, and lifted the cloak from her face. The latter did not move. Then the yellow claws took the watch and chain, rings, probed every pocket, nimbly sifted the contents of the rack above for valuables, and raised the leather bag, Bijou house, in hopes of its containing a jewel box.

"Now open the other window. The carriage must not smell of chloroform when we reach Mondane. I will give her another dose before throwing away the bottle."

"It was such a rare chance! Only if we should be detected at the frontier!" murmured the young woman.

"Attend, ma chere; I have planned all," retorted the elder, with an evil smile. "She will recover, be stupid when we arrive at the French Custom House, and wait for her maid. Roll together the cloaks and veils in this canvas cover; our dresses and hats have not been seen on the train. When we descend, I join Adolphe, and lean on his arm; you go with the boys, and speak German. We no longer know each other. You take the Geneva route, and I journey to Macon. There is plenty of time. Here, put back her purse, containing a little silver."

Daylight at last! Bijou thrust out his nose from the edge of his mistress' robe. The light reassured him. Such a volley of sharp, piercing barks became audible in the ladies' carriage as could only emanate from the throat of an irate terrier. The two women were confused. At first they supposed the dog was barking in an adjacent carriage. How could a living creature of any sort be concealed in their own, when every article of Miss Norfolk-Stanley's had been searched? Bijou barked with frantic zeal, and sprang toward the open window, redoubling his clamor. Then the older woman saw him, darted forward, and seized him. The terrible yellow hand closed about Bijou's neck; she lifted and prepared to fling him out of the window. Bijou's silky little body landed on the edge of the sash just as the surly guard appeared, who was walking along the outer railing or platform, in response to that shrill volley of barks. What! a dog in the ladies' carriage, after all? Aha! one must see about it! The surly guard caught Bijou in his hands; heads appeared at neighboring windows. The poor little beast whimpered, licked the guard's face in a propitiatory manner, and looked at him with the most agonized canine intelligence.

A dog in the ladies' carriage! Moreover, flung out of the window by a vengeful hand! One glance from his point of vantage on the steps revealed the truth to the surly guard. Miss Norfolk-Stanley reposed in her corner in rigid insensibility, the cloak still about her; bags and cases were scattered on the floor; a faint scent of chloroform still lingered. A very well arranged plan, hinging on the train's not pausing again until Mondane was reached, when all traces of disorder would have been removed, but for frustration by a vigilant little dog, so tiny as to be stowed away in the pocket of a leather bag.

A group of those highly ornamental gens d'armes in cocked hats and brilliant uniforms who pose so gracefully at French and Italian railway stations were given employment in arresting the thieves. Miss Norfolk-Stanley came to a condition of confused conscientiousness, and was removed to a hotel under guidance of her frightened maid. The surly guard actually kept Bijou in his arms, and caressed the little dog instead of demanding his ticket.

Next evening Nephew Dick appeared at Mondane in response to the maid's telegram sent back to Turin. He had been delayed by reason of a robbery, in which he had lost both watch and pocket-book, on a night journey between Rome and Florence. He was disposed to suspect two gentlemen who had staid in the same hotel at Rome.

In the years 1877 and 1878 a band of thieves waged war on the continent, their connection extending from Stockholm to Naples. They appeared as ladies and gentlemen at leading hotels, and pursued everywhere the higher branches of the profession. Doubtless Miss Norfolk-Stanley and Nephew Dick were both their victims. The latter was speedily reinstated in his aunt's favor by his ability displayed during the trial and conviction of the miserable women.

Bijou has gone into honorable retirement in the country. His prejudices are respected. If he sees a railway and a moving train he howls and runs away, in remembrance of the awful day when a cruel yellow hand seized and hurried him from the window as the ladies' carriage emerged from the Mount Cenis Tunnel.—[Harper's Weekly.

An Eventful Career.

The town of Graham, in Young county, Texas., is named after a man who, though no longer young in years, is still so in both physical and mental vigor, and whose name and posterity may well be perpetuated in the beautiful region which has been selected for the town site. Dr. Christopher Graham was born near Danville, Kentucky, October 10, 1787, and was descended from Irish parents. He grew up with but limited education in that then new country. He served in the war of 1812-'15. He descended the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans several times before the days of steamboats. He was a proficient hunter and excellent in athletic sports and manly courage. As a marksman and hunter he had but few equals in the early days of the present century in Kentucky, then famous for riflemen and hunters. After serving through the war with England he returned to Kentucky, but not to remain long in the prospects of peace. In the year 1817, when the expedition of General Mina was preparing to invade Mexico through Texas, in order to overthrow the Spanish power, Dr. Graham left Kentucky with the afterwards famous Texas patriot and hero, Colonel Milam, Ben Sanders, Wm. Baylor, Charles Mitchell and others, and joined the force of Mina at San Antonio. Graham, however soon became dissatisfied with the manner in which the war was conducted, and returned, thus escaping the tragic fate of some of those who accompanied him. He returned to Kentucky, studied medicine and, it is said, was the first M. D. graduated at Transylvania University. He came back to Texas in 1822, and was with Stephen F. Austin in the City of Mexico when the latter went to secure a confirmation of his colonization contract. Going back to Kentucky, he commenced the practice of medicine, and built up the now famous watering place, Harrodsburg Springs, which property he sold in 1852 to the United States for a military asylum, receiving the sum of $100,000 for the same. Again he returned to Texas and accompanied Colonel Gray in his reconnoisance for a line of railroad on the thirty-second parallel. The Doctor, however, left the surveying party at El Paso and proceeded through Mexico to the Pacific at Mazatlan, and from thence to San Francisco by sea, suffering many perils and hardships both by land and water. Thence returning to Kentucky, he inaugurated a system of improvements on a grand scale on Rockcastle river. Although now in the ninety-second year of his age, he is still in possession of his faculties, and occasionally contributes articles of a practical and scientific character to the Louisville press, showing no diminution of his intellectual powers.—[Galveston News.

Giving Words a Twist.

An old-fashioned citizen objects to the new-fangled twist which many school teachers are endeavoring to impart to the pronunciation of certain words. He says it is "agin natur and sense." Hear him:

"My youngest darter said to me, the other day: 'Pa, is Bostong as large as Philadelphia?" 'Boston, my child,' said I—'B-o-s-t-o-n is not.' Then I laughed. 'What are you loffing at, pa?' said she. Then I began to rile right up. Says I: 'Sarey, who told you to call it Bostong, and who taught you to say loff for laughing?' 'My schulemoster,' says she. Then I heaved out a word that they don't teach children in school, and began to cross-examine her. 'Why, sir,'—and here the old gentleman began to wipe up the oozings from his corrugated brow, 'why, sir, she called Baltimore Baltmore; half as though it was hof; and went over a string of words that would have made an old-time teacher boom around a school house with a rattan in a manner not appreciated in these days of fancy kinks. The members of the Board of Education can talk till the crack of doom, and no doubt they will, but they couldn't beat it into my head, or any other fellow's who went to school forty years ago, that Boston is Bostong, or laugh is lof.' Having said this, and punched a score of imaginary holes in the floor with his cane, the outraged father braced up his collar and climbed down the stairs again."

Wonders of the American Continent.

The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river three-fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two volumes to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, where any one can take a voyage on a subterranean river and catch fish without eyes. The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4,000 miles long. The largest valley of the world is the valley of the Mississippi. It contains 5,000,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains 2,700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep. The longest railroad at present is the Pacific railroad, over 3,000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Pilot Knob of Missouri. It is 250 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for orphans, Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton aqueduct, New York. Its length is forty and a half miles, and its cost $12,5000,000. The largest deposit of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually and appear to be inexhaustable.—[C al Trade Journal.

The Ruin an Extravagant Woman Wrought.

We are apt to think, and other nations are of our opinion, that reckless extravagance is well-nigh monopolized by American wives. This is far from true as is shown by facts that have been disclosed in connection with the Lonsdales who recently became so embarrassed financially that the Earl, the head of the house of Lorther, has been compelled to sell his great collection in London. He has been married barely nine months (his wife was Lady Glady Herbert, a very tall, dark, Jewish type of beauty, often called the Gipsy), and has lived at such a rate, his bride assisting him very actively, as to be on the border of bankruptcy. She has been noted for her eager persuit of pleasure since her entry into society, and she met Lord Lonsdale while she was conspicuously radiant at the height of a London season. They seemed to be fond of one another—in a well regulated way, of course—and after their union they scattered gold lavishly all over Europe. Balls, dinners, yachts, races, hunting, succeeded in unbroken succession. She wanted everything, and he bought her everything. The Old World was ransacked for curious, luxurious objects of art, and an income of £16,000 was not sufficient for their purchases. Her diamonds cost her £200,000, and her furniture, pictures, marbles, and the like, more than £300,000 in seven months; and yet she was not content. They appeared ot have loved the great world and its resplendent gawds more than they loved one another before their honeymoon was fairly over. While he was yachting in the Eastern Mediterranean she was dancing at Monte Carlo. He dined late and long at the Maison Doree, when she captured young noblemen and watched the stars from the cliffs of Sorrento. She is 23, and he 31, but both have lived long enough and fast enough to feel weary, jaded, and old. She is the daughter of Sydney Herbert of fair renown and Crimean fame, and the sister of the Earl of Pembroke; and the rapid pace at which she and her titled husband have gone has set the tongues of Tyburnia and Belgravia wagging and drawing morals from matrimonial indifference and wild extravagance. The men say he has ruined her; the women declare she has ruined him. Probably they are both right.

A Historical Disaster.

In some of its details the recent catastrophe at Auteuil bears a curious resemblance to the far from terrible calamity which desolated Paris on the night of Marie Antoinette's first arrival there, a circumstance afterward held by popular superstition to presage the disasters of her own reign. A magnificent display of fireworks had been prepared on the Place Louis XV. in honor of the occasion, and thousands of people gathered to witness the spectacle. But, by some missmanagement, one of the rockets exploded in the wrong direction and set fire to some hangings. Had the populace remained quiet, no harm would have happened, for the fire was almost immediately extinguished; but the crowd, siezed with a sudden panic, rushed like a torrent toward the other side of the square, which was bounded by a high wall. In this quarter several deep trenches had been dug for the erection of new houses, into which the poor wretches were precipitated by scores, and instantly stifled by the weight of those who fell upon them. others were killed or mained by the carriage horses, which went charging through the mass in every direction, dragging their vehicles after them; and a great number were litteraly crushed flat against the wall by the pressure. of the throng, the force of which made the very masonry crack in several places. "The whole square was like a battlefield," said an eye-witness, "and many battles have had a smaller return of killed and wounded." It is a singular instance of the irony of history that among the surgeons who tended the wounded on this occasion was the most terrible of all the monsters of the revolution, Jean Paul Marat.—[N. Y. Times.

The Great Leveller.

How things do change. Year by year a man grows old. So do his clothes. Since last I visited Osceola, Time has been very busy. I suppose he would have been just as busy all the same if I had never left Osceola. I do not know just what he has been doing, but I know he has been busy. Time is a great leveller. All the same as a dirt scoop or a road plow. Time levels everything except a man's back. He humps that up. And I don't see why either. It doesn't appear to make the back any stronger, and it certainly doesn't make it any prettier. But I suppose Time knows his business. There has been a great deal of change in Osceola. But the last circus took considerable of it away. It took away all of it the boys could get hold of anyhow.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

A Horse Cured of Lockjaw.

Dr. A. J. Hopkins, the well known veterinary surgeon, has recently effected a wonderful cure of a valuable horse afflicted with tetanus, or lockjaw. The horse belonged to the Connecticut river lumber company, and ran a rusty nail into one of his feet, causing the above named disease to ensue. The animal is now perfectly well, and may be seen at work any day. The company, appreciating the service of Dr. Hopkins, have given him an affidavit expressive of the strong satisfaction which its officers feel at the result of his skill. The Dr. makes no secret of his cure for lockjaw, which is hybrocyanic or Prussic acid, administered in minute doses. This is the fourth case of the kind he has cured in this State.—[Hartford Times.

THE MOWING.

The clock has struck six,
And the morning is fair,
While the east in red splendor is glowing;
There's a dew on the grass, and a song in the air—
Let us up and be off to the mowing.

Wouldst know why I wait-
Ere the sunlight has crept
O'er the fields where the daisies are growing?
Why all night I've kept my own vigils, nor slept?
'Tis to day is the day of the mowing.

This day and this hour
Maud has promised to tell
What the blush on her cheek was half showing.
If she waits at the lane, I'm to know all is well,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing

Maud's mother has said,
And I'll never deny,
That a girl's heart there can be no knowing.
Oh, I care not to live, and I rather would die,
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?
'Tis a shreen of brown hair
In the lane where the poppies are blowing,
Thank God! it is Maud—she is waiting me there,
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,
And I freely declare
That I scarcely have noticed their going;
Sweet Maud is is my wife, with her shreen of brown hair,
And we had a good time at the mowing.
—[Harper's Magazine.

CUPID BLINDFOLDED.

"Young man, you want to get married. You will never amount to anything till you get a wife and settle down to a sober, earnest life."

"Oh, yes; the old story. Why, sir, I have been having that kind of advice poured into my ears ever since I was 20, and now here I am 30 and still a bachelor. To tell you the truth, I want to marry, but who the deuce shall I have for a wife? Once I was romantic and all that, but I determined I should never marry until I was in love, but I have got over all that, and now I should be content to find a woman with a fair amount of good sense, education and temperament congenial to my own. I——"

"All bosh—bosh. I tell you, Hal, your first idea is no more nonsensical than your last. Marry, and you will learn to love your wife soon enough. Marry, and treat your wife in a sensible sort of way, and congeniality will come in good time. And the sooner you marry, the sooner will you find love and good-fellowship springing up between you and your wife. Put it off too long, and you will get so dead set in your ways that no woman on earth can live with you."

I was talking with an old friend of mine, John Freestone. It was not our first conversation on the subject, either. I had visited the old gentleman at his house, seen him in the midst of his family, with his amiable wife and his delightful children, and had often thought, "Ah, could I but find such a woman, so fitted to my disposition as was his wife to him, and find, too, such a sensible and accomplished lady, how quick would I be a candidate for matrimonial felicity!"

"I tell you, Mr. Freestone," I said, "could I be as fortunate as you were in securing a wife, you would not long see me a bachelor."

"Just the case in point," said he, "looking at me and Polly I suppose you would think that we fell desperately in love once, got married and never outgrew our honeymoon. I will take my own case to illustrate my argument.

"Twenty-five years ago I came to Western Pennsylvania a young man, very poor, and stopped at the village of L——. I engaged board in a family at $2.50 per week and started out to look for a situation. Among others, I applied to old John Roberts, the owner of a large mill, a general village store, and a large amount of real estate. He hired me for $12 a month to work in the mill. I worked for him a year at this rate as a common mill hand. Then he set me to work in the office, help him keep his books, collecting and such like. I worked another year for him in this capacity for $20 a month.

"At about this time he removed me to the store, and gave me all his books to keep, and as he was getting along in years, left a great deal of his business for me to do. I also began to board in his house; I got $40 a month and board. I was then 24 years old.

"One day Polly—that is my wife and my employer's daughter—came home from school, where, truth is, she had learned a great deal more of foolish pride and vanity than of books. She was very pretty, and all the town beaux were soon at her feet. I did not like her very well, nor did she me. The old gentleman did not like her ways either, and, though he did not say much, I felt convinced he was worrying a great deal over her. After she had been home nearly a year, she had formed an intimate acquaintance with a young fellow, an insurance agent, from New York, a flashy young chap with not much brains. The old gentleman detested him, and I—well I seldom thought of him.

"At the end of my third year with Mr. Roberts, he took a great deal of pains going over the books with me, and examining them alone very closely. This annoyed me somewhat, as I feared that he suspected my honesty. He then began questioning me very closely about all the various branches of his business. I was able to satisfactorily answer all questions. Ht last he began questioning me concerning my own affairs. I owned that this rather nettled me. However, I submitted to him my private books, and as I had been been very economical and saved up most of my earnings, I was able to make a good showing.

"Conscious innocence made me feel perfectly at ease through this ordeal but for the life of me I could not guess what he was driving at. Then came two or three days of sober abstraction on the part of my employer, which mystified me.

"One day Mr. Roberts called me into his private office, and said: 'John, I have been examining you pretty closely for the past few weeks, and, as you must know, have been thoroughly satisfied. Now that I am getting old, my large property will weary me to look after. You will soon be wanting to branch out for yourself, with a view of bettering your circumstances. But I don't want to lose you. I have a scheme which, if it operates well, will settle all my prospective difficulties and reward you well for your labors in the past and in the future.

"'I have only one child, and that is Polly. She will get all my property. As long as I live I do not fear of her doing anything foolish, but when I am gone I am afraid some adventurer, like that shallow-pated insurance agent, will marry her for her money, squander it and make her miserable for life.

"'What I want is for you to marry Polly, and take the responsibility o her future and of my fortune on your hands.'

"I was thunderstruck. I had never dreamed of such a thing. I told Mr. Roberts so. Then I intimated that Polly might object. 'Not a bit of it, if her father says so,' he claimed. 'But,' said I, 'it will be wrong for me to marry her without loving her.' 'Hold on,' said he, 'don't be so quick about that. Do you know that you don't love her?' I replied 'yes.' 'But you don't dislike her?' Candidly, I confessed that I did not approve of her manner altogether.

"'No more do I, but I love her all the same because she is my daughter, and so will you some day, because she will be your wife—that is, after she has got all the nonsense rubbed out of her.

"To shorten up a little, Mr. Roberts soon over-persuaded me, and I promised to marry Polly, if Polly's consent should be obtained.

"The next step was to win Polly over. This my obliging would-be father-in-law undertook. Polly objected, as we both expected. She, however, had too much good sense to be deeply in love with the fop insurance agent, and after confessing her indifference to him and all other men, her father had a light task to win her heart, convince her good sense, and at last gain her consent to his plans.

"Polly dearly loved her father, and as she told me it was for his sake that she accepted me. She warned me, however, that she would be a very troublesome wife. I told her then if aught of trouble did come it would not be from a lack of good behavior and kindness on my part toward her.

"Well, we were married. At first we were very prosaic in our mode of life, but no ill-natured words ever passed between us. Then her father died, but we both mourned him from the depths of our hearts. After that came a short period of restlessness for Polly. The only being which my wife had ever truly loved had passed away, and with him the restraining influence of affection. Polly began to pine. She felt our marriage but as a bond. This caused me many an anxious day, but I let her feelings have clean sweep. I never intruded on them, and only addressed her when I knew my advice would be kindly received, or when I knew it was necessary to restrain and curb the spirit of the young girl, for such she still was. Sometimes she was almost harsh toward me, but these occasions were always followed by periods of repentence.

"At last our first child was born. In the joint affection for the little stranger, our hearts began to open, not only for little Bessie, but for each other. The feeling of maternity had the effect of quelling the spirit of unrest in Polly; and gradually she began to warm toward me, and I toward her, and before the baby was six months old these feelings had ripened into perfect adoration on my part for my beautiful little wife, and of pride and pure womanly love on her's for me.

"We became spoons of the most pronounced character, and the honeymoon which rose at the birth of Bessie, twenty years ago, has never set.

"And now, Hal, I have a proposition to make to you. I like you. I think you are just the man to make Bessie happy, and I know Bessie is fully capable of making you a good wife. Think it over, my boy, and see if you can't make your old friend happier than ever now."

Since our conversation I have been thinking over this proposition. I have almost decided to tell my kind old friend that if Bessie is willing I am. But how surprised she will be. She looks on me as being such a very old bachelor that I am perfectly harmless, and for the last twelve years she has been making me the confident of all her joys and sorrows, of all her little love affairs, especially of the last, wherein if her heart was not, her pride certainly was, almost broken, at discovering that the dapper young dry goods clerk, with whom she had been going to parties, theaters, and balls for the last six months, had actually married a servant girl.

I must strike while the iron is hot, and I think Bessie will have me.

Narrow Escape of an Aeronaut.

One of the most extraordinary escapes from death ever recorded occurred on Easter Monday to an æronaut named L'Estrange. In the presence of thousands of spectators he made an ascent from the Agricultural Grounds, on the St. Kilda road, in the balloon Aurora, the same, it is said, which was used to convey dispatches during the Franco-Prussian war. When the balloon had attained the great altitude of a mile and three-quarters it suddenly collapsed, the gas bursting through its side; but the parachute came into play, and, instead of the wreck falling like a stone, it came down in a zigzag course, and finally struck a tree in the government domain, thus breaking the fall, and L'Estrange reached the ground half stunned, but alive. The excitement when the balloon came down was intense. Women screamed and fainted, some fell on their knees, with their hands clasped in prayer, while hundreds of men rushed into the government domain expecting to find a mangled body, but to their astonishment they discovered L'Estrange alive, and almost unhurt. The escape was certainly one of the most marvelous on record. The balloon used was an old one, and L'Estrange patched up some rents in the morning, but the direct cause of the catastrophe was the inexperience of the æronaut, who did not allow for the great expansion of gas consequent upon his rapid ascent. L'Estrange is a good deal bruised, and he has sprained his right arm, but he is in high spirits, and talks of making another ascent if he can patch up the Aurora, or obtain a substitute.—[Melbourne Argus.

A Very Lucky Shot.

In the middle of the fight at Rorke's Drift when the Zulus had fired the hospital, a rush was made by a band of the enemy to fire the storehouse, the other building which outlasted the defence. As fast as these Zulus came on with firebrands they were shot down, but one managed to escape the fire and get in close to the wall of the store house. The defenders, with their rifles through the loopholes, could not slope their weapons to kill him, and it seemed as if his purpose of firing the thatch on the roof of the house should succeed. Fortunately a young corporal of the Army Service Corps named Atwood bethought himself of a plan to rid the camp of the Zulus. As luck would have it, there was a small square hole in the wall which had been used as a window, and the Zulu happened to be below this. Atwood, with his carbine, made his way to this hole, and, pushing out his his weapon, let it hang, pointing to the ground. It was impossible to take aim in this awkward position, so he trusted to his fate. The Zulu had by this time struck a firebrand on the end of his assegia, and was in the act of raising up to set fire to the thatch when Atwood, not seeing the Zulu at all, but knowing about his position, fired the carbine with his thumb. The shot probably, in fact, saved Natal from an invasion of the Zulus. The Zulu at daylight was found on the spot with his skull smashed in and the assegai, with the firebrand stuck on the end of it, held tightly in his dead hand.—[Edinburgh Scotsman's Durban Letter.

The Princess of Zanzibar.

In a Berlin police court, not long ago, a servant girl was accused by her mistress of gross negligence and disobedience in discharge of her duties. When the Judge asked the plaintiff, a simply but respectably dressed lady, her name, she proudly drew herself up and replied: "I am, by birth, a Princess of Zanzibar." Her declaration, at first discredited, proved to be perfectly true. She was a niece of the reigning Sultan of Zanzibar, whose displeasure she aroused by a secret alliance with a Mr. Ruele, a native of Hamburg, who had made her acquaintance during his stay on the coast of East Africa. The Princess, who became estranged from her family on account of her marriage with a Christian, followed her husband to Germany, where she had, however, the misfortune soon to be left a widow. She attempted a reconciliation with her uncle on his visit to London, but her endeavors signally failed, the Sultan even refusing to receive her. On Mrs. Ruele's return to Germany some influential friends of her late husband took up her case and laid it before Government, which, owing to her high birth and merits, granted her a small yearly allowance. She is now living in Berlin and gaining her livelihood by giving lessons in her mother tongue to those consular officials and travelers intent on proceeding to East Africa.

An Astonished Cat.

H. Brossel, 79 East Market street, has a pet cat, or rather had, for the animal has been experimenting with fly-paper poison, and is doubtless dead by this time. The paper was on the shelf overhead, where were stored lasts, pegs, tacks and other trifles common to Brossel's calling. The cat, while reconnoitering, touched one fore-foot to the paper and it stuck. The other followed suit, there was a suppressed m-e-o-w of dissatisfaction, and the animal reversed position to retreat, the legs twisted around one another in the effort for release. The reversed position placed the hind feet in similar embarrassment, the suppressed m-e-o-w ran the scale of several octaves until it went beyond the upper, and then came a series of wild bounds and ineffectual kicks that swept the shelf and rained the pegs and tacks and other trifles upon the heads of the women below. Losing her balance, the cat also tumbled, and in her gyrations over the floor so enveloped herself with the poisonous wrappings that she looked like a mummy. The good German was scared out of his wits, and for a few moments the shop was the scene of indiscribable confusion.—[Indianapolis Jonrnal.

Murder Will Out.

The devil takes very poor care of his servants, and there seems to be a sort of fatality about the discovery of great crimes which justifies the old saw that "murder will out." For instance, Covert D. Bennett and Jennie R. Smith, lately tried in Jersey City for the murder of Jennie's husband, could hardly have been convicted without the evidence afforded by an eight-page letter written by Bennett to the woman while they were both in prison, the torn bits of which were picked out of the sink, where she had thrown them, by a half-crazy old woman who was her cell-mate, and given to the prosecuting attorney. It is unaccountable that any man in his senses would under such circumstances write a letter which, if discovered, would be his sure death warrant, and still more unaccountable that an intelligent woman, such as she showed herself to be on her examination, should fail to destroy such a document when received. But they did just those two things, and so unwittingly brought themselves to justice.

OHAM'S WIVES.

The Home of Cetewayo's Elder Brother.

A correspondent of the London Standard has been paying a visit to Oham, an elder brother of Cetewayo, who surrendered some time ago, with a portion of his tribe, to Col. Wood, and is now living close to Utrecht. The most interesting portion of the correspondent's narrative, however, relates to Oham's wives. He sayes: "Oham kraal is occupied by the thirty wives and seventy concubines who form his neat little traveling retinue. We then paid a visit to the four or five favorite wives, huge, strapping wenches, with limbs like a London draymen, wearing as the distinguished mark of the royal favor their wool closely clipped all over their head, except on the spot where the phrenologists locate the organ of benevolence. Here it had been carefully cultivated into the form of a cylinder three or four inches in diameter, and as many in height. They were stalking about the little court yard of their kraal, each wrapped around the shoulders with one of the shaggy rugs in which the lower half of Oham was enveloped, and which, I assume, was therefore the distinctive mark of royalty. They were a hard featured lot of baggages, with an expression in their faces which made it pretty evident that the hut they occupied in common was the scene of frequent wrangles and not infrequent fights. There were, however, a group of Kaffir virgins, who were engaged in manipulating each other's wool in the latest style of Zulu hairdressing. I am afraid a description of the costume of these young creatures would not give any practical hints for adoption at home. Two of the number were so beautifully shaped that they might, barring heads, hands, and feet, have been reproduced in marble or on canvas as the very perfection of female form. This attire, with the exception of the diaphanous robe, which is optional, seems to be the characteristic dress of the unmarried girls, who are as remarkable as many of the men for high physical excellence. In the kraal a couple of old bell tents were pitched. On looking into one of these a party of the younger concubines were engaged in making, some from long grass stems others from reeds, the mats which play so important a part in the Kaffir menage. In the other another party seemed to be engaged in the mysteries of the Zulu toilet, a goard of water and a little white clay playing important parts. Both parties giggled immensly, and seemed to feel complimented at the interest they were exciting in the white men. At the outskirts of the kraal Mr. Munn pointed out the oldest son and heir of Oham—who has only five children—a slight lad of eleven or twelve, in an old white felt hat and shirt. He was playing with a few other lads of his age, while a younger brother, envious of the hat, was making out of a piece of rawhide something in imitation, the result being a flap like on eyeshed, with which he marched about in a state of perfect self-complacency. On leaving we received a party salutation from two or three 'Induas,' or counselors, who had left the stifling atmosphere of their kraals to enjoy the freshness of one of the delightful mornings which seem to be the rule here, now that the rainy season is over, and the splendid autumn weather of the climate has commenced."

An Orthodox Chinaman.

Harper's Magazine for July.

Concerning future rewards and punishments Colorado furnishes the following illustration, which occured recently in a court in La Veta, where the testimony of a Chinese was objected to on the ground that he did not understand or regard the obligation of an oath. To test him he was interrogated thus:

"John, do you know anything about God?"

"No; me no belly well acquaint with Him."

"Have you no Joss in China!"

"Oh yes, gottee heapee Joss."

"Where do you go when you die?"

"Me go to San Francisco."

"No, you don't understand me. When Chinaman quit washee all time, and no live any more, where does he go?"

"Oh yes, me sabe now. If he belly goodee man, he go uppee sky. If he belly badee man, he go luppee down hellee, allee samee Melican man."

The Court was satisfied with this orthodox statement, and admitted his testimony.

What It Meant.

The trouble at the recent commencement exercises did not occur in vain if it shall prove the means of infusing into the public mind a better and more correct idea of the true functions and limitations of our free school system. During the past few years there has been too much of a tendency, all over the country, to forget that these schools are common schools; that they are so in name, and should be actually such. Everywhere the tendency has been to make the schools ornamental; to neglect the primary and rudimentary departments for the purpose of enlarging and extending the upper grades. School boards have added to the course of study the languages and the higher mathematics and the fine arts, and have paid high prices for instructors in those branches while cramping the primary and intermediate grades. This tendency has not failed to excite widespread attention, and provoke general discussion. It is believed now that a reaction has set in, and that a movement is on foot which will result in confining our schools to their proper limits. In Fort Wayne the high school is a thing of the past, having been superseded by a central grammar school, and the same change has been made in many other cities. Less attention is given than formerly to the teaching of purely ornamental branches and more care is given to the pri It is and intermediate departments. recognized that these schools are common schools; that they are maintained for the use and benefit of the poor people of the county; and that they do not afford any proper field for costly display of any kind. In our common school commencement exercises, rich dressing and costly floral tributes are equally out of place. Let the rich have these things, if they desire, at their private institutions; but in our common schools it is merit alone that wins; the poorest scholar is on a plane of absolute equality with the richest, and the latter must not be allowed, by the expenditure of money, to affect a superiority which does not exist. Any display at the Central Grammar School commencements is out of order. It is a fact that young women of superior capacity and scholarship, having earned a diploma, have refused to graduate because unable to purchase a dress equal to those to be worn by her classmates. It is a burning shame. The school board, in prohibiting the giving of floral tributes at the commencement exercises, did so, we doubt not, because they hold the same views that we have advanced in this article, and which must, we feel sure, be heartily endorsed by every true friend of the common school system.—[Ft. Wayne Sentinel.

A Dinner as Peter the Great Gave It.

At one of the grand dinners given by the Czar, a huge pie was placed in the center of the gentlemen's table, out of which, when the startled carver broke the crust, a beautiful dwarf lady, in puris naturalibus, all except a headdress, stepped, proposed in a set speech and drank in a glass of wine the health of the company, and then retired into her snug retreat and was carried from the table. A man dwarf was substituted at the ladies' table. Did not Peter say he could reform his people, but not himself? A dinner party at the Czar's must indeed have been a sight not conceivable out of Bedlam, and could only have been planned in the maddest brain on earth, if a manuscript among the Sloane papers in the British Museum is believable. Such practical jokes! such wild, grotesque gamboling! the frolics of leviathan! the laughter of Titan, as frightful in his fun as in his fury! There was accommodation at the Czar's table for about a hundred; but the grim humorist always issued invitations to twice or thrice that number, and left his guests to elbow, jostle and fight for chairs and places, and retain them against all comers and claimants if they could. Not unfrequently a free fight was extemporized and noses tapped, and even the sacred portions of Ambassadors have been profanely touched and trifled with. The Czar sat at the head of the table, a broad grin on his face, rolling the spectacle like a sweet morsel under his tonge. The guests are so closely packed that feeding room is not to be thought of, and ribs are often blackened and almost driven in by active and vigorous elbows, provokin fierce recriminations and quarrels. The kitchen is so near to the dining hall that there floats through the latter a fragrance of onions, garlic and train-oil, mellowed and tempered by the more delicious aroma of the roast. The more knowing and initiated guests wave away soups and such like edibles, and manifested a special appetite for tongues, hams and viands that cannot be tampered with, or made the vehicle of practical joking, for as often as not it happens that a bunch of dead mice will be drawn out of the soup or discovered snugly imbedded in a dish of green peas; and sometimes, when his guests have well partaken of certain pastries, the Czar will courteously inquire if the cat, wolf, raven or other unclean animal proved a savory or delicious morsel, with what result let the imaginative guess. The approach to a a regular Donnybrook was hastened on by liberal supplies of brandies, strong ales and winds so adroitly served out as to expedite the grand climacteric of drunkenness.—[Belgravia.

A Georgia Snake Story.

On Tuesday morning Mr. Jesse New was looking for his turkeys and found them in a ditch. He started to drive them home and discovered an enormous rattlesnake in the ditch with them. He immediately got his gun and shot the snake twice and then had to call Mingo Glaze, a colored man, for assistance in killing it. He cut the snake open afterward and found inside of it three turkeys and a chicken. He says the snake was eight or nine feet long and about two feet in circumference. It had twelve rattles, which we have in the office. It was an ugly customer, and Jesse says that he now intends leaving Georgia, for when he finds such snakes two hundred yards of his house he does not believe it healthy for himself.—[Americus (Ga.) Republican.

A Marvelous Tale

Salt Lake Tribune.

A lady who recently visited Mountian Meadows, inform us that they are now the very picture of desolation. Before the Mormons murderded 131 innocent men, women and children there, in 1857, the Meadows were known far and wide as a paradise in the desert, with an abundance of grass, crystal streams and ever-flowing springs. To-day the grass is gone, the watercourses dried up, and nothing but a dreary waste marks the once beautiful spot. God's curse is upon it as it is upon those who murdered the innocent emigrants, and the rude monument, upon which is inscribed, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," it is there to keep green in the memory the terrible scenes enacted by a murderous and rapacious priest-hood. The earth, our informant tells us, is sinking, and the bones which were gathered up after the massacre, have thrice been buried, but will out to tell the damning tale. Settlers in the vicinity say the county is haunted, and th winds bring to their ears piercing cries for help, which echo back to the mountains and over the plain.

The Murphy Signal.

LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, JULY 2, 1879.

INTERESTING FACTS

BUSINESS MEN WHO SHOULD BE PATRONIZED—READ AND PROFIT BY IT.

FIREWORKS at Ferguson's.

Harry Denbo sells the "Peri" Cigar. Try them once.

Harry Denbo manufactures the finest brands of Cigars in the city.

The "Peri" it the 5-cent cigar of the city. If you smoke, try it. Sold by Harry Denbo.

Frank BEAMER is taking the lead in ice cream. He gives more for the same money than any other house in the city Give him a call, corner Fourth and Broadway. 6m10

Mrs. W. J. Potter, for the cheapest and best Millinery Goods and Dress Patterns.

Go to Jacobs and Frese's, 219 Sixth street, for a good BOOT or SHOE, Sewed or Pegged. They are good and reliable workmen and warrant their work to give satisfaction. Repairing done neatly and on the shortest notice.

L. A. VONBEHREN would call especial attention to his fine brands of cigars, tobaccos and snuffs. He keeps the best the market affords, and asks the public for a trial of his five and ten cent cigars. Also pipes and smokers articles, at low prices.

Mrs. W. J. Potter, for the cheapest and best Millinery Goods and Dre s Patterns.

James McTaggart, dealer in mens boys' and youths' clothing. He cannot be undersold. He warrants all goods to be as he represents them. Broadway, two doors from Fourth street.

FOR a complete line of stoves and tinware, F. Pickering excels all competitors. See and price his refrigerators, water coolers, cream freezers, oil stoves, and a full line of tinware. Cash basis with low prices and good goods. Centennial Building. 4t14-1

J. D. FERGUSON, city baker, 402 Market street. Fire works, a full line for the glorious Fourth. Lunches, the best ever given. Bread, cakes, candies and nic-nacs of everything palatable and nice. Give him a call and you will be well paid.

JOHN GRAY, dealer in Dry Goods, Carpets, etc. Honest goods at honest prices, and full measure. Goods guaranteed as represented. Fourth street, opposite City drug store.

Kilburn & Son have one of the most convenient things in the way of blind fasteners, you can open and close them in the inside of your room; they also make wire blinds, doors and windows, general carpenters and jobbers, 2 doors north of Broadway on 5th street.

"Peri"

Is the name of the best Cigar in town, and is sold only by

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On Broadway, Near Sixth St. Try it and you will buy it.

At *Hick's Restaurant* can be had Warm Meals, Lunch, Cigars, Candies! Oysters, Game, etc., and everything nice. Call Broadway, near Murdock Hotel. Open day and night.

JOHN DEBOO says he can and will shoe a horse as good as any man in Logansport. The ways he says is by doing the work to the satisfaction of all who employ him.

ELI STECKEL is determined to sell goods as cheap as any other house in the city. Please give him a call and examine for yourselves. North and Sixth.

CALL at BROWN'S CANDY FACTORY and get a nice dish of **Ice Cream**, as he has fitted up his place conveniently and pleasantly. All Candies fresh and pure. Two doors from Murdock's. 3m11-521

Mrs W. J. Potter keeps the latest styles of dress patterns at her millinery store. See wire sign across the street above the post office.

N. I. Davys, locksmith and machinist. Mill saws gummed and filed at the shortest notice. All kind of saw filing. Cor Market and Fifth. Umbrellas re paired: 171

Thomas Pierce, cor. Fifth and Broadway, wholesale and retail dealer in GROCERIES, Provisions, etc. His goods are pure, and honest weight and measure should commen to him unlimited patronage.

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CUSTOM WORK A SPECIALTY.

RUBBER BOOTS REPAIRED AND WARRANTED.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY AND NEATLY DONE.

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THE REASON WHY

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SELL MORE

BOOTS and SHOES

Than any other house in town is because they sell the best goods

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MURDOCK BARBER SHOP.

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SHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING

In most fashionable style.

BATH ROOMS CONNECTED

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First Class in every particular:

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CHAS. HORNING,

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Cor. Fourth & Market St., [Entrance on Fourth

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ALL KINDS OF CASKETS, COFFINS, ROBES,

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SIX DAYS

BEGINNING JUNE 30.

Don't Fail to See The

GREAT

Strasburg Clock,

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This is not a painting or a picture. It is a perfect working Model of the original Clock of Strasburg, which has stood for upwards of 500 years the

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The Model keeps the Time of Day, Day of the Week, Day of the Month, Month of the Year, Changes and Phases of the Moon, the Ancient Signs of the Zodiac and Stars, Constellations and Groupings of Stars Peculiar to their Seasons; the Savior Christ and 12 Apostles appear eight times every hour. Satan also appears, temting Peter, who denies the Savior, the cock flaps his wings and crows, &., Sixteen life like moving figures Chiming of Bells and Music-

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Eel River Railroad.

TIME TABLE

On and After Monday, Dec. 2, 1878

TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:

EAST BOUND.		STATIONS.	WEST BOUND.	
7.30 pm	8.30 am	Logansport.	7.10 pm	1.00 pm
8.28 pm	9.15 am	....Mexico....	6.33 pm	11.55 am
9.00 pm	9.27 am	....Denver....	6.23 pm	11.38 am
9.37 pm	9.55 am	.....Roan.....	6.02 pm	11.03 am
10.17 pm	10.25 am	N Manchetr	5.36 pm	10.23 am
10.55 pm	10.55 am	S Whitley.	5.11 pm	9.48 am
11.31 pm	11.25 am	...Col. City...	4.48 pm	9.12 am
12.12 am	12.00 m	Cherubusco	4.18 pm	8.29 am
12.42 am	12.25 pm	....La Otto....	3.55 pm	7.57 am
1.12 am	12.50 pm	..Auburn J..	3.25 pm	7.23 am
1.17 am	12.54 pm	....Auburn....	3.20 pm	7.18 am
2.00 am	1.20 pm	.....Butler.....	2.45 pm	6.30 am
	5.40 pm	.....Toledo.....	11.05 am	
	2.23 pm	...Reading...	1.24 pm	
	2.35 pm	...Bankers....	1.10 pm	
	2.50 pm	..Jonesville..	12.55 pm	
	3.55 pm	...Jackson ...	11.45 am	
	6.30 pm	....Detroit.....	7.00 am	
	5.55 pm	...Lansing ...	10.00 am	
	9.13 pm	...Saginaw....	7.15 am	

Connection is made at Denver with the L, P. & C. railway, for Rochester. Plymouth, LaPorte and Michigan City; at Columbia City with P. Ft. W. & C. railway, for Ft. Wayne and Pittsburg; at LaOtto with G. R. & I. railway, for Kalamazoo and Grand Rapids; at Auburn Junction with Ft. W. J. & S., and B. & O. railways, for Jackson, Lansing, Saginaw Defiance, Tiffin, Bellair, Washington, and Baltimore.

Trains from the east make close connections at Lognsport with T. W. & W. railway for Hannibal, Quincy and St. Louis, and with P. C. & St L. railway for Peoria, Burlington, Keokuk and all points west.

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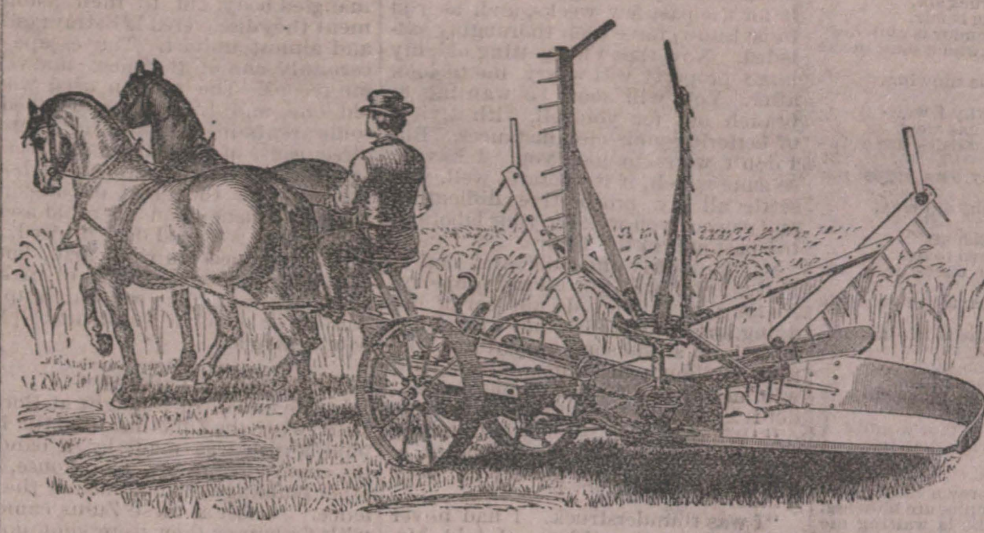

Height of Cut changed while in motion.

Farmers, when you want a combined Reaper and Mower, buy the changeable motion Hubbard. It has two finger-bars, 3 knives, 5 rakes, besides a change of motion, (which is easily changed while the team is in motion), while many of the so-called combined machines in market have but 1 finger bar 2 knives and 4 rakes, thereby depriving you of some of the best as well as the most expensive parts of the machine. The Hubbard has broad-faced wheels, runs light, and makes a perfect gavel. In fact, such confidence have we in our Combined Machine that we defy competition and seek comparison.

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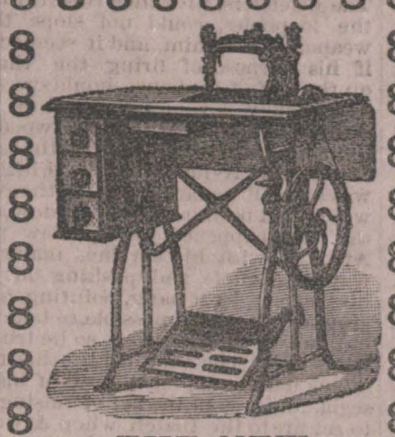

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